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"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
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And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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THE LAY OF THE GERMAN LINT-MAKERS.

Tear the smooth linen, pull out the pale threads
That were woven so deftly, so firm, and fast,
For an hour is coming, that each heart dreads,
As we sit here lonely, bowing our heads
O'er the thought of the sweet, calm Past —
The Past that, when present, we knew not other
Than its earlier brethren, born of one mother,
Children of Peace, that each lived his day
And in mild monotony passed away : —
We knew not their beauty, but *now* we know,
As the last has fled at the blast of the foe,
And a stern dark Present over us broods,
Just dropping a word in her churlish moods —
"Ye call me harsh, but a harsher than I
Stands under that cloud-built canopy —
A Future drawing terribly nigh,
Whom many must greet with a bitter cry!
So work, aye work ere worse may hap" —
And the lint-heap rises up in the lap.

The lint-heap rises — like a white foam
On the crest of the deep dark billow,
That none dare track down its awful gloom,
But we know that it sunders the youth from his home,

The husband's head from the pillow.
Ah, fair white napery, soft bed-drapery,
Given by our mothers when each was bride,
The young girl's vision, the matron's pride!
Your slender threads, as we rend them apart,
Seem like a tearing of heart from heart : —
They were woven together in the web of our life,
For life to endure,* but the mighty strife
Hath smitten us, as with a thunder-clap —
And the lint-heap rises up in the lap.

The lint-heap rises — is it this, is it this,
The *best* we can do for our men, our own
(Save the prayer flung up from the heart's
abyss),

For those who left us with quick warm kiss,
Our young men strong in brain and in bone,
Whom the handwork craft, or the desk, or the
spade

Awaits, to take up the task down-laid —
Is it *this* we store up for their coming again?
Their coming? Oh how? ask the men who re-
main

Why they bind the white badge with the red
cross wrought

Round each stout arm, when sounds the alarm
To go meet their fellows, the men who have
fought, —

Helpless now, all wearily brought

* The marriage-stock of linen in Germany is supposed, in ordinary cases, to require no replenishing during the lifetime of the couple.

One by one — like these pale, pale threads —
To rest the torn limbs and the fevered heads
In a refuge of hard-won calm.
Ah! how endure when that "worse" shall
hap? —
Work on: let the lint-heap rise in the lap.

For what is War, but a rending asunder
All the fair gifts of the years gone by?
The looms that wrought comfort, and pleasure,
and wonder
Lie shattered beneath the shock of its thunder,
The blooming plantations languish and die.
Pestilent wind, smiting nation from nation,
Uptearing the highways of civilization,
And plunging us back in the rude "long-
ago,"

Each time thy harsh cry bids gentle arts fly,
The savage triumphs, with scorn in his eye
For the race who know all secrets below
Of world-wide mastery, yet can show
For a moral wrong no fitter reply
Than blindfold mutual butchery!

Yet while kingly strife must be quenched with
life,

Honoured be they who fight bravely and long,
Maintaining the glory of Fatherland's story
Thro' the steadfast will and the sinew strong.
Honoured the friend, ay and honoured the foe,
Whom Duty in terrible garb lays low
Where he came to scatter death, — but finds
Perchance, in a sympathy born of pain,
A deeper chord in the world's wide strain
Than the passion of patriot minds.

Tear the smooth linen, pull out the pale threads,
Mete out the bandage, make ready the beds;
It is come, the hour we dreaded is come,
And the call to *act* strikes our terrors dumb.
No time for doubting, no leisure for sorrow,
To God we must leave the care of to-morrow;
For the men who have lost, the men who have
won,

Are brought on their litters one by one.
'Tis the awful Future we knew was near
Now turned to a Present! — yet stay that tear;
For the hand may bind and the voice ring kind
O'er the shattered forms as they slowly wind
Along, on their living bier.

We'll wrestle and strive to save them alive,
The men who for us would die;
So work, work on, lest the life-thread snap —
Snap, as the fateful moments fly.
We know not to-day what to-morrow shall hap,
And still must the lint-heap rise in the lap.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE BALTIC PROVINCES OF RUSSIA.*

UNTIL recently the Russian Baltic Provinces have been chiefly known to the British public as a vast granary of corn, and a storehouse of flax, hemp, linseed, and tallow. Latterly, however, news has reached us from that quarter of a fierce struggle, carried on by the German inhabitants against their Russian masters, who are trying to suppress the Protestant faith, the German language, customs, and laws of these provinces, and to supplant them by the faith of the Orthodox Church, the Russian language, and more especially by the peculiar village-tenure of land which prevails in Russia. This struggle represents a phase of the larger conflict now going on in that comparatively narrow tract of land, which separates the Germanic and the Russian world, and stretches under the same longitude from the White Sea to the Transylvanian Alps. This battle-field of hostile races consists of three distinct territories: one Swedish in Finland; another German in Curland, Livland, Esthland; and a third Polish in Lithuania. The three together forming the western boundary of the Russian Empire, but being severally as strange to each other as they are to the race which has incorporated them in its dominion. Each of these territories has a mother-country at its back, on which it leans for support, but the relations between the outposts and the main army are not alike in the three. While the intercourse between Finland and Scandinavia is carried on with energy, and Sweden still cherishes the hope of regaining her former province; while Poles and Lithuanians wrestle united against the common foe; the Baltic Provinces stand nearly isolated in this strife, defending the bulwark of their ancient civilization against the ever-rising tide of Pan Slavism. Ger-

many until lately cared little for the fate of this forlorn and distant colony, and it is only the hardships of the last few years which have re-awakened the sympathies of the mother-country. Considering the German enthusiasm which manifested itself in the Schleswig Holstein quarrel, it is remarkable how slow the Germans have been to show their sympathy with their kinsmen living under the dominion of Russia, and exposed to pressure infinitely more severe than any the Danes could inflict. The works placed at the head of this article show, however, that the question has now been taken up with some vigour, and Dr. Eckardt's excellent volume in English contains an able summary of it.

The Baltic provinces of the Russian Empire, Curland, Livland, and Esthland (more commonly called by us Livonia and Esthonia), were colonized in the twelfth and thirteenth century by German merchants, knights, and priests, whose number increased so rapidly that the original inhabitants of the country were compelled to acknowledge these Saxons* as lords of the country, and to accept from them the Christian religion. Gradually there arose a federative State, designated by the collective name of Livland (Livonia), which owed allegiance to the Emperor as its liege lord, and to the Pope as its spiritual head. Five bishoprics, Riga, Dorpat, Oesel, Curland, and Lemgallen, shared the dominion of the land with the knightly Order of the Sword and the Teutonic Order, whilst the cities, especially Riga, Reval, and Dorpat, maintained an independent position as members of the Hanseatic League. Between these members of the confederation continual contests went on, in which they expended their best strength. The Bishops waged war with the Orders; the cities with knights and bishops; and even while Russians, Swedes, and Poles threatened to invade the land, the rival powers of the country could not heal their differences or cease their quarrels. In the sixteenth century two events happened which caused the inevitable overthrow of this complicated structure — the Reformation and the Russian invasion. When the Lutheran doctrine rapidly

* The Ethnic language designates by the same word, Saxon, master and German.

* 1. *Die baltischen Provinzen Russlands* von Dr. J. ECKARDT. 2te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.

2. *Geschichtsbilder aus der lutherischen Kirche Livlands* von V. HÄRLEB. Leipzig: 1869.

3. *Der deutsch-russische Konflikt an der Ostsee* von W. v. BOCK. 1869.

4. *Der russisch-baltische Küstenstrich in der Gegenwart* von JURI SAMARIN. Prag: 1868.

5. *Livländische Antwort an Herrn Juri Samarin* von Prof SCHIRREN. 8te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.

6. *Modern Russia*. By Dr. JULIUS ECKARDT. London: 1870.

spread from Germany over the Baltic provinces, the continuance of this feudal ecclesiastic form of government became impossible. At the same time an invasion of the country by Ivan the Terrible gave an outward shock of equal force to the old order of things. The devastation which the unfortunate provinces suffered by the inroad of those Tartar hordes surpassed the miseries which the Thirty Years War brought on Germany; it could only be compared to those Mongol inundations which, under Zengis Khan, changed the flourishing lands of Central Asia into a desert, and scattered the ruins of once prosperous cities over a wilderness. Down to this present day the numbers of the population of Livland have not again reached the height at which they stood previous to Ivan's invasion, and at the close of the sixteenth century not a fourth part of the cities which once enriched and adorned the provinces were left in existence. At the same time, the forces of Sweden and Poland threatened to take advantage of the Russian invasion; and as no help could be obtained from the Emperor and Diet of Germany, the only question for the different parts of the confederation was, to which of the aggressors they should submit. Esthland, the most northern territory, surrendered to the King of Sweden; Curland, the most southern part, became a Polish vassal-dukedom, whose wise Prince, Gotthard Kettler, formerly Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, was able to protect his subjects from Polish encroachments, and to maintain with rare skill a comparative independence; the country remained in this condition more than two hundred years, and enjoyed during this time, at least, a much happier lot than its sister provinces. Livland, by a solemn treaty — the famous *Privilegium Sigismundi*, which was to guarantee for all time her Lutheran faith, the German language, and internal self-government — acknowledged the King of Poland as her master. But if the unfortunate province had hoped to buy a happier fate at the price of its independence that hope was cruelly disappointed; no sooner was the treaty of 1561 signed than it was violated in nearly every particular. The Jesuits, who were then all-powerful at the Court of Poland, introduced the Catholic religion,

established Catholic bishoprics, and degraded the privileged Protestant faith into a tolerated sect; rights and customs were trampled to the earth by hostile generals and Polish officials. For thirty years Livland had to endure the lawless and unjust rule of Poland; and that period was marked by universal ruin and decay; trade and industry were nearly destroyed; the highways which had formerly distinguished the country were broken up and infested by robbers; the peasants were reduced to the utmost degradation of serfdom; the nobility impoverished and decimated by the endless wars; the churches and schools were dilapidated. At length the Swedo-Polish war of succession brought about a more endurable state of things by uniting Livland to the Swedish crown, whose supremacy Esthland had already acknowledged thirty years before. Under the humane sceptre of these Protestant Kings, who carefully respected the rights and privileges of their new subjects, Livland was restored to the influence of order and civilization. Gustavus Adolphus re-established the Protestant churches and schools, inaugurated a university at Dorpat, remodelled the administration of justice, and took effective measures for limiting the serfdom of the peasants, and settling the amount of their forced labour at a fixed proportion to the land they occupied.

Unfortunately the reign of that great and good Prince scarcely lasted long enough to allow the country to recover from the state of utter misery to which the Polish rule had reduced it. Charles XI., in his financial straits, ventured upon a measure which, under the pretext of overhauling the defective titles of the nobles, confiscated nearly five-sixths of all the Livonian estates to the Swedish exchequer. The resistance of the Livonian nobility against this arbitrary proceeding was desperate, and when oppressed beyond endurance, its chief, Reinhold Patkul, fled to Peter the Great, and directed the Czar's attention to the importance which an extension of his boundaries to the Baltic would have for his new empire. Again Livland became the battle-field of two hostile nations in the great Northern war, until at last, by the Peace of Nystadt (1710),

Sweden yielded this province and Esthland to its more powerful neighbour; but by that same treaty Peter renewed for himself and his successors the engagement which he had taken some years before by a formal capitulation with the Baltic Estates, to acknowledge and respect in these provinces the ascendancy of the Lutheran Church, of German law and language, and of the hereditary institutions of the land.

In spite of the goodwill which the Czar manifested towards his new German subjects, mistakes and misunderstandings occurred from ignorance of the customs and institutions, which the provinces prized as the dearly-bought result of their long history and of their ancient civilisation; and more than one generation passed away before the Russian Government had learnt to understand the claims and wishes of its Baltic coast lands. The Swedish interference with the existing tenure of land was immediately cancelled by Peter, and the nobility were again acknowledged as proprietors; but the war had reduced the country to utter destitution, from which it slowly emerged in the second half of the eighteenth century. Catherine II. endeavoured to evade the engagements which her ancestors had taken by the Peace of Ny-stadt, and to supplant the old constitution by an autocratic bureaucracy; but her son Paul restored the rights of the provinces under that treaty. When, after the final division of Poland, the maintenance of the quasi-independent position of Curland had become impossible, this dukedom, after a separation of 231 years, was once more reunited to the other two provinces, and thus the old Baltic Confederation, inaugurated by the restoration of the University of Dorpat, was again re-established under the sceptre of Alexander I., with whose reign a new and hopeful epoch for the Baltic provinces began. Their history from 1796 to 1845 is not marked by any striking event; but during that long epoch of peace the country rose gradually to a well-being unknown since the middle ages; serfdom was abolished; the cities flourished again with all the activity of commerce; the clergy, roused by the influence of evangelical enthusiasm and subsequently of rationalism, took up the cause of popular

education; the higher classes participated eagerly in the literary movement of Germany; the university rose to importance; a provincial press sprang up, and the liberal ideas of the age struck root abundantly in so favourable a soil. Yet nowhere in his vast dominions could the Czar boast of more faithful subjects, so long as the Russian Government respected the acknowledged rights of the provinces. Their nobility furnished the Russian army and diplomacy with the ablest of their generals and ambassadors. The names of the Lievens, Rosens, Pahlens, Brunnows, Krüdners, Budbergs, Stackelbergs, are inseparable from modern Russian history. These excellent relations between the Government and the people, this peaceful development of the resources of the country, have unfortunately been deeply disturbed by the Panslavist propaganda, which towards the close of the Emperor Nicolas's reign began to attack the peculiar institutions of the Baltic provinces of Finland and Poland. But before we enter upon the contest which the present generation has to sustain for their national civilisation, we must try to give a sketch of the country itself. Its external appearance has not much changed since the graphic description Lady Eastlake gave us of it in her charming "Letters from the Baltic," we are afraid to say how many years ago.

Curland, Livland, and Esthland form, with the islands belonging to them, a flat territory of about 7,000 English square miles, broken up by no mountain range, but intersected by numerous little rivers and two large ones, the Duna and the Windau. The climate is in the south that of North Germany, in the north that of the corresponding parts of Russia, but tempered by the vast extent of the forests and by the neighbourhood of the sea. The population, amounting to about 1,850,000, is divided into three parts—the Germans and two primeval races, of which the Esths are a Finnish tribe, the Letts a Lithuanian race, whose language has more affinity with Sanscrit than any other spoken in Europe. These aboriginal inhabitants of the country were in former times undoubtedly heavily oppressed by their German masters, but the common sufferings which both endured un-

der a foreign yoke, and the voluntary emancipation of the peasants, which the nobles began even before serfdom was extinguished in Germany did much to blend the various strata of the population into one people. Everything that does not belong to the peasant class is German in its character. The peasants, indeed, still retain their language, but the Baltic provinces present a striking example of the truth that language is only one of the constituent elements of nationality. In everything but language the Letts and Esths are Germans; they are as thorough Lutherans as their former masters; they know none but German ideas of law; they regard the introduction of the German forms of culture and improvement as the only track which leads to a higher position on the social scale. The well-to-do Lettish farmer still speaks the provincial language of his ancestors, but he sends his son to the German university of Dorpat; the former serf's daughter passes as a German into the service of a noble lady; the clever lad who has been taught by his clergyman, and makes his way in business as apprentice or clerk, is essentially German. The social gulf which formerly separated masters and servants is thus filled up day by day, and the common interest of resisting the encroachments of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russification of the country effectually unites both races. Undoubtedly the Lettish and Esthish population are still numerically in the majority, but that majority is fast dwindling away, and it is impossible to state what is the exact proportion of the pure German population and of the aboriginals.

Of these provinces, Curland, the southernmost, is also the most fertile and wealthy, for it has suffered less from wars and civil disturbances than the adjacent districts. The traveller proceeds from the Prussian frontier to the southern slopes of the Dûna, through carefully cultivated plains; corn-fields alternate with rich meadows stocked with cattle and sheep, well-kept roads connect the manorial seats and little market-towns; the churches, parsonages, and schools look comfortable; the inns are clean, the people courteous and contented, and everything seems to breathe prosperity. There are no villages; the land is held in large separate farms which are often miles distant from each other. The nobility is a real aristocracy, generally rich, proud of their ancient descent; but not so narrowminded and pretentious as many of their German cousins. The Curland nobleman is an enthusiastic sportsman, yet he highly prizes intellectual culture, and has always bestowed particular care on the education of the peo-

ple. The gentry have supported for the last twenty-seven years a training or normal school for teachers, and it would not be easy to find a lad of fourteen who is not acquainted with the rudiments of arithmetic and geography, besides reading, writing, and a thorough knowledge of his Lutheran catechism. The misfortune of the country is the want of an independent middle class; there are but two cities of some importance, Mitau, the seat of the governor, and Libau. In the small market-towns the Jews predominate, but the whole political power and influence is in the hands of the gentry: their delegates alone form the diet, and elect the judges and country magistrates. A state of things utterly unknown in other parts of Russia, and not common in Germany, where bureaucratic administration by the petty servants of the State has for the most part swept away the very springs of self-government.

When the Dûna is passed, which forms the boundary between Curland and Livland, the scene changes; endless dark pine forests remind the traveller that he is going northward; the farms are more thinly scattered and look less prosperous; the thatched roof is becoming general; wheat, which was predominant in Curland, yields the place to rye and barley, and north of Riga begin the flax-fields, which form the peculiar wealth of the country. A general survey shows at once that the soil is less productive, and that the inhabitants have suffered more than their southern neighbours by frequent change of rule, and by wars and confiscations. The nobility are much poorer, and the younger sons nearly all go into the military or civil service of the Government. On the other hand, we find here a powerful middle class, which from the middle ages until now has ever played a conspicuous part in the principal and more independent cities. Riga, the ancient, and the proud, with its 103,000 inhabitants, is the centre of Baltic commerce and the seat of the governor-general, who still inhabits the old castle founded by the grandmasters of the Order. This city retains completely the character of an old German town, with those narrow angular streets of gabled houses, granaries, and brick churches which we meet with in Lubeck, Wismar, or Dantzic; whilst in the more modern suburbs, the dwelling houses of the wealthier merchants have sprung up, who carry on a lively commerce in the timber, flax, hemp, tallow, linseed and corn, which come in never-ending masses down the Dûna on huge rafts from the interior. Riga is the only town in the Baltic provinces which contains a considerable Russian pop-

ulation, mostly belonging to the poorest classes, and all being sectaries of the old faith, who, persecuted in the Empire by the Orthodox Church, took shelter under the protection of the Protestant authorities. The constitution of the city, moulded upon that of Hamburg, is to this day strictly aristocratic, all power being in the hands of the three estates. The town possesses an elegant theatre, a splendid exchange, guild-halls, mansion-house, a polytechnic school, a navigation school, and a particularly fine harbour, which by a huge mole is protected against the quicksands that threatened to choke up the Duna. In recent times Riga has become the centre of the struggle against the measures taken by the Russian Government for the *Russification* of the provinces, the "Rigaer Zeitung" and the "Baltische Monatschrift" being the principal organs of the provincial press, which defend the German civilisation of the inhabitants.

Travelling northward, we reach the University of Dorpat, the intellectual and scientific centre of the three Baltic provinces. Founded by Gustavus Adolphus, but soon afterwards destroyed, its re-establishment was stipulated in the capitulation of 1710; but the country had been so impoverished by constant wars that it was unable to collect the resources which such an institution required. During the whole of the eighteenth century those who sought an academical education were obliged to go to Germany. The greater number of the physicians, clergy, and lawyers in the provinces were immigrants, and it may be believed that those individuals did not always belong to the *élite* of their respective professions. The want of a native seat of learning was therefore sorely felt, and when in 1802, the liberality of Alexander I. at length filled up the gap, the young establishment speedily rose to prosperity; henceforth it became necessary to everybody who aimed at a position in political or judicial life, in the clerical or in the scientific world, to have studied at Dorpat. Scattered throughout the Russian Empire there are physicians, chemists, and clergymen who have received their scientific training in the Baltic university: a Dorpat diploma is the best recommendation for a physician who settles in a Russian town, be it on the Volga or on the Amoor. Most of the students, indeed, remain at home. The university has become a national bond for uniting all classes of the community; the sons of noble houses mingle freely there with those of the Riga citizens and semi-German peasants, and contract friendships which often last through life.

Passing from Dorpat over the frontier of Livland to Esthland, the character of the landscape becomes more and more northern. Swedish names betray the Scandinavian rule, to which the province was for a long time subjected. The unfavourable conditions of the climate, the poverty of the soil, and the rivalry of St. Petersburg have checked the progress of the principal towns—Reval possessing a fine port on the rocky southern shore of the Gulf of Finland—and the last outpost of Baltic German civilization, the ancient but decaying city of Narva, looking down on the Russian fort Ivangorod, which points the way to the capital of the Czars.

We have said that with the accession of Alexander I. a more happy period began for the Baltic provinces; the country enjoyed the long-desired peace, the Emperor respected the privileges of the provinces, and did what he could to promote their welfare. A decided change for the worse took place in the reign of Nicolas. Complete seclusion from western civilization, the prohibitive system, stagnation of intellectual life, a brutal censorship, which laid its ban upon almost all the notable productions of foreign literature, and the arbitrary rules of a stupid bureaucracy gave to that period of Russian history a sullen despondent character, which was nowhere more sorely felt than in the Baltic provinces.

The system became the more intolerable, as with advancing age the arrogance and self-will of the autocrat rose to an insufferable height. Praised by a servile Court and foreign admirers as the shield of legitimacy and the great bulwark against revolution, elated by his military and political success in the inglorious contests he was doomed to wage against the cause of liberty and progress, the Emperor considered himself as the nucleus of conservative interests. Nobody dared to oppose his most extravagant opinions, nobody ventured anything which looked like a criticism of the Government. Dr. Eckardt relates that the censor of the "Northern Bee" received a reprimand because a paragraph had been suffered to appear in that journal complaining of the *cast-iron garden-seats* in the park of Tzarsko-Selo; they had been cast after a design approved by the Emperor.

The Crimean war freed Europe and Russia from the incubus of this system. The terrible power which blighted every progress was discovered to be hollow; the godlike authority which seemed to tower over all human frailties suffered a sudden downfall, and the sovereign who but one

year before was considered all-powerful, died defeated and broken-hearted.

After peace had been restored, an altered tone made itself apparent in the public life of Russia. The Government indeed hesitated before entering upon larger reforms, but the abolition of a number of absurd restrictions which Nicolas had issued sufficed to rouse the long-slumbering energies of the people. It began to hope for a better future, and with the greater liberty of the press all the desires which had been suppressed for generations broke forth. When the Government, encouraged by the enthusiastic gratitude of its subjects, began to put its hand in earnest to the work of reform, more especially when the Emperor declared his intent of abolishing serfdom, the excitement became universal, and nothing appeared impossible.

A witty Russian remarked at the time, says Dr. Eckardt, that if Nicolas had forbidden his subjects to appear in the streets, and if Alexander had only revoked this prohibition, he would have been immediately regarded as one of the most free-minded monarchs of his day. But the first measures of the Government were regarded as the precursors of greater changes. The opening the universities, the abolition of high fees on passports, the pardon of the surviving conspirators of 1826, and, above all, the concessions made to the press, transported the nation to a pitch of ecstasy which carried all before it and has changed the aspect of Russian society. For Russia passed, as it were, at one bound from a servile obedience to despotic power to all the license of democratic agitation. Indeed the moment the pressure of the hand of Nicolas was removed, the essentially democratic land tenures of the Russian village system hurried along public opinion to extremes which it has not yet reached in any part of Western Europe.

Some of the boundary provinces also received their share of the blessings of the new era. The Emperor restored the old Swedish constitution to Finland, and Poland obtained a provincial government under a national Minister, the Marquis Wielopolski. The Baltic provinces alone seemed to remain untouched by this universal reform movement. If their constitution had been previously abolished and now re-established, the event would have roused them from their torpor; but according to the letter it had remained in force, although Nicolas had violated it whenever it suited him. Those old institutions had alone seemed to afford any shelter against the chilling blast of autocracy. The word "reform" had

been proscribed; the Baltic gentry knew that if they tried to put their administration on a better footing, or to give political rights to their peasants, the Emperor would have at once made a clean sweep of their powers of self-government. So they clung to the old ordinances and privileges, the loss of which they considered as tantamount to the calamities of revolution.

It was, however, a decided political mistake that the leading men of the country did not avail themselves of the appropriate moment for the salutary remodelling of their ancient institutions. If during the first years of Alexander's reign the diets of the duchies had asked the Government to sanction a reform of their constitution and of the provincial administration, in conformity with the principles of the age, the Emperor would not have been able to refuse this demand, and numerous abuses which unquestionably existed might have been redressed. But the country had lost the habit of political action, and it failed to seize upon this favourable conjuncture, which rapidly passed away. Ere long the Russian democratic press began to attack the aristocratic organization of the Baltic communities, the ponderous corporations of the cities, and the knightly assemblies disintegrated into the several estates. Herzen, who at that time ruled supreme over public opinion in Russia, called upon the Government to clear out all this mediæval rubbish, and to restore to the original proprietors, the peasants, the soil, which the Germans had taken from them. Intimidated by these attacks and frightened by the difficulties of reform, the Conservatives remained passive; and it was not until the year 1862 that, at the Livonian diet, formal propositions were introduced for remodelling the constitution, for placing the administration of justice on a better footing, for abolishing antiquated privileges, and for establishing a closer union between the three provinces. But the propitious moment for effecting a reform, at once liberal and yet maintaining the autonomy of the provinces, had been allowed to slip away. The internal difficulties which had to be overcome were great; the boundaries between mere class privileges and national privileges were exceedingly awkward to determine. Was it not to be feared that if the gentry gave up the right to elect the judges, the State would press in and send Russian judges unacquainted with the local circumstances? The Lettish peasants, the special favourites of the Russian democracy, had made great progress; serfdom had been abolished among them more than a generation before

the measure was thought of in Russia; but were the lower classes sufficiently advanced to be entrusted indiscriminately with the suffrage? Upon what footing was the reform of the borough corporations to be established? were all the Russian heterodox handicraftsmen to be admitted to a share of municipal power in the provinces? Was it not necessary to insist upon the repeal of the Russian laws which were introduced against the provincial charter, and entitled the Orthodox Church alone to convert to its creed those who did not belong to it? But would not such a demand be ill received at St. Petersburg? These instances may suffice to give an idea of the internal and external difficulties with which the Baltic reformers had to struggle. But before they had come to a conclusion, an event took place which changed the whole aspect of things in the Empire. The Polish revolt, which broke out in January 1863, not only frustrated the only serious attempt towards reconciling Poland with the Russian rule which had been made since 1832, but completely annihilated the sympathies of the Russian opposition for Poland. In the first years of the new era the cause of the oppressed sister-country was in decided favour among young Russia. Both had languished under the old system, they both had combated a common adversary. But when the insurrection broke out and rapidly spread into Lithuania; when the dangers of an intervention from the Western powers and a foreign war became threatening, Russian patriotism awoke, and with the instinct of self-preservation, claimed before all things to save the unity of the Empire. Hitherto the question had been, whether more or less liberal concessions ought not to be made to the Poles; the point now became, whether Russia would have to recede behind the Vistula and to give up not only the important frontier-land which she had conquered seventy years ago, but also the neighbouring Lithuanian provinces? Whilst Herzen, Bakunin, Ogareff, and other London exiles passionately took up the cause of Polish independence, the national party, led by Michael Katkoff, the editor of the "Moscow Gazette," declared that the time was past when Russia could play at liberalism and cosmopolitanism. In the presence of a danger which menaced to reduce Russia to a Grandduchy of Moscow, every patriot had but one duty—namely, to save the State; freedom without a country was but an empty phantom.

"The Russian Empire," wrote Katkoff, "is a reality which has been built up laboriously during a century and a half, and has obtained

a place among the great powers of Europe; the maintenance of this State is the basis and the hope of all liberal Russian plans for the future. It is foolish to speak of the future world-wide sway of a Panslavonic empire, and at the same time to break into ruins that State which is the sole personification of Slavonic ideas. The name of citizen will henceforth only belong to him who acknowledges this reality, who devotes all his strength to it, and who renounces all personal predilections and party schemes, until the boundaries of this Empire are secured."

The national party was not satisfied with re-establishing the *status quo ante*, they wanted to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such events as a Polish insurrection. They raised the cry "Russia for the Russians;" they declared that the hostile or lukewarm boundary provinces must be Russianised; that their aristocratic organization ought to be destroyed and replaced by the influx of Russian democracy. The nation, they said, was disgusted with the varnish of Western civilization which had been forced upon it by German rulers. The country could only be regenerated by returning to those genuine national institutions which distinguish Russia from the decaying states of the West. Germany, France, and England, had each in its time played a prominent part, but they were old and had outlived their fame; the times of the nobility and the bourgeoisie were past; the future belonged to Russia and to democracy. But the foundation-stone of this future was the consolidation of the present Empire; to crush the foes who endangered the national existence was therefore the first duty. The sympathetic analogy which appears to govern the destinies of the people of Russia and the people of the United States was never more manifest than on this occasion. The Poland of the one was the Southern States of the other. In both rebellion was to be extinguished with an unsparing hand because it threatened the pride of national existence, and represented the decaying influence of an aristocratic party.

Expressed with the energy of patriotic conviction, seconded by the orthodox clergy, these views soon obtained considerable weight, and Katkoff quickly acquired a more powerful sway over public opinion than even Herzen had exercised from his abode in Bayswater. The Government, seriously embarrassed by the wide-spread rebellion and the menacing language of the Western powers, saw immediately what an advantage it might reap from an alliance with this movement, by enlisting into its service the keenest passions of the people.

It adopted the new programme of the "Moscow Gazette," and invited all patriots to take part in the national work of defending the menaced independence of the Empire. The combined forces of the Government and of Katkoff's party then addressed themselves to the pacification of Lithuania and White Russia. These provinces, which now form the Russian governments of Kowno, Grodno, and Vilna, had lived under Russian rule till the middle of the sixteenth century, and had once belonged to the Greek Church. They were then conquered by Poland, and the upper classes became thoroughly Polish and Catholic; while the peasantry, reduced to strict serfdom, remained faithful to their national and orthodox traditions. In the uprising of 1862, the Lithuanian nobility made common cause with the Poles; the streets of Vilna and Grodno witnessed the same revolutionary demonstrations as those of Warsaw. From that moment the Russian war-cry became "Recovery of the original Russian character of the Lithuanian lands; re-establishment of the Russian peasants in their rights as legitimate possessors of the soil, and disfranchisement of their oppressors, the Polish nobles who had rekindled the fire of rebellion."

We cannot follow here the consequences to which this policy led; we cannot trace the history of that terrible system by which Muravieff undertook to restore the Russian character of the Western provinces, and how the same system was introduced by degrees into Poland. It may suffice to say that up to this day the success of the experiment of trampling down by brute force a nation of more than five millions, remains undecided. The Polish revolt is noticed in this place, as an essential element in the question before us, simply because the national excitement which it provoked was soon directed against the institutions of the Baltic provinces.

This may seem strange at the first glance, as these provinces had not shown the slightest sympathy for the Polish rebellion, nor could they be expected to do so, having themselves had ample experience of the evils of Polish rule in former times, and the German element in these provinces being even more uncongenial than that of Russia to the Polish character. But it must be remembered that the turn which Russian public opinion took under Katkoff's guidance was directed to the annihilation of all non-Russian institutions in the Empire, and to the establishment of one compact Russian peasant State. The Moscow school regards it as the task assigned by Providence to

Russia, to crush the aristocratic elements in Lithuania and Poland as well as in the rest of the western provinces. In the name of this principle war was declared against the Swedes in Finland and against the Germans in the Baltic provinces. The Finnish peasants were to be the lords of Finland; Letts and Esths the undivided masters of Livland, Esthland, and Curland. The original inhabitants of both countries were represented as cruelly oppressed by the landlord class, and desiring to be saved by the Russian democracy. The peasants were promised a general division of land. After the example of Lithuania, all the occupiers were to be transformed into proprietors, and the estates of the nobles were to be divided among the tenants and day-labourers. But this was not all. Individual property in the soil itself was to disappear, the equal right of all to an equal share of the land, the communistic system of tenure which prevails in Russia, is proclaimed to be the world-redeeming message, destined to solve the social question before which the outworn societies of Western Europe stand helpless and despairing.

We are indebted to Dr. Eckardt, in his work entitled "Modern Russia," for the most accurate and authentic account we possess of the land tenures of Russia, which we strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers. Suffice it here to say that by ancient custom, which has been more extensively applied since the abolition of serfdom, all the common village lands are periodically distributed every ten or twelve years between the families constituting the village community, in which alone the property is vested. The tenant or occupier has no more than a limited temporary right in the land he tills; the noble or landlord has no rights over these common lands at all. The consequence is that the tenant has no interest in improving the land he occupies in this manner; and as the village is collectively responsible for its dues, the industrious and wealthy pay for the idle and the indigent. By this Russian rural system the essential conditions of property in land are destroyed. Neither landlord nor tenant is interested in the improvement of the soil, and the consequence is that, since the abolition of all forced labour, there has been a frightful deterioration of the husbandry of the Empire — the peasants living on tracts of ground without either the rights or duties of property.

But neither the Finnish nor the Baltic peasants showed any desire to participate in a system which seemed to them fatal to

the interests at least of those who had anything to lose. They had indeed been serfs, and had suffered much in former times from their masters; but those times were gone, and they were emancipated long before the abolition of serfdom had been proclaimed in Russia. They had now become peasant-farmers and proprietors, and they lived on the very best terms with their former lords. Agriculture was in a prosperous state; the Diets advanced money for improvements, particularly for draining the marshy soil. When therefore the Moscow party promised them a new agrarian era, under a system diametrically opposed to that to which they owed their present state of progress, they naturally asked how it was that in the Baltic provinces, where personal property in the soil prevailed, land fetched thirty times and more the price of what it sold for in Russia, where agrarian communism was practised? They knew and saw that in the neighbouring Russian provinces where the principle of equal and periodically-renewed distribution of the soil is established, the peasant cannot raise himself above the level of his fellow-brethren, that no advantage accrues to him by industry and intelligence. Why then should they adopt a tenure which seems inevitably to cast a blight on all national agriculture wherever it exists?

It is possible that the new gospel of Russian democracy found a favourable reception among the Lithuanian peasant-serfs, to whom the estates of their former masters were distributed by Muravieff; if a man has nothing, he will not reject a doctrine which places something within his reach. But by the same reason the Lettish and Finnish peasant was not allured by the bait offered to him, and the Moscow press has hitherto vainly endeavoured to convince him of the advantages of the Russian system. Their daily clamour for an agrarian revolution in the Baltic provinces has indeed done great harm to the landed interest, because the incessant assurances of the Russian papers that the Imperial Government was about to act on their principles created numerous perturbations in the existing conditions of property, particularly after two unusually bad harvests. But in consequence of the urgent representations of the Governor-General, Count Albedinsky, that the sweeping measures advocated by Katkoff and his disciples would throw all the agrarian relations of the provinces into bottomless confusion, the Government remained passive. The result of the communist campaign against the tenure of land in the Baltic provinces has therefore thus far

been to connect the peasants more closely with the nobles and the larger landowners for the defence of their common interests, and this state of feeling will probably continue, unless a forcible confiscation takes place.

The second attack of the Muscovite press was directed against the Lutheran Church and the German schools in the Baltic provinces. The capitulation of 1702, by which Livland and Esthland had become members of the Russian Empire, guaranteed to them the right of Protestant worship, whilst in all the other provinces the Orthodox Church alone was recognized. The Russian code, the *Swod*, forbids members of the Greek Church to pass over to any other religious community; mixed marriages are to be solemnized exclusively according to the orthodox rite; a Lutheran or Catholic priest who admits a member of the Greek Church into his community loses his benefice. Proselytism is punished by banishment to Siberia; the Greek Church alone has the right of converting to its creed those who do not belong to it.

Till 1838 these intolerant enactments were never applied to Finland and the Baltic provinces; but at that time they were introduced in spite of the undoubted and established privileges of the people, and a Greek bishopric was founded in Riga for the express purpose of conversion. Promises of every kind were held out to those who would pass over to the Orthodox Church — exemption from military service, remission of taxes, free grants of land in Southern Russia, free education of the children at the expense of the Crown, and advantageous employment in the public service.

It is not surprising that many of the poorer classes were deluded by these prospects, particularly as there had been a famine in 1840, and great destitution prevailed in the country. Misled by the deceitful promises of Russian itinerant preachers, about 100,000 of the poorest Letts and Esths passed over to the "Foreign Church," as they called it, in order to purchase a better future. These deluded people had to pay dearly for their apostasy; none of the promises made to them were fulfilled, and they found themselves excluded from the educational institutions of their Lutheran brethren. Living in the midst of a Protestant country, they were separated by their nationality from the Russian people, whose crude system of worship soon became disgusting to them; and the Greek priests showed a contemptuous indifference to their fate when once they had

been enrolled as members of the Orthodox Church. They had contracted an obligation which they soon found it difficult to shake off. Nevertheless, a mighty reaction soon occurred, the converts poured in crowds to the secular and religious authorities of the country, imploring to be received back into the Lutheran Church; but they were met by the inexorable law that whoever belonged to the Orthodox Church could not leave it again. When the requests and remonstrances of this conscience-troubled multitude met with a flat refusal, the indignant proselytes declared that nothing at least should ever compel them to attend the service of the Orthodox ritual. The Lutheran clergy being forbidden under severe penalties to administer to them the sacramental rites, they thronged in disguise to the Lord's Supper. They introduced a sort of civil marriage amongst themselves, and baptised their own children. The government resorted in vain to means of persuasion and violence, but it was at last obliged to let the matter drop, and to check the misplaced zeal for conversion which had produced such deplorable results. The law against mixed marriages remained in force, however, and in spite of all the representations of the Russian governors, children were torn forcibly from their parents who wished to educate them as Protestants. At last, in 1864, the Government tacitly allowed the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces freedom of confession with regard to children born in mixed marriages. The Moscow press attacked this decision as a wilful injury done to the most sacred interests of Russia and her Church; and in spite of the complaints of the wretched converts, who vainly implored permission to return to their original creed, the Russian party never ceased to complain of the oppression of the Greek Church in Livland. The Greek clergy opposed a passive resistance to every concession, by refusing to perform the marriage ceremony between persons of the Orthodox and the Lutheran faith; and in the following year the Government sanctioned this refusal as against the Lutherans. In 1867 the Orthodox Archbishop of Riga publicly insulted the Lutheran Church in a pastoral letter which put the whole country in commotion; but he was simply translated to a bishopric in Southern Russia. But a Protestant clergyman was deposed from his office because many years before he had censured the worship of pictures. In like manner, the Lutheran Bishop of Livland, Dr. Walter, having ventured to allude in a sermon to the necessary and natural Germani-

sation of the Letts and Esths, was immediately deposed. The national party is constantly endeavouring to prove that the interests of the Empire demand the degradation of the Lutheran Church in the Baltic provinces to the position of a tolerated heresy, which it holds in the rest of Russia. They therefore encourage different sects which have recently appeared, particularly the Baptist immigrants, who, molested in Prussia, have come in considerable numbers to Curland.

Especial zeal was displayed against the German tendency and character of the Baltic school-system. Russian schools were established, not only in Riga, but in other towns, where scarcely any Russian population exists, and in all national schools instruction in the Russian language is rendered obligatory. The provost of the University of Dorpat, who is at the head of the educational department in the provinces, has been coupled with a Russian colleague, specially appointed to watch over the interests of the Russian language—i. e., its extension, and the gradual extinction of German in the schools. The University itself, as one of the strongest bulwarks of German civilization and Protestantism, is of course an object of particular hatred to the Moscow party. No pains are spared to undermine it, and to transform it eventually into a Russian institution. The natural consequence of these principles is that the introduction of Russian language in the Courts of law and in the administrative departments is demanded in the name of equality and progress. The old law of the country, confirmed by the capitulation of 1702, distinctly established a purely German administration. Even a decree of 1845, regulating the civil administration of the Baltic provinces, acknowledged that public affairs were generally to be transacted in German, except that in the parish vestries the prevailing local idiom—i. e. the Esthonic or Lettish language—was to be adopted. In 1850, for the first time, the Emperor Nicolas prescribed that in all transactions of the Government authorities the Russian language was to be introduced. This decree remained a dead letter, because not one in fifteen of the civil functionaries could speak or write Russian. In 1867 the edict of 1850 was renewed; henceforth only persons conversant with the Russian language were to be appointed as officers of the Crown. The Governor-General notified that for the future letters written in Russian would alone be received by the public authorities. This notification was sent in Russian to the senates of the cities, to the

local courts and justices of peace, who in their turn sent back these rescripts, because they could not understand them. After much dispute the Government was obliged to give way so far as to send a German translation with the original text. In St. Petersburg, indeed, men were not wanting, able to discern how deeply the forcible introduction of a difficult foreign language must disturb all private and public interests, and injure the transaction of business. They saw that it was impossible to enforce such a system from want of a staff of officials who could speak and write the Russian language; and they knew that it was equally impossible to introduce into the Baltic provinces the ignorant and corrupt functionaries of the interior of the Empire. But these more moderate men were few and isolated, whilst Katkoff's party numbered numerous adherents at the head of affairs, and exercised great influence. The remonstrances of the moderates and the indignant protestations of the Baltic population have alike been overruled; and thus one by one the intelligent and highly-deserving Baltic statesmen have been removed from the higher posts and replaced by Russians who know nothing of the country. When the magistrates and the Diets complained of breach of privileges, their addresses were answered by severe rebukes or not received at all. The Baltic press was restricted from any effectual defence of the interests of the country; for whilst the press of Moscow had unlimited liberty of attack, the censorship was maintained in Riga, Dorpat, and Reval. The provincial newspapers could therefore only answer their opponents so far as the Russian censor would allow it, and whoever resorted to foreign journals was declared a traitor, conspiring with Count Bismarck to sever the provinces from the Empire. For the *Ethnic* and *Lettish* prints there is only one censor in the three provinces, the manuscripts of all books, papers, prayer-books, &c., edited in those languages, must be sent to Riga, to receive his imprimatur.

How long the Baltic provinces will be able to stand this siege of the democratic party, backed by the autocratic authority of the Czar, nobody can tell. They have little to hope for from foreign intervention. Sweden, which would have a right to interfere as a party to the peace of Nystadt, by which the privileges of the provinces were confirmed, has neither the power nor the interest to quarrel with so dangerous a neighbour for such a cause. Prussia has no right to interfere, but looks of course with pain at this war of extermination

against a German race; nevertheless she is anxious to remain on good terms with Russia. It is however remarkable, that Peter the Great, after the peace of Nystadt, claimed a vote in the German Diet at Ratisbon, because he had become sovereign of a province which belonged to the Empire and had never ceased to do so; and the time may come, perhaps it is come already, when the Germans will seek to resist this odious persecution of the property, the religion, and the language of their northern brethren. But the final issue of this struggle will depend mainly on the internal policy of Russia. Whilst railways are progressing, agriculture is fast retrograding in the Empire. The communist tenure of land and the system of temporary distribution of holdings, above described, was possible only as long as the peasants were serfs and could be forced to work in the fields by their masters. But now being free to do as they like, they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starvation; the rest of their time, which formerly belonged to their masters, is spent in the brandy-shops. Drunkenness is increasing in frightful proportions. The peasant moreover knows that his bankruptcy does not place him in embarrassment, but the village; according to the communist system, the community, not the individual member of it, is responsible. This is enough to check all assiduity and improvement. The nobility is nearly ruined; it has lost immensely by the abolition of serfdom; and the highest wages will not induce the peasants to undertake the regular cultivation of the lands of their former lords. In short, if the picture drawn by Dr. Eckardt and the other writers before us is correct, Russian landed society is in a state of moral and economical dissolution, which sooner or later must produce a terrible crisis.

To this disordered society, instead of trying to cure the dangerous disease which consumes its best forces, the Moscow party is preaching a crusade against the heterodox boundary provinces. Five millions of Catholic Poles, two and a half millions of Protestant Swedes, Germans, Finlanders, Letts, and Esths, are to disappear, in order to realize the Emperor Nicolas' shibboleth, one God, one Czar, one language. We doubt the success of the experiment, even though it be attempted by all the power of the Court of St. Petersburg, backed by the enthusiasm of the Russian democrats. The absorption and assimilation of nationalities is one of the slowest and most difficult processes in history. It

has not been accomplished in these islands. It has not even been accomplished in France. Least of all can it be effected by persecution or by the brute ascendancy of an inferior over a superior and more civilised race. But the nationalities against which the Moscow press declares war in the name of democratic progress, stand on a much higher level than the Russian people. Professor Schirren, in his able answer to Juri Samarin, who accuses the Baltic provinces of conspiring against Russia, says with perfect justice:—

“Our culture is our conspiracy: we have always been faithful to the Emperor; we have never shrunk from the greatest sacrifices, even when they were required of us in support of a bad system; we even are willing to be Russified if you can do so by legal means, and by convincing us of the superiority of your intellectual culture; but we protest against the method which you adopt. As long as you have nothing to offer but an agricultural system, which would turn our country into a wilderness, a Church which sanctions the most abject Cæsaro-papism, and as long as you have no other means of propaganda but brute force, we shall maintain our institutions and our autonomy to the very last. We have not been incorporated by conquest, but by a bilateral contract, by which the country acknowledged under certain and well-defined conditions the Russian Czar at its master, whilst he solemnly promised to maintain these conditions. Our ancient privileges were confirmed by the Capitulation of 1702, which is published in the general collection of Russian laws, which has been acknowledged by all the Emperors of Russia, and which, up to this day, forms the only basis of our political relation to the Russian Crown. You may induce the Government to violate our rights, and we may be obliged to submit, but whilst obeying the ascendancy of force we shall never cease to protest

against it. What you attempt now has been equally tried by Polish and Swedish kings—both in their turn the most powerful rulers in Eastern Europe; we have been obliged to give way for the moment, but our right proved stronger than the power which had curbed it. We are convinced that also in this century it will be strong enough to outlive your aggression. The inhabitants of a country which for seven hundred years has lived under German influence, cannot in a few years be transformed into Russians; you may cripple the strength of an aged tree, you may cut it down, but you cannot transplant it like a sapling, nor compel it to produce another kind of fruit by compulsory grafting.”

The rage which Schirren's pamphlet provoked in the Moscow press, compelled the Government to dismiss him from the professorship of history in Dorpat, but his answer has never been refuted.

The respectful petition which the Diet of Livland has lately addressed to the Emperor, enumerating the violations of the constitution and praying for its re-establishment, has received a negative answer. The country is obliged to suffer in silence, and bide its time, but no pressure will extort from it a voluntary abandonment of its right. The people of the Baltic provinces are confident that the experiment of Russifying by compulsion five different nationalities must in the long run prove a disastrous failure and recoil on its authors. They maintain that their cause is that of Western civilization, against Russian barbarism, to which the theories of Herzen and Katkoff have only given a superficial varnish, and they answer to every new aggression of the Moscow fanatics, “You may oppress us, but you will not subdue us.”

It will be well if the Francophobia now raging in Germany puts a stop to the deterioration of the German language by the incorporation of French words. The *Cologne Gazette*, speaking of the Emperor's proclamation to the fleet, is guilty of this offence, as well as of incivility, when it remarks that this production is as colourless and “affectirt” as though he had drawn it from the soul of his wife Eugénie. The naturalization of French words in Germany has reached an absurd pitch. Such expressions as “Ich bin frappirt,” “Er ist hochst amüsant,” &c., are of constant occurrence. Many English writers, it is true, use French words too often, but they only employ them as quotations, and do not amalgamate them into their

own language. This does no permanent injury to the mother tongue, and Dickens's well-known objection to the use of any foreign words whatever was carried rather too far, but a German Dickens would have sound cause for complaint.

A CURIOUS discussion has arisen in Bombay. Tigers having come to Salsette and killed several people, the magistrates applied to increase the reward, but the Government have refused, thinking that the report of the presence of tigers there will attract English sportsmen from Bombay.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"SIC TRANSIT."

FOR the last time we assemble with the members of the fallen Company. A different gathering it was from the days when, blooded to gold, they gathered to listen to flattering tales, vote themselves dividends and bonuses, and cheer their Governor to the echo. A liquidator, with tongue dropping gall instead of honey, looked down on blank and black, instead of beaming faces. There were visages the last month or two had drawn out by inches like the india-rubber ones that change as you press them, from smiles to unutterable woe. There were pale cheeks and sunken eyes, quivering lips, and slovenly toilettes, and hands that trembled as they fumbled with documents that had been officially circulated — one of them containing a general review of the situation, the other formally calling upon the contributors to show cause why they should refuse to listen to a *6l. call*. *Conticuerit omnes, intentique ora tenebant*. In the suspense of the coming explanation, pregnant with his fate, no man felt much disposed to talk or even to grumble: the room was pervaded with the rustle of papers and a murmur that might have come from souls moaning in the dull pains of a distant purgatory.

On the elevated platform behind the liquidators, their solicitor, and a secretary detailed to read papers and minutes, sat a melancholy group of ex-Directors, unfortunates detached alike from the sympathies of one element and the other: like the flying fish, threatened at once by the monsters who gnashed on them with savage teeth from the swelling ocean below, and by the liquidators who hovered over their heads with calls and outstretched claws. There was Sir Ralph, the mere shadow of his former state; McAlpine grave and anxious; and Rushbrook alone, to outward seeming, as unconcerned as ever, twisting the paper in his fingers into a foolscap, and suggesting to the unappreciative Schwartzschild that he should move its adoption by the meeting. And there sat Hugh Childersleigh, his expression not out of keeping with the deep mourning he wore, yet looking round with clear steady eye that bore down, in spite of them, the angry glances it encountered from all sides.

Mr. Auditt broke ground with the accustomed phrases of regret, as obligatory on similar occasions as her Majesty's health at a public dinner. No one could deplore more sincerely than he the calamity that brought them together; — he had a confi-

dent hope of netting by it, from first to last, some 30,000*l.* Yet he trusted they would find elements of comfort in the case, to soften a blow that must fall heavily at best, and he should have been cheered indeed when first taken into their melancholy confidence, could he have hoped the state of things he had a certain satisfaction in reporting, would have been half so favourable. In the first place, he had the pleasure of informing them, that a member of their body and a fellow-sufferer, who, it appeared, laboured under the additional misfortune of being related by ties of blood to their absconded Manager (yells, howls, and groans of execration), — that this gentleman had exerted himself, and exerted himself successfully, to recover much of the abstracted property. Moreover, independent of its very considerable actual value, that recovery had enabled him to form a tolerably reliable estimate of their prospects. In making it, he had been naturally led to examine cursorily into their prospective assets. Here he was happy to have it in his power to pay a high tribute to the late management. He could assure the meeting that advances, generally, seemed to have been made with excellent judgment and on ample security. What most unfortunately compromised them, was the wreck of those subsidiary companies they had promoted, and, on the other hand, it was the ruin of the parent which had involved its progeny in the common misfortune. It might, in one way, add a poignancy to natural regrets; but in justice to their late Directors, and in elucidation of their present position, he was bound to tell them that the collapse could only be attributed to that abnormal condition of the commercial atmosphere which had made all credit unsubstantial as vapour, coupled with the most unfortunate quarter in which they had reposed their confidence — he alluded of course, to their defaulting Manager (Cries of "The Governor too," "No, no," "Yes, yes," "Shame," "Go on:" — through which our friend Hugh, although his cheek might have flushed and his brow darkened, sat otherwise as unmoved as if his late worshippers had still been vociferating his praises).

After a most elaborate condescension on facts and figures, Mr. Auditt approached the engrossing question of the call. It had been the opinion of his colleagues and himself that a call was imperative; that it was eminently advisable, moreover, in the interests of the shareholders themselves, as the only means of avoiding a wholesale sacrifice of assets which, with time and care, might realize the full value they stood for in the

Company's books. He need hardly say it had been their earnest desire to press as lightly on the contributories as practicable, but mature deliberation had forced them to the conclusion that 6*l.* per share was the lowest figure which would meet the exigencies of the occasion. If payments were prompt and general, he would venture to hazard a personal opinion—it must be distinctly understood he committed himself to nothing further—that the shareholders might dismiss from their minds any apprehensions of further liability.

Mr. Auditt resuming his seat was the signal for a score of excited orators bounding to their feet. For three-quarters of an hour there was nothing but abuse, lamentation, and recrimination, varied by questions where the general ignorance of business evinced by the querists was only surpassed by the special innocence of facts exhibited by the professional respondents. At last Lord Rushbrook seized the ears of the meeting. His Lordship reminded them that on the last occasion on which he had had the honour of addressing them, he had failed in an attempt to persuade them that a motion urged by a reverend gentleman,—he was happy to see him present,—had been ill-advised and wholly uncalled for. He believed, in fact, he had even ventured to denounce it as a gross and gratuitous insult to his near relative, their late Governor, who, he was glad to say, was also with them upon this occasion to speak for himself. The motion of submitting the conduct, and consequent liability, of Mr. Childersleigh for the opinion of council had been carried, and it would be satisfactory to himself, and doubtless to the shareholders, to learn its result from the reverend gentleman, who had been chairman of the committee he had moved for. If that opinion were of the tenor he had been given to understand it was, he was quite sure no one would rejoice more at the opportunity of proclaiming it than the reverend gentleman himself. Dr. Silke Reynardson's own professions must have convinced them that, next to Mr. Childersleigh and Mr. Childersleigh's immediate friends, he had suffered more intensely than any one from the language only an imperative sense of duty could have driven him to employ, and that he would feel a pleasure equally intense in availing himself of this public opportunity of retracting it.

If Dr. Reynardson felt the pleasure his lordship credited him with, he must have had his countenance in better command than his tongue; certainly none of the numerous gentlemen who turned to regard him sus-

pected anything of it. Amid shouts of "Hear, hear!" "Reynardson!" "Dr. Reynardson!" he deliberately raised himself to his legs. Although the Doctor had an impetuous—not to say evil—temper, one which had been so constant a snare to him, that at last he had come to let it trip him up when it pleased with the passive resignation of a martyr, yet he was largely gifted with intelligence and common sense. He was conscious his philippic on the former occasion had hurt himself much more than Childersleigh, and, so far, he sincerely regretted it. Besides, no man had a more religious respect for dignitaries, and he repented having invited the thrusts and enmity of a man in the position of Rushbrook. But, then, he had seen the fruits of a lifetime consecrated to sacred eloquence and good works, all swamped in the *Crédit Foncier*, and he was profoundly moved against those who had robbed him of his painfully-garnered stores. So it was with curiously blended feelings he rose to address the meeting; a straw would have turned the torrent of his words one way or the other. He laboured, moreover, under a sense of awkwardness, from which lashing himself into a passion appeared the readiest means of extraction. Standing in that shattered temple of Mammon, the sinner was in the ascendant for the time, and the chances were he would sorely buffet the saint, and leave him with ample matter for repentance.

His lordship only did him justice, said Dr. Reynardson, in giving him credit for having suffered more keenly than any of his listeners while he discharged the most painful duty he had ever been driven to. Whereupon even Childersleigh smiled, while as for Rushbrook, when he composed himself comfortably for the expected treat, his face expressed appreciation, amounting to enjoyment. Other gentlemen looked or whispered in a similar sense; and Dr. Reynardson, feeling that in his noble nature he had soared high above the sympathies of his audience, came tumbling back to the earth, and cast himself savagely into the clutches of the powers of passion and evil.

But his lordship was egregiously in error, he proceeded, in assuming it to be his desire or intention to retract one word he had uttered then. His words had been too conscientiously weighed to be lightly withdrawn. On a single point he had erred, and he was not ashamed to confess it. He was a clergyman, and no lawyer, untrained to split hairs and catch at words, to sever equity from justice, and separate the laws of conscience and morals from those of St. Stephen's and the statute-book. It was his

desire to revere the law and respect its interpreters, and he had fondly trusted that for flagrant wrong the law had fitting remedy. That illusion was dispelled. In the interest of the widow and the orphan, of the desolate hearth and the shivered roof-tree, he had urged that Mr. Childersleigh's clear moral responsibility — ay, he repeated it boldly to his face, as he had said it honestly behind his back — that Mr. Childersleigh's moral liability should be enforced by the machinery of justice. If that machinery were not radically defective, it had lamentably broken down. The counsel they had consulted — eminent, he believed, they were considered — had given it as their opinion that the late Governor, sheltered behind a rampart of technicalities, might enjoy as best he could the riches he had filched.

"May I ask the rev. gentleman if he quotes the precise language of the opinion?" interposed Rushbrook. "Or if it is brief, as I am given to understand it is, perhaps he will forgive me if I request him to read it."

The rev. gentleman seemed strangely loth to gratify this reasonable request, but the feeling of the meeting was unmistakable. The opinion, signed by her Majesty's Solicitor-General and a learned brother, was clear and concise: "On the statement submitted, we are of opinion that no action whatever can lie against Mr. Childersleigh."

"I have to apologize sincerely for having troubled the rev. gentleman," resumed Lord Rushbrook, blandly; "his singularly candid rendering of the sense and scope of the document in question ought to have satisfied me."

"To return to where I broke off when the noble lord interrupted me," resumed Dr. Reynardson in some confusion, and with a look of poison. "I was referring to the wealth his honourable relative, the Chairman, had gathered in our service, I will not say from our pockets, although the system of commission by which he enriched himself seems to me little better than legalized pilfering. I am satisfied to waive all allusion to the colourable suspicions engendered by his close friendship with our worthy Manager, although they are entertained, as I have reason to know, by many of the most intelligent of our body. I will content myself with asking whether your verdict endorses that of the lawyers, — whether it argues unblemished honour, or does not rather imply some slight degree of moral turpitude, when a man founds a Company like this, courts public confidence

to it by representations strangely belied by results, transforms himself in two brief years from a pauper to a millionaire, and finally slips like a rat from the house he has too good reason to know is falling. Gentlemen, it would appear that we cannot drag our Governor to the bar of justice, or invoke the civil power to compel him to the surrender of his gains. Yet something we can do — we can force him before that tribunal of social opinion, which holds the issues of life or death for men like him. We can poison the enjoyment of his wealth which has been to him swelled by the mites of the widow, steeped in the tears of the orphan; and I, for one, solemnly pledge myself to uplift my humble testimony in my lowly sphere until trials and sorrows shall stifle my feeble accents."

In one way or another, the clergyman's peroration brought down the house. There were indignant utterances indeed, but they were rare, and while a good many of his auditors sat silent and doubtful, a great number applauded vociferously. Some of the more sensitive had dissolved in tears, and regarded Rushbrook, who was evidently in a most enviable state of enjoyment, as a mocking Mephistopheles.

Dr. Reynardson had thrown down the glove, and Hugh hastened to take it up. The violent personal attack had given him the opportunity for personal explanation; he felt his advantage and meant to use it. The champion of the sufferers had hit hard, yet the spirit of fair-play was general enough to assure him a more patient hearing than he could otherwise have hoped for, and the mass of the audience forgot, for a moment, the disagreeables of their situation in the interest always excited by a fair stand-up fight. As Hugh rose before him, with head slightly thrown back, and kindling eye that swept the room, the Doctor was troubled by some inward qualms, and glanced uneasily from the Governor to the reporters. He knew he had laid himself terribly open.

So far as his fears went of having violence met with violence, and personalities retorted with personal sarcasm, he might have spared them. If Hugh was tempted he refrained, although his reply was perhaps none the less telling for its studied moderation. Lightly touching on the tone, he thanked his assailant with dignity for the matter of the remarks which gave him an opening he had ardently longed for; which cheered him with the hope of freeing his mind from the weight which had long oppressed it. He had laboured hard to deserve their good opinion, and the feeling

that he had lost it, however innocently, had been, he owned to them, very painful. He had suffered deeply from the knowledge that his profound sympathy with their misfortunes was suspected, that there were circumstances that gave some faint colour to the dishonouring accusations that had been launched at him. Of these, Dr. Reynardson had no doubt conscientiously made himself the exponent, and he repeated he had reason to be grateful to him. The expressions of dissent elicited by so many passages of Dr. Reynardson's speech had assured him he could still count on friends among those he had the pleasure of knowing neither by sight nor name; that there were members of their body who still refused to believe he would lightly stain a stainless name or belie the conduct of a lifetime. In consenting to defend himself he felt something of the humiliation of pleading guilty, but he would pray of them to suspend, as a body, the judgment some of them might have hastily passed; to strive to imagine that the relation which had once existed between them was yet unchanged, to let him believe them still his friends, while he addressed them with perfect candour. If they condemned him when they had heard him to an end, he could not say he would bow to their sentence, but, acquitted by his conscience, he would bear it as best he might.

He would ask them, to begin with, was there a conceivable motive for his risking himself in questionable transactions? He had made a large fortune by their Company; he was wealthy still; and, as he was unbosoming himself, he would tell them he could look forward with reasonable certainty to inheriting a great succession in a few weeks' time. (Here there was a general murmur, and even Hugh's friends looked blank. He had been candid with a vengeance, and now actually touched on the very point that had stirred the bitterest animosity.) "I have alluded advisedly to the subject of the money I have gained by you, and intend, with your permission, to return to it; in the meantime let me defend the means by which I have made and kept it."

Then he took up charge after charge with a detail into which we shall not follow him; but, although he spoke not unsuccessfully to their reason, their hearts were effectually closed to him by the wealth he acknowledged to have saved from the common wreck.

He went on: "You have discovered, gentlemen, that the system of remuneration by commission was a mistake, and my share of it an exorbitant one. Possibly;

yet let me remind you that it was you who ratified the one and the other, and let me assure you, laying my hand on my heart, that self-interest, if I know myself, never influenced me in any of the transactions I arranged on your behalf. The highest legal authorities have told you in the plainest terms, that what I have gained I gained honestly." (Murmurs and expressions of dissent.) "Gentlemen, I claim a patient hearing as a right, and I am assured you will not deny it. They have decided it was gained honestly, and for myself I will venture to add honourably, as well. In brief, gentlemen, the sole points on which I am disposed to reproach myself arise from my connection with our defaulting Manager. That connection, from first to last, was a purely business one. Yet, while I distinctly repudiate any responsibility for that unhappy man, I do feel that in the eyes of the public our connection may well have appeared closer than it was; that such reputation as I possessed may have plausibly been made to stand guarantee for his. Latterly, indeed, I had to a certain extent withdrawn my confidence from him, and done my best to limit his exercise of power; but in that, I must add, I was guided merely by suspicion which might well have been prejudice, and I was in possession of no tangible facts which would have justified me in bringing the matter officially before your Board. Still, enlightened after the events and after the unfortunate chances which prolonged my absence, and although a Chairman, with an able body of coadjutors and an efficient staff of subordinates, might well consider a few days of relaxation fairly earned by months of painfully assiduous application; still, I say, enlightened after the event, I shall never cease to reproach myself with that absence as the indirect cause of the ruin of a noble business. Upon my heart and conscience that I hold to be the head and front of my offending, and for that I stand here willing to make the extreme compensation the law could have exacted of me had I been criminal ten times over. I cannot absolutely promise to spare you entirely the painful necessity of a call, for my means may be scarcely equal to my will. But what I can do I will, and I intimate my intention of sealing my unwavering devotion to your interests by an immediate transfer to your liquidators of my entire property real and personal. With the exception of family pictures, and a few heirlooms I shall beg permission to select, I pledge myself the cession shall be absolute. And now, gentlemen, may I express a hope

that we part on terms at least as friendly as those on which we began our unfortunate acquaintance, and may I take leave of the *Credit Foncier* in the belief that I have convinced you of the integrity of my conduct and the purity of my motives?"

So thoroughly was the meeting stunned by the startling climax of the Governor's speech that, for a space, they sat gaping on him and each other open-mouthed, as if questioning whether their ears had played them false. Then their feelings vented themselves in Protean variety of form. There was cheering and waving of hats. pounding of feet and umbrella-ferules, weeping, blessing, praying, and swearing that the Governor was something greater than the divinity they had always taken him for. The peroration of Hugh's speech was well worth that of Dr. Reynardson. Some of the more suspicious and saturnine shook their heads; they would greatly like to see the deeds executed that should give effect to the eloquent orator's intentions; to be persuaded of the existence of the property he so generously transferred; and although his speech had otherwise sounded rational enough, they were much inclined to share Lord Hestercombe's doubts as to his sanity. Rushbrook and McAlpine seized him by either arm and dinned remonstrances into his ears. "Too late, altogether too late, my good fellows," was the reply; "and don't forget I gave you an opportunity of arguing me out of my intention."

"A wilful man will have his way," moaned McAlpine, feeling he might just as well attempt to move the pillar behind him, and acknowledging, moreover, that Hugh was irretrievably committed by his speech. "But you must let your friends do what they can for you in spite of yourself;" and with that he sprang to his feet and addressed a stirring appeal to the meeting. Mr. Childersleigh had taken a course of absolutely unparalleled generosity, and beggared himself—yes beggared himself—in obedience to the dictates of an over-sensitive honour, and, in answer to reproaches which his conscience told him were utterly unjust. Were they to take a paltry advantage of him, and clutch at the uttermost farthing he offered? He pled earnestly for the old place that had been in the Childersleigh family for centuries. Mortgaged as it was, the difference would be little to them although immense to the owner; and he concluded with a motion that it, at least, should be left him. Hugh would have risen again, but his friends almost angrily insisted he was out of court in the matter, and literally forced him to keep his seat—

perhaps not sorry at heart to think he might be spared the worst of the sacrifice.

But Dr. Silke Reynardson stood before them again. With heartfelt satisfaction he had listened to the speech of a man he was proud again to entitle his honourable friend, and, imitating Mr. Childersleigh's frankness, he begged to retract every word that, under erroneous impressions, he had felt it his duty to utter to his disparagement. As they had seen in the generous nobility of his nature, Mr. Childersleigh had been obviously eager to disclaim the well-intentioned but—he would say it—the most ill-advised interference of his colleague, Mr. McAlpine. He would venture to interpret Mr. Childersleigh's mind, and implore of them, in Mr. Childersleigh's name, not to dim the lustre of a grand sacrifice. Mr. Childersleigh had freely offered them his family place, and for Mr. Childersleigh's own sake, he would entreat of them as freely to accept it. (Cries of "No, no,"—"hear, hear.") He was sure they could not misjudge his motives, and he would recall to them the statement of Mr. McAlpine that the estate was so heavily burdened as to reduce its value to a minimum—a reason the more, he must remark in passing, for hesitating to impose on Mr. Childersleigh the costly burden of maintaining it. (Expressions of dissent and disapprobation.) But one other word, and he had done. If he were rightly informed of circumstances only known to him by hearsay, Mr. Childersleigh might be entitled in a few weeks to claim a valuable property upon certain conditions. Might he put it to Mr. Childersleigh whether, in the interest of the shareholders, he would not see it his duty to make good his claim to that property previous to executing to them a transfer of the whole? (An emphatic "No" from Mr. Childersleigh.) Then he would not press that delicate point, but he would conclude with an amendment to Mr. McAlpine's motion—"That this meeting accept with cordial gratitude the liberal proposals of their late Governor, and desire to enter on their minutes an expression of their profound esteem for his character and conduct."

Rushbrook was whetting the razors of his sarcasm when McAlpine stopped him.

"Trust me, the best way of disposing of that is to leave it to the vote; better they should condemn that scoundrel Reynardson than you. I see, Budger seconds him—and just like him; but they'll scarcely find a third man to go along with them."

The worthy chieftain had hardly calculated on the feelings of impoverished share-

holders dreading a farther drain on their pockets, voting practically anonymously *en bloc*, and encouraging themselves by mutual example and kindred sentiment. The show of hands was clearly in favour of the amendment, as the liquidator reluctantly announced. McAlpine impetuously demanded a vote, but there Childersleigh insisted on interfering. He regretted much the proposal had ever been suggested to the meeting — at least, he would not stoop to have it pressed on them.

"What did I say to you about pearls and swine?" exclaimed Rushbrook as they left together. "Oh, Hugh, Hugh! are you not ashamed of your selfish avarice in sticking by your family pictures? They deserve everything you can give them, poor grateful souls! Well, you are a maniac, assuredly; but I will say you are a fine fellow all the same."

McAlpine said nothing at all. To his practical common sense the action seemed even more portentously absurd than to the more reckless Rushbrook.

As to Hugh, with a strange mixture of melancholy and content, keenly alive to all he had given up, and still wavering in faith as to what it might do for him, he drove off to the society of Lucy.

Next morning he woke with the world before him, but with the companion he had secured for the journey, he almost enjoyed the prospect of his coming travels. "I had hoped to have seen her rich, but at least I can make her happy, and, as for a competency, fair play and a few years will give her that. Perhaps, who knows, we may build a Childersleigh elsewhere, carry our Lares with us, and hang the pictures of the Childersleighs on other walls." And like a hound rousing himself for the chase, he stretched and shook himself mentally in the glad consciousness of his strength, and only longed to be slipped on the work. "In the last few weeks I have found some friends I shall be sorry to part from," he went on to himself; "but after all, I suppose it is the nature of things that love should swallow friendship. I take my world where I go, even if friends and Childersleigh remain behind."

He had seated himself at breakfast, when the door was thrown open and Mr. Barrington announced. Mr. Barrington came forward with both hands extended, and took Hugh's cordially in his own. "I came here twice last night to no purpose, so I determined to make sure of you this morning. Well, you look pretty comfortable, I must say; the events of yesterday don't seem to have put you much out."

"Why should they? If you may have to rough it soon on half rations, it is surely a reason for making yourself comfortable while you may. So you have heard of the folly I perpetrated."

"Heard of it! I should think so, indeed. The world has been talking of nothing else. For the matter of that, there are leaders on you in half the morning papers; so my man told me while I was dressing; and what else do you imagine brought me here at this hour?"

"I can't say. It would have been an excellent reason for most people staying away."

"You don't mean that for me, Childersleigh?" asked Barrington, reproachfully.

"Of course not," returned Hugh, hastily; "as I may very soon take means of proving to you. God knows I ought to have learned to understand you by this time. But what are they saying about me? — not that it much signifies."

"Pat you on the back without an exception. I do believe you are more the fashion than ever. One would fancy all the world capable of doing the same thing, your generosity is so universally appreciated. I don't so much wonder at my chiming in with the rest, for you spoiled me for life when you saved me with that good deed of yours at Homburg."

"An old story now, and little worth repeating at best."

"I, at least, am never likely to forget it, although it is not much in my way to talk of things of the kind. But I tell you, Hugh, when this latest one gets from the clubs to the drawing-room, when the women hear it from the men, you will be positively the rage. If your arrangements had not been made elsewhere, you might have picked and chosen among heiresses."

"I've done with drawing-rooms, and if my arrangements had been still to make, my crotchets would never have awoken the enthusiasm of the fair sex. What I gave up to the *Crédit Foncier* yesterday was really my wedding present to my wife, made at her own request."

"She is a girl in a thousand, I do believe, and, upon my word, when all is said and done, I'm almost inclined to call you a lucky man. Evil communications, you know, and assuredly you must have demoralized me. But we have discussed our money matters before now, Hugh; and you will forgive my asking how you mean to live."

"A question I have asked myself often, you may be quite sure. Perhaps it would have been more strictly just had I shown

yesterday less of what people call generosity. But if I had kept anything back, charitable tongues would have swelled tens to thousands; and I fear, as far as my good name went, the sacrifice would have been thrown away. I desired to crush not cripple the wasps that were stinging me."

"Yes, you showed your usual good sense there, even when for once you did a foolish thing; and then, doubtless, you remembered—I should be greatly cut up if you had not—that George Barrington was rich, and his fortune as much yours as his—eh, Hugh?"

"Not exactly that, Barrington; but I assure you I felt I had friends I could count upon, and I neither contemplated giving up Lucy nor marrying her to starvation. I would sooner come to you and Rushbrook for a thousand or two, than leave my honour at the mercy of the men I parted from yesterday for ever. Nor should I borrow quite as a beggar after all; my Holbeins and Vandykes mean the thousand or two, and something more—a security to my friends, while I live—a provision for my wife if I die."

"Upon my word, Childersleigh, for a man capable of such romantic actions, you have the queerest ideas of friendship. Had that loan you forced on me at Homburg escaped your memory altogether, and the language with which you pressed it? Unless you mean our friendship to die a sudden death—and then the murder lie at your door, I wash my hands of it—unless you mean that, I say, pledge yourself forthwith to come to me, and to no one else. Very likely Rushbrook would be glad enough, but then Rushbrook is always hard up, and would probably have to borrow. Now, thanks to you, I have a balance at my banker's I don't know how to invest, and I owe you that and a great deal more. And one thing more I have to say—when you do come to bank with me, it shall be on condition you give yourself a fair chance, and don't spoil this new voyage of yours by starving the stores. For Miss Winter's sake you must act liberally by me. But of course you will. You can't seriously mean to hurt my feelings. Come, Hugh, say it's a bargain, and offer me some breakfast; for let me tell you it is no light proof of friendship, turning out at this most unchristian hour."

"On my word, Barrington, it's almost worth losing a fortune to find such friends," exclaimed Hugh, stretching out his hand.

"I'm not quite so sure about that. At least, for my own part, I should rather make the discovery cheaper," returned

Barrington; "but now that matter is disposed of, I'll trouble you for a cup of coffee."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARRIAGE, LOVE, AND LEAVE-TAKING.

AFTER his violent divorce from all that had engrossed him in the most eventful years of his life; after his return from the City, infinitely more naked than he had entered it; after the wrench that tore his heartstrings from the remains of his paternal acres, Hugh had looked for consolation with Lucy. He was married now, and had seated himself by a domestic hearth, when it was become matter of grave speculation how he was to keep in the fire. He had no idea of hanging on in his altered circumstances to shiver through an English winter of discontent. He found his susceptibilities jar him at each step he took, for after all he was a mere mortal, and not a hero of romance. The people he had lived with had plied him with insidious flattery, yielding him insensible deference as to a consummate man of their world. It fretted his philosophy to find himself regarded distrustfully as a brilliant maniac, whose eccentricities it was impossible to count on; as a vagrant from exalted spheres, of essence too refined for earth, hurried along by caprice or conscience in most erratic orbits. He had moods when the old leaven fermented, and he sneered at himself from force of habit, as at a child rapt up in its latest toy while all around it went to wrack and ruin. But these moods were few and brief. Generally he recognized that it was only now he had gained firm standing-ground for an earnest start. If his present position were embarrassing, he was but paying the inevitable penalty of early errors.

He had found but little difficulty in wooing Lucy to an early wedding-day. Never had courtship been more flattering, for each word and act of her lover's told her he left his fate and happiness in her hands. She had turned the current of his life, and stirred his nature to its depths. He had proved the strength of their sympathies, by submitting his convictions to her influences, and deliberately laying his most cherished project at her feet. Of course when Hugh decided to sacrifice wealth and ambition, Lucy went into scarcely smothered transports over their narrow means and doubtful future. The haze that hung over their destinies was the choicest sweet in the cup that Providence was filling to the brim.

The wedding had been as private as

might be. The Childersleighs, the Hestercombes, McAlpine, and Barrington, — the guests. The sombre dress and subdued demeanour of those who stood nearest to the bride were not inappropriate to the crowning of a love whose course had flowed by shoals and shocks, — the better omen, as Hugh whispered to his bride, that the broken waters would run smooth at last.

Worn in mind and body, Sir Basil was there to give the bride away. The quivering lip and starting tear showed how keenly he felt the parting. As Lucy's eyes filled in sympathy, she would have reproached herself for her desertion, but when she looked on her husband, she remembered the claims he had bought so dearly. Sir Basil would have made handsome provision for one he had come to cherish as a daughter, but Hugh would hear nothing of it. He was hopeful of a speedy competency, and, in the passion of his independence, shrunk from laying himself or his wife under unnecessary obligations. Perhaps he might have thought it graceful to admit Sir Basil's paternal claims, and let him act in the matter as he pleased. But he had reason to know that "Childersleighs" had felt the panic; and Purkiss, who had been beggared by it, so far as his private means went, took care to put his father's proposals in so pleasant a light, that acceptance became out of the question. It was but too easy to parry them, for Sir Basil's mind had been weakened past insistence on anything. At Maude's instigation, he was content to vent his affection characteristically in a long series of cheques; and Mrs. Childersleigh's trousseau was much better suited to her position as her position might have been, than as it was.

Lord Hestercombe's first movement had been indignation at the crowning folly which had sealed the surrender of Childersleigh by marriage with a beggar, when an heiress had become indispensable. But second thoughts, and the practical logic of Rushbrook, had brought his lordship to regard his nephew's conduct from a more chivalrous point of view. He dared not counsel the man who had given up all to honour to break his plighted word, because it was passed to a penniless orphan. That position once taken up, he behaved with cordiality and delicacy, and claimed the right of a near relative to act with the magnificence of a grand seigneur. His daughter volunteered to be twin-bridesmaid with Maude. The jewels presented by himself and the countess were so priceless, so sparkingly unsuited to the wife of an emigrant, that they ruffled Hugh's over-sensitive

susceptibilities. He could regard them as nothing but an alms bestowed on the destitute.

For Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh proposed to reconstruct their fortunes in Queensland. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Tanjore* was to sail from Southampton on September 28th — as it chanced, the very morrow of the day appointed for the opening of THE WILL. Before they sailed, if they cared to hear it, they would learn the destiny of the money that had been Hugh's first love and Lucy's rival.

Hugh had been thoroughly off with that old love before taking up with the new one. With the property he had lately called his own, he had shifted his business cares on to the shoulders of the liquidators of the *Crédit Foncier*. Anticipating abdication, he had made over to Mr. Rivington the house in Harley Street. He had carried his bride to honeymoon it in one of those old-fashioned hostleries that still shelter in wooded nooks by the banks of the Thames, peaceful and rural still, in spite of excursionists by rail, and the rowing rowdyism of the river. An hostelry with deep thatched eaves, quaint casements, and eccentric gables, close-clipped hedges, and short-shaven lawns ablaze with scarlet geraniums. Thence he made those dashes to the City in search of an emigrant's paraphernalia, that sent him back with redoubled zest to their Arcadia, to their strolls through furze and heather, and their saunters in fragrant woodlands; to the lazy paddling up long reaches of the river, and the floating back in a golden haze of love and dreams.

One thing weighed upon him, and that was the inevitable farewell to Childersleigh. There the past seemed to have buried its dead out of sight, and he shrank from wakening slumbering memory with her thousand stings. But there are bitter duties that are pleasures in their way, and leave-takings it would be sacrilegious to neglect; and one bright morning saw Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh on the garden-terrace by the old yew hedge.

On just such a morning by that very path he had approached his home the memorable day of the funeral. Then, for the first time, he had looked on his place as really his own, now it was gone from him for ever; all the interest he reserved in it was vain regrets and melancholy associations. The house, with its down-drawn blinds, seemed in mourning now as then, and its cheerless face was reflecting the depression on its late master's. The unlucky Marxby had passed with the multitude into the insolvent court. Pressed by shareholders eager to escape a

call, the liquidators had forced the sale, and Childersleigh had been knocked down to a West End solicitor at the very moderate upset price — given him in a gift, that gentleman triumphantly observed, when the bargain was fairly closed. In the fulness of his self-gratulation he had made an off-hand offer to take furniture, fittings, &c., at a reasonable valuation, an offer promptly closed with for reasons akin to those that had sacrificed the place.

Patterson, warned beforehand, was in waiting to do the dismal honours, with a heart in sad harmony with the occasion, and a visage more melancholy than Childersleigh's own. The old man had no love-dreams to comfort him in his sorrow, and although the new purchaser had assured him his services would not be dispensed with, the light of his life seemed to be going out in darkness. His garrulousness was hushed, and inclination as much as natural delicacy kept him in the background. A self-posted patrol, he hovered round his master in the distance, to see that no profane stranger intruded on the leave-taking.

What a heaven earth would be could we always appreciate all we have as keenly as we do when on the point of losing it. Childersleigh Park lay flooded in the mellow lights of late summer. The scent-laden breeze breathing from the flowers was stirring the masses of foliage in waving lines of beauty; the shadows of golden boughs were dancing on the turf below to the drowsy hum of the bees. Everything animate and inanimate seemed so thoroughly at home in the enjoyment of its existence, from the sheep that grouped themselves lazily in the elm-shade to the jackdaws that clamoured among the fantastic stacks of chimneys. Hugh envied the very swallows that dipped in the rippling water. They were going abroad like him, but, unlike him, they at least would be there again the succeeding summer.

It was a relief to take refuge from the laughing beauty without doors, in the black hall and long dark-panelled corridors where the sunlight filtered so dimly through stained window-panes or heavy blinds. But as his eyes accustomed themselves to the obscurity, they lighted at every turn on objects that riveted them with painful fascination. Not a table nor chair, but had its story to tell; claims of its own to put in for a parting pang. Remembering he looked his last on them all, in room after room, he stood lingering upon the threshold.

Her eyes timidly following her husband's, guiltily avoiding them when they turned her way, Lucy's heart was throbbing in painful sympathy with his. The crowding sensations that were grief to him were anguish to her. While all her being seemed unnaturally absorbed in his, for the first time since their marriage he moved utterly unconscious of her presence, and to the jealousy of her love the first shadow of a cloud seemed settling between them. Her self-reproach told her that in Childersleigh he might well feel resentfully to her, and for the moment she would have given the world to have recalled the past and influenced him differently. What right had she to set her childish impulses in opposition to the counsels of his sagest friends. She rested her trembling fingers in mute appeal on his arm. As he turned at the touch her doubts vanished, but only to leave her more bitterly self-reproachful than before.

"Forgive me, Hugh; but, indeed, I fancied I had guessed the sacrifices I longed to share with you."

"I swear to you, darling, much as I feel them, I never regretted them less than now. While I am tasting the bitters of your teachings, I know that the sweets are all to come. It might have been the other way, but what then? Better go to honourable exile than live on here in ceaseless remorse — or, worse still, dishonourable unconsciousness. And then," he said, with an unclouded smile as he took her in his arms, "you can't have everything in this world; and, heaven knows, although we leave Childersleigh behind, I carry with me more than my share of Paradise."

When Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh emerged on the gravel, Patterson was hurt and scandalized at their smiling faces. Hugh, in his awkward consciousness that cheerfulness must seem singularly out of place just then, humbly strove to deprecate the old man's indignation. He did not, indeed, enter precisely into detailed explanation. But Patterson, under his impenetrable rind, had the shrewdness and some of the susceptibility of his nation; and, looking at the flush on the downcast face of the bride, something like the bleak smile of a November sun flickered over his own sorrowful features.

"Deed but she's bonny," he muttered, *sotto voce*, as if the words had been inspired by conscience rather than sentiment. "Gin there were mair lassies like her there would maybe be mair fules than Mr. Hugh."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"RADLEY'S."

THERE are hotels where the same roof-tree covers the house of mourning and the house of mirth; where, as in the scene in *Rigoletto*, a thin partition separates the corpse from the carnival; where sighs answer to laughter, and the dirge blends with the joyous refrain. The old "Falcon" at Gravesend was one of them, with the venerable panes in its bow-windows scribbled over with memorial names — panes through which so many streaming eyes have watched the sea-bound Indians melting into the river fogs. "Radley's" at Southampton is another; and houses, perhaps, in the course of the year as many aching hearts as any city poor-house or hospital. In proportion even to its ample accommodations, it contained a most disproportionate amount of sorrow the night before the *Tanjore* was to sail for Alexandria. There were Rachels being rest of their children, who utterly refused to be comforted, and lifted up their voices till the passages echoed to their wails. There were children being orphaned, and fathers leaving all they cared for behind them, going to boil the family pot in sad solitude in the scorching tropics. Lucy Childersleigh, as she met upon the stairs close-veiled figures clinging convulsively to the arms of sad-eyed men, and pale-faced mothers looking wistfully after laughing children they were seeing the last of for years if not for ever, became very melancholy, with a grateful sense of subdued contentment. As for Hugh, with the greater selfishness and callousness of men, he could hardly keep down that rising buoyancy of spirits which made Lucy so ready with her smiles when she felt tears would have been more in place. He had all but broken with the painful past, and was emerging at length from the night of uncertainty he had so long been groping in. Already he breathed the free air of the ocean, and raised his eyes towards the limitless horizon that stretched before them. To see them doing the honours at their late dinner when the meal was drawing to a close, you would never have taken them for a couple of poverty-stricken adventurers, whose bark was on the shore and getting up her steam. McAlpine and Barrington, who had come to comfort and see the last of their friends, began to think they might quite as well have stayed in London. Like Patterson, indeed, they felt rather aggrieved at the serenity with which the others bore up against the coming separation.

"I tell you what it is, Hugh," grumbled

the former, "to look at you and Mrs. Childersleigh now, one would say you were pruning your feathers for the flight home again."

"Well, so we are, McAlpine. At least we must be gone before we can come back, and, moreover, after tossing about among uncertainties, one is much inclined to find a home in the first firm land you set your foot on. But you need not remind us of the friends we leave behind us; be sure we shall remember and regret them soon enough and often enough. And I don't forget your promise and Barrington's to come and look us up whenever we may have a roof to offer you, and the sooner the bitterness of parting is over the sooner we shall have our merry meeting."

"So we shall, Hugh, but in the meantime when I go north next week, there will seem to be less sunshine at Baragoil."

"Where you have little enough to spare, as Mrs. Childersleigh knows," remarked Barrington, striving to be cheerful. "As for coming to see you, Hugh, I never made a promise I meant more religiously to keep. I think I shall charter a steamer for the cruise to the antipodes. The Rushbrooks would join us, I know, but Lady Rushbrook to be won't leave Sir Basil. I tell her change of scene and sea air would set the old man on his legs again, and I verily believe we shall see the Killoden circle reunited in Queensland."

"Never complete again," murmured Lucy, while a deep shadow fell on her husband's features.

Barrington bit his lip, and cursed his stupidity, and blundered on with good-natured presence of mind —

"No, Purkiss, I fear, will not be there, but that we must bear as we best can. He keeps his own secrets, and Sir Basil never meddles with business now-a-days, but by all accounts he will find it hard work to pull things round at 'Childersleighs'."

"I'm greatly afraid the destination of Miss Childersleigh's money is likely to concern him as little as us. Poor Purkiss! I don't know any one who would have valued it more, but the language of her will and the amount of his legacy do not make me very hopeful for him."

"Queer, you should be talking it over this way, Hugh," remarked McAlpine, "as if you, of all men, had no concern in the matter."

"That is precisely how it is. The one thing I am sure of is, that none of it comes to me. Any one else may hope, even Lucy there."

"So she may, to be sure," murmured McAlpine, meditatively. "And why should not the old lady have put her in? She had adopted her, as you all thought. She saw far more of her than any one else."

"An excellent reason why she should not," returned Hugh, laughingly. "Look at the opportunities she gave herself of appreciating me, and see what has come of them. Besides, Mr. Hooker had his finger in that pie — of that I am very certain."

"Very likely — little doubt of that," assented McAlpine, relapsing into silence and profound reflection, as if he had found the end of a clue in his fingers, and was setting himself to disentangle it.

"What, tea already!" ejaculated Hugh, consulting his watch as the door was thrown open.

"Lord Rushbrook — Mr. Rivington," announced the waiter, bending himself double, with the handle in his hand.

"By Jove, I said so!" exclaimed McAlpine. He had only thought it.

Hugh himself turned slightly pale, and although he did stand up, forgot all about welcoming the arrivals, an omission which his wife, in blushing embarrassment, set herself to repair.

"Thank you, Mrs. Childersleigh, as Hugh has nothing to say for himself; but the truth is, as Rivington found himself obliged to see you, on some pressing business, before you sailed, I thought I might as well have another look at you too." Rushbrook, who seemed unusually excited, paused, and then burst out, "Oh, nonsense, it's no use beating about the bush — joy never hurts — Hugh half guesses it, and McAlpine knows it all. Besides, you are both at one in your contempt for riches, as in most other things, and here I am pushing myself forward where I have no business whatever, and taking the words out of Rivington's mouth."

"Well," said Mr. Rivington, "I won't deny myself the satisfaction of making an announcement, which has given me no ordinary pleasure, although, as Lord Rushbrook says, I see you more than half anticipate it. I have to congratulate Mr. Childersleigh then in being even more fortunate than he believed himself, in having married a lady nearly as richly dowered with worldly wealth as with all other gifts."

"You mean to say —?"

"That Mrs. Childersleigh inherits everything — some 160,000*l.* in round figures — the house in Harley Street, furniture, plate, and family jewels."

Lacy made a movement, as if then and there she would have thrown herself into

her husband's arms, symbolically vesting him with all her newly-acquired goods and chattels; checked it; looked the proposed transfer, and hurried from the room. Her husband threw himself back in a chair. It was not the weight of the money he succumbed to; what stunned him was this sudden upset of all his carefully elaborated plans.

"A rich man in spite of yourself, although you made such an undeniable pauper," observed Rushbrook, "and very hard it is upon you, I must say. Fortune never will give you a chance."

"You've taken your wife for better for worse, you see," chimed in McAlpine. "You can't well help yourself; and, after all, you must remember she didn't mean it, so you had better go and make it up with her."

Hugh took advantage of the thoughtful opening, and, with a brief apology, followed his bride.

"Which fully accounts for all Mr. Hooker's and Mr. Hemprigge's attentions to Miss Winter," remarked McAlpine, as Hugh left the room. "Yet, do you know, until some five minutes back, it never occurred to me which way the money was going."

"Precisely," said Rivington. "Hooker and that scamp of a son of his were in the secret all along, and at the bottom of the whole swindle. They would have done anything in the world for the orphan, assured beforehand that their charity would have its reward in this life."

"But why should Hemprigge have helped Hugh towards winning the money he meant for himself?"

"He was too clever by half, and did not give Hugh credit for being half so clever, I fancy," suggested Rushbrook. "He grasped at too much, and hoped Hugh might help him to one fortune while he won another in spite of him. To do him justice, he soon found out his mistake, and did his best to retrieve it. What proves Hooker knew all about it, is his keeping himself out of the way to-day; but you ought to have seen Purkiss Childersleigh."

"Why? I am sure he can never accuse Miss Childersleigh of not doing her best to prepare him against disappointment."

"So one would have imagined, but drowning men catch at straws, and I fear — I greatly fear — the partners of 'Childersleigh' are floundering in very deep water. Poor Sir Basil doesn't trouble his head much about it, but Purkiss, who was always thin, is shrivelling visibly into thread-paper. I watched him when Riving-

ton broke the seals, and he had to hold on by the arms of his chair; while the memorandum was being read, his jaw dropped, and his face turned to livid through half the colours of the rainbow. You would have called it a sudden spasm of cholera. But here comes supper—dinner—which you like, and very thoughtful it is of Hugh, for I never ordered it. When a fellow thinks of the happiness of others in a sudden flush of prosperity, why he deserves all he gets. Sit down, Rivington."

Hugh himself, the bearer of many apologies from his wife, came back to do the honors. If he had screwed up his resolution to contemplate the antipodes with positive pleasure, his mind flew naturally enough back to old habits of thought, when the heavy pressure that had borne on it was removed. Then he was given a fresh lease of those home friendships that had stood such fiery tests, and spared a fresh series of experiments on colonial human nature. Considering how honestly his heart had been set on the toil and adventures that awaited him, it was strange how little he regretted them. He resigned himself with complacency and good temper to extending himself once more on a bed of roses, and it only seemed the more tempting that the rose-leaves were strewed for him by the little hands of his wife.

"Upon my word, for a man so bent on emigration as you were yesterday, you bear up wonderfully," said Rushbrook; "for I don't suppose you intend to occupy cabin No. 7, — or whichever the number was — in the *Tanjore*?"

"No, I fancy we shall defer our visit to Queensland till Barrington gives us a passage out in his steam-yacht. And I am sorry for it. The *Tanjore* cabin was so snug, and the steward and stewardess tipped in advance. But I must say, now I dare to think of it, Hants and Surrey did look lovely to-day, and I don't know that I shall be sorry to see them again to-morrow. Heigho!" His face clouded slightly as he closed the sentence with a genuine sigh. The truth is, his thoughts had travelled back by the South-Western to Childersleigh, gone beyond recall. After all, the Childersleigh money had come too late. To him England could never again be all it might have been.

Did Barrington divine what was passing in his mind? Was he on the watch for certain symptoms, for certainly in general he was no very quick observer. At any rate, the others thought he might have spared their friend a painful subject when he said, — "Pity now you parted with your place

— eh, Childersleigh? I always told you you would repent that bit of Quixotry."

"At least you have the satisfaction of knowing yourself a true prophet," returned Childersleigh, impatiently.

"I said you would be sorry for it, and I was sure you would. But in those days Mrs. Childersleigh led you by the heart-strings, and there was no use arguing with you."

"Well, well," said Childersleigh, who had mastered his passing irritation; "If I was a fool to listen to foolish counsels, you must confess we have come off better than we deserved. As for Childersleigh, I own I would rather talk about anything else. It used to be a pleasant subject, but now —"

"You followed your own line," pursued Barrington, imperturbably, as if Hugh had never spoken, "and all your friends could do was to take theirs. You would not care to buy it back, would you, if it came into the market by any chance?"

Hugh looked at him in silence. Joys are like sorrows, he thought, and you often flush them in coveys.

"Because if you did, I don't mind letting you have it for what I gave. You see I have one place in Norfolk already, and don't much care about another. The liquidators were in such a deuce of a hurry to sell, that I was tempted to sink my spare capital at Childersleigh, and they tell me I had it reasonably enough."

"You are not trifling with me, Barrington?"

"Not I, indeed. I should have prepared a dramatic surprise for you and Mrs. Childersleigh, when I had persuaded you to pay me a visit. But in the first place, I thought it was no use letting you fret yourself uselessly. God knows you have had bother enough lately. And then McAlpine, whom I took into the secret a few minutes ago, suggested there would be nothing original in it, that I should find the idea in *Waverley*. So Childersleigh is yours whenever you like, my dear fellow. You ought to find everything from the weathercocks to the doormats just as you left it, and if you choose to rough it on a scratch establishment, I see no reason why you should not go there to-morrow, and wind up your bonny moon under the ancestral trees. Bless you, my dear fellow, I was convinced you would want the place sooner or later: it was only a question of time. I had hoped to have been out of pocket by the arrangement, but it is fated I shall never pay off that Homburg debt of mine with its compound interest. And now," said Barrington,

ton, concluding the longest and most successful speech he had ever made, "suppose we leave him to sleep on the events of the day. I'm afraid you are not quite out of your trouble yet, Hugh, and are in for a broken night after all you have gone through in the evening."

CHAPTER XL.

HOME AT LAST.

It was bright autumn, and all was life at Childersleigh. The house had cast off its weeds and put on the garments of gladness. The gravel was scored with wheels and dented with hoof-marks, the stable-yard lumbered with dusty carriages, smoking horses and hissing grooms. The triumphal arches that spanned the gates of the park and church-yard had cost Patterson many a sleepless night, and Childersleigh some little vexation. The church-bells rang out those doleful merry peals that gave a tinge so sad to English merry-making. Without, the house was *en fête*; within, there was literally house-warming, for Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh had come down to take formal possession of their home. Assuredly no one would have looked to see Lord Hestercombe staying calmly on the borders of the London postal district in October, or his son lingering in the metropolis while the cock pheasants were crowing peacefully in the Hestercombe coverts. But Rushbrook, resolved on matrimony, was not the man to stand loitering on the threshold of the temple of Hymen. Moreover, philosophically evoking good from evil, in the failing state of Maude's father's health, he had seen a golden chance of being married in rational fashion, without having his modesty shocked by the demonstrations with which, in normal circumstances, the heir of the Hestercombes would have been paraded before the altar. His own mind made up, he easily imposed his will on his father, for the Earl was haunted with the apprehension that his only son might slip back through his fingers to hopeless bachelorhood. Lady Hestercombe herself was made the intercessor with her destined daughter-in-law for advancing the day, for, in Sir Basil's state of health, Maude was absolutely her own mistress. Hugh backed her ladyship with all his interest and eloquence, so did Lucy; and when their joint entreaties had prevailed, it had been settled the wedding should be combined with the Childersleigh house-warming. The circle assembled there limited itself to our intimate friends, Lord Rushbrook joining it

for the day, although he nominally occupied his rooms at Hestercombe House.

Lord Hestercombe arrived in the course of the afternoon in a state of visible excitement, and took an early opportunity of claiming his nephew's services to do him the out-door honours of the place.

"I have not seen it since your father's time, except that evening when I ran down for the funeral. I should like to know that things have not changed much for the worse in your absence." And when he got his nephew out of earshot his lordship broke out: "You don't happen to have heard the news from Wurzelshire?"

"What news?"

"I thought not. I only chanced to hear it as I passed through the town. Poor Roper, who came in for the county when you declined, shot in the thigh at a battue at Worsley. Couldn't stop the bleeding; went off in a couple of hours."

"Ah!"

"Yes, most melancholy business; leaves a young widow and half-a-dozen children. So we must have a man in the field forthwith, and the address must be ready for the day after the funeral. The Liberals have been hard at work with the registration roll. I'm only afraid your refusing last time may have hurt you with Dunstanburgh."

"I really don't think it did. I don't fancy I spoiled any chance I may have with him."

"And this time you would stand if he were to repeat his offer?"

"Nothing in the world I should like better, now I am back at Childersleigh, and an idle man."

"Gad, I'll send off a special messenger to Dunstanburgh this very day before dinner. They told me at 'The Travellers' he was expected in town."

And in high good-humour his lordship passed his arm through his nephew's, built castles in the air and in Westminster, praised and admired everything he saw, and finally launched into the future of his son.

"I wish Rushbrook could be persuaded to try public life. I do wish your example would tempt him to that as well as to that other —"

"I fear it will not, but there's no saying. I am quite sure he would distinguish himself if he cared to try. Few men have sounder sense, and I can imagine no one more likely to be ready in debate. However, he is active by nature although idle by habit; and once married and settled may want a pursuit."

"I suppose marriage is the best thing that could happen to him?"

"No question of it. Rushbrook is just the sort of man that marriage is the making of; he wants an anchor to keep him from drifting. By the way, as it turns out, I fear Maude will have little more money than what she takes under her mother's settlements."

"We have married heiresses too often in our family that money should be an object with us now-a-days. The worst of it is, if one does go to the City, people will give you credit for finding a fortune there. My feeling is, that it is a pity, in the circumstances, Sir Basil does not retire in name as well as reality."

"Retiring is the one thing that would touch him now, and moreover, the new partners pay heavily for taking over the name of Childersleigh with the business. The difference it makes in the purchase-money may involve the present firm's escape from insolvency."

"Then what becomes of the son? I confess I dislike him infinitely more than anything else in the connection."

"I assure you I don't quarrel with your taste. Purkiss, I believe, remains in the house, ostensibly a partner, actually a cypher,—the new men are much too shrewd to trust his vaunted talents. And I don't envy his lot. What with the loss of fortune, occupation, and prospects, and the perpetual fret to his vanity, the bitterest enemy he has made might be content with his punishment. You may bear with him in the meantime, for if ever I read a man's future in his face, poor Purkiss will not trouble you long."

As the pair strolled towards the house in friendly chat, a servant bustled out to them with a letter for Mr. Childersleigh, marked "immediate." Hugh opened it with an apology to his uncle, and then passed it to him with a smile.

"So you were right about Dunstanburgh," exclaimed the peer, "and I confess nothing can be more handsome or flattering. If Dunstanburgh comes after you a second time, he believes you will do him credit, and I never knew him deceived in a man yet. You may possibly have to fight the seat this time, but there can be no rational doubt of our winning it, and as for the expenses, they must be my affair. Nay, no words about it. I gave into you about Rushbrook's wedding and your house-warming here, and I am quite determined to have my own way in this."

It was natural enough that Mr. Childersleigh's oldest friends should make a point

of offering him their congratulations on a day so auspicious. Nevertheless he was a little surprised when Mr. Hooker's name was brought him, as he was on the point of retiring to dress for dinner. "Send him up," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

And Mr. Hooker entered, his scrupulously brushed garments bagging on his wasted form, rubbing his hands nervously in the old fashion; his worn face plastered with greasy smiles, distrust and suspicion lurking in the corners of his lips and eyes, feeling the ground as he advanced into the room, like a Highland pony picking its steps among moss-bags.

"Oh, Mr. Childersleigh, that I should have been spared to see this happy day!"

"Thanks, Hooker," said Mr. Childersleigh, rather brusquely. "Well, now you may sing your *Nunc dimittis*—I mean you'd better go down and get some dinner before you go back to town."

"Oh, Mr. Childersleigh!"

"Never mind them now. I'll take the rest of your congratulations for granted."

"But, sir—Mr. Childersleigh—there may possibly be unfavourable impressions. I should be happy to take this opportunity —"

"I'll spare you the trouble of discussing my affairs. If you have anything to say about your own, say on."

"Well, Mr. Childersleigh, if, as an old servant of the family,—not that it was that brought me here, I need hardly say,—if I might venture to request your countenance and recommendation in the new profession I have been constrained to adopt in my old age —"

"Which is —?"

"One, perhaps, you may think not altogether suited to a man of my standing. But resignation is a Christian duty, and my necessities would not be denied. I can assure you, Mr. Childersleigh —"

"It is —?"

"Well, then, it's delicate inquiries, sir. Mr. Ferret, the eminent detective, of Cecil Street, retains my services on his staff; with a separate commission on any business I may be the means of introducing to the establishment. Should you, at any time, have occasion —"

"If I should take to underhand dealings at any time, I shall infallibly think of you. Good-evening."

"By the way," said Hugh to his guests, when the ladies had left the dinner-table — "by the way, I have just had a call from an old friend, come to beg me to advertise him." And he rehearsed his little dialogue with Mr. Hooker with much animation.

'The very best thing he could take to," observed Lord Rushbrook, "now that he has been stripped of every shred of the character he took such care of. He looks so respectable, and is such a thorough-paced scoundrel!"

"Suppose, Rushbrook, we set him agoing with an engagement," observed McAlpine. "Retain him to hunt down that precious son of his. He is more likely to run into him than any one else, and just the man to do it, if you make it worth his while!"

"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed Barrington, who had arrived by a late train before dinner. "Will you allow me to ring for the evening paper, Hugh? There is something in it will interest you all, although it must deprive Mr. Hooker of the engagement you kindly intend him."

He took the paper from the servant, and read aloud —

"Horrible tragedy — Murder of an absoconding Secretary. — By the latest journals from the Havannah, we learn the tragic end of the notorious Mr. Hemprigge. Hemprigge, it would appear, had taken his passage at Cadiz for Cuba. On board the Spanish mail-boat, the play at *monté* had been even deeper than usual, and heavy sums had changed hands, greatly to the advantage of the fortunate Englishman, who travelled under a *nom de voyage*. Arrived at the Havannah, it would seem Hemprigge had lingered on, giving his victims "their revenge," until whispers of foul play were followed by threats that, doubtless, reached his ears. Literally on the eve of his intended departure for Aspinwall, a stranger returning to the Fonda de l'España stumbled over his yet warm body almost on the threshold of the hotel. The unhappy man had been stabbed under the arm from behind, and when picked up, life was extinct. As his watch and costly jewellery were found on his person, revenge was presumed to be the motive of the crime. The arrival shortly afterwards of the English detectives, who had followed him from London, led to an identification, subsequently placed beyond all question by documents discovered in his luggage."

There was general silence. Except Lord Hestercombe and Barrington himself, all of them had known Hemprigge personally,

and known him well. To Hugh it seemed but yesterday that he was loathing the dead man and longing to be rid of him on any terms. But now his thoughts flew back to the earlier days, when they had been allies and intimates, if not friends. In his unfeigned grief over the fate of his former acquaintance, he felt in genuine charity with his surviving enemy, and could Hooker have penetrated his remorsefully generous intentions, the shock of his son's fate would, doubtless, have been softened to him. Hugh's friends respected his evident emotion, if they did not altogether sympathize with it, and Lord Hestercombe broke in on a hush that was becoming painful, by making the move to leave the table.

It was a relief when his guests, dispersing for the night, left Hugh alone with his wife to take actual possession of their home, and give free vent to their thoughts.

"Hemprigge dead, Purkiss and scores of better men beggared! I wish you could tell me, Lucy, why I should be wedded and rich and happy when so many have come to frightful grief in the rush for wealth?"

"They were as they showed: you were always better than you seemed. They have had their reward, as you have. You helped Mr. Barrington in the first of your prosperity, and saved yourself Childersleigh. You thought of me in the shock of your own adversity, when no one else did, and —"

"No great merit in that," interrupted Hugh, thinking his wife looked more lovely than ever in her defence of her husband against himself.

"And as you took his happiness in charge — and mine, you must really forgive us for doing something for yours in our turn. But how you would have resented anything of the sort, Hugh, when I first knew you!"

"I believe you are right, Lucy," he laughed. "But since then I have seen my best-laid schemes fail, and my wisdom turn to folly; even my honour might have gone in the match with time, had I not persuaded you to take charge of my education. And now I am quite resigned to accept yourself and your fortune, and everything else you and heaven may have in store for me as the price of my obedience."

"If Lord Rushbrook only makes Maude half as happy," murmured Lucy, half closing her eyes in her ideal paradise.

Macmillan's Magazine.
PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS.

BY R. E. BORN.

THE wanderer in far distant lands who looks out of his window upon strange people and strange scenes; or, seated with his back to the trunk of a tree in the lonely wilderness, contemplates the thronging maze of trees and stems, till, dazed with the apparent sameness, his emotions and thoughts are driven back upon himself, ceases, in process of time, to compare these things with scenes in his native country, and gazes upon them for what they are in themselves, and with reference to his own isolated existence. Sometimes, when looking up at the stars, seen furtively through the ragged waving tops of lofty forest-trees, and also at times when standing in the shadow of some rock or other darkness, watching or waiting on a special duty, with his horse silently feeding around him at the length of an unbuckled bridle, the wanderer may say to himself, "What is the difference to me — what does the reality amount to — between this place and my far-off native land? Here, where I am standing in darkness, or amidst the imperfect light of midnight woods, might be some part of England; and to-morrow morning I shall see my dearest friends." Yet how purely imaginary this is, for many of those friends have passed away. He will see them no more. The sense of personal identity misleads him; "the mind is its own place," and yet the difference between an exile's dwelling and his native home may be that of the distance of half the world! land or water — and, in many cases, it may be the yet greater difference and distance of a little narrow grave. Still, the vague idea of sameness, or of proximity, will occasionally present itself, and is in general a consoling influence.

But an equally remarkable phenomenon becomes habitual with most of those who have been very long absent from their native land, viz. the loss of a true sense of the progress of time, and with it a loss of the anticipation or prevision of those changes, by age or by death, which must inevitably have occurred at home, no news of which, in so many instances, will have reached him. He has watched the sun and moon rise again, and ever again, and recognized them as the same he delighted in at home; but he has not foreseen the whitening of the hair of those he left in their youth, nor speculated with solemn inward tears upon the painful sunbeams across the grave-stone, and the cold moonlight and black shadows of the old village churchyard.

He has never realized the effect of a dear familiar old room utterly metamorphosed by new furniture and strange pictures on the walls; or, far more stinging to the nerves, the same furniture and general appearance without those with whom they were associated — the melancholy table, the vacant seat. Every time the door of the room is opened by somebody outside, what a disappointment to the instincts of the heart! But he had not thought of that beforehand. Old walking-sticks, hats, umbrellas, old arm-chairs, how suggestive they are, how rife with the keenest emotions of personal associations and tender memories; yet how little had they been anticipated. No wonder at this and other mental purblindness, when probably he was almost unconscious of the deep-trenched lines in his own face, and the iron-grey, or solemn snow-fall, of his own hair.

How clearly and vividly, how minutely in all their circumstances and details do some persons we had formerly known, present themselves to the imagination, as though not years and months, but scarcely weeks or days, had intervened. A fragile form is now before my mind's eye as distinctly as it was in reality more than twenty years ago! The slender figure is seated by a fire in the drawing-room of Mr. G. S., the publisher of a novel which had brought the authoress at one bound to the top of popular admiration. There has been a dinner-party, and all the literary men whom the lady had expressed a wish to meet, had been requested to respect the publisher's desire, and the lady's desire, that she should remain "unknown" as to her public position. Nobody was to know that this was the authoress of "Jane Eyre." She was simply Miss Brontë, on a visit to the family of her host. The dinner-party went off as gaily as could be expected where several people are afraid of each other without quite knowing why; and Miss Brontë sat very modestly and rather on her guard, but quietly taking the measure of *les monstres de talent*, who were talking and taking wine, and sometimes bantering each other. Once only she issued from her shell, with brightening looks, when somebody made a slightly disparaging remark concerning the Duke of Wellington, for whom Miss Brontë declared she had the highest admiration; and she appeared quite ready to do battle with one gentleman who smilingly suggested that perhaps it was "because the Duke was an Irishman."

Now it should be premised, that the writer of these papers had sent a presentation copy of a certain poem, addressed in

complimentary, but very earnest terms, to the "Author of *Jane Eyre*,"—the lady whose *nom de plume* was "Currer Bell," and whose real name we were not to know. To this she had replied in a note, which concluded with these words:—

"How far the applause of critics has rewarded the author of '*Orion*' I do not know; but I think the pleasure he enjoyed in its composition must have been a bounteous meed in itself. You could not, I imagine, have written that poem without at times deriving deep happiness from your work.

"With sincere thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me,

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. BELL."

On joining the ladies in the drawing-room, our host requested the writer to take a seat beside Miss Brontë. The moment he did so, she turned towards him with the most charming artlessness, exclaiming, "I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your——" She checked herself with an inward start, having thus at once exploded her Currer-Bell secret, by identifying herself with the "Author of *Jane Eyre*." She looked embarrassed. "Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the not very serious misfortune; "you would never do for treasons and stratagems." She nodded acquiescently, but with a degree of vexation and self-reproach. Shortly after this, Mr. S., overhearing some conversation between us, which showed that the secret was "out," took an early opportunity of calling me aside, when he extended both hands, with an *à la Brontë* look, and began to complain of my breach of the general understanding. I of course explained what the lady had said, at the *nécessité* of which he was not a little astonished and amused.

A very gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had an energy of mind and a heroism of character capable of real things in private life, as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the brief preface she wrote to a new edition of her sister's novel of "*Wuthering Heights*." Emily was dead; her novel had not been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics; not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of frequent violations, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their time and place, but violation of the so-called "taste

of the day," which does not permit country squires and others to swear in oaths with proper spelling, but only by a first and last letter—and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent author's disapproval of a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the reality of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first work of a young author. "*Wuthering Heights*" is one of the most powerful novels ever written in the English language, or any other language. It did indeed deserve a better fate. Emily Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of a fatal disease were doing their certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that so potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and laboured in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister's fame beside, or above, her own; with what noble yet almost tearful energy she seems to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception, which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshipped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be set up, admissibly and substantially as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we notice that for want of thee, the best things may fail utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous.

But let us change the scene from London squares to the green lanes of Berkshire—its cottages, its gardens; and, above all, let us contemplate the abode of one who, not many years ago, was the presiding spirit of the scene.

There used to be, and there no doubt still is, if I had but the courage to go and look at it, a small, old-fashioned cottage at Three-mile Cross, near Reading, which stood in a garden close to the road. A strip of garden was on one side, a little bit of a pony-stable on the other, and the larger part of the garden at the back. It was a comfortable-looking, but still a real village cottage, with no town or suburb look whatever about it. Small lattice windows, below and above, with roses and jasmine creeping round them all, established its rural charac-

ter; and there was a great buttress of a chimney rising from the ground at the garden-strip side, which was completely covered with a very ancient and very fine apricot tree. There the birds delighted to sit and sing among the leaves, and build too, in several snug nooks, and there in early autumn the wasps used to bite and bore into the rich-ripe brown cracks of the largest apricots, and would issue forth in rage when any one of the sweetest of their property was brought down to the earth by the aid of a clothes-prop, guided under the superintending instructions of a venerable little gentlewoman in a garden-bonnet and shawl, with silver hair, very bright hazel eyes, and a rose-red smiling countenance. Altogether, it was one of the brightest faces any one ever saw.

"Now, my dear friend," would she say, "if you will only attend to my advice, you will get that apricot up there, which is quite in perfection. I have had my eye upon it these last three weeks, wondering nobody stole it. The boys often get over into the garden before any of us are up. There now, collect all those leaves, if you will be so good — and those too — and lay them all in a heap just underneath, so that the apricot may fall upon them. If you don't do that, it will burst open with a thump. There! now push the prop up slowly, so as to break the apricot from the stalk, and when it is down, do not be in too great a hurry to take it up, as it's sure to have a good large wasp or two inside. Wasps are capital judges of ripe wall-fruit, as my dear father used to say. A little lower with the prop! — more to the left — now just push the prong upwards, and gently lift — again — down it comes! Mind the wasps! — three, four — mind! — perhaps that's not all — five! — I told you so!"

"How angry they are!"

"Not more, my dear friend, than you and I would have been under similar circumstances."

I had not known Miss Mitford very long at this time; but it was her habit to address all those with whom she was on intimate terms, by some affectionate expression. For several years, however, I used to pay a visit of a week or ten days to Miss Mitford's cottage during the strawberry season, and again during the middle of summer, when her show of geraniums (she resisted all new nomenclatures) was at its height, and sometimes later when the wonderful old fruit-trees just retained some half-dozen of their choicest treasures. It would be impossible for any engraving or photograph, however excellent as to features, to

convey a true likeness of Mary Russell Mitford. During one of these visits, Miss Charlotte Cushman was also staying at the cottage, and exclaimed, the first time Miss Mitford left the room, "What a bright face it is!" This effect of summer brightness all over the countenance was quite remarkable. A floral flush overspread the whole face, which seemed to carry its own light with it, for it was the same indoors as out. The silver hair shone, the forehead shone, the cheeks shone, and, above all, the eyes shone. The expression was entirely genial, cognoscitive, beneficent. The outline of the face was an oblate round, of no very marked significance beyond that of an apple, or other rural "character;" in fact, it was very like a rosy apple in the sun. Always excepting the forehead and chin. The forehead was not only massive, but built in a way that sculpture only could adequately delineate. Mrs. Browning (at that time Miss Elizabeth Barrett), in a note to a friend concerning Miss Mitford, described her forehead as of the ancient Greek type, and compared it to her idea of *Akmetos*, or the Great Unmoved,* although we may doubt whether the amiable authoress of "Our Village" would have felt very much pleased or complimented by the unexpected comparison. Howbeit, this brain-structure accounted to me for the fact that Miss Mitford's conversation was often very superior to anything in her books. Having on one occasion suggested this, she said, smiling: "Well, you see, my dear friend, we must take the world as we find it, and it doesn't do to say to everybody, all that you would say to one, here and there." And presently afterwards, when alluding to several persons, without mentioning any names, for she was a very polite lady of the old school, Miss Mitford added: "One has to think twice before speaking once, in order to come down to them; like talking to children."

This build of head, and strong oblate outline of head and face, will go far to explain the strength of character displayed by Miss Mitford during the early and most trying periods of her life with her extravagant and selfish father. It may also equally account for her general composure and presence of mind, both on great occasions and others, trifling enough to talk and write about, but of a kind to test the nerves of most ladies. For instance, in driving Miss Mitford one day in her little pony-chaise on a morning visit, she so riveted my attention on the special point of a story,

* In Mr. Horne's poem of "Orion." — Ed.

that I allowed one wheel to run into a little dry ditch at the roadside, and the pony-chaise must of course have turned over, but that we were "brought up" by the hedge. "Hillo! my dear friend!" said Miss Mitford; "we must get out." We did so; the little trap was at once put on its proper course, and without one word of comment, the bright-faced old lady took up the thread of her story.

Her favourite seat in the cottage, in the garden, and in the large greenhouse where she received visitors during the "strawberry season" (her usual definition of certain months), I have not revisited, and had better never do so. What people fondly call "a melancholy pleasure," is very intelligible, very expressive, and certainly very English. Without being addicted to deep sentiment like our cousin Germans, we certainly are very fond of courting gloom and sadness, not only in the performance of funerals, but in seeking sights and associations which are anything but a pleasure. Surely it is the best philosophy to avoid them. But no doubt I shall go there some day.

My first acquaintance with the authoress of "Our Village" was by a note from Miss Barrett (whom I only knew by literary correspondence, and had never seen), both so much regarded in private and in public, and now so lamented. This note enclosed one from Miss Mitford, expressing a wish to have a dramatic sketch for some annual, or other ornamental thing, she found it her interest, but no particular pleasure, to edit. That occasion was my first introduction to Miss Mitford; and my first to the learned and accomplished poetess—the greatest lyric poetess the world has ever known—was by a note from Mrs. O., enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry, or merely verses. As there could be no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to *Colburn's New Monthly*, edited at that time by Mr. Bulwer (now Lord Lytton), where it duly appeared in the current number. The next manuscript sent to me, was "The Dead Pan," and the poetess at once started on her bright and noble career.

It may be generally understood that this equally gifted and accomplished lady, having been for years confined to her rooms, like an exotic plant in a green-house, being considered in constant danger of rapid decline, occupied her time, not only in the arduous study of poetry, but in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew

languages. She was also well acquainted with all the greatest authors of France and Italy, in the original, and, ostensibly, with the poetry of the Portuguese. But it is not so generally known, and perhaps very little known, that she was a most assiduous reader of English literature, and conversant equally with the earliest authors, and the best of those of our own day. Her criticisms in the *Athenæum*, and in her private letters, are exquisite; discriminating and applauding all the power and beauty; lenient to errors and shortcomings, and rich with imaginative illustrations. She had a subtle instinct as to character, the more remarkable considering her years of seclusion from the world. But these things can only be known to the very few who enjoyed the privilege of being in her society, or ranking among her correspondents. In the opinion of some of them, nobody ever wrote such letters and notes, not even the most celebrated of the lady letter-writers handed down for the world's admiration. The general knowledge, the varied learning and reading, the fine taste, and the noble heart and mind, were only to be surpassed, if that could be, by her utter simplicity and charming colloquial carelessness. Of course no single letter would display all these qualities, but it would be difficult to produce half-a-dozen which did not.

Having only occasionally had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jameson, the writer would have felt diffident in venturing to bring her upon the scene. Fortunately this can be referred to a better hand, Mrs. Jameson having visited Miss Barrett during her period of seclusion. The date of the following letter appears to be December 3, 1844:—

"Not a sound—not a sign! . . . Tell me, for I do long to hear what is called now-a-days the 'real mesmeric truth.' 'Orotoroi—in English we have nothing complaining enough, though we are said, here in England, to have the spirit of grumbling. . . .

"Since I wrote last I have seen Miss Mitford again, and I have lately received her promise of an early visit. That is, she will come as she did before, for what poor L. E. L. used to call the 'super-felicity of talking,' and stay with me from noon-tide to seven o'clock P.M. Also I have seen Mrs. Jameson, . . . and she overcame at last by sending a note to me from the next house—51, W—St. Do you know her? She did not exactly reflect my idea of Mrs. Jameson. And yet it would be both untrue and ungrateful to tell you that she disappointed me. In fact she agreeably surprised me in one respect—for I had been told that she was pedantic, and I found her as unassuming as a woman need be—both unassuming and

natural. The tone of her conversation, however, is rather analytical and critical than spontaneous and impulsive — and for this reason she appears to me a less charming companion than our friend of Three-mile Cross, who 'wears her heart upon her sleeve,' and shakes out its perfumes at every moment. She — Mrs Jameson — is keen and calm, and reflective. She has a very light complexion — pale, lucid eyes — thin colourless lips, fit for incisive meanings — a nose and chin projective without breadth. She was here nearly an hour, and though on a first visit, I could perceive that a vague thought, or expression, she would not permit to pass either from my lips or her own. Yet nothing could be greater than her kindness to me, and I already think of her as of a friend.

"Miss Martineau is astounding the world with mesmeric statements through the *medium* of the *Athenæum* — and yet, it happens so, that I believe few converts will be made by her. The medical men have taken up her glove brutally — as dogs might do — dogs, exclusive of my Flush, who is a gentleman.

"Well, have you received my poems? In the 'Pan' you will observe that I accepted certain of your suggestions, and neglected others — neglected some, because I did not agree with you, and some because I could not follow my own wishes. In fact, or rather by fantasy, that poem seemed to me to belong to Mr. Kenyon. In various manners, past describing, he has lavished so much interest and kindness on it, and on me through it, that he seemed to me to have all the rights of adoption. He wanted various things altered, which I altered for the most part. Here and there, however, I was obliged to resist — though not without pain. And when I proposed having the Greek names (on which point I do altogether in my inward soul agree with you), he spurned the idea of turning Jove into Zeus, and I had not the courage to stand by my arms.

"... The volumes are succeeding, past any expectation or hope of mine. *Blackwood's* high help was much, and *Tait's* not unavailing. Then I continue to have letters of the kindest, from unknown readers. I had a letter yesterday from the remote region of Gutter-lane, beginning, 'I thank thee!' ... The American publisher has printed fifteen hundred copies. If I am a means of ultimate loss to him, I shall sit in sackcloth. ..."

Here follows a bit of admirable criticism on Leigh Hunt (and incidentally on Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton), which Leigh Hunt himself, had he read it, would have been generous enough to forgive; and he would also have been wise enough to turn again to the pages of the great writers in question, in order to reconsider some of his previous objections. What is remarked, however, of the dead silence observed by modern poets concerning each other, as though no others even

existed, would be almost as inapplicable to Leigh Hunt as to Ben Jonson.

"I have not heard a word from Leigh Hunt. ... I am grateful enough to him as it is, having, in addition to all former causes of gratitude, the present delight of reading his new critical work upon poetry. The most delightful and genial of poetical critics he is assuredly. Not that I always agree with him. I have it in my head, for instance, that he knows Ben Jonson somewhat superficially, — and under-rates his lyrics immensely * and accepts the popular prejudice about his 'jealousy,' &c., even blindly. Is there a poet of England, new or old, who has written so much praise of his contemporaries as Ben Jonson? I know not. Does that fact prove jealousy in him? I infer not. Then, Beaumont and Fletcher he is niggardly in selections from, and for a reason I do not admit, for he says that it is impossible to quote a passage longer than a very short one, without falling upon matter of offence. Respectfully, I abjure the reasonableness of such a reason. Then, again, I seriously am of opinion that even if he rejects, ... he might, out of the broad sympathy of a poet's heart, have had patience with Milton's divinity, as another form of mythology. There may be sectarianism in the very cutting off of sectarianism. I am sorry (very) for some things said, and some things left unsaid, in the paper on Milton — for instance, the omission of one of the very noblest odes in the English language (that on the birth of the Nativity), because — it is not on the birth of Bacchus! Objections like these apart, the book is, however, a beautiful book, and will be a companion to me for the rest of my life. My brother George gave it to me as the most acceptable gift in the world. Talking of books of poetry, tell me the name of the poem you are writing. My American friends ask about your 'Gregory,' 'Cosmo,' and 'Marlowe,' and want to naturalise them a little more.

"Mr. Tennyson is quite well again, I understand. Wordsworth is in a fever about the railroad which people are going to drive through the middle of the Lake School. So excited was he, that his wife persuaded him to go from home for a time, and compose his mind. He went, like an obedient husband — but he came back with ten fevers instead of one — and the time of his absence he spent in canvassing for Members of Parliament who would not say 'aye' to it. Fifty have promised, he says, to protect him — although Monckton Milnes, having caught corruption from the Utilitarians, dares to oppose the master-pcet front to front, and sonnet to sonnet. Mr. Browning has not returned to England yet.

"And then I hear that Carlyle won't believe in Mesmerism, and calls Harriet Martineau mad. The madness showed itself first in the refusal of the pension — next, in the resolu-

* The above was written before Leigh Hunt had published all his remarks on Ben Jonson.

tion that, the universe being desirous of reading her letters, the universe should be disappointed — and thirdly, in this creed of Mesmerism.' I wish (if he ever did use such words) somebody would tell him that the first manifestation, at least, was of a noble phrepsy, which in these latter days is not too likely to prove contagious. For my own part, I am not afraid to say that I almost believe in Mesmerism, and quite believe in Harriet Martineau.

"May God bless you, my dear friend. Take care of yourself, and be very happy.

E. B. BARRETT."

The foregoing — with the exception of some passages of literary sympathy, which the present writer frankly expresses his regret at omitting — was the substance of a single letter, sent to Germany, addressed to one whom the poetess had never seen; who was unlikely ever to see, and whom the lady never did see till after her return from Florence as the wife of his early friend. So far as one isolated letter can serve in illustration of the opinion expressed of the scope and style of epistolary composition (which, indeed, was no conscious composition at all, but obviously no more than easy intellectual impulse, natural grace, and richness of mind), the above, it is submitted, may be accepted by the highest class of readers.

With the delightful essayist and poetical critic, Leigh Hunt, my first acquaintance commenced when W. J. Fox, the late M. P. for Oldham, having become actively engaged in political life, wished to make over the proprietorship of his *Monthly Repository* to somebody of position, who would carry forward those principles of mental freedom, of reform, and of science, literature, and art, of which, with the assistance of Mr. John Mill, Miss Martineau, Dr. Southwood Smith, &c. &c., it had for years been one of the very foremost champions. More especially Mr. Fox was anxious to disentangle it entirely from the Unitarian connection, of which it had originally been the leading organ. With this view, the editorship had been undertaken by the present writer, and the magazine had been carried on during six months, when it was found that the odour of unsanctified sectarianism was still supposed to cling to it, because it had once been the chief organ of that class of Dissenters. Sitting in the æcumenical council, so far as our friend W. J. Fox and his four or five literary bishops could represent the world in question, it was determined to offer the magazine as a free gift to Leigh Hunt. It was eventually accepted jocosely, at his wish, by Mr. Reynell, the printer of the *Examiner* and himself, in the following little note, dated Chelsea:—

"DEAR HORNE,

"Though your letter seems intended for Mr. Reynell, yet, as the envelope is addressed to myself, I choose to pretend I have a right to answer it, in order that I may express my thanks as quickly as possible for the frank and liberal manner in which you and your friends have met our wishes; and to say how happy we shall be, for our sakes as well as yours and theirs, to show all the sense that becomes us, of your own.

"Your obliged and faithful Servant,

"LEIGH HUNT."

Under such auspices there surely was every reason to anticipate that the *Monthly Repository* would be, at last, cut clean away from all imaginary remains of sectarianism. Leigh Hunt started it with all his usual vivacity and pleasure on commencing anything of a novel kind. He quite disported himself as in "fresh woods and pastures new." Excepting Mr. Fox, whose absence was deemed politic, most of the principal contributors on the staff of the previous editorship joined Leigh Hunt. Landor sent him contributions, Carlyle did something; Robert Bell, Thomas Wade, Egerton Webbe, and, if I recollect rightly, Mrs. Jameson, Robert Browning, Miss Martineau, and others. It flourished for a season; but so absorbent and reticent is public opinion, that this always valiant, intellectual, and energetic pioneer of most of the leading ideas and principles of progression in our present day, having once been — in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" — the chief organ of a dissenting sect — that early fact still hovered and vapoured round it with a smothered atmosphere, and finally poor Leigh Hunt discovered that it was "labour in vain," and so the brave little *Repository* died in his editorial arms: about as happy and honourable an end as it could have had.

It is remarkable that so many literary men and women, more perhaps than any other class, give no dates to their letters and notes, or only imperfect dates, such as the month, or the day of the week. Hundreds are in my possession, to which the probable date can only be given from circumstances mentioned in them, because the post-marks on the envelopes are generally illegible. Here is one from Leigh Hunt, which, of course, refers to the production of his beautiful and stage-neglected play of "The Legend of Florence." What a delightful state of excitement he is in!—

Friday, October 18.

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"The deed is done! and the play accepted! I received your letter the evening before last, and should have written yesterday morning, but

was whirled off in an unusual hurry to read my play at 12 o'clock, having had notice to that effect, on Monday last, from Mrs. Orger, who at the same time said so many things about the difficulty of ever *herself* being present at the reading, of its being contrary to 'etiquette,' &c., and of her doubting whether she should be able to muster up courage enough to ask permission, that I was beaten off my intention to speak about your own kind offer. I was sorry for this when too late, as I thought I perceived I could have managed it easily enough. — The reading, I must say, ('burning blushes' apart), was received with acclamation, and all sorts of the kindest expressions, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Orger, Mr. Robertson (treasurer, an old friend), Bartley, stage manager, and Planché (I believe, reader), and the performance is to follow Knowles's, in the thick of the season. So I hope my other dramatizing men will be 'looking up.' — I will take my chance of finding you in a few days.

"Mrs. Hunt's very best remembrances. Love of both to Miss P——, 'Mary,' I mean; also to Margaret, if you see her before I do. Receive again the thanks of yours ever most truly,
"L. H."

Something very much to Leigh Hunt's honour is not, I think, generally known; perhaps very few ever heard of it. "Now, Hunt," said Madame Vestris, with a smiling but earnest look, "If you will change the movement and close of the last act, it will be far more popular and profitable."

"But how, madam?"

"Thus: Agolante has been one of the very worst husbands, no doubt; but after his wife's supposed death, there would be good reason for him to reform; in fact, to become quite an altered man. If then, after he finds she is not dead, you let him present himself to her—in short, if you will give him back his wife, your play will run for a hundred nights." Leigh Hunt at once answered: "Impossible! So cruel, so exacting, and utterly selfish a domestic tyrant as Agolante, could never become an altered man. In a very short time he would be as bad again as before, and drive her really into her grave. I can't give him back Ginevra. Besides, he is killed in the end, the great probability is that she will be happy with one who truly loves her, and is worthy of her. The end, as it stands, suggests that." And so the play had only a moderate success of some thirty nights. Too bad—too good.

With the sudden discovery of so rare and rich a vein, and in a veteran author, it may naturally excite wonder at the present day, how it happened that only one other production of Leigh Hunt's ever appeared on the stage. And the more may this be won-

dered at, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews had such high expectations of his next play, that the treasurer was directed to pay him 1000*l.* in advance, by way of securing whatever piece he might write for the stage. Of his fruitless labours and vexations how little has he narrated. Things explicable in any other art and profession, seem often quite inexplicable with regard to the stage. A very similar result attended the production of the two fine plays by Mr. Browning, then a very young dramatist. If not highly successful, they at least succeeded, and undoubtedly were of high promise. But we saw no more of him on the stage. This is not the place for any discussion of the question; but one remark may be made, to the effect that the blame only lies with the public at second hand. The success of Mr. Robertson's comedies, and more recently of Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play, is strong evidence that if there really be a fixed depravity of taste in large classes of the public, there are other classes eager to hail a superior order of drama, and the absolute reform of the stage. This is steadily advancing.

Some of Leigh Hunt's notes on literary business are amusingly adroit in dealing with oversights, delays, or other difficulties. Here is one:—

"Chelsea, Feb. 6.

[No year; but postmark on envelope legibly giving 1838.]

"MY DEAR HORNES,

"Many thanks for Blanchard's kind notice, for which I will thank him also. I shall be very glad to see you when you can break away. A due and huge fire shall welcome you during this (indeed) terribly cold weather, which has half petrified my half-tropical faculties, and attacked me with rheumatism, liver-complaint, and other gentilities; but I endeavour to make the most of the present sunshine, and am taking a holiday or two of verse-writing. Did you miss some verses you were good enough to send me, in the current number? So *did I*, much more; for I had determined on seeing them there, and am ashamed to say that I have mislaid them. I must have been so occupied with something else at the time as to dispose of them hastily in some unusual corner. I have no doubt they will be forthcoming at their own good time; but may I ask if you can forestall them with another copy?"

"Ever truly yours,

"LEIGH HUNT."

"P.S. — Of volume of *Repository* (for which very many thanks), when I see you. I have given divers articles no sort of *just perusal yet*."

Here is another, so elegant and courteous as to be really courtly. It might have been written in a full "suit" of the time of

Lord Chesterfield, and the person addressed might almost feel that he ought to be in similar attire to read it with due bows, acknowledgments, and protestations. And all about a small matter of literary revision:—

“Chelsea, August 2.

[Probably about the same year as the last.]

“MY DEAR MR. OPITEK,

“Pray favour me with an early *Tuesday* evening (not inconvenient to you, I think you said), in order that I may enter into a more detailed explanation of my reasons for venturing to omit a few lines towards the beginning of your beautiful tragedy. It was a great liberty, and I hope you do not fancy, for a moment, that I took it without great doubt and reluctance; but I finally warranted myself for three reasons: first, . . . and third, that in your interior you seemed to me to be so truly possessed of the good-nature properly belonging to genius, that I reckoned upon your forgiveness under the circumstances. The truth is, I took it for the only passage in which the malice of a critic might find anything to turn to discordant account; and I hope I am not growing impertinent in my excuses when I add, that for *your* sake it was I was chiefly moved to venture upon the officiousness, having conceived for you. . . . Come then soon, if you can, and tell me you are not angry with

“LEIGH HUNT.”

The following, for its joyous vein of romantic flattery, surpasses most ebullitions of the kind on record, when the inadequacy of the cause is considered. It is merely to excuse himself for neglecting or procrastinating the return of some printer's proofs, which there was no great need for me to receive in haste:—

Chelsea, Feb. 18.

[No year given, and no means of tracing it]

“MY DEAR OPITEK,

“A word from you is worth a thousand others from almost all other men, let it have been ten times later; and I trust this acknowledgment need as little apologise for delay, knowing how much you and I constantly think of one another, with an intercommunication of spirit that can well let the post wait a bit. Your letter is as great a gem to me, as if the Jew of Malta himself had given me one out of his list; and I fancy I can appreciate it too, without its making the bestower a jot the less rich, but the receiver—more rich from his power to bestow, and to wait. God bless you. I will do all you wish with the proofs, and send them at the right time.

“Your affectionate Friend,

“LEIGH HUNT.”

In 1841 a project was set on foot for giving the world, for the first time, a true yet polished modernization of the *Father of English poetry*. All previous so-called modernizations of Chaucer (with the single exception of Lord Thurlow's rendering of the “*Knight's Tale*”) had been, at best, paraphrases, *ad libitum* translations, or gross parodies, and desecrations of the homely power, beauty, graphic richness, and quaint humour of the original. As to the fact that Chaucer was not only a versifier of wonderful variety, but that (so far as we can discover and imagine the actual quantities he used and intended us to read) he was a master of versification, and this in himself, and without considering the age in which he wrote,—not the remotest recognition had ever been shown of it. Nor had such a fact ever been dreamed to be likely. It was agreed upon to carry out this project by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Bell, Monckton Milnes, and the writer of these papers, who was nominated as editor. Other contributors were also on the list. The following note by Leigh Hunt, commencing in a state of great hilarity, about something else, refers with a very acute observation to one of the difficulties of the undertaking:—

“Kensington, Nov.

[Book published in 1841.]

“MY DEAR HORNE,

“Glory be to the glorification you have given me. It happened too to come upon me at a moment when I was in great want of an agreeable sensation; and verily it supplied it, and did me a world of good, taking me into a region remote from my cares, and making a king of me, and a sort of *Cambus*.” [Cambus Khan.] “Many thanks to the kind heart which impelled you.

“But your letter, Signor mio, makes methink of the perplexity you speak of; and behold! I fancy I have found out the critical reason and reconciliation thereof; to wit, that it is far easier to do something of a bit of literal justice to Chaucer's serious poems than his merry; because the language of mirth is apt to be the language of manners, and therefore comparatively figurative; while people remain in *earnest* pretty much in the same fashion for centuries. Take a common colloquial oath, and see how it has changed from his time to ours. When a man says ‘*Benedicite*,’ we *feel* nothing in it—or very little. It is an old Latin or Popish form of speech: we think ‘*God bless me*’ is quite another matter. This is a very small and slight illustration, but it will easily suggest to you all the rest.

“I send you a copy of the first part of the ‘*Seer*’ (from *London Journal*, &c.) because

you will find some characters in it which you might like to use.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"L. H."

With the genial, hospitable, and ever kindly Robert Bell (author of "A History of Russia," editor of the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets," and for many years editor of the *Home News*), the first acquaintance of the editor of "Chaucer Modernized" was made through Leigh Hunt, with a view to his co-operation in that work. All the contributors, previously named, were highly qualified for the undertaking, and all laboured at it with minute care and thoughtful skill—more especially Wordsworth, who, besides his modernization of "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," revised, almost throughout, the somewhat lengthy poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," which had been done by another hand. Yet, in consequence of the principle proposed by the editor, and accepted by all, viz. that *the work should be considered as best done by those who could retain, gracefully, the most of the original*—the contest, no less than the labour of love entailed upon the editor by the philological enthusiasts, and sincere as well as learned admirers of the Father of English Poetry, far exceeded, in the converse sense, his most sanguine expectations. Whatever alterations were courteously suggested, queries made, or comparison of the texts of different editions proposed, the majority of them were fought out by letters, or marginal and foot-notes all over the proofs. Some of these proofs have been preserved as curiosities of literature. Even when a proposed, or suggested alteration, if only of a single word, was finally accepted, it was seldom without a preliminary contest—all in the best possible feeling—all showing the admirable earnestness of the great Poet's translators—but nevertheless a trying contest for the unfortunate one who felt it his duty to tempt his fate on all due, or doubtful occasions. As a slight illustration, which is not unlikely to amuse the reader, here are a few scraps taken from a single note, by Robert Bell, who had modernized Chaucer's poem of "The Complaint of Mars and Venus."

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"I send you both proofs. My reason for asking for a clean proof was to avoid the danger of confusing the printers by the numerous marks and references. . . . I have adopted the greater part of your alterations. Wherever I have differed from you, it is upon mature consideration and after a due balancing of argu-

ments on both sides. Your 'sunrise,' in v. although close to the 'sun uprist,' is not (think), on the whole, so close a reflection of the meaning as my own line, in which the word 'upland' gives us the picture complete. Besides, 'sun' comes immediately after. In ven 7, I stand up for 'voluptuous joys.' Pray let it remain. In verse, 8, 'loving compact' is so close to the original 'staven,' which literal means an appointment, or 'assignation;' besides, assignation is familiar. But if, on consideration, you prefer the *compact*, you have my assent to its adoption. . . . Verse 17 'Corse' means, in one sense, body—but I another, 'course,' which is, in my opinion, obviously the meaning here. *Avoiding* the light by baffling turns, creeping and running in the shade, is in all respects better, in my opinion. I should be sorry to lose this. . . .

"Verse 22: *Make* is not intended for 'being.' By examining the other passages in which the singing bird uses it, you will find it means *mate*. I am tolerably certain that my translation is correct, and I think it more poetical.

'This is no feigned matter that I tell,
My lady is the very spring and well
Of beauty, gentleness, and liberty;
Her rich array, a costly *miracle*,' &c.

Mars v. 2.

"Oh! leave the 'miracle,' v. 5. I must plead also for the restoration of the original line v. 9. I have brought in the morn in Chaucer's own words. Thanks for calling my attention to this. *L'Envoye*: You were right about 'Granson' [not grandson]. I am sorry you do not print the stanzas with the indented lines. I have restored a full spelling in those cases where the final syllable is not pronounced. I am afraid I have given you a world of trouble but I have saved you as much as I could in my proof, which is now completely ready to be printed. Mrs. B. read your 'Reve's Tale,' and is decidedly of opinion that there is no objection to it. . . . I must see you soon to settle about the next volume.

"Ever yours,
"R. B."

And all this, with much more omitted after Bell had set out with the pleasing but too delusive amenity, that he "had adopted" the greater part of the proposed alterations. But this is a trifle to what occurred with the proofs, as well as manuscripts, of more than one of the other loving translators of the great old Poet.

At this period Robert Bell was living in a fine old-fashioned house, with a large garden, some six miles out of London, and gave a cordial standing invitation to his friends to dine there on Sundays. The most frequent guests, that is, once every month or two, were W. M. Thackeray, Samuel Lover, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, Dr. Mayo, Felix Mendelssohn (when in London), Frank Stone, "Fathe

Prout," several artists and authors whose names do not occur to the memory at this moment, and the present writer; occasionally also, William and Mary Howitt, Dion Bouicault, Dr. Southwood Smith, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Jameson.

The first time I met Mr. Thackeray (it will be seen that there are some reasons for definitely marking the individuals in this case) was at the office of the *Court Journal*, then edited by my admired and lamented friend Laman Blanchard. Thackeray was seated at the editor's desk. "Oh! thank you!" exclaimed Blanchard, who was always glad to have to write as little himself as possible: "what are you writing there?" "I don't call it writing," said Thackeray, without looking up. "so much as squirting a little warm water down a page of your journal." This compliment to his courtly readers delighted Blanchard more than it would have done most editors of a fashionable journal. An amusingly characteristic anecdote claims a few words at this moment. Blanchard told me that he once asked Colburn if he liked his last article in the *New Monthly*? "Like it! well, of course, I should have liked it." Not quite understanding this equivocal compliment, Blanchard again made the inquiry. "You see," said Colburn, with a grave business-look, "when a new contributor sends us anything, I examine every page and part of it — to find if it's *weight*, you know; and I do this, less and less, till I can trust him; and then I never read him again. Now, in your case, I assure you I never read a word you write, and never intend to do so."

Some time after this — the length of the interval is forgotten — a certain biographical and critical work was published, in which several hands of eminent writers were engaged, the editor agreeing to "stand fire" for the anonymous brigade. This work was reviewed at some length in the *Morning Chronicle* by Mr. Thackeray, then only known to the public under the incongruous pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. In his critique, obviously written in a half-cynical, half-rollicking, Royster-Doyster mood, he indulged in a variety of self-contradictory observations, and not a few intended personalities, though really wide of the mark, as they happened to be in no one respect applicable. He selected several sentences of profound or graphic criticism (little suspecting that they chanced to be written by most admired authors), and gibbeted them as unintelligible follies; made a broad sign-board caricature of the editor, as a denizen of the city who had got out of his depth; dressed him in an imagin-

ary suit of the vulgarest taste, including a "waistcoat, splendid in the way of decoration," purchased in the vicinity of Bow Bells, &c.; and concluded, in the most astonishing manner, with the easy inconsistency of declaring that the editor, on the whole, was "never ungenerous or unmanly," that "his sympathies were honourable and well placed," and that "he told the truth as far as he knew it." In the second edition of the work, an introduction was written in which thanks were duly rendered to some reviewers, and unfair attacks answered. Now, a gentleman of six feet two, and bulky form, with a large camus nose, and great round-glassed spectacles, should have been one of the last to venture upon fanciful personalities. In reply, his inconsistencies were simply displayed; he was informed that the editor had known much more of the broiling sun of Mexico and the thunders of the Gulf of Florida, than of London mud, or the chimes of Bow Bells, and that if Mr. Titmarsh really were engaged to play the part of Adonis in the *Morning Chronicle*, it would be nothing but a pleasure to witness such a performance. But with regard to his final remark as to honourable sympathies and love of truth, if Mr. Titmarsh sincerely meant that, the editor would be happy to shake hands with him in public or private. A few weeks after this appeared, the editor happened to meet Thackeray at the Royal Society. He immediately came forward, and in the most courteous and kindly manner extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Horne, will you allow me to take your hand?" This was the feeling and act of a true gentleman, and it is a great pleasure to record it. Of course we were friends from that day. But all such personalities have since been very properly banished from the superior organs of literature, and seem to be not readily tolerated in the humbler walks.

"Are you a writer of 'moods'?" said Bell one day to Thackeray. "Yes, assuredly," was the answer; "and often not in the best moods." "Then, sometimes you can't write at all?" "Of course not; or not fit to be read." "That's strange," said Bell. "Now, I can take out my watch — lay it down upon the table — and write, within a line or two, the same quantity in the same given time."

Thackeray was a frequent visitor at the old garden-mansion when Bell lived there, and would go on pleasantly for hours, talking and making sketches in an album. Some of these were richly humorous, and accompanied by scraps of prose or verse. This was before Thackeray had published the

work which at once raised him to his well-deserved eminence, viz. "Vanity Fair." He himself has related how this masterpiece of modern novel-writing was refused in the first instance, both by magazines, and as a substantive work; but it was reserved for Mr. Kent's "Footprints on the Road" to make it more recently known that he had also offered himself as an artist, to furnish sketches as illustrations for a popular author's stories, which had been very promptly declined. Bell used to take the utmost delight in seeing him make these fanciful sketches. The drawing-room was very large, and in winter there was a great log-fire. It chanced on a certain evening that the lamp suddenly went out, so that the back part of the room was thrown into shadow; and there stood those huge figures—one upwards of six feet two, and bulky in proportion,—the other (Bell) being at least six feet four, stalwart and gaunt—with the large log-fire at steady red heat in front of them, and their great shoulders and backs in dark shade. It suggested to the imagination a scene of giants in a forest, holding high conference, or of the meeting between the Chancellor, "tower-heavy Turketull," and "Gorm" the Scandinavian sea-king, in the fine chronicle play of "Athelstan." What a pity that Bell's amiable, and not unfrequently "inspired" visitor, Mendelssohn, did not chance to be at the pianoforte that evening! He would certainly have improvised some wonderful symphony on the occasion.

The last touch has just been given to the foregoing picture, when the sudden news of the departure of an early friend on his final journey, confuses the eye-sight with a doubt as to whether it reads the words aright. No portrait shall, at present, be attempted, and all memoirs must be postponed to a time when one can more steadily approach the subject, and more clearly recall the many genial and admirable characteristics of the private life of Charles Dickens. One brief anecdote is all that shall now be offered.

When *Household Words* first started, and for a long time afterwards, the present writer

had a room appropriated to him, in conjunction with the late Mr. Hogarth, in the house where *Household Words*, and some chronicle or record connected with that periodical, were published. There we read newspapers, wrote private notes, gossiped about Corelli and Sebastian Bach, and *de omnibus rebus*, &c., and should have done special work, but somehow, excepting the correction of proofs, this generally happened to be done elsewhere. At that early date of the periodical, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles, were Mr. Dickens, the acting editor, and myself; and, now and then, an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens proposed to me a paper on "Chatham Dockyard." Being much taken with the subject, a day was at once fixed upon, and we went down early to have the day before us—dinner being ordered for the hour by which it was considered that our observations and notes could be completed. "Now," said Mr. Dickens, "this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we can afterwards dovetail together, viz. the works of the dockyard, and the fortifications and country scenery round about. Which will you take?" I at once replied, that the works of the dockyard seemed to me the most promising. He smiled, and said, "Then we'll meet here again at a quarter to five. I'm glad you make that choice, for this is a sort of native place of mine. I was a schoolboy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country outskirts." The kindness and good nature, even more than the readiness for any kind of work, need no comment. How few literary men—how very few—would have suppressed a strong personal feeling on such an occasion, before the choice was made. But while the long life of continuous literary work shall show so very few objectionable things, there will remain a large store of kindly acts, to be, from time to time, recorded. To the joint article in question, Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One man in a Dockyard,"—thus again sinking his own personality in the matter.

An important artistic discovery has just been made at Reichenbach, in Silesia. A portrait of Luther has been found, buried under a heap of rubbish, in the passage leading from the school to the Lutheran church. The canvas is in a

perfect state of preservation, and has been recognized by the burgomaster, a well-informed amateur, as the work of Louis Cranach.

Academy.

From Temple Bar.

THE WIDOW MERAND.

A STORY IN TWELVE PICTURES.

I.

It is evening in St. Roque. Broad August moonshine silvers the grey gables of the quaint old Norman houses — silvers the exquisite *flèche* of St. Pierre and the empty booths of the fruit-sellers in the market-place beneath, and brings into dark distinctness, at the far end of the long picturesque street, the twin spires of severe, frowning St. Etienne.

"I must take yet another turn," says M. Alphonse Rendu to himself. He lights a fresh cigar, and walks back towards St. Etienne.

Moonlight and the reflection from a cigar are neither of them flattering to the complexion.

So it is better to follow Monsieur Rendu until he passes the old cathedral of St. Etienne and turns into the great square beyond; the square is full of lamps, and here he is so obliging as to sit down on one of the benches under the lime-trees, and take off his hat, and we get quite a good look at his face.

Passimal! And yet he is not what can be called handsome. He has honest blue eyes and a benevolent forehead, and a good mouth — a little severe, perhaps, but his moustache and beard curl over it so playfully that you can't find much fault, as your eyes go wandering up and you note how well the crisp auburn waves of his hair match with the beard. If his face were not so flat and his nose so broad, Monsieur Rendu would, after all, come under the objectionable denomination, "handsome." He does not think the word objectionable. Listen to his thoughts as he sits smoking, in the broad moonlight of the Place St. Etienne:

"Yes, she is handsome! Her eyes are as bright as diamonds, and as dark as velvet; but they have the hardness of diamonds. But why am I a fool? can it signify whether a woman's eyes be hard or soft, so long as they are full of love for me? and Madame Mérand gives more than love to her husband, she gives him a home — an *état*. Well, what do I want with these? have I not enough to pay for lodging and clothes, and food enough and to spare, out of my own earnings?" He rises and paces up and down till he has finished his cigar, and then he still paces up and down, whistling softly. "If I could think — but no, no, no! *She* is as cold as a little stone, and as proud as — ah! it is

hard that, in this life, we cannot have things as we choose."

Having given birth to this surprising discovery of hardships, Monsieur Alphonse takes his way back into the Rue Notre Dame, and then goes on past the Hotel St. Barbe, to his lodging over the the shop of Madame Bobineau, that well-known perfumery and glover at the corner of the Place St. Pierre. To his lodging and to bed, but not to dreams of handsome-eyed widow Mérand, the wealthy proprietor of the Hotel St. Barbe. The dreams of Monsieur Alphonse are of a young face with a pale clear skin and large wondrous eyes, — eyes that have no fixed beauty in them, though they haunt the memory, — eyes that take fresh meanings as fresh emotions lighten in them. "Mimi!" this young clerk murmurs in his sleep, and "Mimi" is not the name of Madame Mérand.

II.

NEXT morning is a festival, and Madame Mérand's dark oval face looks very handsome as she hurries home from early mass. She likes to be at home again, settled in her little parlour opposite the *salle-à-manger* by the time her regular visitors come in and breakfast. This parlour is a little room for so queen-like a woman, but it commands the whole of the arched entrance, and she can overlook from it the courtyard of the inn.

She looks very handsome, as she sits near the open door; her plain black stuff gown fits her perfect shape so easily, and the tiny cambric collar and cuffs are snowy in their fineness. She wears coral earrings and a brooch to match, of the simplest form; a rich plait of dark glossy hair circling her well-shaped head; and yet Madame Mérand cannot look simple — with all this plainness, she is like a queen.

The guests pass in and out: she bows to some, to one or two she rises and curtsies; but, generally, she gets up and retreats into her little room.

A young man is coming out of the *salle*; he bows to madame, and smiles.

She curtsies and then her lips move. He cannot hear, and has to go into the little parlour before he can understand what she says.

"My neighbour, Monsieur Le Petit, is going to Cabourg-les-bains on Sunday," says madame; "he has room in his *chambre à-banc*, if you, monsieur, will accept a place; it is very pleasant at Cabourg."

And then the bright dark eyes look at Monsieur Rendu with an intensity of expression that troubles him.

Only for a moment, Monsieur Rendu thinks of the fresh sea-breezes in contrast with the furnace-like heat that comes in through the arched entrance.

"Ma foi!—yes, it must be pleasant. Madame, I return many thanks to Monsieur Le Petit, and I am enchanted to accept his offer."

Monsieur Rendu bows and smiles devotedly and then sallies forth to the banking-house. The widow looks after him, and she sighs.

Madame Mérand can quit her parlour now and go up to her own room. There she paces up and down, a different woman altogether from the calm, self-possessed owner of the little parlour of the Hotel St. Barbe.

"Does he love me—or has he no feeling, or does he love some one else? He likes me—he never shuns an opportunity of talking to me—but there it ends. Oh, mon Dieu! how much longer is this torture to go on?"

She stops before the looking-glass; a proud smile curves her lips, usually too firm in their chiselling. "He *must* love me!" the beautiful woman murmurs; "but he dares not show his love because he is poor."

And yet her heart aches still,—aches with that incessant hunger so hard to appease—the hunger of a love which has given itself unsought. Looking at Madame Mérand, it is difficult to think this can be her case,—more difficult to realize that she will fail in attaining anything on which she has determined.

There is power as well as passion in those dark, flashing, resolute eyes.

III.

OLD Madame Bobineau makes a good contrast to Madame Mérand. She is Norman born, and has long ago lost every tooth in her head. Her face, in colour and wrinkles, puts one in mind of a peach-stone; while the face of the young girl she talks to, on this sunny August morning, may serve as counterpart to the bloom on the peach. The girl is very fair; as she lifts her large wondering eyes to the old woman's face, a tinge of soft rose steals through the transparent skin.

There is a mutinous movement in the red full lips.

"I tell thee, Mimi, it is neglectful and intolerable—an orphan, with her own living to earn, to consider herself above her duties: it is thy positive duty to fit each glove across the knuckles, so,"—the old lady doubles up her skinny claws by way

of illustration.—"and from the point of the finger and the thumb tip, so. I will have it done, I say!" Madame Bobineau stamps her foot, and her voice rises into that exasperating pitch of shrillness which, to some feminine minds, represents power.

"Bien, madame—I hear you," Mimi says. Her heart swells proudly; she would like to put on her bonnet, and seek another employment; but she is an orphan. Her father, Christophe Lalonge, an unsuccessful musician in Rouen, married one of his pupils, for love, against the wish of her parents, and reaped the bitter fruit. When he and his young wife died of the same fever, their one child was left destitute. Through the intervention of the priest who had ministered to them, little Mimi was brought up carefully and kindly by some of the good religieuses of Rouen; and, later on, Madame Bobineau, a far-off cousin of the dead musician's, agreed to take the orphan as shop-woman in her business, at St. Roque, provided Mimi established no expectations on this offer, and found her own lodgings; for Madame Bobineau's house was close to the beautiful church of St. Pierre and the market-place, and her lodgings were sought after and well-paid for. She had now, *au premier*, an invalid lady staying at St. Roque for the sake of its famous library; *au second*, Monsieur le Capitaine Loigereau; *au troisième*, Monsieur le Vicomte de Foulanges, *sous-lieutenant*—both attached to the 75th of la ligne, now quartered in the town; and, *au quatrième*, in the front room, Monsieur Alphonse Rendu, clerk at the bank of Carmier, frères, in the rue St. Jean: all good customers, who took their meals at the table of Madame Bobineau's gossip and friend, widow Mérand, of the Hotel St. Barbe. In Madame Bobineau's orderly and well-regulated household, a young girl could not be located among so many men, two of them soldiers, so Mimi had a lodging in a by-street. There was a private door to the house of Madame Bobineau; if the locataires came into the shop, it must be from the street, and as customers; and it is about one of these very locataires that she is now so angry as to raise a storm of controlled rebellion in Mimi Lalonge.

Madame Bobineau gives another stamp with her carpet-shod foot, and retreats to her den, whence, spider-like, she can watch through the semi-curtained glass-door.

Mimi sits down behind the counter, and leans her head back against the rows of compartmented shelves, so as to get beyond the range of the glass-door. There is a far-off seeking look in her grey eyes—a look

that easily becomes imploring; it does so now—the red lips part, and the lower one droops.

"What can I do? Madame Bobineau is not kind; I cannot love her; but she might be worse; and if I leave her she will not give me a recommendation, and how is a young girl to find employment without one? Why am I so silly? why is it nothing to me to try on the gloves of others, and yet with him—ah! with him it is quite different. I cannot: my fingers tremble—they all become thumbs. Oh, what is it?"

IV.

MADAME BOBINEAU went to mass at St. Etienne, on her way home she called in on Madame Mérand.

In her calm, quiet way, madame related to her sympathizing gossip her domestic grievances: how the new *femme de chambre* would spend her time in chattering with the *garçon de salle*; how the up-stairs *garçon* Ferdinand, had been lost for three hours yesterday, and was then discovered sound asleep in the bed he was supposed to be making; how a plum-pudding had been served in honour of some English travellers, and how the English had grimaced, and refused it, because of the rum—the "rhom," Madame Mérand affirmed, being the only good point about it. Having related these grievances in her calm, assured voice, Madame Mérand inquired after Madame Bobineau's lodgers.

"Ma foi!" the two little black beads in the peach-stone face of Madame Bobineau twinkle into slyness; "it seems to me you see as much of them as I do: as I went to la messe, Monsieur Rendu was coming out of your parlour. He is favoured; but he is a well-mannered, discreet youth. Tenez! only this morning I had a discussion about him with Mimi—I have told you of Mimi, the orphan of poor Christophe?"

The pupils of Madame Mérand's eyes contract, and then they blaze on the withered old crone with fierce intelligence.

"Mimi, your shop-girl? what should she know of Monsieur Rendu? Madame Bobineau, your good sense should teach you to keep her out of the way of your lodgers."

Madame Bobineau has outgrown passion, except when she is disobeyed. Moreover, she is unwilling to offend a friend who can give away sometimes a *ris de veau*, sometimes the remains of a *vol-au-vent aux truffes*—and Bobineau's old mouth waters at the thought of such dainties,—so she answers meekly:

"Yes—yes, I am careful! but the girl

must serve customers. I have seen Monsieur Rendu come into the shop often lately for gloves, and Mimi stands there useless; she lets him choose and try for himself. It is not respectful; it may give him offence, and he may seek another lodging."

Madame Mérand listens, and then she falls off into a reverie. She does not hear what Madame Bobineau is saying about the uncertain habits of the literary lady—au premier, who forgets her dinner, and spends the whole day in the dusty old library of the Musée.

"Madame Bobineau," says the calm voice on a sudden, "Mimi is too pretty to serve in a shop. Why don't you marry her?"

"Bon!" the old, brown face is more puckered than before; "who will marry a girl without a dot? And I have none to give her; I am a poor old woman, Madame Mérand, and shall scarcely leave enough behind me to pay for masses for my soul."

The old woman, so hard and callous to her fellows, grows sentimental over her friend's canary bird: it is a "jewel" "a pet;" but the endearing names which Madame Bobineau has at command are not many. She stands peering between the gay gilded wires, and Madame Mérand sits thinking. She is bending forward; her handsome face rests in the long slender hand; the eyes are so veiled by the sweeping dark lashes, that only an occasional glitter betrays their light.

"I will find a husband for Mimi," she says, after awhile; and there is a hurry in the calm voice—a voice that has a way of snubbing excitement in others by its ordinary repose. "I take charge of it. Tenez, I know of one already—your lodger, the Captain Loigereau."

"Monsieur Loigereau!" Bobineau shrieks in her shrillest falsetto: "a full captain—a gentleman! he marry Mimi? My friend, you are laughing!"

"I tell you—No! Monsieur Loigereau is a good man; he is humble; he tells me everything; he has risen by his own merits; he can read, but his writing is that of an ignorant person. Well, Monsieur Loigereau is more than forty; he will have completed his full term of military service in October; he has been prudent, and he will then buy a little property in the Auvergnat. He wishes to take a wife, and he has asked me to choose him one: she must be young, and pretty, and amiable. Are you convinced now?"

"He must be a fool!" but Madame Bobineau looked round her cautiously as she said it. "He might find a woman with

a nice little sum to add to his. Ah! my friend" — she puts her skinny fingers impressively on the fair widow's plump arm — "there is nothing like money — but I must go home."

They kiss each other on both cheeks; Madame Mérand's glowing skin, like a nectarine in its rich dark tint, seems more even and velvet-like than ever against Bobineau's wrinkles.

"Au revoir," says the younger woman, "I am coming down to the Place presently."

"Nothing like money!" she murmurs, while her dark eyes follow Madame Bobineau. "Old imbecile! nothing like happiness she means."

At seventeen Madame Mérand had married her first husband, aged seventy, for money, and nothing else, so she was qualified to give her opinion.

V.

Mimi goes into the den and says, "Good-evening" to her employer.

Madame Bobineau looks at her sharply with those unfringed eyes of hers, and nods her head, then she calls Mimi back again in her shrill rasping voice.

The girl turns, but she does not come back.

"Come here, child. Why dost thou not tell me of Madame Mérand's goodness to thee?"

A flush steals over the delicate face, and deepens there till Mimi is rosy red.

"There is nothing to tell. Madame asked me to go and see her to-morrow evening, but she did not wait for my answer. She went away. I am not going to see her."

"Hein," — the old wrinkled face falls on one shoulder; this whim of Mimi's is incomprehensible.

"Chut!" madame cries, shrilly; "thou art only a child, or I should be angry. Such an honour may not come again in thy life. Besides, simpleton, thou art not asked alone — thou wilt go with me. I will not listen to refusal; to-morrow at eight we visit Madame Mérand."

Mimi turned away; her high spirits rose against this tyranny, and then the natural feelings of youth pleaded its cause. There was something exhilarating in the idea of this first soirée at St. Roque. Why should she refuse?

"I know why it is; Madame Mérand is a person I dislike. Why need she fix her great black eyes on me as if she thought I had done something wrong; it seemed as

if she did not care for my company. She only wanted to do me a kindness."

She reached her little room, au cinquième in a back street, close to the Place St. Etienne. She sat down wearily, and threw her bonnet on the bed.

"I am like the child in the story-book: I can't get cake, so I won't eat galette. What would the good sœurs think if they saw me so ungrateful for kindness. I have grown wicked since I left Rouen; he may not be at Madame Mérand's, and if he is there he will bow to me, and then it will be over."

Afternoon comes next day, and Madame Bobineau mounts up to her own bedroom to lay out her cap of real valenciennes lace, with its blue bows, and her black silk gown, and old-fashioned shawl. She is only upstairs half an hour; but much may happen in that time.

Mimi sits in the shop as usual — not quite; she is sewing some lace on to a band to make a frill for her throat to-night, and Monsieur Rendu comes in before she sees him.

"Oh I hope he will not come to-night," she thinks; but he comes up to the counter and asks for a pair of lavender gloves, and Mimi feels there is no hope of his absence. It is strange that this want of hope should make her feel so happy. She does not fit his gloves, but she hands him those he has chosen neatly wrapped in paper.

"Mademoiselle," says Rendu, his quick eyes have detected Madame's absence through the open door, "I —." Here he stops, as embarrassed as the blushing girl behind the counter. "Mademoiselle, I will have, if you please, another pair."

He looks so confused, so embarrassed, that Mimi smiles. She cannot help it; it is so wonderful to see Monsieur Rendu nervous and blushing like herself.

He sees the smile and grows yet redder — takes the gloves, pays for them hastily, and leaves the shop with a formal bow to Mimi.

"Cold!" the young man says to himself; "she is a thousand times worse: she is sarcastic, she laughs at me — she is heartless! I will buy my gloves somewhere else. I will not be laughed at."

Mimi is puzzled at herself.

"He changes so! I was quite feeling glad that he would be at Madame Mérand's, and then when I saw his proud face I was more afraid of him than ever. Why do I think of him at all? It is always him — him — him! I hope he will not be there."

VI.

AT Madame Mérand's, where the young girl, in her simple white dress, is only stared at by the guests, she feels as if a damp dull mist has fallen on her enjoyment. There is no one in the room nearly as young as Monsieur Rendu; there is deaf Monsieur Le Petit and his chattering wife, and Monsieur Leroux, who takes snuff every five minutes, while little fat Monsieur Martin holds him by the button and talks politics, rising to the tips of his boots and sinking his voice to a whisper each time he quotes a dangerous opinion.

These are all; but a little later the door of the large low room is thrown open, and in walks an officer in full uniform. "Monsieur le Capitaine Loigereau," shouts Ferdinand. The captain is short and stout, with a face like a full moon. He is bald, too, and has little hair besides his moustaches; and as he holds his head very erect, he has the air of a grocer's image in the act of making a summersault backwards.

Mimi is surprised, and a little elated, when this gentleman with the epaulettes is presented to her — still more when he converses.

She has not seen him in the shop. Monsieur Loigereau does not affect gloves and perfumes; his idea of happiness is to be in the open air, within sight of green trees and fields, if he can find them.

"Does — mademoiselle — like — trees?" he puffs out each word separately like the snort of a steam-engine.

"Yes, but I have seen so few."

"Mademoiselle has been in the *Cours Caffarelli*?"

"No, monsieur," Mimi sighs. She has often longed for an evening walk beside the river; but Madame Bobineau has told her she cannot go there alone. She is surprised when the old woman joins in —

"I will take thee there on Sunday, Mimi, after vespers."

Mimi wonders why the captain smiles and looks pleased.

"Certainly I have enjoyed myself," says Mimi, when she reaches her lodging; "that captain is a kind old man. How good of him to take the old Bobineau home!"

VII.

NEXT morning is market-day. Monsieur Rendu meets Monsieur Loigereau with an enormous bouquet.

"Aha, Monsieur le Capitaine, that is for some fair lady!" and Rendu laughs a little too merrily perhaps at the round cap-

tain, with his crimson trowsers and full-coloured nosegay.

"Monsieur," says the captain, scarlet to his ears, "it is indeed for the lady who is to be my wife."

Monsieur Rendu asks pardon, and goes on without even wondering who is the object of the captain's devotion.

The captain stumps along on his sturdy little legs to the corner of the Place; he will be late at breakfast, but he must do his duty.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle!" he goes into the shop and presents the bouquet to Mimi, with a grace that could not have been expected from him. Mimi is delighted. The captain is neither confused nor hesitating. Good man! He is taking a preliminary step in his wooing; he means to get that over quickly, but he will do it all en règle.

He talks to Mimi, asks after Madame Bobineau — who peeps at him meanwhile from an ingenious little hole in the curtain, — gives a military salute, and departs.

Madame Bobineau enters all agog to know what he has said.

"See," the young girl blushes with delight, "is not this a beautiful nosegay? The Captain Loigereau is a kind, good gentleman."

"Ma foi! I think so;" Bobineau frowns a little. "It is wasteful; a one-franc bouquet would have pleased thee just as well, and he has paid at least three. Put it in water, child, it will die else."

Mimi places her precious treasure near her, so that she can take her fill of gazing, and enjoy the exquisite fragrance — the roses are so sweet; she had never had such a nosegay of her own before. Mimi is a child yet, spite of her sad, lonely life; and when madame retreats to her web, the girl dances for joy behind the counter.

VIII.

It is that serious moment in the life of a Frenchman, the dinner hour — the five o'clock table d'hôte, at the Hotel St. Barbe; the bell is ringing loudly. In troop the regular town diners, far outnumbering the denizens of the inn itself. Some of these last are English; they come into the room as if they were ashamed of themselves, and take the place the waiter points out, as if they got them by favour, but having accomplished the agony of entrance and placing, they cock their chins up and snuff the air, and give the company to understand, by pitying glances and disparaging remarks made aloud, but supposed only to be heard by their own party, that this is a very different sort of thing indeed to what

they are used to. If these observations are made in French, they are safe to be unintelligible to the "natives;" but if the Britisher speaks English, he has a way of disguising his language in a hope of thus making himself comprehended, especially when he asks for "pell-ell."

Monsieur Loigereau looks more like a full moon than ever to-day, he is so beaming. As he goes out from dinner a few significant words pass between him and the widow.

"Madame," says the captain, with effusion, "I am a happy man, and you must allow me to thank you for my happiness."

The widow places her slender fingers in his chubby palm, and a solemn "shake hands" is exchanged.

"I congratulate you from my heart," says the widow, as he rolls away.

Her eyes come back from following the captain and meet the honest blue gaze of Monsieur Rendu. He is puzzled. He has only half-heard; is the widow then the object of Monsieur Loigereau's adoration?

Madame Mérand reads his thoughts as easily as print.

"Is he not good, our captain? I am so happy in his happiness! I must not tell secrets,"—she puts her head on one side, and steals a long soft glance from under her lashes; "and yet I would like to tell you. I think you know the girl; and you, perhaps, take an interest in her, as I do." She watches his face, and she draws her breath hard at the eager intelligence that flashes in his eyes.

"Yes, it is the shop-girl of Madame Bobineau. Poor little thing! she is so glad and grateful. He was telling me of her delight at a present he made this morning."

But Rendu is looking at his watch.

"Pardon, madame, I have an appointment this evening."

The widow does not like this haste; but "The sharper the medicine, the sooner the patient is cured," she says: "if he once realises that Mimi belongs to some one else, his infatuation will be over."

IX.

MONSIEUR RENDU hurries along; he feels almost savage joy when he sees the captain's crimson legs rolling into a café. At any rate, he shall find Mimi alone. But he feels stung—sore all over. He knew she was a shop-girl, but it is different to hear her called one by Madame Mérand; shop-girls are not always as guileless as he had imagined Mimi to be. This man is old enough to be her father, and she is going to sell herself to him.

Rendu grinds his teeth as he reaches the shop. Yes, there is the bouquet, and as he stands on the doorstep, hesitating, Mimi bends her face over the flowers and seems to kiss them.

But Madame Bobineau is not upstairs to-day; she sees the young man's approach, and comes out into the shop to greet him.

"How is the weather, monsieur?" she asks. "I am praying for a fine Sunday. I have promised to go for a walk; and you, too, monsieur, you care that it should be fine on Sunday?"

"I?" says Rendu, and then; "oh, yes, I am going to Cabourg."

"Aha!" says Bobineau, slyly, "we know all about that, Monsieur, we wish you a happy day,—don't we, Mimi?"

Mimi looks up, with her innocent wondering eyes, at the furiously blushing Alphonse. She wonders a little at madame's unwonted notice.

"Yes," she says, simply; "I am sure you will be happy." The poor child has never seen the sea, but she is glad for him to have such a pleasure.

He turns on her in bitter anger:

"I wish you happiness, too, mademoiselle. You love flowers, I see."

"Oh, yes; so much—so very much!" His look and words stir her heart strangely; she is frightened, and yet she wishes Madame Bobineau away. If she and Monsieur Rendu could be left alone just one little five minutes she would get courage, and he would be again as kind, as gentle as he used to be.

"He must not be angry with me," thinks the poor child; "if he is not kind I shall die." By way of hiding her great trouble she hides her face in her roses.

When she raises it Rendu has turned away; he is speaking to some one on the steps.

"Aha, my friend!" says the captain, "I congratulate you. I hope you and Madame Mérand will have a fine day at Cabourg. Don't you congratulate me?" This is said lower, and ends in a hearty laugh, in the midst of which the captain advances into the shop.

It seems to Mimi as if she and the world are turning round: Madame Mérand—that proud, beautiful woman!—then all this while Monsieur Rendu has "loved her—her, ah!" sighs the child, "He has been loving her while I thought—oh, what have I not thought!"

The captain talks to Madame Bobineau: "That will be a fine marriage, will it not? I have for some time had my suspicions; but now it is, I believe, decided—she is very handsome, and he is a worthy young

man. Do you consider Madame Mérand handsome, mademoiselle?"

Mimi does not know how she answers: her heart swells and nearly chokes her, she wants to run away. She could push the captain aside in her despair and rush along the street without her bonnet. The captain requests permission to shake hands with her, and she hears him ask madame, in a grave, formal voice, if he may call on her to-morrow evening.

X.

MIMI, Madame Mérand, and Alphonse Rendu sleep little that night. The widow is easy as to Mimi; she feels sure that the orphan will be compelled to marry the captain, but she is uneasy about her lover.

"Chut!" she said, "it is my love that makes me distrustful; a man does not yield himself up for love alone, and I have much to offer besides myself;" she winces, and then she smiles. "I know I am enough for any man, but if every one looks for something besides the wife in marriage, why should not he? I am too guarded with him — to-morrow — ah, to-morrow! — in that long drive we shall be all in all to each other."

Saturday is a long weary day to Madame Mérand. In the evening comes Monsieur Le Petit to say he will be at the door at nine o'clock next morning. It is a gray, misty morning, and as they drive along beside the Orne, the many spired city looks phantom-like, looming between the long poplar alleys.

The drive is silent, Monsieur and Madame Le Petit in front, Madame Mérand and Monsieur Rendu behind. But after a hearty good breakfast at Monsieur Le Petit's cottage, the party stroll on to the sands in a more sociable humour. Monsieur Le Petit's cider is potent, and Rendu has drunk freely of it. He is so miserable, — so at variance with the whole world, that he feels the need of stimulating his spirits. As he sits by madame on the plage, he grows more and more interested in her talk; he takes more and more pleasure in looking into those dark deep eyes — soft as velvet beneath his glances; and as he gazes she becomes silent, confused, — her lashes droop, a soft warm blush rises on her cheek. Why at that dangerous moment does a vision of wondering gray eyes, with a yet softer tint rising in a fairer skin, pass between Alphonse and the widow? He cannot tell, and the involuntary question escapes him —

"Are you sure she will marry the Captain Loigereau?"

He does not see the widow; he sees only

the fair mist-like face out of which shine those pure liquid eyes — it is the contrast between a spring morning and the hot glow of an autumn sunset. He does not see the lightning glance of the jealous woman beside him flashing from the dark eyes, fierce and stormy now; he only shrinks from the stern answer —

"Come with me this evening into the Cours Caffarelli, and I will give you proof."

XI.

"BUT, madame, I took the bouquet because I love flowers, and because it was so kind of Monsieur Loigereau."

"La, la, la!" shrieks Madame Bobineau; "thou art not a baby, Mimi; did anyone ever before offer thee a bouquet? but for my bounty thou mightest be sweeping the streets of St. Roque!"

"Ma foi, non!" says Mimi; "I could have stayed with the good sisters, and have professed." And then her fresh warm youth kindles, and she shivers at the thought of the white-washed convent and its peaceful monotony.

This talk is at madame's breakfast-table on Sunday. Yesterday she announced to Mimi that Monsieur Loigereau was her future husband, and Mimi wept and entreated, and was threatened and stormed at. She would not submit; but when Madame Bobineau represented that, as her nearest relative, the law gave her power over her, and that if she proved stubborn she would have her shut up in the Asyle (the Asyle of St. Roque is a refuge for fallen women), the poor child grew terrified at the threat.

So she sits, with a shy downcast face, when Monsieur Loigereau comes; and with much disgust she lets him kiss her hand when he goes away. Poor desolate child! she has cried all through the night, and now she sits writhing beside Madame Bobineau.

She balances her life while she listens: is it so very happy, that she should shrink from the prospect of a nice little house and garden, with flowers — flowers as plentiful as her heart can desire?

"And life will be worse than ever when *she* is his wife," she sighs.

"Yes, madame," says Mimi desperately; "c'est bien — leave me in peace, and I will marry the captain."

She endures a rasping of her smooth cheeks by those fac-similes of the peach-stone, and much good advice. The day drags along wearily; after vespers they find Monsieur Loigereau in the church porch.

He gives one arm to madame, the other to Mimi, and they march off to the Cours Caffarelli. The band is playing here, and people are moving up and down, chatting and laughing under the trees. Mimi's heart is heavy, or she would enjoy the merry scene: groups of laughing children jumping round their mothers, young girls and their sweethearts whispering in the shade, old people sitting on the benches, watching the lights of the town twinkling in the water — twinkling first like rare glowworms, or, as Mimi thinks, like the first blush of love; then, as darkness grows and lamps multiply, the radiance shoots along the waters in rays of living fire, "and the water does not quench it," sighs the poor heart-struck child, — "nothing can quench it till death."

Madame Le Petit seizes on her gossip, and Mimi walks up and down alone with Monsieur Loigereau. He is more intent on showing off his prize than on talking. Presently they turn, and come face to face with Madame Mérand and M. Rendu. The two eldest greet each other warmly; Mimi and Rendu are dumb.

"Come," says Loigereau, "have you not a word of congratulation for me and mademoiselle?"

Rendu bows, and then passes on. Monsieur Loigereau is hailed by two comrades; he turns to look at Mimi, but she is gone.

"She does not like being stared at, the little dove," says the good captain; "but she should not run away."

XII.

MEANTIME, Rendu walks up and down with the widow in moody, determined silence, till she expresses a wish to go home.

"Adieu! monsieur," she says when they reach the inn. "I am sadly unfortunate. I thought to give you a day's pleasure, and I have given you pain. Forgive me; I tried to make you happy." Her shining eyes are full of tears; she holds out her ungloved hand.

Rendu is moved. Here is a woman laying her heart at his feet, and he neglects her for the thought of one who has never shown him any kindness, who openly prefers the Captain Loigereau.

"Madame, forgive me! I will try and deserve your goodness." He prints a warm kiss on the slender hand, but he is gone before the widow answers.

He goes on heavy-hearted, to the Place St. Etienne. It is late, the Place is in utter solitude. He is too full of tumult and anxious thought to light a cigar. The moon is fuller still than on the first night we saw

Monsieur Rendu; but she is hidden behind a mass of dark clouds.

The young man paces up and down — up and down; but his tumult does not calm. Presently the clouds drift, and the pure, bright moon shines down. But there is no comfort in her light; he wishes the clouds would come back; he found a refuge in the darkness.

Surely he hears a sob! But the Place is empty; no one could hide from the broad moon-light. Suddenly Rendu remembers the double row of limes, forming a bocage all along the Place. He darts into it, and the sobs grow more distinct. But it is so dark that at first he does not make out a figure crouched on a bench, some way down the bocage.

CONCLUSION.

MIMI does not return, and Monsieur Loigereau grows anxious, and he is not satisfied by Madame Bobineau's assurance that Mimi has gone home tired. He resolves to go to her lodging and ascertain her safety.

"No; Mademoiselle Lalonge has not been home since the morning," says the little girl who opens the door to him.

Loigereau's face flushes scarlet; but he has not taken twenty of his rolling steps from the house when he meets Mimi herself, arm in arm with Monsieur Alphonse.

The captain grows redder still, and begins some very angry words. He is not allowed to finish. Rendu grasps one hand, and Mimi clasps the other between her little soft fingers.

"Monsieur!" Rendu's voice trembles with feeling; "forgive us, — we beg your pardon, you have been hardly used. I have been a blind fool, and —"

"And I, monsieur," says the trembling girl's voice, "am much worse, for I only said I would marry you because Madame vowed to send me to the Asyle —"

The captain stares, but he behaves like a wise man. He forgives the young couple heartily; bids them go home, and promises to make peace with the Bobineau and with Madame Mérand.

The first achievement was not very difficult; and the good captain did not quit Madame Bobineau until she had named a day for the marriage of the young couple; but when he told his news to Madame Mérand and saw the widow's flashing eyes and quivering nostrils, Loigereau grew indignant.

"Madame, I have given up my hopes, why should you be less generous. Monsieur Rendu is not actually your fiancé — would you retain a man who loves another?"

He draws closer, and looks seriously in
angry face.

"Chattering, meddling fool!" says the
low, "take that;" and she gives him a
on the ear, which sounds even out on
street.

The captain puts one hand to his face

and the other on his sword, his small eyes
blaze, and then he smiles.

"Ma foi! madame, I thank you. I am
consoled; if a calm woman of thirty can so
imitate a tiger-cat, what might not my little
untrained shop-girl have done? I have the
honour, madame, to wish you adieu!"

From All the Year Round.

THE ELVES AND THE CHILDREN.

Little ones sit in a flowery mead,
In the twilight grey;
Home their mother is making their bed,
"Where linger they?"
With laughing cheeks rosy
They skip to and fro,
Where the flowers upgrow,
A dewy Whitsun posy.

Down, down the mountain three Elf maids reel,
From the fir-crown'd height.
Each thickens, each rides on her spinning wheel;
Their raiments white
In the air are flowing;
Each fairy shoe
Just brushes the dew
From the tops of flowers fresh blowing.

They sing so sweetly; they sing to the three,
"Hail, children at play!

Now, put your hands in ours, and flee
To a home more gay,
Under the mountain olden;
And the ivory row
Of nine pins throw
Now with bows pure golden.

Join ye! O join ye us maidens three,
O join ye, and all
Shall pluck the blossoms o' gold, and see
The song birds small,
While merrily, merrily, singing;
Building their bowers
Of lily flowers,
And pearls like seeds upspringing."

Little ones wax so heavy in mind,
Smile so dreamily,
They are whirled along on the rising wind,
But sleep all three.
The earth shuts above them,
As swiftly they fall,
To the Elf Hall,
Where to the folk that love them!

On the morrow the father runs
To the fir-crown'd hill,
And finds have stolen his little ones,
And guard them still!
Green grass is creeping
Above their golden hair;
Soundly they slumber there.
Above there is wailing and weeping.

VING AGE. VOL. XIX. 838

RAPIDITY AT WHICH EXCITATION IS PROPAGATED ALONG THE MOTOR NERVES OF MAN.—**PROF. HELMHOLTZ** has communicated to the *Monatsbericht of the Berlin Academy*, 1870, p. 184, the results of some new measurements which have been carried out by M. Baxt, which can claim a greater exactness than the earlier researches of Helmholtz, Schelske, Hirsch, Kohlrausch, de Jaager, and von Wittich, owing to the entire elimination of the physical activity of the experimenter. The ascertained rapidity of the excitation varies between about 80 and 90 metres per second; and the rapidity is also found to be greater in summer than in winter. This result led to a more exact observation of the influence of temperature, which is ascertained by the artificial cooling or warming of the arm. By this means the accelerating influence of a higher temperature has been clearly determined; so that the interval of time between an impulse of the voluntary power and the corresponding movement of the muscle is greater in winter than in summer.

THE JEWS' PRAYER-BOOK.—The Jews are revising their "Prayer-book." At the late Jewish Synod, held at Leipsic, the following was resolved: "No bitter or harsh expression shall be contained in any of the prayers under revision or to be newly composed; the contents shall embrace all human beings of the universe, and nothing shall be said therein with regard to the chosen people which might in the least offend our brethren of another creed. On the other hand, the new prayers, or those under revision, shall lay stress upon the religious mission of Israel, the providential guidance in its history, the fundamental Mosaic principles of progressive development, a future universal knowledge of the Almighty's commands, a love of peace, justice, and humanity."

The most terrible *mot* yet uttered about this war is one reported by the correspondent who supplies *Blackwood* with a spirited original description of Forbach: "*L'Empire c'est la paix; certainement ce ne pas la guerre.*"

From The Spectator.

THE MALMESBURY CORRESPONDENCE.*

DURING the leisure of Opposition, Lord Malmesbury has followed up his publication of the "Political Diaries and Correspondence" of his grandfather, the first Earl, by that of a second series of letters, on topics social as well as political, from amongst his family papers, it having been, he tells us, the habit of his house during three generations "to preserve and arrange almost all the letters which they received from their relations and acquaintances." The result is a work of much more varied interest than the former one, perhaps especially as respects the first volume. The three-quarters of a century over which it extends exhibit a more extraordinary change in the condition of the Western world than probably any other seventy-five years in its previous history, except perhaps, so far as relates to this country, the first seventy-five of the seventeenth century. Of the series itself it is enough to say that it begins with Lady Shaftesbury's picture of Handel, "dejected, wan, and dark, sitting by, not playing on, the harpsichord," and closes in the midst of Queen Caroline's trial.

It would require a much larger space than a weekly journal can spare to do justice to the political correspondence in these volumes, much of which, both as respects matters of internal interest, such as Canning's duel and resignation, and as respects the Continental war, is of considerable value. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves here to the social side of the work, which will be probably the most interesting to the greater number of readers. It is in the first volume that details of social interest most abound; and it affords a vivid and, on the whole, very pleasing picture of the mode of life of a well-to-do English gentleman, well connected and mixed up with public affairs, in the middle of the last century. James Harris, the scholar, the father of the first Earl, was M.P. for Christchurch, and entered office as a Lord of the Admiralty in 1762, holding various other places till his death in 1780. He and his were passionate Handelians, and at their family mansion in Salisbury — held, the present Earl tells us, by the Harrises under the Church since the Restoration — they used to receive the best artists, give concerts, and have private theatricals, on an apparently elaborate scale. But we must

say that what there is of interest seems to us chiefly to centre in or cluster round the mother of the first Earl, Mrs. Harris, — a Miss Clarke, of a Somersetshire family. Indeed, it is not too much to say that from henceforth it will be impossible to do justice to that remarkable series of clever Englishwomen who figure so conspicuously in the social life of the eighteenth century without including in it the name of Mrs. James Harris. For a long time we see her only as a name (like her immortal homonym in Charles Dickens), more particularly through the letters to her of her brother-in-law, the Rev. W. Harris, a courtly parson, chaplain and secretary to the Bishop of Salisbury, who keeps the lady well informed not only as to the progress and defeat of the rebellion of '45, the debates in the House of Lords on the Continental war, the trials of the Jacobite rebels, or, again, as to the matches and breaches in high life, but as to the ladies' and gentlemen's dresses at drawing-rooms, — telling her, for instance, how, on October 30, 1745: —

"The Princess Amelia had on a white silk, flowered with all sorts of colours, very gay, but not fine nor elegant; Princess Caroline's was a pink, with flowers of green, yellow, and silver, which looked extremely beautiful, and was, in my poor judgment, by far the handsomest suit of any I saw; Lady Gower was the richest in her dress. . . . Lady Cardigan. . . . excelled as to jewels. . . . The Venetian Ambassadors drew most people's attention by somewhat of singularity both in her air and dress. . . . Lord Kildare was unexceptionably the finest of any gentleman there," &c.

It is only in 1763 that we meet with a letter of Mrs. Harris herself, addressed to her son, the future Earl, then at Oxford; and the last one from her which is inserted dates from 1780. Though fond of all her children, James seems evidently to have been her darling, as is indicated by a passage like the following: — "I am greatly obliged for your intended present; I am impatient to see it; *whatever comes from you is a treasure to me.*" She keeps him informed of everything, from drawing-rooms, theatres, concerts, visits, to ministerial appointments, debates, and divisions in either House, dubious political trials, Ranelagh or Winchester riots, and even to the figures of the budget. So fresh, and bright, and varied, indeed, is this series of letters, that we could suggest to Lord Malmesbury the reprinting it in a separate volume. Let us cull some extracts from it at random for the reader: —

* *A Series of Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury, his Family and Friends, from 1746 to 1870.* Edited, with Notes, &c., by his Grandson, the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1870.

"Cottenham and the Fen-country in 1768.

"Your father and I both agreed we would not spend a summer at Cottenham to have the Dean's parsonage; it is surrounded with fens, and you are teased beyond expression by the gnats. When we got here, about nine on Saturday, the Dean's butler came to your father with a pair of leathern stockings to draw on so as to protect his legs; which in hot weather is dreadful. Besides this, the beds have a machine covered with a silk net which lets down after you are in bed, and covers you all over. Without this, there could be no sleeping; for notwithstanding all these precautions, we were most miserably stung. There are 1,400 cows kept in the parish of Cottenham, which feed on the fens in the summer. The water is, in this dry season, up to their bellies. The natives dry the cow-dung for firing in the winter, so 'tis kept in heaps about the fields, as is also the dung of their yards. So when you walk the stink is inconceivable. Mr. Harris talked with the natives, who told him that during the winter the water was constantly above their ancles in their houses."

"A Bon Mot of Wilkes's (1768).

"Mr. Wilkes never loses an opportunity of ridiculing the Scotch. Some one observing that as there were no trees in Scotland there could be no birds, he replied, 'G—d, sir, not at all, I have seen three magpies perched on one thistle.'"

"A Bath Riot of Ladies and Gentlemen (1769).

"There has been a most violent combustion at the Bath; a Major Brereton and a Mr. Plomer were candidates to succeed Mr. Derrick" [as Master of the ceremonies]; "Brereton was chosen, and Mr. Plomer's friends protested against it; the subscription was opened again, and Plomer was chosen. I am not clear as to the particulars, but there was a prodigious riot in the rooms last Tuesday se'nnight, in which the ladies joined as well as the gentlemen. Mrs. Hillman, our acquaintance, and Mrs. Orme (Lady Townshend's daughter) had a fight, and Mrs. Hillman was knocked down; in short, things were carried to such a pitch, that the Mayor, his brethren, and a number of constables entered the room. The proclamation was read three times; 'tis said that the last reading was to the ladies only.'"

"Masquerades (1771).

"Your sisters and I were last night at the masquerade at the theatre in the Haymarket, given by the gentlemen of Arthur's. I, by choice, like always to go where they go, but I make no merit of attending them to a masquerade, for it amuses me more than any diversion, thanks to my friends in my younger days; for had I been permitted to go to them at that time, my reliab for them would have been ended long before this."

"A 'Horsey' Squire (1771).

"The day after we spent at Dinton. Nothing is done there, except disparking a pretty park which his father had made. The squire came into the court to survey our horses not us; the first salutation he gave us was, 'You have broke one of your splinter-bars,' fixed his eyes on the horses, and left us to get out of the coach as we could. . . . Not a single person at dinner but we five; our conversation was chiefly of grass and dogs. We were relieved soon after dinner by the arrival of a Parson Waterman, who is a droll kind of animal, was perfectly easy, and was as soon acquainted with us as if he had been a Frenchman. He is well versed in all the Salisbury journals, but he says by living so much out of the world he is at a loss to fill up all the blanks relative to the scandal in that [sic] paper, so we gave him all the proper information on that head. So much for rural felicity!"

"Highway Robbery in St. James's Square (1778).

"A most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach, in St. James's Square, coming from the opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home, which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane."

"Ladies' Feathers (1775).

"Lady Harriet Stanhope. . . has lately been in France with Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer; they have returned in fine feathers, but the Duchess of Devonshire has still the highest. One lady tried all places to get one longer than the Duchess, but, without success, till she luckily thought of sending to an undertaker; he sent word his hearse was all out, but they were expected home in a few days, and then he hoped to accommodate her ladyship."

"Dr. Johnson and 'Bozzy' (1775).

"Tuesday, Dr. Johnson, his fellow-traveller through the Western Isles, Mr. Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds dined here. I have long wished to be in company with this said Johnson; his conversation is the same as his writing, but a dreadful voice and manner. He is certainly amusing as a novelty, but seems not possessed of any benevolence, is beyond all description awkward, and more beastly in his dress and person than anything I ever beheld. He feeds nastily and ferociously, and eats quantities most unthankfully. As to Boswell, he appears a low-bred kind of being."

"An Incident of the Duchess of Kingston's Trial (1776).

"Mrs. Egerton . . . spared nobody. She said that the night before the last day of trial, after Sir Francis Molyneux" [Usher of the Black Rod] "had been some hours in bed (for

he slept at Kingston house), he got up in a most violent fright, ran out of his room with nothing on but his shirt, caught a housemaid in his arms, crying out, 'The Duchess is gone off!' The maid said he might see the Duchess, for she was not undressed, as the Councillors had just left her, but recommended his putting on some other garment. So, in his hurry, he threw his powdering dress over his shoulders, and went to the Duchess's room, after which he went down and 'saw that all his tall beastly fellows were on duty,' and then went to bed again."

We will extract no further, but simply add that the reflex action of the mother's fresh cheerfulness may be observed in her son himself, whose letters to her are often positively lively, though such a quality is by no means characteristic of his general correspondence, and altogether vanishes in later days. It must, indeed, be observed that but few private letters from the first Earl during his diplomatic career abroad are recorded, the editor assigning this curious reason for their scarcity, "that at that time our Ministers abroad dared only to write the most insignificant matter by post, and that the Foreign Office had a department through which all letters brought by official messengers passed an ordeal. Our public servants could write freely to one another at their respective missions by their couriers, but were very shy of the 'Cabinet noir' at home, and corresponded in England chiefly through chance travellers."

Though we have been obliged to leave the second volume on one side, we cannot help recommending to our readers the able and lively letters of Captain (now Sir George) Bowles, sole survivor, the editor tells us, of the writers as well as of the recipients of the published correspondence from the Peninsula. Those to whom the Duke's Peninsular career, as seen in the light of the *Wellington Despatches*, appears but as one trail of glory, may perhaps be surprised at seeing the shadow cast upon it, to the eyes of his contemporaries and fellow-soldiers, by such operations as the disastrous siege of Burgos, undertaken, against all advice, with three eighteen-pounders and four howitzers. Some letters of an early date from Lord Palmerston are also very curious and interesting, particularly those relating to his declining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and even a seat in the Cabinet with the War Department (which he eventually took) under Perceval in 1809, as well as one on the attempt to assassinate him in 1818, — an incident in his life which will be new to most readers.

We are afraid we cannot say much for

the editing of this work. Of course, there is no index. The misspellings (they cannot always be misprints) in the names of places are afflicting; "Giurgego" for "Giurgevo," "Witspek" for "Witepek," "Vimiero" for "Vimeira," "Guimerals" for "Guimaraens," "Ovieda" for "Oviedo," "Sainborge" for "Saintonge," &c. Sir Harry Burrard's name is printed "Burrard" twice in one page, and Lord Malmesbury's notions either of time or of English are so peculiar that he speaks of the Duke of Wellington having *avenged* the retreat of Corunna (January, 1809) "by a victory at Vimiero" (Vimeira, August, 1808). However, he has given the world a valuable work, and we must not be too severe upon a Peer's spelling or grammar.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE."

FOR the sake of the author as well as of the subject, these volumes deserve and will doubtless obtain a hearty welcome in this country. Mr. Hawthorne as a writer of fiction reminds us of Charles Lamb as an essayist. Both authors have produced work of first-rate quality, but of a kind which is caviare to the multitude. Neither "Elia" nor Hawthorne will ever be as popular as Scott, and Dickens, and Trollope are popular. To enjoy them keenly a special taste is needed, but let the flavour of their genius be once appreciated, and it will ever afterwards be pronounced exquisite. Lamb in his own line is unapproachable, and the author of the "Scarlet Letter" is not likely to meet with a rival in his peculiar field.

To our thinking these *Passages from Mr. Hawthorne's Note-books* are even more interesting than the work which he published during his lifetime under the title of "Our Old Home." There is a freshness about the notes that is missing in the finished work, while in both it is easy to trace the personal characteristics of the writer — his sensitiveness, his love of all natural beauty, his tender and reverent feeling for what is old, combined with an appreciation, scarcely a part of himself perhaps, but forced upon him by his nationality, for the forms of life and government prevailing in the States. If Hawthorne had been born among us, his heart, if not his intellect would have been in favour of whatever is established and of

* "Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." 2 vols. (London: Strahan and Co. 1870.)

whatever bears upon it the mossy greenness of age. He lacks language to express his delight in our cathedrals, in the quaint architectural charms of such cities as Oxford, Chester, and Warwick; in the old customs that still prevail in those rural districts; in the respect shown in England for whatever carries with it an authority that originated in bygone ages. "It is wicked," he writes, "to look at these solemn, old churches in a hurry;" and again he says:—

Cathedrals often make me miserable from my inadequacy to take them wholly in; and, above all, I despise myself when I sit down to describe them. And again, I admire this in Gothic architecture, that you cannot master it all at once, that it is not a naked outline, but as deep and rich as human nature itself. . . . Of all English things that I have seen methinks the churches disappoint me least. I feel, too, that there is something much more wonderful in them than I have yet had time to know and experience.

Then he notes with admiration—and, we fear, gives us on this account more praise than we deserve—the careful manner in which our meadow paths and footways are preserved from generation to generation. An American farmer, he says, would plough them over without a thought. Mr. Hawthorne observes somewhere that it is impossible to describe scenery, but his English note-books belie the assertion. No writer that we know of has ever described the special, and in a sense peerless, charms of English landscape with greater accuracy or with more tenderness of feeling. His accuracy is that of the draughtsman, his tenderness that of the poet; and it is curious to observe as he passes over the country how the landscape, although new to him, is not strange, but rather a familiar adjunct to the Old Home which he had seen in visions and dreamt of in dreams, and gained acquaintance with from many books in the new country of his birth. Of one beautiful spot he writes:—"It is entirely English, and like nothing that one sees in America, yet I feel as if I might have lived here a long while ago, and had now come back because I retained pleasant recollections of it." The contrast between the scenery of America and that of England strikes him at every turn, and almost always to the advantage of our country. Two or three instances of this may be worth quoting; in language as well as in thought, they are singularly characteristic of the writer. The following passage was written in the English lake district:—

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright, universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside, so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also; and so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls, and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life is so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can.

The next passage we mean to quote was written from Newby Bridge:—

The roads give us beautiful walks along the riverside, or wind away among the gentle hills; and if we had nothing else to look at in these walks, the hedges and stone fences would afford interest enough, so many and pretty are the flowers, roses, honey-suckles, and other sweet things, and so abundantly does the moss and ivy grow among the old stones of the fences, which would never have a single shoot of vegetation on them in America till the very end of time. But here, no sooner is a stone fence built than Nature sets to work to make it a part of herself. She adopts it and adorns it as if it were her own child. A little sprig of ivy may be seen creeping up the side and clinging fast with its many feet; a tuft of grass roots itself between two of the stones where a little dust from the road has been moistened into soil for it; a small bunch of fern grows in another such crevice; a deep, soft, green moss spreads itself over the top and all along the sides of the fence; and wherever nothing else will grow lichens adhere to the stones and variegate their hues. Finally, a great deal of shrubbery is sure to cluster along its extent, and take away all hardness from the outline; and so the whole stone fence looks as if God had had as least as much to do with it as man.

In another place he remarks in the same strain, "Nature is certainly a more genial playfellow in England than in my own country. She is always ready to lend her aid to any beautifying purpose." It would be easy to multiply passages like these, and others in which, with passionate enthusiasm, Mr. Hawthorne dilates upon the rare charms of English landscape, and of the art which has grown incorporate with it. "The beauty of English scenery," he says, "makes me desperate; it is so impossible to de-

scribe it, or in any way to record its impressions, and such a pity to leave it undescribed." And so in writing his notes on Oxford he remarks: —

I am in despair about the architecture and old edifices of these Oxford colleges — it is so impossible to express them in words. They are themselves as the architect left them, and as time has modified and improved them, the expression of an idea which does not admit of being otherwise expressed or translated into anything else. Those old battlemented walls around the quadrangles, many gables, the windows with stone pavilions, so very antique, yet some of them adorned with fresh flowers in pots — a very sweet contrast; the ivy mantling the grey stone, and the infinite repose, both in sunshine and shadow, it is as if half a dozen bygone centuries had set up their rest here, and as if nothing of the present time ever passed through the deeply recessed archway that shuts in the college from the street. Not but what people have very free admittance, and many parties of young men and girls and children came into the gardens while we were there.

All this is charming writing and delightful reading; but it is impossible by brief extracts to give an adequate notion of the picturesque interest of these volumes. It is pleasant through the unrestrained utterances of this diary to gain a knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of an accomplished American gentleman and a great literary artist with regard to the land of his forefathers. We Englishmen are so apt to disregard that which lies nearest to us that it may be well to be reminded by a foreigner of the treasures we possess in this island. Home-travel no doubt has its drawbacks; but that it has an infinite charm for those who will pursue it leisurely and are not in too great a hurry for enjoyment is evident from these delightful volumes. Mr. Hawthorne, like every man of strong feelings, has very decided predilections and antipathies. He can see little beauty in Englishwomen. He acknowledges that although there are some Englishmen whom he likes, "a cold thin medium intervenes between our most intimate approaches." He declares, which may possibly be true also of the States, that our nation is prone to arrogance and conceit. He thinks that Americans possess a quicker and more subtle recognition of genius than the English people; and, in short, as is perfectly reasonable and fitting, he prefers his own land and countrymen to ours.

In conclusion, we have a remark to make with regard to the publication of these private journals. Mr. Hawthorne, be it remembered, wrote them for his own benefit,

not for that of the public; and the responsibility of the published statements rests, therefore, with the editor. It is difficult to say exactly how far it is wise and right to produce a man's private opinion of persons whom he met with in society, and who are still living among us. Mr. Hawthorne, albeit an American, had no taint of what he terms American obtrusiveness. He was a thorough gentleman, and would never for the sake of literary capital have betrayed the confidences of private life. That this is done to any great extent in these volumes we do not say; but there is occasionally a freedom of expression with regard to the character and personal peculiarities of living men and women which we think Mr. Hawthorne would have avoided if he could have foreseen this publication of his Notes.

From The Saturday Review.
SHAKSPEARE ON BEAUTY.

THE admiration that we render to the genius of Shakspeare is not all consciously paid. As with a great building, so with a great genius, wherever excellence or curiosity in the parts is lost in the harmony or perfectness of the whole, admiration is unconsciously or tacitly expressed. In Shakspeare, overpowered by his dramatic force and completeness, we often lose sight of his reasoning ability and his analytical acuteness. No man leaves behind him in quantity so large an intellectual legacy as Shakspeare left, especially when the quality is rare and the variety great, without having put on record incidentally many marks of the detailed workings of his mind; and not only of his special intellectual processes or principles, but also of his tastes and sympathies. But who can say much on these matters respecting Shakspeare? Who does not feel himself to be better informed about the likes and dislikes of Falstaff, Romeo, Othello, or even Hamlet, than he is about the views and sentiments of their originator? The reason is that the genius of Shakspeare was not only profoundly dramatic, but profoundly faithful to dramatic requirement. And thus he becomes individually lost; lost doubly, in the completeness and the variety of his dramatic creations. But though lost to surface study and indiscriminating observation — lost, in short, to that hasty and unsatisfactory character known as the "general reader" — there is no reason why he should not be found, if carefully searched after. In other words, the works of Shakspeare do actually contain traces,

more or less distinct, of what he thought and felt on a great variety of subjects, and by setting these indications side by side a united whole may be gained which tells us a good deal about his mind and heart in this or that. We propose in these remarks to examine how he wrote, and to infer as nearly as may be how he thought, on the subject of personal beauty.

We think it was Lord Chesterfield who once described personal beauty as "a good letter of introduction." Good looks certainly do the work of such letters very well in a great number of instances; but the description will be felt to be mean, feeble, and inadequate. Shakspeare would not have endured it for a moment. He might have put it for dramatic purposes into the mouth of a calculating Iago or a cynical Jaques; but it is the last thing that he himself would have accepted as a description of beauty, for his thoughts ran altogether on another level. They may not win general acceptance just now. It is possible that they may incline some readers to ask, as George III. once asked of Miss Burney (in confidence), "Was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakspeare?" But they are, notwithstanding, on a level which no one would be the worse for trying to reach once more. Beauty, in his conception, was, in the first place, one of the great prime gifts of life. He is continually given to rank it among these. He classes it with

Wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, . . .

with education, youth, honesty, worth, courage, and wisdom. Like all of these, it is to be regarded more as a trust than as a gift. It may be disfigured and wasted, a thing which it is criminal to allow; or increased and transmitted, which is not a matter of caprice, but a duty. Whatever view may be held about the Sonnets in general, no one who knows well that exquisite and difficult series of poems will have much doubt that the reiterated injunctions to perpetuate the great endowment of beauty by transmission, which abound in the first twenty or thirty sonnets, are something more than the expression of a wish regarding a particular case, and represent general and permanent persuasions.

Like those other prime personal faculties or acquisitions, beauty is also, in Shakspeare's view, a potent influencer. It is sometimes mysteriously powerful for evil.

Beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

It "provoketh thieves sooner than gold"; it often makes women proud, and men effeminate. On the other hand, it can and ought to exercise a sovereignty for good—sovereignty, because it is itself hedged round with a kind of regal divinity.

Beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

If it drove Angelo into insane and reckless villany, it more often "reclaims the tyrant," and wins "respect" and "privilege." It can shame the purse-proud into submission, and it can annihilate time.

A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if newborn,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

We have so far spoken only of the relations and the influence of beauty. There is no dramatic poet who writes so clearly, so consistently (within reasonable limits), and so nobly as Shakspeare does about its nature and quality. Every now and then it suits him to write hyperbolically, as when the servant in *Troilus and Cressida* calls, not beauty in the abstract only, but the actual embodied Helen, "love's invisible soul." But Shakspeare's own thought and feeling about the nature of beauty was exactly the opposite of this. A score of passages show that he habitually conceived of it as a kind of semi-corporeal essence, the soul or vital principle of which is goodness. We do not care to inquire how far this was due to the higher influences of Euphuism, or to the mysticism of Italian poets. For, like everything else that he touched, he had made these thoughts essentially his own; and they had been removed by him (though at this time of day they may look almost too delicate for common use) out of the region of the transcendental, and worked into the relations of actual and practical life. In *Measure for Measure*, the loftiest in some respects of all the Shakspearian dramas, the Duke tells Isabella that "the goodness that is cheap in beauty (in other and less apposite words, venality in beauty) makes beauty brief in goodness (shortlived); but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it fair for ever." Antonio, in *Twelfth Night*, mistaking Viola for Sebastian, and bitterly believing himself disowned, tells the supposed fair traitor that he has "done good feature shame":—

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deform'd but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Elizabeth of York, in a quick agony of suspense while discoursing with Richard of her daughter, talks in the same breath of "staining her beauty" and "corrupting her manners." Troilus dreams of constancy, the embodiment of goodness in many kinds, as

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

And the living death of false beauty is likened in Bassanio's lips to the display of borrowed tresses,

The crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness,

when all the while they are dissevered from what was their original and only source of life — "the skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

These with Shakspeare are not transient whimsical phrases. They are his habitual thoughts. They are put into the mouths of the most various characters, and they are intensified by some of his most powerful writing. They differ from the Platonic and Spenserian phantasies so pleasantly discoursed upon by Charles Lamb in the essay on Mrs. Conrady. Delicate and true as these are, there is an air of ingeniousness about them by reason of which they strike less directly home. In them the virtuous soul is the cause of a beautiful exterior, provided always that the material is plastic enough. But the doctrine that the exterior beauty is proportioned to the internal intellectual light is too glaringly contrary to facts to be impressive; and the saving provision that some material is so obstinate that it cannot be worked upon is too general and too elastic. In Shakspeare the beautiful exterior is not attempted to be accounted for; but the laws of its life and death, its durability and decay, are delineated with a fineness and precision of thought which genius might inspire, but which nothing but virtuous soundness of nature could dictate and render habitual.

If, however, we have mentioned Spenser's "Hymne in Honour of Beutie" with a slightly unfavourable contrast on a particular point, it is impossible to end without stopping again to extol it. There is one thought pervading it in which the two great Elizabethan contemporaries could not but agree — in which perhaps all the greatest mediæval and modern poets have agreed — and that is, the immortality of beauty. The line in Keats —

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever —

has performed such severe and unremitting duty as a quotation that we are ashamed once more to recall it. But perhaps it is not very common to recollect that the words, and the whole passage where they stand, indicate a thought which is instinctive in natures of a certain degree of feeling and perception, and which has been seized and embodied by the loftiest minds in their loftiest moods. Keats is possessed primarily by the thought of the abiding effect of things beautiful; but he also conveys what Shakspeare and Spenser and Milton express again and again — the idea of permanency in beauty itself, its association in the mind, not with what is transient, but with what is eternal. We all know what it is to grudge even the passing of a beautiful day —

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die;

we wish to hold fast the "shapes of sky or plain"; and, moved by a stronger instinct still, we cannot lose without unwillingness the present light and glory of personal human beauty. Permanency is not only the thought or emotion of reflecting minds on fronting beauty; it is more than that; it is the blind intuition even of natures that never were and never will be able to compass in thought such abstractions as beauty or permanency at all. Reflection, stimulated perhaps rather than dulled by frequent loss and familiar disappointment, casts about to find what the elements of permanency may be, and the great poets, "in clear dream and solemn vision," have found it, and declare it to be the prime germ of beauty, its life and soul. Call it what you will — grace, virtue, goodness — this "*lucis intellectualis, piena d'amore*" is the real remedy of loss of decay in beauty, the guarantee of perpetuity; it casts a "beam upon the outward shape,"

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

And Shakspeare, whenever he has occasion to do more than merely transmit the name of beauty through his verse, is never far from thoughts like these. He is always ready to pass from the outward to the inward; from the form to the idea; from the corporeal reflection to the inextinguished ray which

Is heavenly-born and cannot die;
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

SOME POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR.

FIRST of all, Europe has been confronted by a new and startling fact. A colossal military Power has unexpectedly risen up among us. We say has unexpectedly risen up, because the most favourable estimates of the Prussian military organization had not prepared us for anything like the reality. Many people thought that the result of a war between Prussia and France would be to displace the latter from the position of military pre-eminence she was supposed to have regained under the Second Empire. But if the contest ends as it has begun, it will do very much more than this. It promises to place Prussia in a position such as France has never held except under Louis XIV. and under Napoleon I. There is much the same sort of difference between this and the position France has lately claimed to hold as there is between the Ultramontane theory of St. Peter's supremacy and the Anglican theory of his primacy. As a military Power France has been, as theologians would say, *primus inter pares*, and the utmost that was looked for from the war was the transfer of this pre-eminence to Prussia. But the utter collapse of the French army, supposing it really to take place, carries with it something very different. With France disposed of, Prussia will be the possessor of an unchallenged supremacy over every other Power taken singly. England certainly could not stand up against her. Austria failed to do so when Prussia was weaker than she is now. Russia may some day have the necessary strength, but at present, according to the best accounts, she neither has nor thinks that she has it. It is too soon to determine how this sudden aggrandizement of one Power may affect the politics of Europe, but it is quite time to point out that the state of things to which it introduces us is one for which we were quite unprepared. It may be all that it is described, but certainly there cannot yet have been time enough to allow a cool observer to come to any final conclusion upon the subject. There are some reasons, no doubt, why Englishmen may fairly rejoice in a great accession to German strength, but it remains to be seen how far these special grounds for self-congratulation on their part will have to be qualified by the commonplace reflection that even Prussians are but men, and that uncontrolled power will still perhaps be capable of abuse, though it may be wielded by Teutonic hands and guided by Teutonic brains.

It will not, however, be in England that

this fact will be soonest or most keenly felt. The victories of Prussia must awaken a far more lively interest in Russia than in any other of the neutral States. For some years past it has been the policy of the Berlin Cabinet to keep on good terms with the Czar. Family alliances made it natural and decent to do so, and there was an obvious prudence in not provoking Russian hostility until it was possible to provoke it without danger. Consequently, Prussia and France have been allowed to bid against each other at St. Petersburg, and as it was not the aim of the Russian Government that either of them should become much stronger than the other, the Czar's Ministers have been careful to encourage both a little, and neither very much. Each rumour of an alliance to be concluded between France and Russia has been followed at no long interval by hints that the relations between Russia and Prussia were never more friendly, and these again have been the forerunner of significant suggestions as to the great things France and Russia might do if they could but recognise the real identity of their interests. Now Russia has been deprived without any warning of the second string on which she has relied for the success of her archery. She will have to confront Prussia in future with no strong Power in the background ready, as well as eager, to take advantage of Prussia's attention being engaged elsewhere in order to undermine her position in Germany. If the policy of the two Governments were really one and the same, this might not be altogether disagreeable to Russia. They would agree to go their own way and to use their common strength for the attainment of their separate objects. But with the consolidation of Germany under Prussian rule the reasons for employing their common strength in this way will cease to have any weight at Berlin. So long as Prussia wanted to extend her influence in Germany Russia might have offered her the inducement of being left to do so in peace. But now that the process is virtually completed, now that Germany south of the Main as well as north of it is virtually one nation and one army, Russia has no longer this bait at her disposal. Prussia has secured all she wanted by her own unassisted strength, and any designs that Russia may entertain in the East will be judged at Berlin with no reference to the bribe that she could once have held out in the shape of a full permission to Prussia to work out her own designs nearer home.

We may look, therefore, for the assumption of a far more independent attitude

towards Russia on the part of the Berlin Cabinet as one of the most immediate results of the war, and it happens that so soon as Count Bismarck has any time to turn his thoughts in that direction he will not be without an opportunity for making this result apparent. For some time back Russia has been engaged in a species of crusade against her German subjects in the Baltic provinces. She has set herself to root out the German language and the Lutheran religion — to destroy, in fact, all the marks which have hitherto distinguished the German nationality in these provinces from the Slavonic type which she has successfully established throughout the rest of her empire. In this respect her policy has been identical with that attributed, whether truly or falsely, by the Germans to the Danish Government in Sleswick-Holstein, and consistency has already demanded that the same ultimatum should be presented at St. Petersburg as was presented at Copenhagen in 1864 — the full recognition, that is, of German claims, or the compulsory severance of the German territories. Hitherto Count Bismarck has been prudently blind to this logical necessity. He was not prepared to fight Russia, and he justly argued that Russia would listen to no interference in her internal affairs which could not be backed in the last resort by an appeal to force. The mission of Prussia as the protector of German interests in all parts of the world was therefore suffered to lie in abeyance, and the Russian government went its own way. It is not likely that this policy will be pursued any longer. The Germans of the Baltic provinces are keenly interested in the events of the war, and when they say to their Russian neighbours, on getting the news of a Prussian success, "Our troops have beaten yours," there may be something prophetic in the instinctive identification of Russia with the defeated army.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

THE absence of military correspondents with the French and Prussian armies — of critical, professional observers of the incidents of the great struggle between the two greatest military nations of Europe — is to be regretted not merely on account of our present loss, great as that is, but because we thus run a risk of wholly missing some of the more important lessons of the war. It is surprising how little really detailed

military information of the past and present events has yet reached us. No diligent military correspondents have hovered about the battle-fields to cull from them the instruction which they were capable of affording; the facile pen which told of the Bohemian triumphs, and which taught us so much, is perforce idle. Even the well-known correspondent who accompanied the Crown Prince has as yet been able to record little of permanent military value and interest. And yet day by day in the Alsatian battle fields lessons of the highest importance to the soldier and to the nation are being spelt out. We may be told that it is too soon to attempt to generalize from the present struggle, that a day's events may upset all our conclusions, that, after all, the campaign is scarcely opened, that nothing absolutely decisive has yet been done. In this there is no doubt much truth. It is too soon to attempt to generalize exhaustively, or to pronounce dogmatically as to the ultimate solution of all the great problems now being worked out upon the Meuse and Moselle. We have, of course, much more to learn, and many questions are still in suspense. But it is not too soon to appeal to the experience of the present war as establishing certain facts, or as affording indications, more or less decided, of important conclusions of grave military import. We have got, at any rate, to the words of one syllable, and these it will be well to make our own before we attempt to master the more difficult lessons. For the present, we shall confine ourselves to setting forth the points which seem to be plainly proved. The instruction to be derived in this way groups itself naturally into several large divisions. There is, for example, that division which connects itself with the personnel of the contending armies, and the organization under which that personnel is directed. There is, again, the question of material of war, its efficiency and application; there is the large and important division which comprehends the various tactical considerations; there is the strategy of the campaign; there is the home application of these and various other lessons to ourselves and our soldiers. To exhaust these subjects would be to write several treatises, and no attempt of the sort will be made here. All we propose to do is to note down from time to time the points which become more or less decidedly established; thus accumulating as the war proceeds some raw material of instruction which may hereafter be usefully applied to the strengthening of our own system.

It is surely not too soon to bear testimony

to the excellence and efficiency of the Prussian soldiers. This is the more important because those who, like ourselves, have advocated a reorganization of our military system on something approaching the Prussian basis have been frequently met with the statement that the reputation of this army rested upon no solid foundation. The supporters of the old standing army system, as contra-distinguished from what we may call the national military system, have urged that the successes of the Prussians in Denmark, or against an internally divided and badly administered military Power like Austria, afforded no guarantee of the success of the Prussian arms against a really first-rate military Power, against a well-trained, vigorous, compact standing army, such as that of France. All advances towards the Prussian system have been met by a depreciation of the performances of the Prussian army in Bohemia and elsewhere. Prussia was ready while her opponents were not; or she happened to be better armed; or she was inherently stronger; or the generals opposed to her were weak and incapable; or there were dissensions in the enemy's camp; or the campaign was too short to admit of sound conclusions being drawn. In fact, the Prussian military strength was hollow. Prick it with a French bayonet, and who should say that it would not go to pieces? The past few weeks will have supplied a complete answer to this criticism. The Prussian arms have achieved a series of extraordinary successes against a French army. And the French army, be it observed, has fought in some respects under what may be regarded as great advantages. It has been animated by all the first fire which lights up and almost sanctifies a popular campaign — by all the confidence of men who anticipated a decided victory. There were new and wonderful weapons, too, to exhibit their prowess; there were French generals of Italian and Algerian reputation, who for years had been studying the question which this war was destined to solve; there was an army numerically stronger, we believe, than any which France has before placed in the field. If there was numerical inferiority, there was the compensating advantage of position. There was, in brief, a military machine believed to be the highest quality, which for years had been undergoing all sorts of polishing and improvement specially in view of the occasion which had at last arrived. This was the force against which the Prussian soldier was called upon to fight. How has he acquitted himself? No one will deny that he has shown a determination, an

intrepidity, a coolness, a discipline which place him at once in the very highest military ranks. While full of a deep fury and intense national dislike of his foe, he has yet carefully subordinated his feelings to his discipline. He has not been betrayed into neglecting the lessons so admirably taught him during peace. He has not fired away all his ammunition like a *feu de joie*, or at impossible ranges; he has not trusted to unreasoning or unnecessary onsets for victory; he has not omitted to fight under cover as far as possible; he has not fought indiscriminately or blindly, although when required, as at Spikeren, he has been ready to execute assaults of the most desperate and bloody kind, and he has throughout exhibited a certain gentleness which is admirable. It seems to us, if the accounts which we have received may be relied upon, that the Prussian soldier has approached as near perfection in his conduct on the march and in action as it is possible to attain to. In gallantry he may not have surpassed the French, but he has equalled them, and he has coupled that gallantry with a discretion and a moral sobriety and quiet earnestness of purpose which the French soldier does not always seem to have exhibited. His very enthusiasm also is of a totally different character from that of his foe. Much of all this, no doubt, is natural to the Prussians; but much of it is the direct offspring of an excellent discipline. And that discipline begins, not in the army, but in the national schools.

The Prussian soldier is an important factor in the results which we have described. The military system completes and compacts what the national education has commenced. That system is essentially an intelligent one in its two main features. In the first place, it draws into the ranks a large proportion of superior recruits; in the second place, it subjects the whole army to a training of the highest character. The expression "superior recruits" is sometimes sneered at in this country by military men. They tell us that we want a soldier to do what he is told — neither more nor less. But we have never been able to comprehend why an intelligent recruit should be less likely to be amenable to discipline than one who recognizes in it nothing more than a mechanical coercive force. Is it not from our superior recruits that our non-commissioned officers are made? And we may also fairly urge that the Prussian army, which is without doubt the most intelligent in the world, is also probably at this moment the most efficient. As to the system of training, we have spoken of this on many

occasions. No one who is interested in these subjects can be ignorant of the method of field instruction in vogue in Prussia, and which we have lately happily adopted to some extent for our troops — the method of bringing large bodies of men together, not for "sham fights," but for a series of military manœuvres which are made as real as the absence of ball cartridge and of an actual enemy will permit — manœuvres by which not merely the rank and the file but the officers and generals are practised and informed. Nor can any one who is acquainted even slightly with the Prussian army believe that the discipline is otherwise than stringent. No soldiers — least of all such soldiers as the Prussians — can be made without discipline. And the product of this system — of this intelligent discipline and training — acting upon a comparatively high personnel, is the army which is now rolling back an attempted invasion by what has hitherto been regarded as the greatest regular military Power in Europe. There is another point to be observed with regard to the Prussian columns now advancing into France. They are not, as a rule, old soldiers. The older soldiers of Prussia are at present in her second line. The first lines — the columns which conquered at Saarbrücken, Woerth, and Mars-la-Tour — are composed mainly of men in their first term of short service; and yet these men seem to lack nothing of the finer qualities of veteran soldiers. Further, these columns derive much of their momentum from the fact that they stand in relation to the nation from which they issue forth, not as a class apart, but strictly as national representatives. The Prussian army is essentially a national army — a national microcosm. It is not a mere isolated body of trained men; it is a vital part of the nation, which beats with the same pulse and is animated with the same emotions. Such a force is, we will not say irresistible, but, well directed, it undoubtedly forms as powerful a military engine, whether for attack or defence, as can be conceived. We call attention to these things, not as being new, but because they have derived from recent events a new emphasis and increased strength, and because, while we are striving to remodel our military system, it behoves us attentively to observe the results of that system which appears to combine at once the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of cost. If standing armies are unendurable, if daily they are becoming more of an anachronism, and if, at the same time, it is daily becoming more and more necessary to have always at hand a number-

ous body of trained men for the defence of the country — a force which, while not always on foot, can spring into active, efficient existence at a moment's notice — then surely it is important to note the suggested and apparently satisfactory solution of this problem which is presented by the Prussians. This is the first great lesson of the present war.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.

WE fear that the sense of the necessity of pressing on our naval and military preparations has grown less keen since Parliament broke up. The event which gave such a sudden impulse to these preparations was undoubtedly the publication of the Draught Treaty and the light it was supposed to throw on the designs of France. Now all danger from this quarter may be considered to have passed away. France is in no position to conquer Belgium; she has enough to do to escape being conquered herself. Fortune has favoured and promises still to favour the arms of Prussia, and most of the organs of English opinion are in such a hurry to make their obeisance to the rising sun that they do not stop to consider whether his rays may not later in the day be found to scorch those exposed to them. We cannot see that the French reverses have made any change in the duty of the English Government. From whatever point of view the war is regarded it seems laden with danger to the tranquillity of the rest of Europe. Let us assume in the first instance that the close of the present campaign will be as triumphant for Prussia as its beginning. We put this simply as a supposition. We have no wish to prejudice the result of the gallant efforts which the French nation are making to retrieve their defeat; but, as impartial observers, it is impossible to doubt that the odds are still greatly in favour of the Prussians, and consequently, in calculating how the future will affect our own policy, it is natural in the first instance to start from this hypothesis. We pointed out the other day what a tremendous military Power Prussia would become in the event of her completely overthrowing the French armies; and we cannot profess to derive much comfort from the reflection that the Prussians belong to the Teutonic race. No doubt distinctions of race are very important, as summing up the action of many ages on particular sections of mankind.

But the identity of the human nature underlying these distinctions is more important still; and one of the best ascertained facts about human nature seems to be that moderation is rarely the offspring of sudden success. Looked at in this aspect—there are other aspects pointing to a different conclusion, on which we may dwell at some other time—the supremacy of Prussia in Europe may be apt to generate future aggressions, and if this is so, it becomes of some moment to know what are the feelings which the Prussians cherish towards Great Britain. It has been too much taken for granted in this country that the success of our fellow Teutons can be nothing but a benefit to England; that it will be rather an advantage than otherwise to have the dictatorship of Europe “in the family.” So far as can be judged from the most influential German newspapers, this is not altogether the view of the case that prevails in Germany. England seems to be regarded there with a mixture of dislike and contempt. This sentiment is mainly due to two causes: one a belief that England could have prevented the war, if she had chosen, by intimating to the Emperor of the French that any readjustment of the French frontier on the Rhine would be opposed by Great Britain at all hazards; the other, a feeling that the German effort to destroy the preponderance of France ought to have found an ally in England. The inaction of England under these circumstances is attributed to the fact that she is no longer a great Power in Europe. She is entirely given up, these journals say, to the pursuit of commercial interests. Her rulers belong to a middle class which has neither the courage nor the willingness to make the sacrifices which are demanded by a great policy, and they themselves have all the indecision which marks statesmen sprung from the bourgeoisie. The Hamburg *Börsenhalle*, itself a commercial organ of great weight, sets out this view with remarkable plainness and precision. The England we have hitherto believed in, it says, has been an ideal England, ruled by an intelligent and energetic aristocracy, which is in its turn supported by a vigorous and patriotic population of country gentlemen, sailors, and merchants. The German people have wilfully shut their eyes to the progress of that social decomposition which now threatens the existence of England. It needed their recent experiences to convince them how deeply the canker of “mercantilism” has eaten into the national character, and to how great an extent the “ferocious selfishness” of the shopkeeper incapacitates

Englishmen from comprehending the policy which can alone secure the true and lasting interests of the British Empire. Let England—the *Börsenhalle* goes on—remain in her isolation. United Germany has no need of her alliance; rather it will be England that will by-and-by present herself as a mendicant for the alliance of Germany. But when that day comes—when England asks for German co-operation in keeping Russia out of Constantinople—let Germany remember 1870.

We have given the substance of this article, because it seems to embody in a very telling way the estimate in which we are held in Germany, and because it is extremely desirable that Englishmen should not delude themselves into thinking that because the aggrandizement of Prussia is the aggrandizement of our ethnological kinsmen, it is therefore indirectly a rise in the world for ourselves. It is clear that so far as views similar to those we have quoted prevail in Prussia the temper of the nation is likely to be hostile towards England. With our high opinion of the middle classes it is difficult for us to realize what the term “bourgeoisie” conveys to a people like the Prussians, proud of their military successes, accustomed to military organization, and subject to an intensely military government. There is in it all the contempt implied in Napoleon's old taunt, “A nation of shopkeepers;” and the contempt in this case is strengthened by the conviction, which was probably wanting in the former case, that the taunt is literally true. When the Germans say that England is governed by its bourgeoisie they are speaking to themselves, not to us. Their object is not so much to hurt our pride as to convince their own people that in all future political combinations England may be left out of the account. She will never act vigorously except where her business interests are concerned, and then, if she is only left to herself, she will be too weak to act to any purpose.

It is not our intention at present to investigate the accuracy of this estimate of the position and character of England. How far our policy for some years back has tended to justify it, and what considerations must be supplied by way of modifying these sweeping conclusions, are points to which we may return some other time. All that need be insisted on now is the probability that a nation which holds us so cheaply will pursue its designs in utter disregard of any effort they may have upon England. What these designs are likely to be is another question. They may have

nothing in them that threatens us in any way whatever. But the existence of a Power in Europe able and willing to take its own course, no matter whether that course does or does not involve injury and dishonour to England, ought to be a sufficient reason for resting our future policy upon an adequate basis of material force. If England has not yet abandoned the claim to be a great Power, the knowledge that she is supposed to have forfeited the title ought to incite her to such an effective revision of her military and naval armaments as may enable her to speak when she thinks fit with the weight and calmness which is the accompaniment of conscious strength.

From The Saturday Review.
RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

AFTER the Congress of Paris in 1856 the policy of Russia was authoritatively declared to be one of strict isolation and reserve. England, it was announced, had betrayed the confidence of the Emperor Nicholas, and repelled his offers of a share in the confiscation of the Turkish Empire, in order to throw herself headlong into an alliance with the Second Empire, and to secure the friendship of a dangerous conspirator by lending him her own prestige. Austria had played an obscure and shifty part as a neutral; Prussia had looked more kindly on her old ally, but declined a closer and more active sympathy. Russia had learnt a severe and bitter but profitable lesson from her heroic efforts and glorious reverses; to live her own life, to recruit and renovate her unexhausted though shattered energies, to devote herself to the material interests of peace—in a word, to “collect herself” for the sure but not precipitate fulfilment of her destinies. *Se recueillir*—that was to be the whole duty of Russian statesmanship for years to come, according to Prince Gortschakoff. That duty has been faithfully observed, and a new Russia, more Muscovite and more discreet, though not less despotic, has been created out of the ruins of the old Russia of serfdom and silence, of intervention and intrigue. In the two great centres of the Empire something like national opinion has sprung up and spread from a few salons to the colleges, and from official circles to public journals. Foreign capital has been attracted by high interest and punctual dividends to investments in railway enterprise. The foundation of a new policy and

a new society have been laid, and while all this internal renovation was going on, never was the foreign policy of Russia more decided, more dignified, or more self-possessed. Sebastopol was scarcely taken when the Emperor Napoleon was meditating his own terms of peace with an enemy who, having served his purpose in obtaining one alliance, might be the confidential partner in another. At the opening of the Italian war in 1859 a Franco-Russian alliance was in the air. Louis Napoleon courted it, nor was it from any want of warmth in his courtship that his “intentions” were declined. What he wanted it for, or what was the ulterior object of his intentions, is less clear. Probably his “intentions” were only half-formed conspiracies against some Power whose alliance was no longer indispensable to him. Russia knew very well that while he was courting her alliance he was coquetting, like his uncle, with the inexhaustible credulity of Poland, and holding in reserve the dreams and hopes of that everlasting victim of French revolutionary jargon. When, a few years later, the Polish insurrection broke out, and that fantastic and impracticable nationality threw away the last chance of a government and administration of its own, the French Emperor felt himself obliged to make some show of active sympathy. But the moment Prince Gortschakoff replied to covert menaces by a disdainful despatch, the heir and successor of the man for whom thousands of brave Poles had fallen in battle drew back, and held his peace; and ever since that signal diplomatic discomfiture he has assiduously cultivated the most friendly relations with the Power that slapped his face, and has almost obsequiously studied to please the restorer of order at Warsaw. His ostentatiously affectionate welcome to the Czar in Paris during the International Exhibition—a welcome so inauspiciously interrupted by a Polish pistol—was bitterly remarked by French Republicans. During the four years of preparation for the attack upon Prussia, Louis Napoleon has persevered in his assiduities at St. Petersburg, through one of the most devoted of his personal agents, whose favoured position at the Court of Alexander II. is a favourite topic in the Official Journal. This laborious affectation of friendship has not, however, estranged him from his other alliances, with England, with Austria, and with Turkey. It has rather assumed the character of a warning to his other allies to beware of the possibility of that Russian alliance which he could never obtain. Alexander II., if less

disdainful than his father of these advances, is scarcely more solicitous of their sincerity. While the *Journal Officiel* was dwelling with eager satisfaction on General Fleury's successes as a courtier, the Czar was publicly and formally exchanging with King William of Prussia congratulatory reminiscences of a memorable defeat of the First Napoleon in Germany.

Such were the relations between the Governments of France and Russia when the Duke of Gramont read to the Chambers the declaration of war, and such to all appearances they are now, when the German armies under the Prussian standards are marching upon the French capital. For the best of reasons Russia is watching the frontiers of the Posen, and holding Austrian neutrality in check. In the Baltic Russia observes the movements of the French squadrons with anxious attention. Russia advises and sustains the neutrality of the Scandinavian kingdoms. Russian influence restrains rather than encourages the rash intrigues of the King of Italy. Russia recognizes the justice of the retribution which Prussia is inflicting upon Imperial France. But when we say "Russia," we mean the Russian Court and Government. Nothing less probably than the appearance of the Sultan in the field as the ally of France against Germany, or the armed intervention of Austria, or perhaps the formation of a Polish legion, would tempt the Czar to swerve from his neutrality, or to abandon the common interest of all the neutral States in circumscribing the area of hostilities. For if Russia, in the sense of the Russian Government, is certainly not unfavourable to the German cause, very different is the public opinion of Russia, so far as it finds expression in the journals of that party which is supposed to represent the national sentiment of the Russian people. These journals and especially the most independent and influential of them all, are loud and emphatic in their sympathy for France in her present trials and troubles. They complain of the partiality of the official telegrams which exaggerate the successes and disguise the losses of the German armies. They swear as valiantly as the *Gaulois* or the *Soir* that the victories of France are yet to come, and rejoice by anticipation in the disastrous retreat of King William and his confederates across the Rhine. To what are we to ascribe these Muscovite sentiments? To chivalrous compassion for the gallant heroes of the Malakoff, the descendants of the heroes of the retreat from Moscow? To a belief in the democratic and socialistic ideas of Louis

Napoleon? To the love of the Russian aristocracy for Paris? Or is it to the Muscovite hatred of all that is German — of German statesmen, German generals, German administrators, and German bureaucrats? Or to the natural antipathy of near neighbours? Or to jealousy of the copartitioners of Poland? Or to a dim fear of a future revindication by united Germany of the Baltic provinces? The last we take to be the best of all the good reasons and bad passions that may be found in the Prussophobia of the Russian press, especially in the organs of the old Russia party. If we add the spirit of resistance to whatever may be the course of the Government, this extreme tenderness for the hereditary patrons (and betrayers) of Polish nationality is perhaps sufficiently explained.

Without attaching too much importance to the stories, in which the French official press appears to take comfort, of the extraordinary social successes of General Fleury at the Russian Court, of the Emperor Alexander leaning on the arm of the Ambassador and putting him on terms of confidential and almost affectionate intimacy, there is reason to believe that these lively demonstrations have a more than personal significance. The Emperor Alexander is a kind-hearted man, and he must feel for the woes of the ruler of France. Common generosity — not to speak of Imperial magnanimity — would, under existing circumstances, recommend one of Louis Napoleon's nearest and dearest friends to the sympathies of the Sovereign to whom he is accredited. Personal courtesy is not necessarily an act of policy, and personal kindness to a reconciled enemy and a hospitable friend who has fallen upon evil days is grateful to one's feelings without compromising one's interests. Alexander II. may be glad to break the fall of the French Emperor by lavishing attentions upon his favourite agent. To suppose that all this "enforced ceremony" means a deliberate design on the part of the Czar to relinquish a secure and profitable neutrality in favour of France, to exchange an old and tried alliance for a new and hazardous one, to stand, armed and menacing, between a liberated Germany and a defeated aggressor, as France stood between Austria and Prussia at Nikolsburg, to snatch from King William the result of hard-won victories, and to save the disturber of European peace from merited retribution — this appears to us a very wild hypothesis. The Russian people — or, rather, the knot of eccentric politicians who impersonate a people — may be jealous of the triumphs of

German arms and of her vast defensive military organization, which is henceforth to be supreme in Central Europe. Looking to the present, and not into some far and shadowy future, the military supremacy of Germany, united under Prussian leadership, in Central Europe should be a guarantee, rather than a danger or an obstacle, to the peaceful growth and prosperity of Russia, so long as Russia remains a defensive Power. An alliance with France is an alliance with the Revolution. This might please the communists, but what have the old Russian party, the exterminators of the Polish nationality, what have the new Russian party, the Panславic agitators in Bohemia, to hope from it? If by an alliance with France the old Russian party means a division of the empire of the East, it can

hardly be the common interest of the present neutral Powers to prevent Prussia from exacting full securities against such experiments. Russia may regard with evil eyes the development of German naval power, but this development is only the natural and inevitable consequence of the territorial extension and unity of a nation whose mercantile marine is already the second in the world. If Russia dislikes the unity of Germany, she must learn to accept one more accomplished fact. The Russian Government is in no condition to go to war to prevent it; and if it tried to do so, it would seek in vain for allies, and would provoke disasters compared with which the retribution that is falling upon the inordinate ambition and the firebrand policy of Napoleonic France would be but a passing cloud.

ONLY A WORD!

A FRIVOLOUS word, a sharp retort,

A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet,
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead.
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe
Than all the armies age to age
Records on hist'ry's blood-stained page.
All the Year Round.

ISABEL.

"ISABEL, Isabel!
This is dreary work,— ah, well!
Dreary work to weave in verse
Something to bedeck thy hearse;
I who fain would only weep,
Gazing on thee laid to sleep
By a spell the ages keep.

"Isabel, Isabel!
When thy footsteps lightly fell
On the May-day flowers, less fair
Than thy virgin graces were,
Little did I think the vow,
Made to thee with laughing brow,
Would be kept at last as now.

"Isabel, Isabel!
Thus you said: "O ring my knell!
Never sing of any one,
Till these mortal sands be run:
Beauty flees, and leaves no trace;
Honour changes to disgrace;
Death alone can crown the race." "

Spectator.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

Yes! This is the happy Christmas-time, and
yet how strange it seems!
The crimson flush on the flowering brush, the
flame on the splendid streams;
The sun's bold glance — the mirage-dance of
the bright Australian noon —
As the warm-breath'd breeze just stirs the trees
that girdle the broad lagoon.
Still as I gaze on the blooms that fringe the
wild creek's sunny flow,
I think of faces far away where the fields are
white with snow!
And wonder and weep — "Will their
memories keep,
'Mid the mirth of this gladsome day,
A sacred place for an absent face
Five thousand leagues away?"

Again I see the old elm-tree, with its branches
bleak and bare,
And the rustic seat where lovers meet — Yes!
lovers and seat are there;
And I fancy I know that arch bright smile, the
turn of the glittering curl
That hangs (like the spray of the fruitful vine)
on the neck of a lovely girl!
And the sterner face, above her bent, is lit
with a softer light,
As her voice falls low like a wavelet's song when
sunset fades to night.
And they list to the merry Christmas
chimes,
And laugh. Ah! well-a-day!
Does *she* ever think of a changeless face
Five thousand leagues away?

The snow may rest in last year's nest that
hangs on the hazel copse:
But the birds will flit through the boughs, and
sit again in the rocking tops:
Tho' the cottage eaves are lone, and miss the
flash of a welcome wing,
We know the swallows will come again with the
sunshine and the spring.
And so, returned, an old, old love in each true
bosom swells,
When the sad sweet rhyme of an ancient time
chimed in with the Christmas bells.
Ah! *then* their memories turn to me,
And "God's blessing" still I pray
On the eyes that dim when they think of
him
Five thousand leagues away!

I know life's time of golden prime — the beau-
tiful time of yore —
Has faded away, like a fallen star that will
shine in Heaven no more.
And I sometimes yearn to backward turn my
steps, and a day re-live,
That my lips might sound the happy laugh that
only a child can give!
But ah! 'tis vain; we can ne'er regain our
childhood's sand of gold;
'Tis well as our bodies fade and fail, if our spir-
its grow not old!

That heart to heart in love may start
With the bells of each Christmas-Day
"Lord, keep our memories green" —
those
Five thousand leagues away!
Athenæum

THE MUSICIAN.

He sweeps the strings: the children dance;
In cadence true leap little feet;
And brighter flashes childhood's glance,
And louder echoes laughter sweet.
The maiden's smile, so coyly shrined,
'Neath rosy lip and drooping lid,
Wakes, half revealing what her mind
Deemed idle fancy, safely hid.

He sweeps the strings, and hopeful youth
Looks fearless out on coming years;
There lie the golden days of truth,
Undimmed by cloud of leaden fears.
The dimples, half effaced, renew
The careful mother's wasted cheek;
As autumn leaves, made bright with dew,
A borrowed beauty sometimes seek.

He sweeps the strings; and saddened heart
Dwells in the strain that brings her pain
Dreams of the blest who never part,
And bids awhile her sorrows cease.
The priest lays laws and Rubric down,
And sheathes his text-besprinkled sword;
Already sees the harp and crown,
And hopeful waits the coming Lord.

He sweeps the strings; and at the sound,
The old man by the fireside stirs;
Lifts palsied head to look around,
And, 'mazed, the dear old music hears.
His trembling feet in measure beat;
His thoughts are far behind him cast;
And young tears rise in aged eyes,
And once more lives the golden past.
Once a Week.

AN AUGUST TWILIGHT.

Now, while the evening mists above the grove
Rise shoulder-high, and spread with swift in-
crease,
How stealthily the twilight steals around,
Infolding all in the sweet zone of peace!
One white star blinks beside the calm-faced
moon,
And one above the bar of silvery gray
Within the west, which, slowly narrowing now
Shews like a chink in the closed doors of day.
And, as for love of these, one passionate bird
Pours forth a passionate song so sad and sweet
From the near dewy brake. The leaves are
stirred
With the faint pulsing airs that only beat,
And do not blow; while some sad dog's deep
Goes o'er the fields across the night away.
Chambers' Journal

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.
BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II.

I HAVE endeavoured to describe the last great movement in English politics by bringing out those great characteristics of it which are easily overlooked by those who are concerned in the movement itself, because their attention is pre-occupied by details, but which immediately come into conspicuous prominence when the movement is over and has passed into history. I have endeavoured to look at contemporary history as the next generation will look at it, at least in one respect; that is, in giving attention rather to the results produced, and to the changes actually wrought in the institutions of the country, than to the striking incidents or characters that may mark the period. I have delineated a revolution, transacted not without great excitement at times, yet without anarchy or bloodshed, limited in its range, leaving entirely untouched the foundations and framework of the Constitution, and very slightly affecting those great institutes of civilization which modern governments have learned the wise modesty of leaving to themselves, yet still a revolution deserving to be so called. I have endeavoured to analyse the character of this revolution; I have found that it has had a uniform tendency throughout, and may be described in one word as a movement to abolish monopolies.

It is impossible to consider such a movement without raising the question of the causes which have produced it. When a nation makes a persevering effort to snap some chain, some cramping restriction under which it suffers, we may be sure that one of two things has taken place,—either the chain has been drawn tighter, and the suffering of the nation has goaded it to resistance; or, oppression remaining the same, or even growing lighter, the spirit of the nation has risen so as to burst through the restraint. We are apt hastily to attribute revolutions to the former cause, whereas history shows that they are generally due to the latter. Revolutions are not generally convulsions of despair, nor

are they caused by an increasing severity of oppression. Outbreaks of despair are to be met with in history, but they are commonly unsuccessful. When oppression increases, it is generally because it knows itself strong, and in such cases if it provokes rebellion it usually proves able to crush it, so that actual revolution is averted. There have been outbreaks of despair in Poland, but they have been unsuccessful; in America the unsuccessful rebellion of the Southern States was an outbreak of despair. On the other hand, the French Revolution was no outbreak of despair; it followed not an increase of despotism, but a relaxation of it. It happened not when the sufferings of the people were at the greatest, but when they had been very greatly relieved, and when oppression, comparatively speaking, had ceased to exist. It was caused by a feeling of strength and hope on the part of the people, not by a feeling of despair. It was the painful awakening from a swoon. "Life's joy, reviving, roused a throng of pains." In the far less violent English movement of our age the same thing may be remarked. It was not because monopolies had become more oppressive and invidious forty years ago that the rebellion against them began: they had, in fact, become milder. In the preceding age a great many minor disabilities of the Catholics had been removed, and Cobden had his precursor in Huskisson. The excluded classes were not roused by new provocation, but by a new feeling of strength and hope. The first taste of freedom had made them wish for the full enjoyment of it. They saw before them a new chance, which lay in the growth of a new power in the State—the power of public opinion.

Few principles are better settled in the politics of the present day than the absolute sovereignty of public opinion. If the nation demands a thing, there is no politician or party of politicians that will now undertake to refuse it. Discussion may be raised on the question, What constitutes a demand on the part of the nation? It may be argued, and those who are averse to change will argue, that what pretends to be a national demand is not really so, but merely the demand of a section arrogating

to itself the name of the nation; or that it is not a deliberate and serious demand, but a fancy or whim on the part of the public that will not hold. This the opposite party will make a point of denying, and they will spend rather more rhetoric upon proving that the people desire the change in question than they will bestow upon proving it to be beneficial. To prove it beneficial, if the change proposed were of any magnitude, would advance it a very little way. The important question is, Is it wanted? Laws now are like commodities; the supply of them is regulated by the demand. Politicians hold it almost as disrespectful to the nation to outrun its wishes as to thwart them. In former times they had the same feeling towards Parliament. To catch the spirit of Parliament, to jump with its humours, not to be behind it nor too much before it, was the study of many politicians of the last century. Now it is public opinion that has to be watched and studied, and it is wonderful how large a part of our parliamentary debates is now devoted to the question, What do the people want, and how much do they want it, and do they want it now, or will they wait? Aristotle told us, long ago, that the question in deliberative oratory is not of right or wrong, but of expediency. With us even expediency has begun to seem too abstract a consideration; the question now is rather of opportuneness. It is not, Will the measure be useful, and will it work? but, Do people want it, and are they calling out for it?

The House of Commons, which we are accustomed to call supreme in the State, has in fact always been under one master or another. In the last century it never talked of the influence that ruled it. The debates are silent of that which was always uppermost in the minds of the Members. Parliament was devoured by a secret passion: it never told its love. But as soon as it escaped from this spell, from the dominion of the great pension-giver or place-giver of the day (the Minister in the first half of the century, the King himself in the last), it fell under the influence of public opinion—an influence which it was not so much ashamed to acknowledge. The last Resolution directed against the overpowering influence of the Crown was moved by

Brougham in 1822; and ten years later the new Monarch Public Opinion was installed with the passing of the Reform Bill. Now where was public opinion in the last century? Had it no power, no existence? From the time that it was aroused by Wilkes and Junins, i.e. from about 1770, it had certainly a power, though a power indefinite and seldom exercised. That was the beginning of the new time, though the dial was afterwards put back many degrees in the panic of the French Revolution. But, before that, what traces do we find of the influence of public opinion? There are one or two. Walpole's Excise was defeated by a popular clamour in 1733. The indignation gradually excited in the public mind by the pertinacious invective of the Patriots principally contributed to the fall of Walpole in 1741. But these isolated efforts rather served to make the general insignificance of public opinion more striking. They were irresistible movements, but blind and irrational ones. They were dreaded by Ministers, and turned to account by the Opposition, as Shaftesbury turned to account the hurricane raised by Oates; but they could impress neither party with any respect for the opinion out of doors. How strongly contrasted the wild clamour, to which Walpole, with secret contempt, yielded his Excise, and the popular agitation to which another great Minister, a hundred years later, convinced and candidly confessing his economical error, yielded up the Corn Law!

England has never been absolutely without a public opinion. There never perhaps was a time when an obnoxious tax threatening men's pockets, or some keen sense of public disgrace, would not excite a formidable clamour. As much public opinion as this, but scarcely more, there was in the first half of the eighteenth century. The most striking proof of its general powerlessness is to be found in the fact that, whereas legislation now in all great matters invariably takes the direction indicated by public opinion, in the eighteenth century it took, on the whole, the opposite direction. The constitutional development of that age was accomplished, for the most part, in defiance of the wishes of the majority. The Toleration Act and the Act of Settlement were

passed, the Brunswick family introduced and supported, at a time when, as Lord Macaulay acknowledges, the effect of a Reform Bill would certainly have been a persecution of the Dissenters, and probably a restoration of the Stuarts. The Whig party of that age won their cause. They wished to limit the influence of the Crown and of the Church. These objects they attained. The Crown and the Church have been controlled not less, and probably more, than they wished. And yet throughout that century the nation was Tory. Public opinion, such as it was — if we may give that name to a mere sum of individual opinions — was uniformly on the losing side. The present sovereignty of public opinion is evidenced, as I have said, by the tone of parliamentary debate. Its insignificance in the last century may be shown by the same test. Instead of deference, the House of Commons in that age adopted a peremptory and despotic style in their dealings with the people. If now their temptation is to sink into delegates, then they rather assumed the airs of the fathers of the people. There was indeed a time when it seemed possible that there might be a revolutionary collision between the nation and its representative assembly. Parliament seemed entering upon the career of the Stuarts, and might have suffered a fate like theirs, had it been possible for the perversity of an assembly to be as desperate as that of a wrong-headed individual.

Now, what is the change which has passed over the country to raise public opinion from insignificance to actual omnipotence? To speak of the spread of democratic sentiments is not to solve the problem, but merely to state it again in other words. Nor will it do to say that public opinion, having been invoked by the Whigs in the first Reform Bill against their enemies, the Tories, has refused to give up the position it was allowed momentarily to assume. Public opinion must have changed very much since the last century to be able to hold so high a tone. The popular opinion to which Shaftesbury appealed, or that which Pulteney inflamed against Walpole, was not capable of being dangerous to the statesmen that had taken it into their alliance. Had it tried to govern, it must have failed. We

may think, if we will, that public opinion now does not rule wisely, and that there might be a much better ruler; but the populace that ran after Sacheverell, and clamoured against excise, were evidently incapable of ruling at all. It is manifest that a great change must have passed over the character of public opinion. Such a change it is not difficult to discover, and it may be expressed in one word, by saying that in the interval between 1770 and 1829 the public opinion of the country gained *organization*.

Public opinion, as I have said, is not merely the sum of the opinions of the individuals composing the public. The individuals must be brought into relation with each other, and be formed into some sort of organic whole, before anything worthy to be called a public opinion can spring up among them. It is by discussion and communication that men arrive at a common understanding. But supposing such a common understanding created, it could not become a commanding force in politics except in certain conditions. It would require, first, some means of obtaining a constant supply of information upon public affairs, and, secondly, some means of making its conclusions known. Public opinion is organized when it has three things — sources of information, means of discussion, organs of expression. These three things are enough for organization. Wanting them, public opinion is powerless: possessing them, it becomes a power, and is in a condition to govern. Perhaps something more is required to make it wise as well as powerful — to make it govern well, as well as govern.

All these three conditions of power public opinion in the eighteenth century may be said practically to have wanted, though it did not want any of them absolutely. It acquired them in the period between 1770 and 1829, through the extension of the newspaper system, through the rise of the practice of association and public meeting for political purposes, and through the extension of the old practice of petitioning. That period may be called the period of the organization of public opinion.

The newspaper supplies to public opinion all the three requisites at once, though in very unequal degrees. It furnishes the

people with the means of discussion. Controversies are carried on in it; facts are marshalled on one side and the other; eloquence is displayed in the examination and application of the facts. Every paper by itself is equivalent to a parliament; all the newspapers taken together constitute a parliament, which, for the mere purpose of discussion, is far more efficient than any Parliament that ever sat at Westminster. It is far more efficient, because the newspaper discussion is always going on; at every minute of the day it is occupying some minds; whereas the parliamentary discussion ceases during half the year, and half the day. The parliamentary discussion is localized, but the newspaper discussion is ubiquitous — no corner of the kingdom that it does not penetrate; and every man may take as much or as little of it as he pleases, and at the time when he finds it most convenient. This Parliament, in fact, is always sitting, and its strangers' gallery seats conveniently the whole nation. Much more of the same kind might be added, if it were necessary to show at length, what in fact, is obvious, that considered merely as a machinery for the investigation and discussion of political questions, the press far surpasses the Parliament. Parliamentary debates have, in fact, become little more than brief extracts or recapitulations of the debates of the press. Parliament has a province of its own, and does for us much that the press could not do; but its special province is no longer that of discussion.

Besides being a machinery for that discussion out of which public opinion springs, the press is also a machinery for giving public opinion, when it is formed, that expression which makes it a power. Administrators directing special departments with special knowledge may despise the Press even while they fear it, and may count its interference merely mischievous and unreasonable; but where no special knowledge is required, and the question is not of general scope and tendency of measures, the Press speaks the word which, under the present *régime*, is authoritative. I am afraid of wearying my readers by repeating what is so well known. What is more to the point here is to remark how recently public opinion has gained the use of this speaking-trumpet, and how helpless it was in the last century, with its dumb Toryism in the presence of its Whig rulers.

But as a machinery for discussion, and as an organ of expression, the Press is not the only nor always the most efficient instrument of public opinion. The characteristic function of the Press is to furnish it

with information. Without constant and good information about what is going on, we cannot conceive a ruler. In past times public opinion was only in any sense a ruler in communities that were collected in single towns, like Athens or Florence — communities, that is, that were always within reach of the latest information, and that were actual eye-witnesses of most public proceedings. In the first French Revolution public opinion could not have exerted the power it did, had it not been concentrated in Paris, gained its information in Paris, formed its determinations in Paris, and from Paris dictated to France. As accessibility of information is the common characteristic of all popular governments, so in despotisms there is always a profound general ignorance of public affairs. "*Inscitia reipublicæ tanquam alienæ*" is the token by which a despotically ruled community may be known. Now, this mark was to be found upon England in the last century, and the consequence was that in the midst of free institutions public opinion was powerless. It was powerless from its ignorance, and that arose from the mere want of the machinery necessary for conveying knowledge to it. Except in London, there could be no prompt intelligence of public affairs. News — except it were such news as the Pretender's march to Derby — travelled so slowly, that had public opinion been then accustomed to express itself, it would have been constantly too late. And what is more important, the kind of news which for this purpose is most necessary was not accessible at all. It is by the habit of reading the parliamentary debates that the English public acquire a control over Parliament. If the publicity of these debates were taken away, the newspapers remaining in all other respects the same, it is probable that the empire of public opinion would be at an end. In the times, then, when the debates were not yet regularly reported, or were imperfectly reported, so that you did not know whether you were reading the words of Pulteney or those of the reporter, Samuel Johnson, or so that they were kept back till the end of the session in order that the editor or printer might escape the vengeance of the House, — in such times what control could public opinion have over statesmen? Now, the leading politicians are to every one among us like intimate acquaintances; we know the course they have taken in a multitude of cases; we can quote what they said on this occasion and on that; and therefore, in speaking, they too learn to consider the nation as listening, and cannot

help acquiring that deference for the whole nation that a speaker who hopes to be successful must always feel for his audience. We know our statesmen now as well as the Athenian theatre knew the face of Cleon, as familiarly as the Roman forum knew the features of the old Cato; but the Pelhams and Butes of the last century must have been personages as unknown to the mass of the nation as a Kaunitz or a Metternich to the Austrian peasantry.

So much has been done by the spread of journalism alone. But all this might leave public opinion still a somewhat passive thing, however enlightened. To read the newspaper makes no demand upon the will and the active energies. Men might read of public affairs and become well acquainted with them, and yet from the habit of inaction might not be induced to interfere energetically in them, or their discontent might evaporate in unregarded newspaper complaints. Free and abundant newspapers have perhaps never yet existed where public opinion was not sovereign; but then they have hitherto always been accompanied by certain other things, from which if they could be separated, it seems conceivable that they might be reconciled with despotism or with class government. In England, at the same time that the Press began to make a business of reporting the parliamentary debates, and began to acquire courage to comment freely on public affairs, public opinion possessed itself of another great organ. This new organ is complex; its potency is derived from the union of two things which, separately, would have been feeble; just as the steam locomotive and the railroad could have done little separately, but combined have changed the face of the globe. What answer in this case to the locomotive and the railroad are political leagues and political meetings. It was about 1770, the date I have already had to refer to, that societies were for the first time organized for the purpose of promulgating particular views on public questions; in other words, for influencing and modifying public opinion. Had such societies confined themselves to the old methods, they would perhaps never have found out how much they were capable of achieving. But about the same date the political meeting, that institution so native to England, that the French have adopted the word "meeting" into their language, began to be common. This, too, by itself, was no great political invention. The speeches delivered at such meetings are commonly not half so good as the leading articles of those newspapers that are in the hands of

every one, while to hear them it is necessary to struggle with a hot and disagreeable crowd. But it was gradually discovered that there was a particular crisis in the discussion of political questions; the moment when literary discussion is over, when in argument nothing more remains to be done, when every one is convinced that is open to conviction, and when the question is of transferring the matter from the ground of speculation to that of action; at this moment it was found that there was something more potent than the Press, and that it consisted in a combination of the principles of the league and the meeting. So long as facts and arguments have to be collected, so long as able, sincere, and thoroughly disinterested opposition has to be overcome, so long there is work for the Press; but when this time has passed away, when there is nothing to be said but what has been said over and over again, and when the opposition has become hollow, or obstinate, or ignorant, or merely interested, then the Press gives place to an engine suited to the particular case. A league appears, which works by public meetings. All over the country these meetings are called. Addresses are delivered which are not like essays, nor like leaders, nor like parliamentary speeches, but like general orders in a camp or the military cohortations of a Roman emperor. These addresses presume immediate action; and to heighten the impression, they are not published, but spoken by the living voice, and men are called upon to be present on a given spot at a given time to hear them. There men assemble, and there they hoot and stamp. It is disagreeable, but so is all making and forging of things that are to endure wear and tear; and in the midst of that heat, and by means of all that hooting and stamping, shapeless opinions are hammered into definite measures, and thoughts are forged into substantial facts.

If the characteristic political *acts* of this period are, as I pointed out, acts abolishing monopolies, this is the *mode of action* which most remarkably characterizes it. The great meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League in Covent Garden Theatre, or those meetings of the Reform League, which are still fresh in all our memories, may have seemed to many, even of those who sympathized with the promoters of them, not edifying, not delightful. Perhaps they were not, but they were more characteristic of that time than most gatherings we have witnessed. An Englishman of the seventeenth century, could he return, would be interested and astonished by few things so

much; and a future poet who may live in a different age, when—shall we say?—the reign of public opinion is over, and some other power—can we fancy it?—is enthroned,—a future poet, writing a poem about this age, would seize instinctively upon such incidents. He would feel instinctively that in these public meetings he had the truest image of government, such as it was, in the period he was describing; that in painting them he could paint the age itself; and doubtless he will paint them with such an exquisite choice of words, and in such delightful numbers, that everything about them that was vulgar and unpleasant shall disappear, so that the youths and maidens of that future time shall learn the passage by heart, shall repeat it to themselves in solitary walks, and shall say, "Oh, to have lived in those times! Oh, to have been present at the breaking of those Park railings!"

These leagues may be considered as a kind of occasional system of government set up for a particular purpose beside the permanent government of the country. Not satisfied with its assembly at Westminster, public opinion creates new deliberative assemblies all over the country to debate a particular question. The public meetings are like a rival parliament, and the leaders of the league are like a rival ministry. Cobden was Peel's rival in the government of the country, but his authority extended only to one measure; he was dictator for the purpose of repealing the Corn Laws. Equipped, then, with this wonderful apparatus of occasional parliaments communicating with the Parliament proper, not only by the published reports of their proceedings, but also by the mechanism of petitions (which also received a great extension during the same period), and at the same time possessing a free press of unrivalled activity and variety, what a power has public opinion now become! How changed must needs be the condition of the country in which such a power had grown up! Politics must indeed be different now from what they were when they were the secret of a few hundred gentlemen who debated without reporters at St. Stephen's, and when a placid agricultural population never concerned themselves with them, but when they were afraid of a new tax, and then had no means of expressing their discontent, but riot.

When, then, the question presents itself of the causes which have given to the present age its peculiar character, which have made it so much more revolutionary and agitated than the last, we might be

contented to remember this new power, and that at the moment when the pressure of the war-time was removed it began for the first time to play freely upon public affairs. The coincidence of dates is evidently pretty exact. But it is easy to bring the two things into much closer connection, and to show in detail how the power of organized public opinion actually intervened and decided the course of things. I fixed the beginning of the present period in the year '29. What was it that made that year so memorable? It was the capitulation of the Government of the country to a popular clamour. Now such a capitulation was nothing new in itself. Walpole had yielded to a popular clamour a century before. But there was all the difference in the world in the manner and occasion of the surrender. What he yielded was nothing fundamental; he simply withdrew an unpopular financial scheme. What he yielded to was a confused and senseless outcry. The concession of 1829 surrendered the fundamental principle of the Tory régime. It was a concession that evidently carried with it a whole series of other concessions, a concession that was felt everywhere to be equivalent to a revolution in government. Walpole conceded one point that he might retain the substance of his power; the Wellington Ministry surrendered the substance of its power and retained only the shadow. This it did while still in secure possession of a parliamentary majority. What could make it attach so much importance to a popular feeling, a feeling, moreover, which was strictly confined to one part of the empire? The answer is, that the public opinion against which they struggled was organized. Being organized, it had a respectable and reasonable character, which had been wanting to the popular movements of the last century. Without being less vehement and impassioned, it was rational in argument and prudent in behaviour.

It was no mob, but a disciplined popular army, not to be intimidated, and not likely to abandon its purpose. And how was it organized? This was a case in which the Press could not do much, for controversy on the Catholic claims was pretty well exhausted. A league was wanted. The Catholic Association came into existence; O'Connell was its prime minister; its parliaments were held all over Ireland. Opposed to the constitution of the empire stood now the extemporized constitution of Irish public opinion. The new power, which had been growing up ever since 1770, stood confronting the old powers

of Government. A duel between them began. Those old powers had every inducement to fight well; they had a great party at their back, and, if there was danger of war, a great general at their head; the principles of their party were at stake, nay, the dignity of Government itself, which, it might be considered, was lost if Parliament so openly acknowledged a master.

In these circumstances, the surrender of government, made not in panic or haste, but with deliberation and under a sense of duty, becomes one of the most pregnant and memorable acts of modern times. It was an act of abdication, and an irrevocable one. It was the reluctant but still decided recognition of a power in the State superior to all the powers recognized by law. This power of public opinion had been treated, by the immemorial custom of statesmen and philosophers, as a thing to be controlled and chastised. Nor did the ministry that now crowned it for a moment think that it deserved to reign in right of any competence or wisdom that it possessed. But they found it necessary to treat it as sovereign, however capricious, and as not to be disobeyed even when least to be respected. The results of the great surrender I do not undertake here to reckon up or measure. I am concerned only with one result of it, which was inevitable. It was inevitable that public opinion, thus installed as sovereign, and possessed of such a powerful organization, should for a time at least have everything its own way. It was easy to foresee that a time was opening of government by public opinion, a time when Parliament would in a measure fall into the background, and the outside organization—that is, the Press in quiet seasons, and at every crisis the machinery of leagues and public meetings—would have an exceptional and almost tyrannous power.

I need not stop to demonstrate at any length that all this has taken place. We know well that in the present age the newspaper has had a far greater power than it ever had before. Journalism attracted far more ability than in former times. The higher style of journalism became now easy to a multitude of pens. As the smoothness of versification, that was once the secret of Pope, has passed long since within the reach of every schoolboy, so every clever journalist has now mastered the terseness and point that made the celebrity of Junius. Historians will have to recognize the ascendancy of the *Times* newspaper, during the greater part of this period, as one of the most important

phenomena of the age. They will also have to note that in the later part of the period journalism made a further progress, and added to the trenchant vigour and polish of its higher style a richness of knowledge and thought that would have seemed recklessly wasted had it been spent upon forming the uninfluential public opinion of earlier times. Still less necessary can it be to detain you by describing the vigour and authority with which leagues have acted at every critical moment since their first victory in Catholic Emancipation. The Anti-Corn Law League had the same success as the Catholic Association, and it exhibited all the same features. Its achievement was in one respect greater. O'Connell had appealed almost entirely to the feelings. It was no new thing for a great orator to rouse and stir the hearts of multitudes, though the prodigious extent of O'Connell's influence was a new thing. But it could hardly have been guessed beforehand that the machinery of popular agitation could have been adapted to the purpose of teaching political economy, and that the Government could have been brought to confess itself not intimidated, not merely induced to change its course, but actually convinced and converted by the arguments addressed to excited mobs. Since the success of that movement, agitation has been less energetic only because its power is less resisted. Parliament has become so obsequious that agitation need no longer be violent. Public opinion is now so confident of its power that it contents itself with silently pointing a finger, or with dropping a few tranquil words, where before it declaimed and denounced with vehement excitement.

Nothing can be more evident than the cause of the great changes that characterize the present age. We see a power growing up that was unknown to the last century, and we can distinctly see this power at its work. The great monopolies that have fallen in the last forty years have fallen by the visible stroke of organized public opinion. It remains to show why this particular power should occupy itself with this particular kind of work. No one, perhaps, could have foreseen that the result of elevating public opinion to supreme power would have been precisely this. We should not have predicted that the new *régime* would leave many evils untouched, would be singularly inert and negligent in many departments of reform, but would work with persistent relish and enjoyment in the abolition of monopolies.

I shall endeavour to give some explanation of this in my next lecture. I will close

the present by considering the great change in the character of political parties that has been produced by the introduction of the *régime* of public opinion.

Deliberation of whatever kind, and conducted under whatever conditions, has for its first result the formation of parties. When a multitude of individuals for the first time compare their opinions, it will be discovered that though, perhaps, no two precisely agree, yet the types of opinion are not more than two or three. Like instinctively aggregates itself to like, and in doing so becomes more like. Minor differences disappear, and general agreement becomes complete agreement. As the passing of chaos into cosmos is described by the words, "God divided the light from the darkness," so in the political world mere confusion and isolation begin to pass into order through a great sundering or division. Now that organization of public opinion, which I have described, was equivalent to the creation of a new and universal Deliberative Assembly. It was as if the people of England, who before had lived apart from one another, each man with his own political views, which he compared but very seldom and imperfectly with those of his neighbours, had been called to a great National Parliament, which was always sitting, and of which he became a life member. Instantly there would be a great sorting and comparing of opinions, and it would have been strange if a great party division had not been the result. But then there existed already a great party division. Long before public opinion had begun to organize itself in the way I have described, the nation was divided, and every man called himself Whig or Tory. Was it, then, to be expected that any new parties would now form themselves? Would not rather the old party contest still continue, though perhaps with increased animation?

Yes, if the old division was a genuine and real one, and if it accurately expressed the two leading types of opinion that existed in the nation. But I believe that it was no real division in the nation, but merely a faint reflection in the nation of a division which belonged properly to Parliament. I believe there is this great difference between the old *régime* and the new one—that in the latter parties spring up in the nation, and gradually make their way into Parliament; whereas in the former they formed themselves in Parliament itself, and had a kind of faint reflection out of doors. This, indeed, is only natural, if we consider party division as arising out of discussion and debate; for, in the old time, the only arena of political debate, and therefore the natural place for

party divisions to show themselves in, was Parliament; whereas now discussion, as I have said before, is much more abundant and more thorough outside the walls of Parliament than inside. At any rate, what we observe is, that under the new *régime* there springs up a party division which is not identical with the old one, though at the same time it has a certain analogy with it.

Whigs and Tories were both alike, properly speaking, Conservative. Both alike stood upon the Constitution; both alike sought to support their cause by precedents. The Whigs searched in our history for precedents limiting authority; the Tories, for precedents of a contrary kind. The notion of changing or improving the Constitution was repugnant to both parties alike, and to resist such a notion as soon as it was broached the Whig Burke instantly forgot his quarrel with the Tories.

It may seem strange that constitutional change should have had no partisans, no advocates at all; that politicians, who agreed in nothing else, should have been unanimous in wishing to maintain the Constitution. But this is not unnatural if the Whigs and Tories were rather parliamentary than national parties. If we hold that public opinion was a mere languid acquiescence in one or other parliamentary doctrine, and then remember how Parliament was composed, we shall not be surprised to find that Conservatism was universal. For, by religious exclusions and by the system of nomination-boroughs, Parliament was confined to a class which must necessarily be Conservative. Whatever discontent there might be in the country could not find its way into a Parliament returned by the very class against which discontent was most likely to be directed.

Again, Whiggism was, no more than Toryism, a popular scheme of politics. I speak of Whiggism proper, not of Whiggism as it became in the hands of Charles Fox. And I do not mean to affirm with some writers that Whiggism was an anti-popular system—a system of oligarchical narrowness. Some Whigs were oligarchically disposed, as Sunderland; and some popularly, as Chatham. The rational deduction from this is that their system was one in which the relation of the Government to the people was left an open question. And this is the truth. Whiggism is a doctrine about the relation of the nation to the Crown. It limits the royal prerogative, and because, in England, the Crown had found its main support in the Church, it is jealous of the Church. But about the people it has no doctrine at all, and every shade of opin-

ion, from the oligarchy of Sunderland to the democracy of Charles Fox, is consistent with it, though in the hands of the latter the accidental appendage to the doctrine began to obscure the doctrine itself.

Such was our old party arrangement. The political world was dominated by two parliamentary factions, both essentially aristocratical and essentially conservative, both entirely alien from the people, but the one under the dominion of Church traditions of loyalty and obedience to the Crown, the other possessed with classical maxims of liberty. The nation outside ranged itself with one or the other parliamentary party, having as yet no political consciousness, properly speaking, but swayed towards Toryism by the clergy, and towards Whiggism by the great towns and the Dissenting interest. Such an arrangement of things could not but be entirely altered when a political life was first created and then developed and educated in this hitherto torpid nation. When it, in its turn, felt the impulse to divide into parties, they were not Whigs and Tories. There were two good reasons for this. The first was that the old controversy of Whig and Tory was over and settled. The power of the Crown, which was the real bone of contention, had now been limited as the Whigs wished; and public opinion, when its reign began, was occupied with quite different questions. The other reason was, that the nation, when it took up politics, had not the same inducement that a privileged class sitting in an ancient hall and debating according to the precedents of centuries had to accept the Constitution as unalterable and sacred. The question of altering the Constitution, which under the old *régime* had been carefully suppressed, or, if sometimes actually debated, yet always debated under a disguise, was now pushed into the foreground by one large party, and not rejected from consideration by a still larger one. The general result is, first, that whereas the name "Conservative" was before equally applicable to both sides, it has now become the name of one side; and, secondly, the old quarrel with the Crown being at an end, and the notion of altering the Constitution to suit some ideal of national well-being having been admitted into politics, there has sprung into existence a great party of Reform.

Such a change seems simple and natural, and I believe it can be traced in history. But it has been somewhat obscured by the fact that the old parties were not content to pass out of date without a struggle. In particular the Whig party, which, though not a popular party, had more affinity for

the popular movement than the Tories, could not watch in idleness that vast process of the organization of public opinion that I have described. To meet the new *régime* that it instinctively foresees, it modifies itself. There appears what we may call a Whiggism of transition, the founder of which is Charles Fox. It is Whiggism inoculated with democracy and inspired by the French Revolution. It so happened that this new Whiggism, at the very beginning of its career, was met by that violent tide of reaction which put off for thirty years the era of Reform. Involved in this misfortune, it made matters worse by conceiving an admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, and making common cause with that incarnation of evil. But as soon as the war-time was fairly left behind, the transformed Whigs emerged from their unpopularity. If we used these political epithets with any exactness, we should not call them Whigs any longer. Some of them had been Whigs, and most of them were the sons of Whigs, but their doctrine was different from Whiggism. It was a doctrine no longer about the Crown, but about that other power with which their forefathers had had little to do, viz. the people. It was the doctrine of the new national party of Liberals or Reformers that was forming, adopted by one of the old parliamentary parties in the moment of disappearing. Between the old Parliament at Westminster and the new universal parliament of public opinion, that had acquired by this time its vast organization, and was in the act of creating new parties and beginning a new conflict of opinion, the transformed Whigs built a bridge. They prevented the two organizations from becoming permanently hostile; they introduced the new party division into Parliament; they found a place and function for Parliament in the new *régime*; and they fixed the deliberative power of the nation in the form which it has retained throughout the present period. They became a sort of Upper House in the new National Parliament. A voice in Parliament we all have now, if we consider it; for there must be few of us who cannot command occasionally the space of six lines in the corner of some newspaper, and how many of us have a right to greater prominence than that in the national debate? We have all been admitted to the National Parliament, but there is an inner chamber in which the old House of Commons still sits, revising, resuming, arbitrating, and deciding with responsibility. It is like nothing so much as Milton's Pandemonium. There, you re-

member, there was a spacious hall, freely open to the multitude. It was so immensely spacious that it is compared to

"A covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance."

This is the image of our free and swarming Press. It is "brusht with the hiss of rustling wings." It is so crowded that the incomers have to be miraculously diminished. They are squeezed into small print and mercilessly abridged by the magic wand of

an editor, and thus reduced they are "at large, though without number still, amidst the hall of that infernal court." But this is not all. There is also an inner chamber of deliberation, where there is more dignity and more ceremony. The old historic Parliament still meets, and still preserves its superiority:—

"Far within
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full."

THE German people in general and Count Bismarck in particular have found a champion in Mr. Max Muller, who in a letter to the *Times*, which fills two columns, contends that the Prussian Premier has done nothing to forfeit the good opinions of England. It does not follow, Mr. Muller says, that he approved Count Benedetti's proposals because he did not instantly repudiate and make them public. A Foreign Minister is not like a private individual. He stands in the position of counsel for his country, and is bound by the simplest rules of prudence not to disclose many a secret of which, as a private person, he might decline to become the depository. "Do you suppose," Mr. Max Muller asks, "that Lord Palmerston had never to listen for a moment to suggestions about Turkey and Saxony, about Savoy and Nice, and was he driven from office by an indignant people?" Professor Muller maintains further that since 1866 Count Bismarck's policy has been patriotic and peaceful, *sans reproche*, though, no, doubt, also, *sans peur*. Germany had to be united; everybody who had tried to unite it had failed; Bismarck succeeded. His procedure was not in all respects strictly regular, but "there are in the history of all countries great convulsions which one cannot criticize according to the ordinary rules of right and wrong. We do not criticize thunderstorms that darken heaven and earth, strike down palaces, and carry off the harvest of peaceful villages." Mr. Max Muller refuses to believe that England and Germany can ever be at enmity. "If Germany conquers, a new era of peace will dawn on Europe; for Germany, if once united, would tolerate no war of conquest. An army in which every second man is the father of a family is the best guarantee for the peace of the world. There need be no formal alliance between England and Germany. The two nations are one in all that is essential, in morality, in religion, in love of freedom, in respect for law. They are both hard workers, hard thinkers, and, where it must be, hard hitters, too. In the whole history of modern Europe Germany and England have never been at

war; I feel convinced they never will be, they never can be."
Pall Mall Gazette.

A TALKING MACHINE.—ON Saturday an exhibition of quite a novel character was opened at the new building called the Palais Royal, Argyle-street, Oxford-circus. It is an exhibition of a talking machine, which by mechanical appliances is made to give forth utterances resembling those of a human being. It is the invention of Professor Faber, of Vienna, and has been constructed and patented by him, and is certainly a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity. It is true, the question may arise, where is the utility of it? seeing that every man, woman, and child possesses a talking machine, more or less perfect, of his or her own. But the machine has its utility nevertheless, for it illustrates a much neglected science of acoustics. Moreover, it is highly interesting as showing how far ingenuity may go. The machine has a mouth, with tongue and lips, which are set in motion by a mechanical apparatus which sets free a portion of air from a large bellows, and so controls it as to produce the sound required. It pronounced, with great clearness, every letter of the alphabet, many words, and a few sentences perfectly; not merely set words, but any words the audience chose to name. It also laughed, and uttered other cries expressive of human passions, to the astonishment, apparently, of all who heard it. *Public Opinion.*

At a recent auction sale in New York, the finest known copy of "Elliott's Indian Bible" (Cambridge, 1683), printed in the Indian language, was sold for 1050 dollars, about 210*l.* There is one copy of this celebrated Bible in the British Museum, one in the Island of Nantucket, and a third on Gardner's Island, or Long Island Sound.
Nature.

PART XI.

CHAPTER V.

It was the very first time that Félix had come across Angélique since her marriage; and he had of late been so much in the habit of visiting her cousin without seeing herself, that he was never prepared to meet her now, and had quite forgotten that the frequency of his visits had originated in his desire to see her and not Marie.

The situation was therefore more than sufficiently embarrassing for a man who like him had never graduated in the school of society that teaches its scholars never to find any situation in the world embarrassing, from the extrication of an army from an enemy's country, up to the extrication of one's foot from a lady's dress in a ball-room. Certainly there was no reason on earth, in the nature of things, why he should be dissatisfied with himself. He had been the victim, she the betrayer; and he had therefore every right, if he was so minded, to claim the dignity that is the privilege of the injured party in such matters. And so, had he been Angélique and had she been Félix, he would have both felt and acted. But being as they were—he the man and she the woman—it was he who somehow felt as though it had been he and not she who had been the one to blame. A woman who is no longer a child is always mistress of such a situation, and if she has only a very little tact may always shine in it to advantage, however much she may in reality be in the wrong; while, on the other hand, a man requires to have both experience and genius in such matters to come out of it with even as much as decent credit, however much he may be in the right. Perhaps Félix was also weighted with the feeling that, when all was said and done, he had sinned against the gospel of romance by not having been altogether so true to the memory of his old passion as he had once vowed to be; for inconstancy on the one side is not, in the creed of such as he, held to be a set-off against inconstancy on the other. On sounder grounds there was plenty of excuse for him, no doubt; but then, "*Qui s'excuse*—"

Not that Angélique's large eyes supported any such self-accusation by the faintest touch of upbraiding. She did change colour for one imperceptible moment; for there are some things which the least worldly and practical-minded of women is incapable of forgetting, or at least of remembering without some shadow of regret. The less of true romance that there is in

the composition of any one, the more apt is the voice of false sentiment to make itself heard; and of false sentiment Madame Lester had always had her full share—no less now that her reading consisted of little that was more sentimental than butchers' bills, than when she used to identify herself with Byronic heroines. Moreover, it did not by any means seem to follow in her eyes that because she chanced to be so unfortunate—as it had turned out—to be married, she should lose her sway over any of her adorers, even though, as in the case of Félix, she should gain from them nothing more valuable than a little adoration. And then she felt kind to him for old recollections' sake, and as a woman cannot help feeling towards one who has once loved her and whom she supposes to love her still. But still she was far from allowing any trace of her emotion to be visible; and indeed it was far too slight, such as it was, for her to be conscious of having felt any whatever. On the contrary, she at once frankly held out her hand with the air of welcoming an old friend, and said,—

"*Mais*, Monsieur Créville, you come in time to convince this doubter. Is it not true that Miss Raymond is to be married?"

"What! my old pupil? I had not heard it."

Her manner had put him at his ease, so far as she was concerned; and so it could not be that his pre-occupied air had been caused by embarrassment alone. Angélique noticed his worn appearance; and, taking it as a compliment to herself, felt more kindly towards him still.

"And you do not ask to whom? But I forgot—you would not know him. We provincials forget that there are people in the world to whom our little celebrities are unknown. And yet you might know him, though—you are a friend of Mr. Barton?"

"Of Barton?"

"Yes; and so is he."

"I should scarcely have thought that any friend of Barton would have fallen in Miss Raymond's way."

"Oh, I don't know. Marriages are made in heaven, they say. Mark Warden is the favoured mortal. Do you know him?"

For what purpose Félix, full of involuntary suspicion of Marie as he was, had still once more come to see her, is not difficult to guess, as long as moths will insist upon flying into the flame in spite of the warning that ought to be taken from the fate of millions of ancestral generations. It may, however, be assumed that, as he himself

supposed, he had come to bid adieu to the last of his illusions before he cast the dust of England from his feet forever.

Now Angélique had been able to take great credit to herself for her passing gleam of sentiment. She was proud of it, and of herself for having been capable of feeling it. But Félix, except for the feeling of embarrassment when he first perceived her, and of which he now felt almost ashamed, had felt not even a passing gleam. No sooner had he met her eyes, no sooner had she spoken, than it was plain to him that the Angélique whom he now saw before him was the Angélique of his *grande passion* no more; if, indeed, the Angélique of his *grande passion* had ever really existed in the flesh. In that moment he felt that something else besides his own heart had changed; or rather, that his heart had been false to her because it had never ceased to be true to the ideal he had sought in her and had found — where?

Where indeed? It was clear enough even to him, in the light of the flood of joy that rushed into his heart when he heard the last words of Angélique, and looked up suddenly at Marie. His doubts of her had then, after all, been as absurd as he had been trying vainly to persuade himself that they were, and Barton had in truth been slandering her as grossly as he had been trying, with equal ill-success, to force himself to assume. Had any sort of connection really existed between her and Warden, it was not thus and in her presence that Angélique — who must have known of it — would have spoken.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a sigh of something more than relief. "Do you know Barton, then? How long has he known this?"

"Not long. It is only just settled, it seems. It is a curious match, is it not?"

"Any way the bridegroom is to be congratulated. And how is Barton? I did not know you knew him."

"No more we did, till yesterday. Is it true that he writes the dramatic criticism for the 'Trumpet'? and that you actually allowed him to insert that odious review of poor Miss Marchmont? For shame! Ah, you cared a little more about her than that once upon a time, — did you not? What a couple of silly children we were; but they were pleasant days, all the same — those delightful days when we were so miserable. We shall never have such pleasant ones again — no, not when you have all the world at your feet, and when I — well, I shall have dropped out of your life then, *n'est ce pas*, Monsieur? Marie, my angel,

now I must go and carry the news of your generosity to poor Hugh. *Au revoir, donc, mon ange — et vous, Monsieur, s'il vous plait* — and then we will talk about the old times once more, — and you will not laugh at me if I cannot quite laugh at them, will you?"

And so, with a parting embrace to her angel and another presentation of her hand to the lover for whose death she had so nearly and so lately been answerable, she once more carried into the street her last purchase from Madame Jupon.

But although Félix had received an unmistakable lesson from the unspeakably joyful relief that the words of Angélique had given him, he was certainly no nearer reading what was in the heart of Marie. All that he could think of now was that she was in reality all that he had supposed her to be; that she had once more been restored to her pedestal above the altar. How could he ever have committed the treason, the blasphemy, of having even for a single moment cast her down? Surely, it now seemed to him, he could never really have done so — he must always, in his heart of hearts, have remained loyal; the disturbance could only have been in his fancy — in his mind.

But Marie! —

Whether she still loved her husband or no, there is but one word to describe her state; and that word is desolation. Whatever her feelings towards Félix might be, they did not subtract from the force of the word.

The state of nervous excitement, or rather exhaustion, in which she was, and in which the activity of the memory and of the imagination fully made up for the loss of calm reason, caused her to comprehend at once and to the letter every word that had passed between Mark Warden and herself in the course of her last interview with him, and that had then been so unintelligible. So plain had the meaning of it grown now, that the amount of truth that might lie in the report which she had just heard was altogether immaterial. Whatever might be the explanation of that report, the fact remained and stared her in the face — not, perhaps, the fact that he was actually about to leave her for another — that must be as she willed, to say the least of it; but certainly the fact that he wished to do so, and that he had actually proposed it to her almost in so many words. At present, though she realized this, she was incapable of realizing how it affected her. It is weaker women than she whose feelings in such matters are sufficiently simple to find

at once a way into action, whether by the road of anger or by that of tears. Besides, the mind of Marie was always a little slow to bring itself into action whenever it was necessary to blame others, or even to think them in the wrong, while her eyes were not apt to weep for her own sorrows. So, for the present, she was simply turned to stone; and the last words of Angélique had fallen upon deaf ears.

Félix. — "So my first pupil is to be married! How odd it makes one feel! And the bridegroom — is he the Mr. Warden whom I once met here, and to whom you introduced me?"

Marie (starting from her stupor, and suddenly). — "I beg your pardon —"

Félix. — "Are you not well, dear Marie?"

Marie (dreamily). — "Oh, I am quite well — only a little tired, I suppose. I am not used to late hours yet, you see."

Félix. — "And your head aches, does it not?"

Marie. — "A little — but it is nothing."

Félix. — "And I am boring you to death, I suppose."

Marie. — "Oh no; why should you be?"

Félix. — "I am sure I must be, though. And I really came for no purpose in the world — so —"

Marie. — "Oh, you need not hurry to go: and yet — yes, I really am quite well; I am only very stupid, as usual. There," — drawing herself up with an effort, but with a smile — "'*Io son Guglielmo Tell!*' — What was it you asked me just now and that I was rude enough not to answer?"

Félix. — "Oh, only about my old pupil's future."

Marie (bravely). — "Mr. Warden. You met him once here. They will make an admirable match, though Angélique does not seem to think so. She has a great fortune, and is good enough for any body, and so amiable! — and he has great talent and great ambition, and will make her the wife of a great man, as she deserves."

Félix (coldly). — "Indeed!"

Marie. — "Yes. He only wanted the means, and now he will have them."

Félix. — "You seem to have great faith in him."

Marie. — "I go by what I hear — nothing more."

Félix. — "But you know him?"

Marie. — "What can girls like me know about the lives and careers of men? We see them as they condescend to show themselves to us — the outside; but as they are to each other and to themselves — never."

Félix. — "Never?"

Marie. — "Or when we do see them as they are, it is only to find out that we stand in their way."

Félix (unable to help observing the scarcely perceptible tinge of bitterness in her tone, and the involuntary comparison that she had suggested between herself and Miss Raymond). — "And you think, then, that Miss Raymond will not stand in the way of this friend of yours?"

Marie (alarmed for her husband's secret, and exaggeratedly alarmed about what her words, which she had forgotten, might have led Félix to suspect). — "I hope not. I wish him well, like all my friends. But have you no news of yourself?"

Félix. — "I? Not a word. I never have. I manage to keep body and soul together — or at least the body without the soul — which can scarcely be called news. That is about all — and the process is not very interesting to lookers-on."

Marie. — "But it is interesting to me, *mon ami*. I can read the stars, and like to watch how my prophecies come true."

Félix. — "I am afraid that is not a very profitable knowledge. I thought I could once; but it was only to find them as ambiguous as earthly oracles, and even more treacherous."

Marie. — "I want you to promise me something. Will you?"

Félix. — "If it is to do anything for you. I owe you so much and have never, done anything for you yet."

Marie. — "Yes, it is for me, if that is any satisfaction to you. But it is not because it is for me that you must do it."

Félix. — "Why not? I am sick of trying to do things for myself — and you, I think — I hope — are the only person likely to care about what I do."

Marie. — "Will you promise? I am speaking seriously."

Félix. — "Of course I promise."

Marie. — "Félix, my friend, I cannot help seeing that for some reason or other you are bent upon making a wreck of your whole life. Yes — it is perfectly true. You have plenty of talent; and I have not known you all this long time so well not to know that you might easily in due time take the position that, as you have often told me, you were once ambitious of taking. Besides, is it not due to Prosper, to your old benefactors, to Moretti himself, to justify them in the interest they have taken in you, and the sacrifices they have made for you? — I may speak plainly to you, I hope?"

Félix. — "Always."

Marie. — "Do you remember telling me of your childhood, and of your first insight

into the existence of an art-world outside and above the mere world of nature into which you had been born? Ah, you were fortunate, more fortunate than you can tell, in waking to it so early! Art was thus able to become to you a second nature; it did not come to you, as it came to me, too late for me to find in it another and nobler world. Do not throw away this good fortune of yours, which comes to so few! Would you throw away your art, your power of doing something for it and for the world, your duty, your true soul, the life that nature and art and God have given you, for the sake of the shadow of a memory? No, my friend — leave such weakness to women; but let me believe that there is at all events one true man in the world."

Félix. — "Marie!"

Marie. — "Oh, I know what you mean — I do not mean true to a woman. That is something — but I do not mean that now. And truth to a woman is worth nothing when it prevents a man from being true to himself; and you are not being true to yourself, if you can forgive me for saying so. Romance is an ornament of life — the gilding to hide its hardness, its coldness, its grossness, its littleness, if you will; but it is not true gold, and one must take life as it is, after all, and not as we would have it seem. We are not in the world to make love and make each other — well, miserable; for that must be the end of all falsehood."

Félix. — "But there is such a thing as love that is not falsehood and not misery. I understand what you mean; but I have learned a great deal lately. Marie, you are only too right in one thing. I have indeed been weak, blind, ungrateful, false to myself and to all that is good and true even more than you think; but I will be so no longer. I promise you with all my heart that, with your help, with your sympathy, I will go forward in the right path so far as I may. I may never be a great artist — Prosper is right: the great artist must be something more than man, and must use emotions, not suffer or enjoy them. But to be a man is better than to be an artist — and that, if you will help me, I will be."

Marie. — "Man and artist too. I do not ask you to lose your sympathy with the world and exchange your heart for a musical machine — God forbid! But art is work; and it is work worth a man's doing, without respect to what he may enjoy or suffer by it."

Félix. — "But —"

Marie. — "Ah, it is a grand thing to be

a man and not a woman! No wonder we women despise a weak man — for no man need ever be weak. We are wrong perhaps in thinking so, for the battle of the world is no doubt harder than we think for, who know it not in all its strength. But we are right in thinking that combat should give strength, not destroy it."

Félix. — "Marie — can it be that you too have suffered that you speak thus?"

Marie. — "I!"

Félix. — "Forgive me —"

Marie. — "My friend — who has not suffered? who does not suffer? Yes — I do suffer when I see you still a slave to a woman. Shall I tell you something? Well, then, learn from a woman that no woman is worth the loss of a man's whole life — no, nor even a part of it. Is it not true that every man has a career into which no woman may enter? Is she not a hindrance and a stumbling-block to him in his true life? Is he capable of entering into the little trivial matters that make up hers? Is not the kindest thing she can do for him to leave him free? Oh, my friend, be warned: recognize your career, for you have one; do not be a slave to a fancy, for it is nothing more. I know you can be strong, if you only will. Do you know what I would do were I a man? I would pray God every day to save me from women's love — not only for my own sake, but — for theirs."

Félix. — "No, Marie — I am no slave to a woman. Those chains are broken for ever — if indeed they were ever whole. And you are wrong — wrong a thousand times. There are women in the world who are worth the loss of any man's life; for they supply him with a nobler and a better. There are women who are not only no hindrance but an aid and a motive to the noblest career. Yes, and there are men who can appreciate the perfection of sympathy. Where — how — can you have learned so bitter a creed as yours?"

Marie. — "Ah, if I could but think so!"

Félix. — "You do not know what love means, you who have never loved."

Marie. — "And you?"

Félix. — "I have found out what it means. I am wiser than you."

Marie. — "Then —"

Félix (warmly). — "Do not be afraid — such love as mine is of that kind which you deny. 'If I could but think so,' you say — you, the truest-hearted of all women! What is sympathy but that very kind of love in which you do not believe?"

Marie. — "I do not think so. And now give me your promise. I am right — I

know more than you do, after all. But I do believe in sympathy; and if any feeling on your part that there is one who sympathizes with you so far as a woman may can help you to keep that promise, that feeling may be yours."

Félix.—"Oh, Marie—if this is so, then I can keep it indeed! For your sake I will strive to be all things. Will you indeed help me?"

The conversation up to this point had been almost studiously calm in its tone, as of two persons who had suffered and experienced, and were now discussing in abstract fashion the ways of the world rather than their own needs. But the barrier had been growing less substantial every moment, until, to Félix at least, it had passed away altogether, and left, as he thought, the soul of Marie as unveiled before his eyes as he felt that his must needs be before hers. He approached her more closely, and went on with increasing energy, —

"I am not inconstant; it is now that I prove my constancy to what I have loved always—to the truth and to the divine ideal for whose sake I have been chasing shadows till now. It is the shadows that have passed away and left the true light, which there is no mistaking. Marie, you blaspheme yourself when you say what you said just now. If I have lost my life, do you restore it; and I swear to you, even for your own sake, that you shall not restore it to me in vain. You are already great, I know, and I am less than nothing; but you are free, thank God! and if you will give me hope, you shall see how worthy of you I shall, I must, become. Dearest Marie! I will live for you, who represent to me all that is true and beautiful; and life for you must needs be such as you would have me live. You know me too well, Marie, for you not to understand me. Have we not been, are we not friends? And I will make no further claim till I have proved that I am able to be what you would have me be. But hope you must give me. That will be everything—and if it fails, one can but die at last; and meanwhile—let you will, will you not? It is for your sake—not only for my own—"

Marie (thunderstruck).—"Mon Dieu!"

Like the first trembling gleam of lightning that announces at once to the fevered earth the reason of the vague and heavy restlessness that has been weighing upon its life during the sultry hours that the sun should by right have made full of energy and gladness, so, all at once, rushed through Marie the sudden consciousness of the real

nature of the fever that had been wearing her so long. The storm that had been more and more closely, day by day and hour by hour, gathering within and about her so many weeks, had at last broken, and torn away the mist that had hitherto hidden her even from her own eyes. The clouds, pregnant with the fulness of a first passion, had been long ripe for bursting, and had needed but a touch, a word, to set free the storm with which they were charged. And now, without warning, that word had come. For one instant her whole soul rushed out to meet the soul which, like her own, had been so long seeking in vain for its fellow-spirit, and deluding itself, in the eagerness of search, with mocking phantasms of the reality. But the tumultuous joy of the sudden revelation which to a pure soul is nothing less than a new birth, was as evanescent as it was intense; and, like the lightning which it had resembled in its sudden brightness, left the night that it had momentarily illuminated darker than before. Hitherto she had been asleep; and there is but little difference between the effect of light and of darkness to sleeping eyes. But now she had at last awoken; and it is to waking eyes that the darkness of the night is darkness indeed.

But Félix felt only the sympathy of joy, and was beyond the pale of the reaction.

"Marie," he went on earnestly, "I cannot speak now in the common words of common love. It is my heart that is speaking to you—my real heart, that has never spoken until now. What is the need of words? You can understand all that I would say—if you will."

"Oh God!" she cried out, far less to him than into the night that had once more fallen upon her; "and must I ruin this man also? And yet—he loves me—he loves me!"

"Yes, he does love you! Thanks, dearest Marie—you have read my heart indeed. Yes—he loves you with a perfect love—"

Something in her face made him pause. How long he waited in eager silence, perceiving but not comprehending the blank despair that held her incapable of struggling against destiny by a word or gesture, it would be impossible to say. To him his single, uncomplicated impulse made the time seem like a single moment; to her, with her crowd of recollections, of regrets, and of present emotions, it seemed like an hour. A drowning man, it is said, finds time in the instant of despair which precedes unconsciousness to live his whole life over again, year by year, day by day, detail by detail; and so it was now with her. But

at last, with a visible effort, she found strength to speak.

"Go," she said, "I cannot answer you. Go at once—for ever." And then, after another long pause, and suddenly holding out her hand, "*Adieu*, dearest friend!"

He took her hand with both his own, and held it there. "You cannot answer me?"

She tried to recover it, but he would not let it go. "*Adieu!*" she repeated; but this, he felt, was not the answer of her heart.

"No, Marie," he said; "you must either give me hope, or you must tell me that I have been trusting to nothing more than another dream."

"I can tell you nothing, except—go!"

"You cannot love me? You cannot save me?"

"No—I cannot——"

"Marie," he interrupted her passionately, "this is not how you would answer me if you cared nothing about me. I have been blind enough in some things, God knows; but love such as mine is for you makes one see. If you cannot read my heart I can read yours; and in yours I read anything but your words. Why cannot you love me? One whose whole life, and more than life, is at stake has a right to know."

She forced herself to speak with a spirit that she was far from feeling—that, indeed, was far from natural to her. He was right when he told her that had she cared nothing about him it was not so that she would have answered him. "There are some things that cannot be told. I cannot be more to you than I am—if I cannot, what is that to you?"

If I love thee, what is that to thee? Yes; but that is the self-contained love of angels—not of a human soul that hungers after the love that it bestows.

"What is that to me? Do you refuse me my life when I implore it of you, and refuse to tell me why? is that nothing? Do you show me the light and refuse to let me enter in? Do you make me promise and refuse to allow me to perform?"

"If you knew——"

"Ah!" he went on, with a sudden bitterness, "I will believe you. I will believe that you cannot love me—so be it, if it must be so. But——"

"I implore you, ask me no more."

"On one condition. Swear to me that our friendship has been a mere pastime—that sympathy is but a word—that you are careless whether I live or die——"

"Félix!"

"Yes—whether I live or die. It is

nothing less. Have you not yourself taught me what life means? Swear at least that you do not love me——"

"And you will believe me?"

"You will swear it?" Marie—you dare not."

"I swear to you that I can never, never be more to you than I am now—than I have been always."

"Then I am absolved from my promise. You have not sworn that you do not love me. I do ask you more."

All her false courage, all her pretence of strength, were swept away at last in a passion of sincerity. The lightning was followed by the storm.

"Ah, Félix, have mercy! You know not what you are doing."

"Marie, you cannot deceive me! You do love me, say what you will! Do I not read your heart as plainly, ten times as plainly, as you read mine? And if you love me, why are you ashamed, as though love were a sin?"

"O God, why cannot I feign—why cannot I be strong—why must I sin? Félix—if you love me——"

"If I love you!"

"If you love me—leave me."

"In God's name, Marie, what mystery is this? Why should you wish to feign? Why should you be weak? What sin lies in loving honestly and truly? Do you not trust me? Are you afraid of your own heart?"

Afraid of her own heart! It was true, and she knew her own fear and her own weakness only too well. It was so weak that it had already yielded; it was so weak that she, with all her strength, great as it was, felt that she was unfit, unaided, to guard it for a moment more. She flung herself on her knees before him and grasped his hand in a passion of supplication.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Do you believe me now when I say Go?"

The voice and face of Félix grew stern. "Do you love me, Marie? That is the only question between us. I have a right to know. And if you love me I will not go."

"You do not, cannot love me as I—Do you not see how you make me humiliate myself? Ah, if you really loved me you would understand! Do you think it is out of caprice that I implore you to save me from my own heart——"

He stepped back suddenly, and regarded her intently. "Marie," he began.

But he could not continue in such a tone. With equal suddenness he raised her from

where she knelt and pressed her passionately to his breast. He at least had nothing to conceal, and was free to obey what his heart bade him. "Ah, I understand!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "But you love me! That is all I care to know." The two souls had met at last.

For long she rested upon the place that by right, though not by law, was now hers without making an effort to move. But, omnipotent as the passion of a strong nature may appear, there is one citadel in every truly pure nature that it is powerless to conquer. The effort, though it came late, came at last.

She broke from him with all her strength. "Oh, for my sake, for God's sake, go! May He pardon me—may He protect you. Félix, you must leave me—there, you know my heart now!"

"Leave you, my dearest? Yes—but to return!"

"No—never to return! Thank God for your love, Félix—there is no sin in being loved! And you shall never be the worse for mine. For I do love you, though not in the way you would have me. Do all things that are worthy of you—do them for my sake if you will, if that will aid you. Your love has made me very happy, and one day we will be friends again. Till then—adieu! I will pray for you always. And do not you forget to pray to One who can aid you more than I."

"Marie—you have some secret that you fear to tell me. Do you trust me so little as to think I would not trust you—that I would seek to know anything that it would give you pain to tell unless that I might remove the pain? Let the past be the past to you as well as to me. What is the past to either of us now?"

"And suppose," she began, with difficulty.

"Suppose nothing—but that we love each other."

"When to love you is a sin?"

"A sin? In God's name what can you mean?"

"I must not tell."

"And why?"

"Félix! It is true that I have a secret—that I have been living a lie. And the secret is not my own."

"And have I no claim? Marie, I am waiting for my answer—for my sentence of life or death. I must know what is the barrier that stands between you and me."

What was she to do? One thing only—to sacrifice all things, at any cost, for him she loved. If that be in reality sometimes a sin, there is surely no true woman to

whom it would, under any circumstances, wear a sinful guise. However she might suffer, however much he who had a legal right to her self-sacrifice might have reason to condemn her, Félix had a right to her consideration founded upon a higher law than that made by men. It is true that she hesitated for long, and that when she did speak it was from no mere impulse.

"You are right," she said at last, suddenly. "I must not let you suffer." And then, more slowly, and with a last effort of weakness, she added, "Now, Félix—dearest friend!—you will help to save me now, I know. Yes—I love you, Félix!—and I am a wife."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN we read of the grosser and less subtle forms of crime and sin in distant ages and in distant lands, they seem to us in no wise extraordinary, or even so much out of the probable course of things as to need being accounted for. But when, as they occasionally will, they make their appearance in our midst, in our own civilized country and time, we are astonished as if in sight of the impossible. We go on for the most part in so even a groove that we talk and think as though hate and envy and unscrupulous selfishness were extinct; or, at least, as though they were so curbed and restrained by our modern social system as to be rendered, among persons of position and education, incapable of taking their old-fashioned course freely and blindly. When we are bound to recognize facts—when we are forced by them to see that the world, the flesh, and the devil still contrive to hold their own in spite of the feeble circle of dykes and dams with which we strive to keep our level plains safe from the untamable sea outside—we have to resort to theories of lunacy; or if these, as is often the case, will not hold, to confess, if we are in an unusually modest mood, that our psychology is baffled.

But no: even as those who cross the sea change only the sky above them and not their own souls, so it is not human nature that changes; it is only places and times. All that man has done, man may do, in a far truer sense than that in which the proverb is usually employed: and as long as the passions of men endure, so long will endure the forms taken by their passions. It is not only in the Litany that malice will follow hard upon the heels of hatred, even in the hearts of sane men.

Warden had met Alice Raymond only the night before, and had made, as it seemed to him, good way. Whether he had or not,

is another matter. He had never mixed much with women, and was not one of the initiated in the mysteries of ball-rooms; and so his vanity was easily gratified by nothings. He himself never did or said anything without a motive; and so he was not one to understand barren likings and flirtations that were honestly meant to be understood as pastime. Besides, he was not so genuinely in love with Miss Raymond for her own sake as to possess in himself and in his own feelings that infallible test whereby a man knows by instinct whether he is loved or no. He only knew that, for his own part, it was not a mere flirtation that he was carrying on with her. She must, he was assured, see what his feelings were towards her, and what with gratified vanity, ambition, self-interest, and desire of possession, it was not in his heart to draw back. He had set his heart upon this thing, even as he had formerly set it upon his fellowship; and it had always been his way where he had set his heart to set his hand. Any way, the fox could not tear himself away from the sight of the grapes, for all that they were to all appearance so far out of his reach; nor did he even console himself by calling them sour. But were they really out of his reach? What was the good of having brains and of knowing how to turn them to good account if he was to be balked by the mere passive existence of a girl like Marie, who had now succeeded in proving her stupidity to the full, if indeed anything had been wanting to prove it before? If he had but lived in the good old times of the water of St. Nicholas! He was conscious of the very thought, and did not shrink from it.

Such a line of speculation may possibly be unusual; but it did not, at all events to him, seem to be so very horrible or so very unnatural when it first took the shape of an actual possibility. On the contrary, it carried with it that sort of pleasure which the first suggestion of something that may be done as well as dreamed of must always carry to a man of strong will, weak imagination, and few scruples: to a man, that is to say, whose nature leads him to take the shortest and most obvious road to the attainment of any given purpose, and whose eyes can see clearly but one thing at a time. It was at first a thought for Warden to caress and to play with as he sat over his breakfast preparing leisurely for the calls of the new day that, like every day, came to fix indelibly the results of the hours of candle-light and of darkness that had gone before. What was there in itself horrible in the thought? It was that of Marie lying, as

sooner or later she must come to lie, silent and unconscious beneath the ground, out of the way of all evil, of all sorrow, of all trouble, and — of Mark Warden. He recalled to mind, with a sort of approving appreciation, that hopeless summing up of all human things that he had read in the "Edipus Coloneus," "Surely the best thing for a man is not to be born; but, being born, the next best thing for him is to die as soon as he may." He had got into a very dangerous region of speculation indeed, in which consequences seem confused and unreal in the overwhelming shadow thrown upon them by the immediate desire of self-gratification. He saw in Marie an evil spirit whom he had raised in a moment of folly, and who must be got rid of somehow, if not anyhow; and the purely moral means, now tried without result, had, in his practical mind, more than begun to blend with the physical, as is the way with men like him.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to define the limit between desire and determination — the point at which one ends and the other begins. And yet there must be some moment when the murderer in heart becomes so conscious of his desire that he consciously takes means to bring about its fulfilment. Were it not that one knows it to be the case, it would be impossible to conceive of the possibility of murder — to call things by their right names — so taking possession of a man's soul that the first actual step taken in accordance with such an idea — however unconsciously taken — should fail to drive away the thought at once, utterly and forever. But that it does sometimes fail is only too certain; and the crisis of this undefinable limit had now been reached by Mark Warden. Nor are chances and omens ever absent in such cases. The first book upon which he laid his hand, apparently by instinct, was an old work upon medical jurisprudence that happened to form part of his legal library. He opened it mechanically, and turned its leaves. He did not intend to do anything — let that be understood clearly: but he none the less began to call to mind all that in the course of his life he had happened to hear of the nature of poisons and of the difference of their several effects: how they acted upon the frame, and to what extent they left their traces upon it. There was matter and to spare for his meditation in that cold-blooded judicial treatise which changed into a collection of dry bones the fearful list of tragedies that had closed with the gallows. The gallows! yes, that had been the end of all

these. But the tragedies upon which no sudden curtain had fallen—where were they? What had been their *dénouement*? That there were such he was convinced. Everybody in the world is not ignorant or stupid; and it is notorious that it is invariably through the ignorance or stupidity of the slayer that foul deaths are brought to light. He, at least if it should become necessary to direct chance in the way it should go, would not fail by reason of stupidity or ignorance. Nor did what met his eye as he turned the pages tend to diminish his self-confidence.

To him, in the state of mind in which he now was, such reading has the interest of nothing short of fascination. He felt, as his eye began to dwell longer and more systematically upon his book, as though he were entering a new world in which it is the one object of human life to kill one's fellow-creatures without being found out, even as to a layman who reads a more purely medical treatise, the disease of which it treats assumes at last such prodigious proportions as to seem as if it were the normal and proper condition of the human race, in which he also must of necessity be a sharer. And the more Warden read, the more lost in amazement he became at the bungling fashion in which all who had been discovered had, as it were with their own hands, knotted the rope round their own necks. "Murder will out," people say; but he could not help seeing that in point of fact it is the murderer himself who will out with it; that a man who quietly took the ordinary pains which he would take in any ordinary action of his life need scarcely be suspected unless he pleased. And then he thought, as a natural consequence, how many of those who are not suspected, whom the world honours, who are without scruples and who profit by death every day—how many of these have taken the control of chance into their own hands? And why should I be more scrupulous than other men, when it is all so easy? It was not even as though a life like that of Marie would be missed or thought of, or would make a void in the ocean of society of the smallest appreciable kind for an appreciable instant. Besides himself, to whom could it matter whether she lived or died?

But where, it may be asked, was conscience all this while? Well, conscience was in the condition in which it usually is when there is most need for it to act—that is to say, fast asleep. For at the birth of Cain, says a certain Rabbi, the two angels, one good and one evil, that attended upon him as upon every man, wearied beforehand

at the prospect of the long watch which they would have to keep over one another, and which would prevent them from enjoying a moment's repose for little short of a thousand years, entered into a solemn compact with each other that they would divide the watch—that one should wake before deeds were committed, the other after them. But the question arose which watch should belong wholly to the good and which wholly to the evil. The latter, having the craft of the serpent, obtained the first by the bribe of allowing his rival double power after deeds were done; and hence it is that, in the generation of Cain, conscience warns in the shape of a dim and doubtful dream, and wakes, not to warn as conscience, but to punish as remorse.

Warden had never, as some people do who would not without sentimental remorse injure so much as a flea, amused himself with speculating as to how he should go to work were he bent upon taking human life without a chance of discovery. He never amused himself with speculations at all: those in which he indulged had always some practical end, nor could he otherwise conceive of any one's indulging his fancy in so useless a way. With him, to entertain an idea meant to carry it out; and mental habits of this nature are almost omnipotent. Was there not, was the next stage in his present course of speculation, in all that world in which his mind was now roaming at large, some one drug which would answer the purpose? Was it true, as he had heard his father say, that aconitine, for instance, if that was the name, would kill with certainty and with speed—would imitate the natural symptoms of probable disease, and leave no trace of itself behind? As a matter of curiosity he searched the pages of his book, but could find no mention of it. Was it then merely a piece of medical superstition, or was it that it had never found its way into courts of justice simply because it was so safe and so sure? If there were such a drug, whatever its name might be, it must have been used: it was not likely to be known to Dr. Warden of Denethorp alone. This very effort of memory—for when he had heard the name he had let it slip by as a piece of useless knowledge unprofitable to him in the schools—had the effect of still more closely fixing and intensifying his thoughts and of giving them a still more certain direction in their dangerous path.

He was thus engaged, like some necromancer searching his books for some more potent spell to lay the fiend whom he had raised in the innocent form of Marie, when

his ears were startled by the fall of a letter from the slit in the outer door of his chambers upon the floor of the passage. He hastily closed the volume, put it back in its place with a hurry for which he did not seek to account, and then picked up the letter, which was directed to him in a handwriting which he knew only too well, and which made him tear it open nervously. After all it was not even for Mark Warden to lay aside such a dream-book as he had chosen with a steady hand.

"MY DEAR FRIEND" — it began — "When I last saw you — the last time I shall ever see you — you must have thought me very stupid. I confess it; and am sorry that I did not understand better what you meant. Do not be afraid. When you receive this I shall be where I shall trouble you and be in your way no more. Why, indeed, should I care to live when my life is of service to none, and is only an injury to you?"

"My dear Mark — forgive my calling you so for the last time — for you have been very dear to me — how can I ever pardon myself, even if you can pardon me, for having been a drag upon you for so long? Believe me it was unknowingly. I always lived and worked for you and you only ever since that morning when I came to you at B — ; what a child I was then! — and my only thought has been how I could aid you and be as good a wife as I could to you till the time came which is never to come. And how could I tell that I was in your way unless you told me so? Thank you for having told me so now — it is a kindness more than I can say. It would have been dreadful indeed to have found it out too late.

"Do not think I am complaining; I am only trying to do what is right by you, as I have always tried to do. What your career may be henceforth when you are freed from me I shall never know. I pray from my soul that it may be prosperous — that you may be happy. Only — let me implore you with my last words — let your life be true and honest, as I know that it will be brave and strong. It was not your fault, dear Mark, that we were obliged to deceive the world: but even so our deception, innocent and necessary as it was, has been the cause of all the unhappiness that I have caused you. Perhaps had we been brave enough to despise the world as it ought to be despised, and to have followed our own hearts, we might even by now have been to each other what we once wished to be — for you wished it once I know, and I am sure that had you thought fit to trust me and had been able I should not have been unworthy of your trust. And — though I do not wish to stand in your way any more — I may at least ask you — if you do not understand me so much the better — to climb the hill that is before you as a man should: not to stoop to aid which is unworthy of any man, and above all, of you. A strong and true heart is worth all the wealth in the world.

"I should like to be able to say more to you — but I cannot; and there is no need, now that I am nothing to you any more. Good-bye, my dear friend — for such I know you would still be if you could; and you have always been kind to me — far more kind and considerate than I deserved. I have never heard from you a harsh word; and it was not your fault that the end had to come. You never had the chance of learning to love me: and so perhaps it has been best. Good-bye, once more: do not quite forget me — think sometimes of your dead first love, who would have been so good to you if she had only known how, and who will pray for you always.

"For the last time, good-bye. — God bless you always, and bring us both to meet again in Him.

"MARIE"

Whether the train of thought in which he had been absorbed for the last hour or two had been nothing more than a vague and passing dream, or whether it was of a nature to ripen into actual deed, cannot be told. Such fancies are seeds which, though noxious, are oftenest barren; and so they might have proved with him. But they were so far in a way to promise blossom, if not fruit, that the reading of this letter gave him a shock such as a growing weed may, for the sake of comparison, be supposed to undergo when suddenly torn up by roots which it has extended far and firmly into the ground. Barren as such dreams for the most part prove, their fruit is after all not seldom gathered; and its harvest must always have been preceded by some such dreams as these. But seeing that he had stopped at the sowing, let him have the benefit of any possible doubt. The fulfilment of his wish — for to the formation of a wish, at all events, he had come — is almost too horrible to conceive; and it would be too horrible, not almost, but altogether, did not the history of the most desperate of all crimes amply prove that such wishes have been fulfilled very often indeed — that the father of the thought is very likely to be the father of the deed also. Of course, with regard to such a question, every one must be left to form his own opinions according to his own experience of human nature. Only it is very certain that had Warden been born in some Italian city some very few hundreds of years ago, Messer Marco would not have been troubled long with Donna Maria; and that, however much place and time may vary, human nature is a thing that does not change.

He read and re-read the letter, however, precisely in the way that one would expect from a man of his nature, for men like him do not afford psychological surprises. He

had not the imagination that was required to read the deep pathos that lay beneath the surface of the forced and lifeless words, or to connect himself, the Mark Warden of the present, with the boy of five years ago. One must be something of a poet to remember not only one's childhood, but one's youth also; and Mark, when he married, had been under his one short spell of real youth which had been over long ago, and he was no poet to recall its shadow when its substance had gone for ever. So it was not to be expected of him that he should realize in his memory the time when he had loved the girl who had developed into a woman even more rapidly than he into a man.

But though the heart of such a man is proof against subtle touches, it need not be callous to gross blows; and it is due to him to say that the first effect of the letter was to wake him from his dream as if from a nightmare. He felt now like a necromancer indeed, or rather like the servant of a necromancer, who, ignorantly playing with his master's tools, has crossed the step that divides guilt imagined from guilt done. The letter could have but one interpretation. Marie might at that very moment be lying dead—dead for him, and, as he seemed to feel, dead by him. Could evil wishes travel with such lightning speed? Were they, indeed, so fatal? Conscience, when it does wake, scorns coincidences, and turns into a superstitious self-accuser the most practical of men. Had he actually slain her with his own hand he would not have felt otherwise than he felt now.

But this was in the actual moment of waking, before reason, which always wakes the last, had woken also.

He read the letter again; and its meaning stared him full in the face, incredible as it still seemed to him. It could but have that one meaning, which he feared to recognize. Or was it after all only a ruse to alarm him—a woman's trick—a last resource to test him, if not to draw him back? But even he, devoid of imagination as he was, knew Marie well enough to reject such a suggestion as being more incredible than the other.

But there might be time to save her. It is far more easy for people to talk of death than to act as they talk. At all events he must satisfy himself as to what she did really mean. He placed the letter in his pocket, and had put on his hat, and was turning the handle of the door, when something restrained him.

Suppose she were dead or dying, what then? He could not save her. And it was very possible that he should only succeed in

mixing himself up with a very disagreeable affair, without the least necessity for so doing. No one knew of his connection with her; and that being the case, the best thing that he could do would be to ignore it altogether. Suppose, on the other hand, she were still living? In that case it was clear that the letter contained but an idle threat after all; and it would never do for him, by allowing her ruse to succeed, to put himself hopelessly in the wrong. She must be made to see that he was in earnest, and that she could not bring him back to her side by so vulgar an artifice as a threat of suicide.

Whether this were so or not, a very little while would show. On the whole, however, he was of opinion that the letter contained no mere threat, but was evidence of an impulse that had settled into a fixed determination. Its whole tone, the absence of studied effect, brought him to the same conclusion. At all events, he might safely feel that she would trouble him no more; and if so, was he answerable for anything that she might choose to do? Supposing that she had never written to him, not a shadow of responsibility would have been upon him, and why should he place himself deliberately in a worse position now? It would be ungrateful to his star, which had now, as it seemed, so wonderfully freed him from the one burden of his life without obliging him to take the control of destiny into his own hands. The feeling of horror which the first perusal of the letter had given, gradually, as his spirits rose under the influence of relief, melted into one of positive satisfaction with himself for having resisted temptation. It was not long before he felt like a man who upon the eve of marriage has unexpectedly been disburdened of an inconvenient mistress. If he could only feel quite sure that she was actually no more, he would have been able, he flattered himself, to dismiss her from his mind altogether. For the first time the bugbear thought of "If it were not for Marie!" might pass out of his mind. It was so great a relief as to amount to the same kind of discomfort as that which a man feels, when he suddenly misses some dull chronic pain that has become so much a part of himself that when it first leaves him he cannot at first quite recognize himself without it.

For, after all, whether alive or dead, it was plain that she would trouble him no more—that was certain. There was really no need for him to fly to the idea of suicide, obvious as it was upon the face of the letter. He might fairly assume another theory by way of excuse for inactivity.

"Well," he chose to think to himself—and, from his own point of view, the idea was not by any means very wild—"people never do what they don't want to do. I thought she could not have been so stupid as she seemed; and so she has pleased herself and saved her credit as well. I daresay wherever she may be her friend the fiddler is not far off."

But though he thus spoke to himself, he knew very well what he really believed in the matter, and what he wished in his soul to be true.

If he could but have seen her when those few common-place words were wrung from depths of heart too deep to express themselves in any words that were not weak and poor!

When her lover, whom she now knew only too certainly that she loved with what was in truth her first real love, and with as much purity as if she had been as little a wife in law as in fact, had left her in a condition such as, seeing that the blossom of passion in such cases is always luxuriant in proportion to the hopelessness of its ever coming to its natural fruit, it would be better not to attempt to describe, the state of reaction in which he had found her returned with tenfold intensity. Unfortunately—for it was unfortunate for once—Marie was anything but a hysterical subject, while her heart itself was far too sound and healthy to give her the relief of temporary unconsciousness. But some relief her spirit must have; and though she had wept already in the presence of her cousin, the relief came once more in tears. But the tears evoked by words of kindness are very different to those that came to her now.

Dry-eyed sorrow is said to be the worst of any; and so it is of all sorrows save one. The "summer tempest" of tears may save from death or worse, while a drought may do worse than slay. But with the summer tempest must not be confounded the storm in which the tears do not freshen and soothe the fevered ground, but scorch and scald; with which is not mingled the heaving of sobs, but the tense pain which seems as though it must end in strangulation; by which the brain does not seem eased of a load, but is changed into one leaden, aching pain, which excludes thought and reason and hope and memory, and all things but passive despair. It is with such tears as these that Niobe wept herself to stone.

But he did not see her, so that to him this true agony of soul, made up as much of self-accusation as of anything else, was inconceivable. And so alone, and utterly incapable of the exercise of volition or con-

scious thought, she was left to seek for herself the safety for which she instinctively longed.

CHAPTER VII.

WARDEN carefully folded up the letter and placed it in his pocket. He was fond of ruling circumstances; but at present there was nothing for him to do but to remain passive, and to let circumstances take care of themselves. Satisfied with the present aspect of things, he must carefully avoid consciously drawing from them the conclusions that in his heart he was glad and relieved to be able to draw, for his own conscience' sake. So that he might, as far as possible, separate himself from his hopes, and make them seem, even to himself, altogether external matters with which he had nothing to do, he sat down resolutely to read, and actually succeeded in holding his book resolutely before him. It seemed to him, as it has seemed to so many, besides the ostrich, under like circumstances, that, by shutting his eyes to Marie's fate, he thereby wholly disconnected himself from it and from all responsibility in connection with it; that by ignoring her letter he put himself in the position in which he would have been had it never been written at all. But yet, for the first time in his life, his thoughts were really engaged in one thing while he was outwardly engaged with something entirely different. Every sound that he heard upon the stairs of the busy staircase on which he lived seemed to him to mean something—to be the forerunner of news, impossible as he knew it to be that he could hear any news indirectly, and even at third hand.

He was thus absorbed in making believe to be at ease, while he was, in fact, stretched upon the rack of suspense—that is to say, he was in a state of mind that he especially despised, holding, as he did fully, that all purposeless and unprofitable thinking, especially when it took the form of doubting and dreaming, was sheer waste of time—when he was disturbed and startled by the thunder that was wont to herald the entrance of Dick Barton.

But this with him was altogether a morning of self-contradiction. The usually unwelcome sound was for once not unwelcome; it was a relief to be disturbed, no matter who the visitor might be. What he really wanted was to forget Marie altogether until her fate should prove itself beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Barton was looking not quite so much out at elbows as usual: for such men as he

flourish in Cursitor Street as in their native air, and thrive upon what is altogether prostrating to men like Hugh Lester.

"Why, Barton — good morning," he said, more genially than usual, as he laid down his book.

"*Erre es coracas!*" Good morning indeed! Why, I've just dropped in to wish you good-night. I say," he went on, throwing himself luxuriously into the arm-chair just vacated by Warden, which groaned a protest under the unaccustomed weight, "guess where I'm come from this time — a place you'll never see the inside of, any more than you will of Elysium; not that they're the same thing by any means — rather the other way. Old Slo is not exactly a Jupiter, except in having his own way; though Miss Rachel has a very fair notion of playing Hebe — except in the matter of perpetual youth. You never heard of old Slo or Miss Rachel? Well, you don't know what you lose, you respectable men. You have never seen the hook-est proboscis or the Iscariotest locks in all creation."

"I am quite content to be without that pleasure, I assure you."

"Well — they have their faults. For one thing, they are much more apt to welcome the coming — as long as he has a stray half-crown — than to speed the parting guest — when he hasn't; and for my society they have always shown a peculiar partiality. However, I am eating the crust of liberty once more, as you see. '*Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes*' — and now I'm yours. Don't look so frightened, though. I've got enough to buy my own crust to-day; and to-morrow one can but return to durance vile, tempered by champagne still viler. But to go back to our flocks, as a friend of ours would put it pastorally. I'm not going to ask you even for half-a-crown — but have you such a thing about you as a stray fifty guineas?"

"The devil!"

"What! — the immaculate Mark Warden swearing?"

"Why, my good fellow —"

"Why, what's fifty guineas to you? Besides, you'll be glad enough when I tell you with whom I have been conversing in the Elysian plains. Yes, I've been keeping the best of company, I assure you, where I come from — no less a being than an ex-M. P."

"What! with Lester? You don't mean to say —"

"Yes. I tumble across most people in time. But I don't wonder you stare, all the same. I don't; but then I've seen too many things to stare at any of them,

and have arrived at a state of *ataraxia*, which, by the way, proves the advice to Numicius to be wrong. Still, if any of the men of our time could have seen Lester in the same boat with Dick Barton! It's wonderful, though, how being down in the world brings out a man's good points. He really isn't a bad fellow, only he's profoundly green, and knows the world about as well as he knows his Horace — just enough not to make a false quantity or do a dirty thing."

"And is it from him — do you mean he asked you to apply to me?"

"He? No. Didn't I as much as say just now that he was a gentleman, and therefore an ass, in all but thickness of skin?"

"Then — what is it you expect me to do?"

"The devil! What does a man expect himself to do when the tables are turned and his friend is in want of a note or two?"

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear this about Lester."

"And the fifty guineas?"

"Why, you talk as if fifty guineas were the same as fifty pence."

"You haven't got so much, you mean?"

"I certainly have not."

"Well, that doesn't matter. You can join in a bill, I suppose?"

"I never join in bills, on principle. Besides, you don't seem to know the circumstances."

"Oh, circumstances be damned — and principle too. Who cares for circumstances? Here's a young fellow dropped by his natural relations, and not, I should say, a good hand at falling on his natural legs. Well, granted he's been ass enough to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, better men do that every day."

"Barton, I'm very sorry, as I said. But you must know that I haven't a penny more than I know what to do with — besides, I have" — "other claims," he was going to add, but stopped. "And if I could do anything," he went on, "still a man must accept the position into which he has put himself by his own fault and with his eyes wide open, as Lester has done. Besides, I and he have never been the friends you seem to think. We scarcely knew each other at Cambridge, and since then I have been useful to him, as a matter of business, and that is all. Still, of course, if I could help him I would — but this way of helping him would be childish; and not only childish, but wrong on every principle."

"What! — you won't then?"

"Once more, I'm very sorry. But it is always best to say what one means at once. No."

Barton started from his seat. "Then — I'm damned if I ever speak to you again."

Warden knew how to be angry on occasions. "The punishment will not be greater than I can bear, I assure you," he said in answer.

"Cad!" exclaimed Barton, with angry contempt, and stalked out of the room.

"Thank heaven for that riddance, at all events," thought Warden to himself. Of course he had been quite right not to throw away his money upon Lester, or to be tempted from his wholesome principles of not putting his name to bills: his refusal to do either did not trouble him in the least, and to say No was always so easy a thing to him that he did not even feel vain, as many men with less moral courage would have done, of his firmness in the matter. And if the thought had troubled him, the fact of his having at last fairly succeeded in quarrelling with his Old Man of the Sea would have been ample compensation. His mind having been thus not unpleasantly excited, he turned once more to the page in the perusal of which he had been interrupted, and this time worked away with only very little less energy than usual till it was time to prepare himself for the party in the evening at which he was engaged to be present, and where, of course, he expected to meet the lady of his love once more. Then, with no less care and attention than he bestowed upon what are usually, but most often wrongly, considered the more important concerns of life, he dressed himself to resume the thread of his own second and certainly more important life, and dismissed from his mind all thought of the branch of the law of contracts, which had been the ostensible subject of his day's study. He was by no means one of that class of students who are haunted during a waltz by the ghosts of the Six Carpenters, or whose one idea of beginning a conversation is contained in the words "A agrees with B."

And not only was Miss Raymond present, with her smile and her blue eyes, and the hair that was beginning to draw him into its innocent net for the sake of the unconscious angler herself, as well as for that of the metal of which it was woven, but Miss Clare also, to whom society was every day becoming more and more a necessary stimulant. It may seem strange that a series of evening parties should have the effect of a stimulant upon any one; but the sight of

even the affectation of pleasure is exciting to one who has never made acquaintance with its reality in any form.

It was not so that Warden regarded it. He could scarcely be said to have enjoyed the details of the society into which he was now making such good way, any more than he could be said to enjoy the differential calculus or the law of contracts itself. But it was all in his day's work, and so he never suffered himself to be bored: the result of which was that he bored no one. On what precise footing he stood it would be hard to say, seeing that he was neither a man of great fortune, nor a famous traveller, nor a man of title, nor a dancing man, nor a singing man, nor a wit. But then, whatever his footing was, it was thus rendered all the more secure by the fact of his having nothing to lose. He could not well become poorer; he could not be expected to dance or sing, so that he was superior to the risks of gout and hoarseness; he was not likely to make enemies by his tongue, as wits do, and he was in no fear of being cast into the shade by the next new-comer from Lake Tchad or Cape Lopatka. The truth is, that to enter what is called society, and to hold one's own in it successfully, demands on the part of a man who stands alone only three things: a good coat, a pair of gloves, and the power of holding his tongue. The great and safe rule is *audi, vide, tace*; and a man is called agreeable not by reason of what he says, but by reason of what he does not say. But if in addition to these three requisites he has the power of talking unobtrusively when there is occasion, then, so long as he carefully refrains from saying a single word that the hearer can remember for a single second after it is spoken, he can go where he will and do almost anything that he pleases. He will not often be talked about, indeed, but he will be missed; and when he is mentioned, it will be with the sincere praise of those who are grateful beyond measure to any one who will just abstain from boring them, as wits and lions are apt to do. After all, a prolonged roar is scarcely less fatiguing and wearisome than a bray, and is much more alarming. Such a man will not of course obtain a success of the very first order; but he will be accepted as a perfectly gentlemanly and agreeable fellow, and will be credited with all the good qualities which, because he does not show them, interfere with the *métier* of no one. The great mistake by which men with far better introductions and social qualities than Mark Warden lose their chance, is that of trying to make themselves agreeable; for to try and to fail is to

be lost for ever, while to try and to succeed is only to make more foes than friends.

But still, though the requisites are few, to make proper use of them is by no means such an easy matter. It demands a watchful eye, a steady hand, a cool head, and a genius for self-restraint, in order that the aspirant for social honour may make no false step and lose no opportunity. In a word, it demands Tact — a comprehensive quality in which Warden showed signs of ere long becoming a perfect proficient. He showed great tact, for instance, on this occasion, by not at once devoting himself to Miss Raymond, while he was what some uncharitable people might call obsequiously attentive to Miss Clare. To make a point of preferring the old to the young is in itself sufficiently graceful; and not only is it graceful in itself, especially on the part of a young man, in whom it may be supposed to imply some exercise of self-denial, but it is very likely indeed to have its reward. To pay court to the mother is by no means a bad way of paying court to the daughter; and it is a still better way of paying court to the daughter's fortune. It is true that such a relation did not exist in this case; but then Miss Raymond was so unselfish and so grateful for attentions paid to her old friend, that Warden by this means probably made much better way in her good graces than if he had hung about her for the whole of an evening. Had she only had, indeed, a little more selfishness in her, in the shape of a little more intensity of nature, she would have been a heroine with whom not Mark Warden only, but the reader of this also, would have been in love. As it was, however, she was far too good to take rank as a heroine.

But these two were by no means the only noteworthy people present when Warden arrived. It was a very grand party indeed — one of those which would supply a list of guests to the "Morning Post" of at least half a column in length. Such half-columns, however, are not interesting reading, except to a few strangely constituted minds; and though the "Trumpet" may afford an occasional quotation, the "Court Circular" can scarcely be held to be worth transcribing at the best of times. Of course the presence of a royal duke cannot be passed over in silence; but otherwise from such a mob of titles as was there it is impossible to choose. It was just such a gathering as the ordinary human creature would cheerfully give the whole length of both his ears to have seen but once in a lifetime; and it would have sent poor Lorry wild with excitement and wonder could she have sup-

posed it possible that the "Mr. Warden" whose name crept in just before the "&c., &c.," with which the list closed, was her own brother Mark. She would have hung up the sheet of the paper in a frame in the drawing-room, and have made her ninety-nine prostrations before it every day.

Indeed it would have been the height of presumption on her brother's part had he at once made his way to Miss Raymond's side instead of patiently waiting his turn. She was at that moment the most envied of her sex in the room, for she had actually, without an effort, done what had hitherto been regarded as impossible. She had succeeded in making the young Earl of Farleigh, the great catch of that and of many other seasons, engage in something approaching to conversation with one who was neither a ballet-girl, an actress, or even a foreigner. Even Warden, sensible man as he was, felt an uncomfortable feeling, which in a less sensible man would have been jealousy, when he saw her thus engaged. Tory as he professed to be in his politics, he was at that moment as real a Radical as Mr. Prescott himself.

Once more the great *prima donna* was singing, whom Angélique had not succeeded in driving from her throne. Miss Raymond was listening with all her ears: her companion, a feeble and rather worn-out-looking young man, with an affectedly foreign air, was looking languidly at the ceiling.

"Oh, is not that glorious?" exclaimed Miss Raymond, with real enthusiasm, and not as a bait for the titled connoisseur.

"Hm!" he answered, letting his eyes drop upon her from the ceiling for a moment. "Yes — *très-bien*. But you should have heard what's her name sing in Venice. Were you ever in Venice?"

"Never. It must be very interesting."

"It is the most interesting place in the world. Why, when I was there last, there was a girl there who does the *pas de Boréas* better than Pucini, on my honour: and as for what's her name — ah, I wish you had heard her sing; but then English people are such asses. Don't you hate England, Miss Raymond?"

"It would be very ungrateful in me if I did."

"Why? Because you were born in it? I should say it was England ought to be grateful to you, then, not you to England. By Jove, I don't feel grateful to England at all. I never could see why a man should be bound to like a fog just because he happened to be born in November."

"And yet you are kind enough to come and look after us sometimes? I wonder at

that, after you have seen the *pas de Boréas* and heard what's her name."

"Ah, Miss Raymond, do not taunt me with my misfortunes. I never was meant for an English peer. Nature intended me to be an Italian *impresario* — I am sure of it. *Corpo d'un cane!* One might live one's own life if it weren't for one's confounded title and one's stake in the country, as they call it. Don't you hate the country, Miss Raymond? For my part, I like my steak in town."

"It's a pity one cannot make exchanges. I daresay my friend Monsieur Prosper there would exchange places with your lordship with pleasure."

"He'd make a great mistake if he did. Ah, here he is — the lucky dog! What have you got in England now, Prosper? I'm fresh from *la bella Italia*, you know, where one drops before the age about what you call your theatres — pig-styes, by Jove! And how are you? It's a long time since that big evening at Paris — when we came to such jolly grief, don't you remember? And how's Coralie and Delphine, and that other little thing, you know?"

Miss Raymond, who was not interested in the health of Coralie, or of Delphine, or even of the other little thing, hastily turned to speak to some one else. Monsieur Prosper bowed low.

"I am much honoured by my lord's recollection. I am afraid there is not much going on. Your lordship sees —"

"Oh, damn my lordship! Why the devil can't you call me Signor Farlini? And why isn't there much going on? There ought to be. You fellows are not half up to your work! Papageno of Venice — he's the man! He's got the Ranuzza: of course you know the Ranuzza?"

"Ranuzza?"

"What! — you don't? By Jove! she's the finest singer in Europe — shakes on F sharp in altissimo, and has a compass of six octaves, at least. She'd astonish you rather. And then you talk of Catalani! I thought of bringing her over with me here, and I would have, too, only we quarrelled the night before I left. I wish you could hear her swear, Prosper — it's positively charming! But I think I must really take a house one of these days. I'd have Corbaccione and Barbagianni and the Ranuzza, of course; and one might have Catalani for the small rôles — Papageno should conduct, and you should lead the orchestra. What do you think? We should rather astonish the town, shouldn't we?"

"Rather, my lord," said Prosper, dryly.

"And haven't you really got anything new?"

"Shall I tell your lordship a secret? I have found a pearl of pearls — only she does not sing."

"Dance, does she? Well, she won't do the *pas de Boréas* like the Babbuina — that's the name! — or I'll eat my head — not if she swears like Ranuzza."

"She's only a pianist, my lord. But it will be quite safe to believe in her. I mean her to be the first artist in the world before I have done with her, and to make people rave about fingers as much as they do about toes."

"Oh, damn your key-boards! I know — short and fat, isn't she, with a German name all consonants, and spectacles?"

"Not at all, my lord. She is young and pretty, is *ma petite Marie*, and one *raffola* about her even now."

"Young and pretty? Ah, that's different. *Chi nasce bella nasce* anything she pleases. But she isn't English, I hope?"

"She is French, my lord."

"Then she might do — if she takes an Italian name. Is she here to-night?"

"Not yet, my lord. But she will be immediately. It is past her time already — she ought to play the very next."

Marie had established that most dangerous of characters — a reputation for punctuality. If any other public performer had not appeared for an hour, or even for three hours after her time, or had even not appeared at all, no one would have wondered, far less been alarmed about her. But Marie was a subdivider of minutes; and if her fixed second passed without her appearing, something must inevitably have happened for which not even her milliner was of sufficient consequence to be held responsible. It had by this time become the fashion for people to expect to hear Marie Lefort, and her presence was almost necessary to give distinction to any party in which music professed to be a conspicuous element; so that her absence was missed, at all events, to the extent of making people comment upon it, which is perhaps the greatest extent to which any one can expect to be missed at all.

Prosper, for reasons of his own, perhaps not altogether unconnected with the presence of so distinguished a patron of the fine arts as Lord Farleigh, was particularly bent upon Marie's appearance on this particular evening; and when first half an hour and then an hour had passed by, and there was no sign of Mademoiselle Lefort, he went and spoke to Félix.

"How is it that Marie is not here?"

The heart of Félix gave a leap. "Was she to have come?"

"Of course. More than an hour ago. Have you seen her to-day?"

"Yes; for a little while."

"And she said nothing about this evening?"

"Nothing."

"She cannot have forgotten it—she never forgets. It is not far—I wish you would take a coach and go to Berners Street. It will put me out terribly if she does not arrive."

This was his euphemism for "I hope there is nothing the matter with her."

Félix had his own reasons for a similar fear of a much stronger nature. It was anything but an agreeable commission for him to undertake in itself, but his anxiety was sufficiently powerful to prevent his thinking about himself. So he left the house at once and hastened eastward.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE reached Berners Street with all the speed that the first coach he found could carry him. The horse was not quite worn out, and the driver, with the prospect of a double fare before him, did his best to make the whip supply the place of youth. But to Félix it seemed as though he were being drawn by a snail, and a hundred times he was on the point of stopping the carriage and of making the energy of exercise compensate for the tediousness of time. Even steam seems to creep along at the rate of something less than two miles an hour when the desire to be doing something is the last resource of the impatience of anxiety. Oxford Street seemed to have transformed itself into a sort of *Teufels-Kreis*, or diabolic circle, of which the apparent straightness was caused by the immeasurable length of its diameter. At last, however, his journey was at an end. He knocked loudly and rapidly at the door which he had left that morning in a state of mind that had then seemed to him the very climax of bitterness, but which now, if by so doing he could be relieved from his present suspense, he would have voluntarily recalled.

Anxiously, and with an undefined expectation of hearing all manner of ill of a nature that he dared not put into shape, he asked the landlady of the house, who opened to him and who knew him well, if Miss Lefort was at home. During his ride his presentiment of evil had grown into almost monstrous proportions; and it seemed to have already borne fruit, when he was still further plunged into the sea of suspense by hearing that she had left the

house that afternoon and had not yet returned.

Knowing what he knew, and fearing what he feared, the news, trivial in itself, seemed to portend the worst; and he was not long in betraying his alarm to the landlady. He was not too apt to be cool at the best of times, and it was scarcely likely that he should be able to conceal his anxiety now.

"Did you see her before she went out?" he asked. "Did she say where she was going?"

"Yes; she just said as she was going out for a bit. You don't think anything the matter, sir, do you? She wasn't like your play-acting folks in a general way—no offence to you, Mr. Grevil—as nobody knows which is their head nor which is their tail, as one may say; she were always so quiet, and always paid so regular."

"Did she seem disturbed—unhappy?"

"I don't know about disturbed exactly, Mr. Grevil. She seemed in a dream like—but she'd often be so. But I've thought a good while she didn't be like she ought to. She didn't eat half enough for a mouse's life, let alone a young woman's, as ought to have their meals regular or they pays for it in the end; and she were always at practice, practice, practice, from week's end to week's end—"

"And she said nothing to you of where she was going?"

"No, Mr. Grevil. She just went out, like as she might any day, though I did say to her—"

"She was to have been in Park Lane this evening, and she has not come. I daresay she has forgotten it, but—"

"Lord, Mr. Grevil," interrupted the landlady, like an echo of Monsieur Prosper, "she never forgets nothing. And if anything *was* for to happen, as there's females knocked down before their very eyes by them coaches, as I well know, not to speak of that nasty orange-peel—oh dear, oh dear—"

"And—"

"There—that'll be her!" suddenly exclaimed the landlady, as a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Thank goodness—that's what I say." And she ran to open it, Félix following her.

"Is my cousin at home?" asked a voice from the dark door-step: and the heart of Félix, that had been buoyed up by momentary hope, sank again within him as he recognized the voice of Angélique; and that voice which would once have been sufficient to raise him from an even deeper depth of anxiety, and to fill him with cour-

age, now served only to make his depth of anxiety deeper still. But still all things were possible: and she might know something of Marie's movements during the afternoon.

But this chance also proved to be vain. "What—Monsieur Creville!" she exclaimed. "Can you tell me where I can go to look for Marie, if she is not at home? She had some business to do for me with Monsieur Prosper——"

"Ah, perhaps then she is gone to Golden Square," exclaimed Félix abruptly, trying all he could to battle with the fear that had now almost developed into certainty. "I will go and see. Wait for me here—I will not be gone an instant."

The idea was a mere straw, and he knew it. If she had wished to see Prosper she would not have gone where, knowing he would be in Park Lane, she knew he would not be. But still, before Angélique had time to ask a question, he was gone, and she was left to gather from the vague apprehensions of the landlady his fears for the safety of Marie, which were too genuine not to have proved contagious.

This time he did not take a coach—indeed his pocket was once more in its habitual state of emptiness. It was fortunate for him, however, that his pace did not call down upon him the cry of "Stop thief!" and at the end of about twenty minutes he returned.

"Miss Lefort," he began rapidly all out of breath, and with the sweat streaming from his forehead, "I have the gravest fears about your cousin. And I am afraid I am the most to blame. You may not think there is much in her going out and not being yet returned. But you know her regular ways and her punctuality, and——"

"You fear an accident—an accident to Marie? *O mon Dieu!*"

"This morning I saw her, as you know; and I heard from her something—do you know her secret, Angélique?"

Of course Angélique knew nothing about it; but even then she was sufficiently true to herself not to permit such a thing as a secret to escape her, if she could help it. So she went on,—

"Of course I know all about Marie—everything. We are sisters, and there is nothing but confidence between us in all things."

"Do you know what I mean?"

"I can guess. And you may speak freely to me, whatever it may be."

Though she did not in the least know what he meant, she was perfectly honest in her belief that she possessed Marie's whole

confidence; that there in fact existed between her and her cousin a partnership in confidences which was none the less complete because it resembled what the civilians used to call a *societas leonina*—that is to say, a partnership in which all the profit was on one side.

"In any case this is no time for secrets now," said Félix. "What is the name of her husband? where is he to be found?"

"Of her husband!" Angélique exclaimed, in genuine astonishment. "She told you she had a husband?"

"What! you did not know it?"

"*Mon Dieu!* But it is impossible!"

"When she herself told me so?"

"Ah, then it is true. And yet that I did not know it!"

To do her justice, she was really wounded by the thought that so important a confidence should have been withheld from her by the open-hearted Marie and given to a stranger. But a light suddenly broke upon her. In spite of her anxiety about the only creature whom she loved, and in whom she had, at all events till now, thoroughly believed, a presage of triumph as complete as it was unexpected suddenly filled her heart with what was almost the eagerness of joy. Had she indeed caught her enemy upon the hip at last?

"Félix," she exclaimed rapidly, with all its usual hard listlessness gone out of her face, and supplied by an energy that was as fierce as it was hard—"Félix, you are right; the time for secrets has gone by. You love me no longer, then? Well, in that you are right too. Were I a man I would love where you love now. Oh, my poor Marie! Yes, I do know the name of her husband. It is that of the vilest villain upon earth—it is Mark Warden. You hate him, do you not? But you cannot hate him more than I."

He looked at her for a moment amazed, and then the ground of Barton's suspicion grew clear.

"What!" he said; "Warden, the friend of Barton—Warden, who is to marry Miss Raymond?"

"Yes, that is the man. Who can tell what he has done with her when he has so much to gain by——"

It was not this that he feared; and, in fact, the idea was almost too monstrous to be entertained—too horrible even to be thought of.

"You mean——" he began. "But no—that cannot be."

"Ah, you do not know this man! Oh Marie! if you had but told me——"

Félix was far too excited, far too worn

out to think, or indeed to dream of anything but blindly obeying whatever impulse might seize him at the moment. Indeed, when he had plunged into the chamber of fire to save the husband of her whom he now loved so passionately, he was acting far more under the dictates of calm reason than he was capable of acting now. He was simply drunk with despair, and the words of Angélique acted upon him like fresh draughts of fiery wine.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "then there is but one chance left. There is a chance that he may know—and, if it is too late to save her, yet —"

Without another word he was gone.

"Félix!" cried out Angélique, in real alarm, "what are you going to do? Wait—do not be rash—"

But her words were lost in the closing of the street-door, and she was left to unravel this new complication alone.

It was scarcely yet more than half-past eleven by the time that Félix again reached Park Lane, where Prosper, not without more anxiety of heart than he cared to own to himself—for what, after all, is really worth the anxiety of an artist but art, and of a speculator but money?—had to make the best excuses he could for the non-appearance of his favourite *lionne*. The rooms were thus at their fullest when the most obscure of their guests, all disordered by running, re-entered them. The star was once more displaying her brilliancy, amid a running accompaniment of conversation, which is so apt to languish when people are met to talk, but invariably grows lively when people are met to listen. Lord Farleigh had found his favourite position—the door; and Mark Warden had at last been rewarded by finding his, which was by the side of Alice Raymond.

But, in spite of the incessant buzz of what people are pleased to call conversation that filled the room, a semi-chorus of "Hush!" as Félix entered it without too much regard to the quality of those whom he was disturbing, recalled him for a few moments to himself. It was not that he was afraid of anything or anybody; but the immediate plunge of a man heated by excitement into a room-full of company who for the most part are rather bored than otherwise, is the sudden contact of red-hot iron with iced water.

But such contact hardens, if it cools. As soon as the *cavatina* had reached its final chord he took the opportunity, and the liberty, of disregarding the sacred line that was drawn between the amusers and the unamused by going up straight to Warden,

whom by sight and repute he knew well enough.

"Mr. Warden," he said, in a tone that could certainly be heard by Miss Raymond if by no one else, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I bring you grave news, if you do not know it already. Madame, your wife, is missing from home; and I fear—it is feared, that something may have happened to her. Do you know where she is? If not —"

And so the message had come at last that Warden had ever since the morning been longing yet dreading to hear. But so many hours had now elapsed since he had received Marie's last words that he had begun to feel at ease, and as though what he had been expecting had been indefinitely postponed. So, now that it had come, he, for the first time in his life, felt his heart sink with apprehension, and almost with a guilty fear. But, as he had been steeling himself all day long to receive the message when it came, he was not taken by surprise. He did not even start; and when he saw the bearer of it, his resolution was taken in a moment. Not even the most scrupulous, he felt, could blame him for protecting himself now that she who might have claimed some self-sacrifice on his part needed it no more. As for grief or remorse, he felt neither. It was part of his nature to be incapable of entertaining more than one idea at once; and for these he had no space for the present.

"Pardon me," he said, quietly and politely, "are you sure that you are not mistaking me for some one else?"

"Are you not Mr. Warden?"

"That is my name. But you spoke of my wife; and as I do not happen to have one —"

If this was not the tone of a murderer, neither was it that of a husband. And yet that he was, or rather had been, the husband of Marie, could not be doubted for a moment. He had heard that Marie was a wife from her own lips; and Angélique's certainty, confirmed by what he had heard from Barton, had become of necessity his own.

"You are not married to Marie Lefort?" he asked.

"No."

There was nothing now for Warden to do, now that fate had shown itself so clearly to be on his side, but to accept its kindness. It would at all events be an act of the grossest folly and weakness on his part to have taken such pains to keep his secret while Marie was living only to let it go now that it was past finding out.

Just then Prosper, seeing Félix in the room, came up to him. "Well?" he asked.

Félix, however, replied to Warden. "I do not pretend to understand you," he said. "Do you mean to say that you were never married to Mademoiselle Lefort?"

Warden looked at him with an affectation of carelessness, pointedly taking note of his appearance from his boots, white with dust, to his disordered hair.

"Prosper," he said, "if this is a friend of yours, had you not better get him away? He seems to have been at the sideboard once too often."

The eyes and the attention of several in the room were drawn to where they were standing. "Come, Félix," said Prosper, "come away. What is all this business? What about Marie?"

But Félix did not stir.

"You accuse me of being drunk," he said in a loud voice, so that all the room might hear. "That is all very well, though you know that I am no more drunk than you are. You are a liar at the very least, if not something worse than a liar."

The blood rushed back into Warden's face, which ordinarily only showed emotion by pallor. He, too, had his ideas of honour, which rebelled at a public insult, though, to serve his purposes, he had habitually borne the insulting speeches of Barton when there was none by to hear. Besides, his situation, however safe it might be, was at all events becoming ridiculous, and it was necessary, if possible, to avoid a scene about which people might talk afterwards.

"You drunken rascal," he said, half fiercely, half scornfully, "if you were a gentleman I would knock you down. As it is, you may congratulate yourself that I do not have you kicked from the room. Go home quietly, and let us have no more of this nonsense, unless you want to be put out by main force."

"You submit then to be called a liar? Am I to call you coward also?"

Such a mode of resenting Warden's insult as this was of course as absurd and as impolitic as could be conceived. Morally convinced as Félix was of being in the right, his conviction rested upon evidence that was nothing more than hearsay and circumstantial, and was devoid of anything like

proof. But he would have been more or less than human had he been capable of acting otherwise than absurdly now. It was not, after all, his own insult that he was thus resenting — though, that, too, stung through his republican armour into the most sensitive part of his nature — so much as the wrongs of Marie, however convinced he might be that she was now beyond the reach of all wrong for evermore. In short, had he kept his temper, he would have proved himself to be either a match for Mark Warden or else a stone — and he was neither.

The latter laughed. "Do you expect me to call out a tipsy fiddler?"

"Some might think themselves bound to do that, if he called you both liar and coward. A fiddler may not impossibly be a gentleman, and a gentleman may most certainly get drunk. But in any case, I fancy that a Mr. Warden is scarcely in a position to stand upon his *noblesse* with a Marquis de Créville."

The whole scene had been so far precisely like a regular comedy, of which this formed the climax. A laugh ran through the room, of which such of the occupants as had formed the audience, who, thanks to the unsubdued tones of Félix, were not a few, had, according to their sex, been fluttered or amused, and now were amused outright. But, though what naturally seemed a crazy or drunken vaunt fell with the effect of a blank cartridge upon him and upon those for whom it had been intended, there was one present of whose very existence Félix had scarcely heard, through whose heart the name that for more than thirty years had not been spoken by man passed with the sudden sharpness of lead.

A short, quick cry called the attention of the whole room from its immediate attraction. Miss Clare had risen from her seat, and was standing with her eyes fixed upon Félix in a rigid attitude, as though she were prevented from rushing forward by some unseen force, stronger than her own, that held her back. In truth she was both deaf and blind to what was about her. Her ears were filled by the roaring of water, and her eyes by the round summits of snowy hills.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in the Central Park, New York, and large subscriptions have been received for that purpose. It is to be of bronze, of colossal proportions, "representing Harvey at the moment he felt convinced

he had made the great discovery that has immortalized his name." Verily the American sculptors have a pleasant task before them. How does a philosopher usually look under such circumstances?

Nature.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
**ABOUT HOW THE OLD EGYPTIANS LIVED
 AND DIED.**

It may be said concerning most of the races of men which have passed away, that our knowledge of them does not extend to their ordinary lives and customs. Some few strongly-scored facts there may be, as that our Briton ancestors wore mustaches, and were so devoted to art that they never moved about except in company with some representation of heavenly or earthly bodies: but such facts give us only isolated points; the Briton as he really existed can never be revived to our apprehension. A conventional idea of a Briton may be published and accepted, but it can be only a fiction. Let us try to form a correct notion of the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians, as they were in their best days, or in any age, and we shall soon find ourselves without a true image and without a guide. Gifted men, by joining together traces of outline more or less marked, and by furnishing the connecting lines from their shrewd guesses or their vivid dreams, have sometimes amused us by revivals of scenes in the Acropolis or in the Coliseum, or by the Sea of Galilee, but they have not been able to show that their witness is true. Nay, to come nearer home and nearer our own age, is it not admitted that we have lost beyond recovery the impression of what life in England was under the Norman kings? We have lively perceptions, it is true, of Cedric and the Templar and the Friar, but we perceive the phantasms of the enchanter, not the real impress of the men of old. Neither is it possible, the learned say, to produce now a true presentment of those times; they have left little more than a rack behind.

If, then, the generations who left the scene two or three centuries ago have become so indistinct that we fail to recognize what manner of men they were in their lives, habits, and appearance, what chance have we of recovering and becoming intimately acquainted with the beings from whom we are separated by tens of centuries? By the foregoing theorems there is no chance at all, — the attempt would be mere vanity and presumption. If we solve the question mathematically or logically, this is the inevitable answer. But it is not by reasoning that we will arrive at our truth; it is not proportion that shall convict this paper's superscription of folly. An irrepressible, wayward fact, defying speculation, inverting axioms, shows itself; and philosophers are confounded, a new book is opened, the extremes of time

are brought together. For, as if in very derision of mundane belief, the oldest race of which history can speak is an exception to the rule of oblivion. Crusaders may have perished for ever — the sons of Romulus and of Cecrops may have become dreams and fables; but some of them who saw Babel, and of the first generations who thence inherited the Coptic tongue, are living yet on the tableaux of Egypt!

Was, then, the prescience of those primitive men as wonderful as their workmanship and their invention? Did their vision pierce through barbarous misty centuries, and anticipate the time when far prosperity should yearn to them with awakening reverence, and seek for their remains as for hid treasures? It would seem that it did. But whatever their intention may have been, they have certainly left clear elaborate records of themselves as they were once to be seen in their worship, processions, ceremonies, in battles and sieges, and in all the situations of domestic life. We may see for ourselves how they sacrificed, with what weapons they fought — how they sowed, reaped, bought and sold, slaughtered, cooked, wrought at trades, feasted, danced, gamed, rejoiced, mourned, died, were embalmed and buried; nay, more, — we know in what manner they fancied that their souls were disposed of after death. We can study their features, dresses, implements; and so mightily has nature wrought with them to preserve the memorials, that "their domestic habits, their social institutions, their very modes of thought, are disclosed to us, — and so minutely, that we know more of the men among whom Abram dwelt and conversed in Egypt than of our own British and Saxon ancestors."*

Carving and inscribing seem to have been the besetting infirmity of the ancient Egyptians. The desire of the diminutive, bandy-legged, noseless, Plantagenet Montmorency Smith, to be photographed, front and profile, and in all conceivable ungraceful attitudes, in every city of Europe, is not stronger than was the inclination of an old Memphite or Theban to carve out in detail, to paint, or to describe in writing his form and semblance, as on different occasions he went through the employments of his life. His processes did not admit of seizing sudden expressions or effects; but if he did not catch Cynthias of the minute, he gave typical Cynthias and types of every class of human beings — of the animals or things with which they occupied

* Osburn's "Monumental History," end of vol. I.

themselves, and examples of the manner in which they operated. If they consecrated a temple or stuck a pig — if they held a symposium or pickled a mummy — if they danced or hunted, ate or fought — the style in which the thing was done was stamped imperishably. When the time comes for speaking of their burials and tombs, reasons will be given for much of this zeal in chiselling and limning. But there is much to say, and space is not *à discretion*, therefore order must be observed, or we have no chance of fulfilling our design. So we will assign a place to each division of the subject, and the first place is due to the great Pharaoh; let us therefore contemplate THE KING.

Absolute power as executive — entire personal submission to the laws — this was the strange combination which characterized the office of a Pharaoh. All the vigour of despotism in the governor, all possible safeguards for the governed; the monarch irresponsible to any, and yet so thoroughly restrained and advised that no man doubted his piety, justice, and discretion. And how was this brought about? Not by finely-spun theories inoperative in practice; not by intricate constitutional checks which in one age might enable the ruler to set at nought the rights and wishes of his people, and in another might transfer the whole power of the state to the lowest stratum of the populace, and so reduce the sovereign to a mere puppet; not by the institution of an antagonism, according to which it was the instinct of either side, governor or governed, to encroach on the liberties or prerogatives of the other; but by a far more refined and yet simpler method — simpler in itself, but possible for only a refined, highly-civilized people. The nation, in times beyond our ken, had made up its mind about the qualities of its ruler, and took its measures for securing such a one as should realize its ideal. The leaders knew the fallibility of checks and constitutions — perhaps they knew it by experience — and went nearer to the root of the matter, and looked for their security in the mind and disposition and life of the king. Their requirements call up the words of Cowper —

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose words are pure, whose doctrine and
whose life
Coincident exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

Let not any ardent purist, however, suppose that this hints in the darkest manner at competitive examinations: let us keep in mind that the aim of the Egyptians was

far higher than simply to counter-check evil; they aspired to, and laboured for, positive good. They specially educated their ruler for his great career — from early youth if they could; but, young or old, they would have him submit himself to a training and a routine of life such as were prescribed for no other. They made him comprehend the dignity which attached to his position; the (literally in his case) *divinity* which does hedge a king. He could not be as other men were, but in all the acts of his daily life he conducted himself after a royal pattern, never forgetting that he belonged to the State. His toilette, exercise, meals, were settled by law; his amusements, both as to times and kinds, might be only such as became so distinguished a person, the very quantity of his wine being regulated to guard against the possibility of excess. His associates and attendants were all of the first families, and of high education. These were blamed and punished if their august master should ever allow his passions to influence him in the exercise of his office. As was said in a former paper,* the king could do no wrong, but his ministers were held strictly responsible if any wrong was done, it being held that impropriety or injustice could scarcely be a solitary failing, but a sign of general circumspection having been relaxed. From the very birth of an heir-apparent to the throne, his future companions, nurslings of the same age as himself, were set apart and trained.

The king must have been bred a priest or a soldier. If he happened to be the latter, he was forced to become a priest on ascending the throne; and his priesthood was not a nominal or *ex officio* headship, but he had to study all the mysteries of religion, the services of the temples, the laws and the moral code of the country, and to be in all respects a capable and officiating pontiff. On days of high ceremonial the king himself publicly made offerings to the gods; but in ordinary routine he was only present at religious services during particular hours.

The viands of the royal table were limited to certain kinds of food. The king might not exceed a certain quantity of wine; he might not consort with whomsoever he would; neither could he pass his time according to his own fancy. Hard conditions these, one is apt to think; but yet if any nonsense had been talked about the monarch being denied the freedom that was permitted to the meanest of his sub-

* "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1870.

jects — if it had been said that, provided his public duty was accurately performed, he might surely turn his hours of relaxation to whatever account he might choose — it would have been answered that what might be very good for an humble Egyptian was not at all suitable for Pharaoh; that the man they wanted must exist for the State, not the State for him; and that if he could not bear restraints himself, he was manifestly incompetent to restrain and guide a whole nation! We do not find that political trouble ever arose from attempts of his Majesty to kick over the traces; indeed opinion was so strong and so invariable on the point, that the wise and well-trained monarch must have seen the ruin involved in such a course, supposing that he wished to pursue it, which probably he did not.

The secret of how this was accomplished — of how a mighty and absolute sovereign could be induced, without any apparent control, to walk within the very straitest limits, and to merge his personality in his glorious office — is one that cannot be thoroughly penetrated until some modern nation, as perspicacious as the Egyptian was, shall comprehend the general good as they understood it, and exhibit again the perfection of government. We do, however, sometimes get glimpses of such finished organization when highly-cultivated dispositions, by happy chance, come together in a family or other association. We are charmed by the devotion with which each member postpones his selfish inclinations for the general benefit, by the noiseless accuracy with which the machinery turns, by the absence of all visible moving or regulating power, and yet by the consummate working of the whole. We know, nevertheless, that there must be a power somewhere, and that it is outwardly invisible, because it is applied to the highest perceptions of our nature. So, also, there was a power, and an admirable one, cementing and guiding the powers of the State in Egypt — very subtle, applicable only to the most generous spirits, but in them more potent than the sternest tyranny. The horse that may be guided with a silken thread is alone perfectly broken; the one moving straight under thongs and iron, and ever-more looking askance at the whip, does little credit to his trainer. The government of the Pharaohs was doubtless invented by the priests; the power which, like the force of gravity in nature, kept every member in his place, was in the national religion, into whose mysteries the monarch, as we have seen, was invariably initiated, and whose dictates were unquestioned by a surpassing-

ly devout people. When we come to discuss their religion, we shall see how hard it is to recognize this inward and spiritual power in it, and how much more we have to learn before we discover the mainspring of their wonderful system.

In times of war the king generally took the field, and commanded the army. He often took the heir with him (thus Sesostriis, while very young, made his first campaign with his father, and had his *baptême de feu*); but he could appoint a general to the chief command when reasons of State should show that course to be advisable. All triumphs, decrees, and national works were ascribed to him, and the relations between sovereign and people appear to have been so good that his fame and theirs were identical: they were satisfied that he was really and truly the impersonation of the State.

Greek writers used to speak of the crown as elective; but the monuments — which now supersede all other chronicles — show that the succession was hereditary, except in case of the country being conquered, or the very rare occurrence of a successful rebellion. An election took place only when there was no heir, male or female — for a princess could inherit the sceptre. Although frequently the same sovereign ruled both Upper and Lower Egypt, these were always regarded as two distinct kingdoms. Sometimes each kingdom had its own separate king, and the two were at variance. The head-dress of the Upper country was white, a high conical cap terminating in a knob at the top: that of the Lower country was red; it encircled the head to the height of the poll, and the back was prolonged to double the height of the cap. The king who might govern both countries wore both crowns together, that of Lower Egypt outside the other, and the composite head-dress of the two crowns was named the *pschent*. There were other royal head-dresses according to the particular office which the king might be discharging; but what will probably be most astonishing to an inexperienced reader is, that he often wore a wig. Modern speakers, chancellors, judges, and State coachmen may find comfort for their souls by a study of some of the monuments — nay, of the relics; for specimens of the wigs are, it is believed, preserved.

There would seem to be a popular belief that the Pharaohs were unfeeling and tyrannical, a belief derived probably from the circumstances of the exodus; but it should be remembered that the disposition of the Pharaoh who would not let Israel go was super-naturally vitiated. Some insatiation made him treacherous and cruel; but the

fact that his heart was hardened specially to make him act unworthily, goes to prove that in his normal condition he would have been incapable of such conduct. The Pharaohs who knew not Joseph pursued an illiberal policy towards the children of Jacob, and the book of Moses shows them in no very favourable light; yet they do not appear to have been personally odious, neither is there a hint of their government having been oppressive or hateful to the Egyptians. And then, when we come to regard the kings who did know and respect Joseph and his memory, their characters should form a counterpoise, and help us to an even judgment of these celebrated rulers. Joseph's personal patron, who is more graphically presented in the sacred book than any obnoxious Pharaoh, was certainly wise and amiable, and his successors for some generations regarded Israel with favour. That Egypt thrived as it did under their sway is a sufficient proof of the ability and integrity of the kings in general; and the mourning which the people made for Pharaoh when he died, and which the historians carefully distinguish from a formal prescribed manifestation, attests the esteem and veneration in which he was generally held.

If we pass now from the monarch, who is a very intelligible figure, to that which doubtless contains the key to all the character, wisdom, and exploits of the country — namely, the national religion — we are at once in a very thick atmosphere, where, though objects innumerable present themselves, their connection and significance are difficult to trace. Judged by its outward and visible signs, this religion can be described as only gross idolatry and polytheism. The high reputation of the race has saved them from much reproach on this head; writers hardly ever mention the worship without deprecating the reader's injurious opinion of it, or without explaining its hidden spirituality. But the religion itself as we see it, is so loosely jointed and so indefinite, that an ingenious commentator, starting with a plausible idea or two, may speedily on this material foundation erect a structure of types and metaphysics reaching up to pure theology. To make good these words, let us for a while put aside the fancied or imputed meaning, and say what the worship was.

The gods were so numerous that we cannot reckon them, neither can we say that we have now got, or that we shall ever get, to the limits of the pantheon. Gods crop up in all directions. Some have human figures and heads; some have the forms of beasts,

birds, fishes, and reptiles; some are compounded of heads of some of the above animals joined to the bodies of men or women, being monsters of that class the idea of which made Horace exclaim, "*Risum tenentis, amici?*" — some are grotesque, deformed, and shocking. A pair (male and female) or a trio (parents and child) of gods were adored in the same temple; and of these, as of the Greek consonants, it is said, "*Inter se cognati sunt*;" but unfortunately, after one relationship has been noted, the same deities, or others suspiciously like them, are found in other places with an entirely new set of kinsfolk. Prince Hal* had an illustration that would have suited their affinities, but he was innocent of Egyptology. It was not only the images of animals, however, which the Egyptians venerated: live bulls, crocodiles, jackals, beetles, and one knows not what besides, were had in reverence. The worship of what were called the great gods, and especially of one pair, was wellnigh general on the Nile; but the smaller powers were worshipped in certain districts only, while in other districts they were abominations, and the setting up or putting down of one of them was as serious a matter as the exaltation of a German prince in these days — it led sometimes to furious wars for ideas.

There were several orders of gods, but it is not clear to us how the orders were divided — which is not astonishing when the frequent interchange above mentioned of attributes, symbols, and affinities is taken into account. It is, however, generally received that the gods creators and sustainers, and the sun and moon and elements, occupied the highest places under various names. Inferior gods all partook of the nature and functions of these, but were inferior in scope and degree. One god named Typho or Typhoon was regarded as the spirit of evil. But of all these gods, two — and they not of the first order — are more celebrated than all the rest, and were of unquestioned sanctity from one end of Egypt to the other. The reader is already prepared for the famous names Osiris and Isis. The popular legend concerning them is that there was jealousy between Typho and Osiris; that Typho, by a manoeuvre which recalls the ballad of the "Old Oak Chest," or the story of "The Fisherman and the Genie" in the "Thousand and One Nights," entrapped Osiris into a box, and, god as he was, confined him in the heart of

* "*Page*. — A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.
Prince Henry. — Even such kin — " *King Henry IV.*"

a tree, whence Isis got him out and carried him to Buto in the month Tybi (27th of December to 26th of January), and there concealed him; but Typho, whose delight it appears to have been of a shiny night at that season of the year to hunt in the marshes, put him up by moonlight, and cut him up too, to make sure of him, into fourteen pieces.* Isis with great pains found thirteen of the pieces in different places, and buried each where she found it; the fourteenth piece had been unfortunately devoured by fishes. Afterwards, before the visit of the patriarch Abram, the whole country was convulsed for years by the act of King Mencheres or Mycerinus, who got the scattered limbs together at Abydos. The wars so occasioned ended in the reign of Acthoes of the XIth dynasty, as has been shown,† which, according to Mr. Osburn, is the true account concealed under the myth that Isis joined the body together once more. The alarms which the Pans and Satyrs felt while these dreadful adventures were proceeding became proverbial, and gave to wild terrors the name of *Panics* for all time. The high derivation, from the immortal gods, of this nervous condition, may be comfortable to gentlemen who were about the Stock Exchange and Capel Court last July. For their sakes it is recorded.

Now, after all the pains — and they have been very great — which learned men have taken to discover some consistent theology of Egypt, it must be confessed that the whole subject remains a "muddle," as one of the characters in Mr. Dickens's "Hard Times" is fond of saying; and that muddle (for, as we see it, it is not entitled to the name of *system*) cannot be defended against the charge of being the grossest and silliest idolatry. Then, as if the religion were not of itself difficult enough to be understood, it was further complicated by the vanity of the old Greek writers, who set to work to show that the gods of Greece were, under other names, the same as the gods of Egypt. Thus the great Amun of the Egyptians was identified with Zeus or Jupiter, and in later days became Jupiter Ammon, whose great temple was in the Oasis; Phtah, a god whom the Egyptians represented as a mummy, was Vulcan or Hephestus; Osiris was Bacchus; Anouke was Vesta; and so on; But these comparisons were fanciful, and do not in the least assist us to a comprehension of the nature of the Egyptian gods as Egyptians regarded it.

* Osburn says twenty-six pieces.

† *Liter. Maga*, December 1869, p. 737 — where, however, the word "limbs," by a typographical error, stands for "limbs."

There can be no doubt that, viewed in certain of their phases, some of the gods may be seen to personify the powers or works of nature. Amun may be the sun, or, in another view, the atmosphere. Osiris and Isis may be, and in one acceptation probably are, the Nile and the land of Egypt; but attempt to follow up these "allegories on the banks of the Nile" (which are not the same that Mrs. Malaprop spoke of), and they will not half satisfy as to the character, power, or nature of any deity. For instance, assume Osiris to be the Nile, and a great deal of what is said of him seems to become clear, the allegory corresponding for some distance with known natural facts; but in a while we find Osiris presiding as the judge of the dead, the great power of Amenthe or the shades below, and we are violently jerked out of the pleasant little groove in which our imaginations have begun to run at ease. There is nothing consistent or definite about any of these gods; the character of each is like a series of dissolving views, continually, as we regard it, fading to indistinctness, and then reappearing in new colours and proportions.

The boldest thing that has been said regarding the whole tangled mythology is, that the Egyptians never really lost after the death of Noah, the knowledge of one supreme intelligence, almighty, inexhaustibly good, whom no man had seen at any time, who could not be represented by anything made with hands; but that the priests attempted to show to the people, under the form of gods, His attributes, His creation, His ways of dealing with men, His glory, His will. Each god, then, being a part or emanation of the Deity, which might manifest itself in various ways, had many figures and descriptions contradictory and often incompatible when ascribed to a distinct being, but consistent and intelligible when applied to a quality or power. Thus divine love might be exhibited as cherishing, chastising, shining ever like the sun, outraged, averted, returning, delivering, animating, restraining. And this method of looking at the subject would in a sort explain the notion of Typho, who was thought to be in some things not unkind, he being the violent power which convulses or destroys; but, inasmuch as these convulsions and destructions are very awful, and often connected with much apparent evil, his terrible aspect wellnigh eclipsed all other idea of him, and he came to be regarded as an adverse power.

Now this daring theory cannot be proved any more than the tamer allegorical explana-

tion. Both are followed because our minds refuse to accept the outward and visible as the true religion of the Egyptians. The high character of the people, our involuntary conviction of the superiority of their wisdom and knowledge, forbid the acceptance of the evidence as complete. We labour to clear the reputation of a people whom we cannot but honour, and in so doing possibly add to the difficulties of a true understanding. When speculation has exhausted itself, and the mind is giddy with effort, we are no nearer than at first to our goal. Time may yet help us; let us trust to time.

One strong argument to support the opinion that the Religion was not what it appears, is the certainty that the people, far from being blinded or debased, were enlightened, as we have shown, and civilized to an incredible degree. Let us remember what Wilkinson has said of their having relinquished the habit of wearing arms when not on service. *Something* was elevating and improving them, and if this was not the religion, what was it? The rites were not savage and cruel, the moral doctrine was excellent. Old traditions existed, as they exist in most nations of any antiquity, concerning human sacrifices in early days. A king named Amosis has the credit of having abolished the sanguinary practice, and of having substituted a waxen image for the victim. But the religion, as we know it, was mild and liberal—somewhat too liberal, if we believe some writers; advancing knowledge, however, although it wholly confirms the benevolent character, quite contradicts the imputation of licentiousness.

Animals undoubtedly were sacrificed on the altars of the gods, but even the pure religion of the Jews prescribed this; and besides living things, almost all the characteristic productions of the country appear before the shrines,—the papyrus, water-melon, lotus, onion, fig, an interminable series. Incense was frequently used, but it differed according to the hour of the day: that used at sunset in the temple of the sun was named *Kuphi*, and was compounded of sixteen fragrant substances.*

The celebrated magicians of Egypt were, no doubt, priests of the higher orders, who retained in their own hands the chief knowledge of the sciences. Either they wrought their wonders and practised divination by the aid of chemistry, metallurgy, and optics; or else they really did enjoy, in their partially enlightened state, a degree of

genuine inspiration. The latter thought supposes no more than we know to have been true in the case of Balaam the son of Beor, who, though, like many another sanctimonious rascal both of ancient and modern times, he wanted to combine the service of religion with rewards of place and power for himself, yet did undoubtedly receive communications from on high. And, while we think of these matters, let it be remarked that the books of Moses, intolerant as they are of idolatry, and little reason as their writer had for being tender with Egypt, do not anywhere denounce the religion of the country as grossly pagan. On the contrary, much of the guilt attaching to Pharaoh and his people seems to spring from the implied belief that they were sufficiently instructed to know that their conduct was indefensible.

A loose linen robe with full sleeves, secured round the waist, or else a robe extending from the waist only to the feet, and suspended by straps from the shoulders, was the ordinary dress of an officiating priest. He wore sandals or slippers on his feet. The chief priest, and the king when he appeared as a high priest, wore a garment made of a whole leopard's skin. The habits of the priests were calculated to secure extreme purity; and though they were very strict, they did not tend to impoverishing the blood or depressing the system, but were judged to be highly salutary. Shaving, ablution, and great simplicity of living and dress, were most strictly attended to: the priests ate neither pork nor fish, but geese were plentiful, and apparently not prohibited, and yet the unhappy clergyman (for *clerks* the Egyptian priests may very properly be called) might not for his life eat goose with onions: beans were an abomination—the priest would not look at one if he could avoid it. The restraints which the priests prescribed for the people they imposed in a ten-fold harsher degree on themselves. They obtained and kept the respect of the people, we are told, by their highly benevolent morals, and by their religious lives and conversation.

We must not omit to state, although there is not space to go at any length into the subject, that innumerable sacred animals were maintained in great state in various temples. Of these the bull Apis was probably the most remarkable; but different places had different fancies in this line, some taking to crocodiles, some to birds, and almost all to the scarab or beetle of the Nile. The real belief concerning these animals is as much a matter of controversy

* Kenriek.

as the intention in worshipping the gods. It is impossible to say whether Apis himself was considered divine, or whether he was but a visible emblem of some divine being, power, or quality.

The belief and practice which sprang from the religion of whose form the above is a very feeble outline, will be best learned from what has to be said of Egyptians' lives, and of Egyptians' deaths and judgments. Let us therefore get out of the temple for the present and look at some scenes in the lives of the laity. Suppose we take a country gentleman of the period (*temp. Joseph to Moses*), a tolerably well-to-do squire. We find this person had a good idea of making himself comfortable among his "lands and beeves." His house, gardens, vineyards, artificial ponds, and cornlands were laid out very cleverly, and in a style more or less costly, the larger mansions having propylæ and obelisks, like the temples. To give a general idea of one of the houses, a quotation from Wilkinson is advisable.

"About the centre of the wall of circuit," he says, "was the main entrance, and two side gates, leading to an open walk shaded by rows of trees. Here were spacious tanks of water, which faced the door of the right and left wing of the house, and between them an avenue led from the main entrance to the stables, and to what might be called the centre of the mansion. After passing the outer door of the right wing, you entered an open court with trees, extending quite round a nucleus of inner apartments, and having a back entrance communicating with the garden. On the right and left of this court were six or more store-rooms, a small receiving or waiting room at two of the corners, and at the other end the staircases which led to the upper story. Both of the inner *façades* were furnished with a corridor, supported on columns, with similar towers and gateways. The interior of this wing consisted of twelve rooms, two outer and one centre court, communicating by folding gates; and on either side of this last was the main entrance to the rooms on the ground-floor, and to the staircase leading to the upper story. At the back were three long rooms, and a gateway opening to the garden, which contained a variety of fruit-trees, a small summer-house, and a tank of water.

"The arrangement of the left wing was different. The front gate led to an open court, extending the whole breadth of the *façade* of the building, and backed by the wall of the inner part. Central and lateral doors thence communicated with another court, surrounded on three sides by a set of rooms, and behind it was a corridor, upon which several other chambers opened.

"This wing had no back entrance, and, standing isolated, the outer court extended en-

tirely round it; and a succession of doorways communicated from the court with different sections of the centre of the house, where the rooms, disposed, like those already described, around passages and corridors, served partly as sitting apartments and partly as store-rooms."

The proprietor of such a seat as the above would have had his house-steward and his land-steward, and with the latter it may be supposed that the principal business of his life would be transacted. We see him on the sculptures as he appeared when he took account of his stock, as he watched his servants at seed-time, as he managed the irrigation, as they put in the sickle and gathered the ripe corn, as the oxen on the threshing-floor trod out the grain, and as the farm-servants stored it in the granary. Then he had his orchard and vine-yard wherewith to amuse himself when the humour took him. There were palms, sycamores, and vines to be tended, or their fruit to be gathered; and one way of gathering the fruits rapidly was to employ monkeys to help the servants. Jacko did help, it is true, but always with an unconcealed eye to the gratification of number one. There he is, well up the trees, and in the very coolest manner gorging himself, while the attendants wait below and he leers at them. The grapes once off, the kids were turned in to browse on the vines. The juice of the grapes was expressed by putting them in a bag, the opposite ends of which being twisted in contrary ways by means of poles, the liquor streamed through into a vase. The extended arms of one man did not, however, give sufficient length of lever for a pole, and hence we see a man at each end of each pole, putting his whole strength into the squeeze, the bag being by this means wrung to a most exhausting degree; while a fifth fellow, with his feet against one pole and his hands against the other, prevents the bag from shortening, and throws all his energy into a most complicated wrench, like that kick with which old Tony Weller finished off the shepherd. The wringing of the bag was sometimes done a little more scientifically by means of a frame, and by having strong eyes attached to the ends of the bag, one eye being then fixed to the post of the frame while the other moved freely, — being passed through a hole in the opposite post; the whole squeezing party bent their strength on a lever which passed through the last-mentioned eye, and so brought down in a shower the precious liquor.

There was also a foot-press (more used in Upper Egypt), where, the grapes being duly arranged on their proper floor, a lot

of trampers seized each a rope radiating from a knot in the centre of the ceiling, and, starting off centrifugally round and round, soon mashed the fruit, and let the juice stream through a sieve or colander into a receptacle beneath, from which it ran away into vats. We are obliged to pass over the different kinds of wines for fear of overrunning our space.

The beer, of which mention has been before made,* was the genuine extract of barley; but as the Egyptians had not the hop, they gave a flavour with lupin, the skirret, or the root of a certain Assyrian plant not identified. This beverage was in general use throughout Egypt; and though there may have been a smaller consumption in the wine-growing than in the corn districts, there is reason to think that brewing was done very regularly on all the estates. Nevertheless, as in our day, the beer of every district was not considered equally good, and the favourite brand was that of Pelusium on the Levant—their Burton-on-Trent. When we remember the great facilities for water-carriage which existed during the inundation, it seems probable that Pelusium (now Port Said) may have driven a considerable business in this commodity, as the wealthy would take care to have that of highest reputation; and the reputation of Pelusiac beer was not confined to Egypt, but was notorious in Greece. It may be an addition to our useful knowledge to learn that any unfortunate person who may happen to be what Mr. Weller called “overtook,” will, if he be drunken with wine, lie on his face; whereas, if beer has been his seducer, he will lie on his back. No apology is offered for advancing this dogma in a somewhat positive manner, as it proceeds from no satirist or profane person, neither rests on the doubtful evidence of a toper who had made trial of both kinds, but is the grave assertion of Aristotle the philosopher: we have only, therefore, to bow the head and believe; and we English are more strictly bound to this humility, as we have no practical knowledge of the subject.

But to return to our Coptic squire. It is not certain that he would be a thrifty man, always conferring with his stewards and inspecting his fields; and it is hardly likely that, however notable he might be, he would not sometimes amuse himself with field-sports. Whenever it might be his pleasure to hunt, shoot, or fish, there were glorious opportunities of having an exciting day or series of days. The game was not,

of course, exactly the same as that which a British sportsman, in the year of grace 1870, is at pains to destroy; but, except in regard to one or two circumstances, the modern reader is likely to marvel more at the extreme similarity of the Egyptian sporting expeditions and adventures to our own than at any striking peculiarity in the sports. And one may well marvel, when the immense distance of time is considered, at the strong similarities which are brought home to us, not by verbal descriptions alone, but by the most spirited sculptures, the *chefs-d'œuvre*, probably, of Egyptian art, where some conventional restraint which hampered the artist in portraying gods and men seems to have been removed, so that he could give a looser to his genius. The situations of the chase are generally such as are familiar to us—the setting out of the hunting party, the beat, the find, the setting on of the dogs and other animals, the sportsmen assisting with their bows and javelins, the animals turning to bay, the death, and the return with the game. There were Landseers on the earth in those days.

Foxes, wolves, jackals, hyenas, and leopards were destroyed for sport or for their skins; but gazelles, ibexes, oryxes, wild oxen, deer, wild sheep, hares, and porcupines, were hunted for their flesh as well as for amusement. The ostrich also was chased for his feathers, ornaments which were highly prized. Hounds and other dogs were the principal animals used in pursuit; but mention must not be omitted of two species of the genus *felis*, which, in such a connection, may rather astonish—one is the lion, which was tamed for a sporting beast; the other the domestic cat, which was educated to be a retriever in fowling.

Birds, besides being taken in snares, were liable to be lulled by a decoy, and then knocked down with sticks, or more sportingly slain with darts. It is very clear how it was all done, and the zest with which the sportsmen laboured. Fishing with nets and baits and prongs went on in the days of Joseph much as it does now. The kinds of fish which were then caught may be seen in representation to this day, as may also the kind of knives with which they were opened, and the modes of curing them. Of fly-fishing there is no record, only of netting, spearing, and angling with ground-bait.

There were two sports to which we cannot pretend to find parallels in our land and day,—viz., hippopotamus-hunting, in which a harpoon and reel were used, mak-

* “Blackwood’s Magazine” for August 1870.

ing it, to that extent, like whaling — and crocodile-hunting. The Tentyrites are said to have been so bold in this latter pursuit, that one of them would not hesitate to swim singly after a crocodile, jump on its back, and thrust a bar into its mouth, which, being used as a bit, the gallant rider made the crocodile carry him to shore! Herodotus, however, tells us that the way to catch a crocodile in his time was to bait a hook with a piece of pork, then to set a pig screaming on the bank. The crocodile, running to look after the pig, would observe the pork, and swallow it *en passant*, whereupon he was hauled ashore and blinded with mud, so that he could offer but little resistance to his fate.

When our bucolic Egyptian got home after being afield, he took his bath, and was ready then for some refreshment, which was brought him in separate dishes, and served upon a small round table with one leg, at which he sat on a high or low stool, but did not recline. His meal, the history of which may be read on the sculptures, from the slaughter of the animal or the gathering of the vegetable or fruit up to the moment of serving, was tolerably luxurious; and probably a bill of fare might here be furnished, only that meals will be better treated of when we come to Entertainments, — and before they are mentioned something ought to be said of the thriving citizen of an Egyptian city.

Town-houses, when small, touched each other, and formed the sides of a narrow street. Large houses were detached, and stood each in its own area, with entrance-doors on two or three of its sides. The plan of these detached houses was rectangular, and either the apartments ran round three sides of an inner quadrangle, or a spacious court was reserved on one side of the buildings joining them to the boundary wall. Low houses appear to have been the fashion, except in splendid Thebes, where, Diodorus says, the houses were four or five stories in height. "They had a portico or porch before the front door (Janua), supported on two columns, below whose capitals were attached ribbons or banners, the name of the person who lived there being occasionally painted within, on the lintel or imposts of the door; and sometimes the portico consisted of a double row of columns, between which stood colossal statues of the king.

"A line of trees ran parallel with the front of the house; and, to prevent injuries from cattle or from any accident, the stems were surrounded by a low wall, pierced with square holes to admit the air. . . .

The height of the portico was about twelve or fifteen feet, just exceeding that of the cornice of the door, which was only raised by its threshold above the level of the ground."* The walls of the reception-rooms were raised to only a moderate height, and carried no roof, but an awning was stretched over them while the sun shone, and a stream of cool air was by architectural arrangement carried through the rooms. These rooms were rich with columns, and decorated with banners. The distribution of the rooms of the family was various, according to taste or need, as we are informed by many examples. The doors had locks and keys — keys, that is, which could be taken out of the locks — how early we know not, but certainly as early as thirteen and a half centuries B.C. There was a terrace on the top of each house covered by a roof on columns. The ceilings were beautifully painted as to both colour and design; and on Egyptian ceilings at least 800 years older than Homer or Romulus, Wilkinson found splendid examples of what we have been accustomed to call Greek and Etruscan patterns, — the lotus, the square, the diamond, the circle, and above all, he says, the succession of scrolls and square within square, usually called the Tuscan border. The basement rooms were appropriated as offices and stores, and these were generally covered by regular keyed arches — *Roman arches*, as it is the fashion to call them.

Now these citizens seem to have been a remarkably sociable class, not "fat chuffs, gorbellied knaves," that hated the long-ago-mummied men about town, who might in that day have described themselves as "us youth," but liberal, open-handed fellows, giving of their abundance, and unwilling to eat their morsel alone. "To see a few friends" was clearly a great delight to them, and how they entertained their guests we may learn as accurately and minutely as if we had been present. We see the soberer magnates borne to the door in their palanquins, surrounded by a crowd of attendants, each of whom carried something which his master might possibly require during the visit, such as a stool to alight by, his tablets, and so on; we see the footman knocking at the door, and the servants within getting ready water for the guests' feet; and then we see the young swells, evidently after time, dashing up in their curricles, and making sensation among the company already assembled, while grooms run to the horses' heads. And the

* Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians."

water for the feet and hands was offered in the houses of people of distinction in a style becoming citizens of no mean cities; none of your delf, none of your porcelain even, none of your figured glass, none of your alabaster or such common wares to wash in, but golden ewers and basins beautifully fashioned. After he had washed, each guest was anointed by a servant with perfumed unguents out of porcelain or alabaster boxes, then he was crowned or garlanded with flowers, and so made fit to enter the reception-room, where he found ladies and gentlemen seated on ottomans, chairs, stools, and sofas.

The entertainment began by an offer of wine being made to all the guests, female and male, and then, while dinner was being prepared, the said guests conversed or listened to favourite airs played on the harp, pipe, flute, and tambourine by professional musicians. Anon came the repast; but we are not asked to sit satisfied with seeing that there *are* dishes, and plenty of them — we are taken through the slaughter-house and through the kitchen, and by the most minute description thoroughly informed as to the preparation. There is to be seen the ox, gazelle, oryx, or kid bound for slaughter, and the butcher applying his fatal knife; and let it be remarked that these ancient butchers wore in their belts and tied to their aprons *steels* for sharpening the knives. The whole process of preparing the animals for the table is then laid bare, and we are introduced to the head cook and his assistants, who are seen to be spitting, mincing, pounding, garnishing, poking the fires, and blowing the bellows *with their feet*. Joints, *hors-d'œuvres*, savoury meats, were thus prepared, and not a few tasty messes made with geese and other poultry, while the most delicious vegetables entered largely into the composition of almost every dish. Who does not call to mind the murmurs of the Israelites at Taberah? "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The baking (including unmistakable macaroni) and confectionery were intrusted to another set of artists, of whom Pharaoh's ill-fated chief baker was probably a director. Everything is shown us, down to the minutest circumstance; and we even know what parts, when that which was thought worthy to be cooked for the guests had been selected, were given to the poor. But we must not loiter, though the temptation to do so is strong.

We find the guests (to return to the

party) entertained sometimes by sexes separately, though in the same room, and sometimes with the ladies and gentlemen intermixed at the same table. The table was generally, though not invariably, round; and the dishes with loaves of bread were placed on it, the table itself being removed with every course, and another substituted with the next course. But at other times the table remained all through the meal, and the viands were brought in baskets. Wine was freely handed about to ladies as well as gentlemen; and there is reason to believe that the former even liked it, and sometimes went so far as to take a thimbleful too much, as the unmerciful sculptor has not scrupled to record. They not only could get merry and frisky, but one young lady (and we feel certain that not a practice of the girl of the period, but a particular accident, must have suggested the sculpture) is very unwell indeed, as if she were at sea, and you see all her distress, and the assistance rendered to her — oh my!! Of course, where such a thing could be imagined of a lady, gentlemen were not unfrequently elevated — *ça va sans dire*.

But while we contemplate their hilarity and indiscretion, mention must be made of a most remarkable custom at feasts: *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*; while they are at the height of their enjoyment, servants enter bearing in a mummy, or the semblance of one, and this hideous object is handed round to every guest. The application of this incident rested, of course, with each guest according to his disposition; some regarded it as Falstaff said he did old Bardolph's face — saw in it a *memento mori* to recall them to serious reflection; while others looked at it much more as Falstaff really would, and drew the moral, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The intention was, no doubt, to restrain intemperance and levity.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed. These were followed by dancing and feats of agility and tumbling. Almost all the achievements in this line which amuse us to-day are to be seen executed to the life on the sculptures, the effects of which on the mind, when the lapse of time occurs to it for a moment, are absolutely startling. Something that you saw last week, after it had been trumpeted as the most astonishing novelty, you may see to-day facing you in a museum on an Egyptian tableau of incalculable antiquity. Magicians, professors of gymnastics, and sleight-of-hand men were all occasionally introduced, the conjuring being, of course, a favourite amusement. Mr. Kenrick, being

for a moment a little simple or a little pompous, writes thus of one of the tricks: "We see two men seated with four inverted cups placed between them, and it is evident that the game consisted in guessing beneath which of the cups some object was concealed." In homelier phrase, the noble science of *thimblery* was understood and practised; and it is satisfactory to find, by subsequent reference to Wilkinson, who speaks less fastidiously, that this interpretation is true. Draughts and dice were much played at, and wrestling and single-stick gave delight to some. Buffoonery seems to have been appreciated by all.

Occasion was taken in a former paper* to speak of the art of making musical instruments, and incidentally to mention the later opinions concerning the musical taste of the Egyptians. But we did not say then — neither can we say now — one tithe of what it is desirable to say on this subject. The introduction on the tableaux of music on every possible occasion, shows how generally the science was appreciated; and the beautiful stringed instruments which even yet survive, tell us of themselves how devoted the people were to the hearing of sweet sounds. Specimens of the instruments — as of most other things of general use or estimation — were laid up in the tombs, where, unseen and undisturbed, they were left to gratify the eyes of the spirit whose mummy, with its countless bandages, lay embalmed in the same sepulchre. In one of these tombs, the date of closing which was ascertained to be more than a thousand years before Christ, a harp of many strings was discovered in 1823. One of the exploring party laid his hand upon the instrument, and — let him who may read it without emotion — the chords which had been motionless and silent for upwards of three thousand years vibrated to his touch, and woke the echoes of the tomb with musical sounds! —

"O wake once more! how rude so'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic muse to stray.
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain;
Yet if thy heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard-note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!"

From the few particulars, meagre though they be, which have been given, it may be understood that a tolerable degree of luxury

and a somewhat ostentatious taste existed in Egypt. Just as the wealthy moderns develop or invent all manner of fancies, and spare no expense to gratify their caprices, so did opulent Egyptians deny themselves nothing in the way of wines, equipages, works of art, pleasure-boats, slaves, animals, trees, &c. "But while the funds arising from extensive farms and the abundant produce of a fertile soil enabled the rich to indulge extravagant habits, many of the less wealthy envied the enjoyment of those luxuries which fortune had denied to them; and, prompted by vanity and a desire of imitation, so common in civilized communities, and so generally followed by fatal results, they pursued a career which speedily led to an accumulation of debt, and demanded the interference of the Legislature."* Now the interference of the Legislature was remarkable, inasmuch as it was ordained that when a man had been so silly as to get deeply into debt, he should give his father's (or, as Wilkinson supposes, his nearest relation's, since his father may not yet have been mummified) mummy in pledge for payment. Not to have redeemed the mummy would have rendered the debtor infamous. He was therefore thus put under the strongest obligation to acquit himself of the debt, and generally did acquit himself. The liberal creditor, not altogether caring to domesticate the mummy, was commonly satisfied with possession of the tomb. This was quite enough to brand the debtor and his family too if the account remained long unpaid; and the pledge and the penalty being so awful, it is suggested that some relation — say an uncle — would come forward and receive the precious deposit, to keep the affair within the bounds of the family. Being too much occupied to follow up this suggestion, pregnant as it is, we hereby unreservedly present it to the etymologists, by whose labours we hope to see a remarkable but perplexing modern form of speech clearly connected with the earlier Coptic.

The design of this paper being but to present some striking points of Egyptian life, with a view of inducing a comprehensive study of it, we pass now from the lives (most meagrely glanced at) of that ancient people to their deaths, or the circumstances connected therewith, premising that everything belonging to death and funerals was of immense importance, and thoughts of, and preparations (both material and moral) for death, appear to have occupied individuals as much as the requirements of their

* "Blackwood's Magazine" for August 1870, p. 222.

* Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs," &c.

lives. Although they had a consciousness of the soul's separate existence in a spiritual world called *Amenthe*, there was nevertheless some strong idea, not yet clearly evolved, of communication maintained between the soul and the mummy, as long as the latter should not be wholly dissolved. Hence they came to look upon the tomb in which a man was to lie for thousands of years as his real home, in contradistinction to his house, which, as a stranger and a pilgrim, he would occupy for some fraction of a century. Accordingly, a man of any means, from the king downwards, set about the provision of a tomb for himself as soon as he attained to independence, and he lavished his wealth in making his long home worthy of him. He furnished and he decorated it; architecture, sculpture, painting, all the arts contributed to its magnificence; furniture, instruments, utensils, jewels, records, were stored there in profusion; indeed it is in these tombs that we find our most interesting relics, as the harp above spoken of, or the sculptures placed around the mummy to recall familiar scenes and pleasures.

Now, mummification having been, as we showed before,* an art so important and so well understood, people while in health would naturally declare their wishes, and make their provision in that regard. But although every man hoped to become some sort or other of mummy—an Egyptian being always considered worth his salt—yet it depended upon his means in what style he should be packed for eternity. Herodotus gives three principal methods, but it is probable that these admitted of modifications according to price. One can hardly realize the satisfaction of going into an embalmer's establishment, and cruising about to choose after what pattern one would "be a body," as Mr. Mantilini put it. But the quest must have had its fascinations. "Genteel, well-cured mummy—very sound, only 7 minæ (£20)," would meet the eye on one side, and seem very eligible; but then the price! Well, then, look at this—"22 minæ (£60), and a perfect gem at the money. Extra natron—warranted to last 10,000 years—equal to first-class in duration—difference in external materials only." Or, if that does not satisfy, then—"In this style, finest that can be made, with latest improvements, one talent (£250)." So, after a great deal of hesitation and balancing of expense against quality, a decision would be arrived at. Quack embalmers, of

course, there were, heading their advertisements with—"Why give more?" "To persons about to perish." "When you die send your body to us." "A perfect cure; you last forty centuries or your money returned,"—and such *ad captandum* snares; but it was too serious a matter altogether for any discreet person to chaffer with charlatans in respect of it. For the confounded risk was this: the spirit would not be provided with another body for 3000 years; and if in the mean time its old temple should be dissolved, what was to become of it, the spirit aforesaid?

Now we quite remember that the spirit was understood to have gone to *Osiris* in *Amenthe*; we have just said that it still maintained its place in the old firm of which the body had declined into a sleeping partner, and that it hovered about the tomb, and didn't forget its old tastes and habits; and we have now to add that, in the interval between the decease of the old human body and its entering a new one, it passed 3000 years in bodies of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles! How to reconcile these destinies? Well, it can't be done at present, but the fault, no doubt, is with us, who don't half understand as yet the things which have been transmitted to us. The Egyptians were certainly most earnest about the life hereafter, and they were too shrewd and too logical to be satisfied with any *hocus-pocus* doctrines on a subject so important. We must wait for more light, remembering that a great deal of what is ascribed to the Egyptians, and what has been accepted by the moderns, is only the account of the Greeks who may have wholly misunderstood the theology of the superior people whom they professed to portray. Greek speculation must go down before the monuments.

No sooner had a member of a family died than the females of the house plastered their heads and faces with mud, and rushed into the streets, striking their bare bosoms and uttering mournful cries. They were there joined by relations and friends, who all added their lamentations. This was the beginning of a woe which was continued with variations throughout a period of seventy-two days*—i.e., while the corpse was taken to the embalmers, made a mummy of in due process, and returned impregnably corned to the wailing relations. After this last event, a new set of cere-

* See the account of the mourning for Jacob: "And forty days were fulfilled for him; for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed: and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days."—Gen. 1. 8.

* "Blackwood's Magazine" for August 1870.

monies was proceeded with. The mummy had assigned to it a closet in the house, where it stood upright against a wall, when entirely unoccupied. But the leisure of a young mummy was but scanty, there being innumerable ceremonies and domestic meetings at which it was required to attend. A small sledge was used for moving it about from chamber to chamber. It was taken out of its closet and anointed with oil or ointment; it was embraced and mourned over; libations, incense, and offerings of vegetables were presented to the gods on its behalf; liturgies were recited by priests. It sometimes even happened that the mummy was placed at table, as if friends desired to enjoy its society.

For an indefinite period, ranging from a few weeks to a year, the mummy was an inmate of the house; but sooner or later arrived the time when it had to be deposited in the tomb, and then their was something like a stir. Not only are the funeral processions described but several have been depicted in all their details. The magnificence with which people of rank were borne to the grave could not be exceeded.

"First came several servants carrying tables laden with fruit, cakes, flowers, vases of ointment, wine and other liquids, with three young geese and a calf for sacrifice, chairs and wooden tablets, napkins, and other things. Then others bringing the small closets in which the mummy of the deceased and of his ancestors had been kept, while receiving the funeral liturgies previous to burial, and which sometimes contained the images of the gods. They also carried daggers, bows, sandals, and fans, each man having a kerchief or napkin on his shoulder. Next came a table of offerings, fauteuils, couches, boxes, and a chariot; and then the charioteer with a pair of horses yoked in another car, which he drove as he followed on foot, in token of respect to his late master. After these were men carrying gold vases on a table, with other offerings, boxes, and a large case upon a sledge borne on poles by four men, superintended by two functionaries of the priestly order; then others bearing small images of his ancestors, arms, fans, the sceptres, signets, collars, necklaces, and other things appertaining to the king, in whose service he held an important office. To these succeeded the bearers of a sacred boat, and the mysterious eye of Osiris as God of Stability, so common on funereal monuments—the same which was placed over the incision in the side of the body when embalmed, was the emblem of Egypt, and was frequently used as a sort of amulet, and deposited in the tombs. Others carried the well-known small images of blue pottery, representing the deceased under the form of Osiris, and the bird emblematic of the soul. Following these were seven or more men bearing upon staves or wooden yokes cases filled with

flowers, and bottles for libation; and then seven or eight women, having their heads bound with fillets, beating their breasts, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering doleful lamentations for the deceased, intermixed with praises of his virtues. . . . Next came the hearse, placed in the consecrated boat upon a sledge, drawn by four oxen and by seven men, under the direction of a superintendent, who regulated the march of the procession. A high functionary of the priestly order walked close to the boat, in which the chief mourners, the nearest female relations of the deceased, stood or sat at either end of the sarcophagus; and sometimes his widow, holding a child in her arms, united her lamentations with prayers for her tender offspring, who added its tribute of sorrow to that of its afflicted mother."*

The rich sarcophagus was decked with flowers. Sometimes the mummy rested on the outside exposed to view, but more frequently it was enclosed in the case—a panel of which was, however, taken out on some occasions to show the head of the mummy. The procession wound up with the male relations and friends, leaning on long sticks, and either beating their breasts or walking in solemn silence.

It was, no doubt, such a procession as the above which went up to Abel-Mizraim with the remains of Jacob; and Canaan probably never before and never since saw a funeral conducted with such pomp and splendour. None can doubt that the funeral of Joseph himself, when he was consigned to the tomb wherein he lay until the exodus, was of unparalleled grandeur. And here let us note, in passing, that there is some reason to think that this tomb has been found.†

It may be imagined that, having described the funeral procession, we have completed the "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," but such is not the case; there remains behind a custom more remarkable than any other part of the obsequies. Between the road over which the mummy travelled as above and the tomb which had been prepared for it, there intervened an obstacle. Every nome (or Egyptian province) had its sacred lake barring the passage to the tomb until he whose mummy sought to be at rest had established his character as one deserving to lie among the worthies of Egypt who had gone before him. There was a sacred boat and a boatman (the Egyptian word for which is *Charon* ‡), but before the mummy could be embarked, or the boatman would pull a stroke, the *permit*

* Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs," &c.

† Osburn's "Monumental History."

‡ Of course the original of our Stygian acquaintance.

of forty-two assessors, who had been expressly summoned, and who stood in a grave semicircle on the bank, had to be obtained. There might or might not be an accuser or accusers present. If there were, he or they were bound to prove that the deceased had led an evil life, on pain of the severest punishment in case of failure. If there were no accuser, still the character of the dead had to be examined on every point *seriatim* of Egyptian morality. His acts, his omissions, his example, were rigidly passed in review, and it was not until the assessors had decided that he was altogether worthy that his mummy could be lowered into the sacred ark. Should the sentence be against the dead, or should he be proved to be heavily in debt, the body had to be returned by the way it came, amid the confusion and grief of all the family, and kept concealed, until the production of further evidence, the expiation of any offences that admitted of being cancelled, or, in the worst case, the lapse of time, enabled the afflicted family to obtain for it the shelter of the tomb. Pharaoh himself was not exempt from this ordeal, and there were certainly instances where the royal mummy was refused a passage. By such cases we get a little insight into the moral forces by which a Pharaoh was kept in *equilibrio*. But supposing all to go well, no sooner was the *testamur* issued, and the candidate pronounced to have passed this his "great go," than the assembled crowd abandoning the mournings and lamentations and woe which they had so long indulged, broke out into acclamations, extolled the glory of the deceased, and rejoiced that he was to remain for ever in Amenthe with the virtuous and approved. In the entrance passage, usually, of the tomb, but certainly in some part of the tomb, was registered the whole acquittal of the dead; how he had been able, by his representatives, and to the satisfaction of his judges, to assert his innocence of all the sins known to the Egyptian law as they were called over one by one.

The real import of the ceremony was of far more concern than could attach to any purely earthly verdict. The trial which was seen and heard was only the shadow or reflection of the unseen awful challenge at the bar of Osiris; the result was believed to represent the more terrible result which was recorded *there*. The fate of the soul has been depicted for us as much in detail as that of the body. We see it conducted to the gates of Amenthe where Cerberus is warder; we see it weighed in the balance; we see it, if accepted, taken into the blessed presence of Osiris, Isis, and Nephthys, where

from the throne in the midst of the waters rises the undying Lotus, bearing on the margin of its blossom the four Genii; we see it, if rejected, quailing before the sceptre of Osiris, inclined towards it in token of condemnation, and doomed to return to earth under the form of a pig, or some other unclean animal. "Placed in a boat, it is removed, under the charge of two monkeys, from the precincts of Amenthe, all communication with which is figuratively cut off by a man who hews away the earth with an axe after its passage; and the commencement of a new term of life is indicated by those monkeys."

One of the sacred books, the Book of the Dead, often found in the wrappings of the mummy or about the tomb, is a most extraordinary document, having reference to the passage of the soul. It is certainly not yet understood — perhaps it is not accurately read — but it may contain valuable information on the subject of Egyptian belief. The wonderful pains which this people took to do battle with the worm and the elements, and the motives which incited them thereto, were probably known to the learned St. Paul, whose answers to the question, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" may have been addressed not only to contemptible pagans, but also to this erudite people, whose desires were admirable, but whose knowledge was warped and erring. How applicable to them the sentence, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened *except it die!*"

And now, all unsatisfied, first, that we may say no more, and, secondly, that we have so feebly and imperfectly presented a few glimpses of a most interesting subject, we take our leave of these mighty men of old of whom we have read and thought till they seem as well known to us as the characters in King Henry IV., or the actors in "Ivanhoe." The pleasure of this acquaintance we recommend to all who may have taken the trouble to wander with us through these pages, assuring them that it is no *ignis fatuus*, no lame and impotent conclusion in pursuit of which we would engage them, but that the wonders inside the caravan immeasurably surpass the promise of the wretched canvas which we have displayed; in support of which assertion let us close with these words of Mr. Kenrick: "We possess means for ascertaining the form, physiognomy, and colour of the ancient Egyptians, such as no other people has bequeathed to us. We find in Greek, Roman, or British sepulchres only the ashes, or at most the skeleton, of the occupant; but the Egyptian reappears from his grotto, after

the lapse of 3000 years, with every circumstance of life, except life itself."

Several learned and interesting works have been repeatedly referred to in this and preceding articles concerning Egypt. It would be painful to take leave of the subject without an acknowledgment of the information and pleasure which have been thence derived by the writer; and a reader who may have been attracted by the subject would hardly forgive the omission, if, after exciting a desire for Egyptian lore, we should fail to show how it may be gratified.

As giving most graphic pictures of the times of old, in a free and lucid style, with incidents more startling than the most daring romancer has imagined, and of an interest which never declines, "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by Sir G. Wilkinson, stands alone. This fascinating work is in two series; the first containing an Egyptian history, with the manners and customs of the people generally; and the second being an account of the gods and of religious ceremonies, including funerals. It is profusely illustrated.

Mr. Kenrick, in his work on "Ancient Egypt," goes over much the same ground as Wilkinson, but in a somewhat severer style. His division of the subject is most convenient, and he has condensed into moderate space a large amount of information and inferences.

The "Monumental History of Egypt," by Mr. Osburn, traces the early history from the monuments alone or chiefly, and

shows that there is a concord between the Scriptural accounts and chronology, and the order of events as they have been recorded in the sculptures and papyri. It contains a full and interesting account of the hieroglyphics, and a detailed explanation of the inscription of Rosetta. Its narratives, and inquiries are enlivened with the most interesting inferences and suggestions, all bold and independent.

The volume of the Family Library on "Ancient and Modern Egypt," by the Rev. M. Russell, is a short critical *résumé* of the discoveries as they stood some thirty years ago, and of Egypt under Mehemet Ali.

The second volume of Rawlinson's "Herodotus" is in itself a repertory of Egyptological facts. The notes and appendices by the learned translator, by his brother Sir H. Rawlinson, and by Sir G. Wilkinson, not only illustrate the text, but supplement the old historian so thoroughly as to make the reading of the "Euterpe" a full study of the subject.

Lastly, we name with reverence the exhaustive work of Bünsen, "Egypt's Place in History," in which the subjects of Egyptian history, chronology, theology, and writing are discussed. This profound work is in five volumes, and must be read by veritable students of Egyptology.

The work of the Prussian Dr. Lepsius is known to the writer of this paper only at second-hand, but in pointing a finger-post toward old Egypt his name must be prominently written.

Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes' Geographischer Anstalt (vol. xvi., No. 8) opens with a remarkably interesting paper — illustrated by a map — by Dr. G. Nachtigal, on his travels in Tibesti. He says that, in spite of Barth's philological investigations, he regards the question as to the nature of the Tibbu as still undecided. They are of middle height, are very well built, and possess elegant yet muscular limbs. The majority of them are of a deep bronze colour, but without a trace of what is usually termed the negro physiognomy. On the whole, their physical and psychical peculiarities, their social and political arrangements, and their manners and customs, resemble those of the Berber infinitely more than those of the Negro. Amongst other things, Dr. Nachtigal records some careful observations of the rivers Zuar and Marmar, the former of which he regards as incomparably the finest river in Tibesti. In M. Lejean's

article on his travels in European Turkey in 1869, he corrects the existing maps in several points, embodying in an elaborate map the results of his investigations. He expresses the greatest contempt for the modern Turks, intimating that those who believe they have recently made real progress are deceived by mere appearances. He says he has gathered full materials for a work or works on the ethnography and archæology of the districts he describes. Professor Pellegrino Strobel describes a journey from the Planchar Pass to Mendoza; and the rest of the number is made up of "Geographical Notices" and translations of extracts from Mr. Robert Brown's "Physical Geography of the Queen Charlotte Islands," and from reports published in the "South Australian Register," on Mr. G. W. Gogden's Measuring Expedition to North Australia.

Nature.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.
 THE PLANET SATURN.
 BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE planet Saturn now presents his most interesting aspect. As he sweeps around his widely-extended orbit, occupying nearly thirty years in circling once around the sun, that mysterious ring-system which distinguishes him from all the orbs of heaven twice attains its widest opening. Fifteen years ago the southern surface of the rings was so much tilted towards the earth that its farthest part could be seen above the globe of Saturn. Then gradually as Saturn swept onwards towards the equinoctial points of his orbit, the rings became more and more fore-shortened, until in 1862 their edge was turned towards us. After that the northern face became visible; and during all the years which have elapsed since 1862 this face has become more and more fully turned towards us, until now, as in 1856, the outline of the planet's globe lies wholly within the outline of the ring-system's outer boundary.

It was while the southern surface of the ring-system was turned as fully towards us as now the northern surface is, that the dusky, slate-tinted inner ring was discovered independently by Bond in America and Dawes in England. At that time, too, the signs of divisions in the ring-system were clearly recognized by many observers. It may well be that the present wide opening of the ring-system will be studied with scarcely less interesting results by those observers who possess adequate telescopic appliances; though, on the other hand, it is far from improbable that the low altitude which the planet now attains above the horizon will deter observers in our northern latitudes from studying Saturn so attentively as they otherwise would. Be this as it may, the present aspect of the planet is full of interest to the thoughtful. Much has been learned respecting Saturn during the last twenty years, and there can be little doubt that, independently of fresh discoveries, we may find much to reward us in the careful consideration of what has been so recently brought to our knowledge.

And here I may be permitted to remark, in passing, that it sometimes seems to me as though the astronomers of our day were apt to let the full significance of observed facts escape their notice. In the continual search for fresh knowledge, that which has been already obtained is sometimes neglected. Our observers are so industrious and so skilful that new facts are being accumulated with unexampled rapidity. But it is getting a little out of fashion in the

present day to dwell thoughtfully on past observations, inasmuch that I feel it almost necessary to apologize for inviting attention to observations which were made many years since.

Yet to anyone who thoroughly grasps what astronomy teaches us about the ringed planet, how impossible it seems to exhaust the subject by any amount of study. That wonderful orb, circled about by the mighty mechanism of the ring-system, and the centre of a scheme of dependent globes equalling in number the primary planets of the solar system, may worthily employ many hours and days, nay, many months and years of thoughtful study. The more we consider the subject, indeed, the more amazing and inexplicable the economy of Saturn's system seems to become. I can, at least for my own part, assert that I have never directed my thoughts afresh to the relations he presents without some hitherto unnoticed peculiarity attracting my attention. I propose now to touch on one or two points which have not yet, so far as I know been dealt with by astronomers, and which seem to throw light on the physical constitution of this mighty orb and of his fellow giants, Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune.

Regarding Saturn either with a powerful telescope, or as presented in the admirable drawings recently taken by De la Rue, Browning, and others, it seems natural to enquire what signs the planet's disc presents of those peculiarities which would characterize our own earth, could we see it from Venus or Mercury with suitable telescopic power. Setting on one side for the moment the division of the earth's surface into large tracts of land and water, there are two most important relations which could hardly fail to be distinctly recognizable—I refer to the progress first of the *day*, and secondly of the *year*. To the astronomer, contemplating our earth from Venus or Mercury, it would be no difficult task to trace certain changes characterizing the advance of day and the coming on of evening, in certain parts of the earth at least; while in a yet more distinct manner, supposing him to watch our earth, day after day, through the entire circle of the year, he would recognize the effects of the alternation from summer to winter in either hemisphere. If Saturn resemble our earth in having the sun as the chief ruler of his days and seasons, we may look in his case, also, for some traces of similar relations.

Let us now carefully consider what we might expect to find, and then enquire what the telescope actually reveals to us.

As regards the progress of day upon the earth, a distinction must be drawn between the temperate regions and the torrid zone. Undoubtedly even in our own latitudes we may recognize day after day in summer, often for weeks together, the formation of clouds during the morning hours, their gradual increase up to a certain hour, and their subsidence (accompanied by a change in their form and structure) towards evening. Supposing for a moment that this took place at all stations in our latitude, then our imagined astronomer in Venus or Mercury would recognize in that latitude-zone corresponding peculiarities. Close by the edge of the disc towards the west, he would be able to see the actual surface of the earth in those latitudes; the sky being still clear during the early morning hours in progress there. Casting his eye along the zone towards the east he would find the zone grow whiter and whiter up to a part somewhat to the east of the middle point. This whitest part would correspond to the region where clouds were most numerous. Farther east the zone would still be whitish, and that to the very edge, since the clouds raised in the daytime (during such weather as we have been considering) do not disappear before sunset, but sink down like a pall upon the earth.

But, as I have said, it is not in temperate regions that the most marked diurnal changes are recognized. Let us consider the ordinary peculiarities of the equatorial day, or rather of the day in those regions of the earth where the sun passes almost to the zenith (the point vertically overhead) at noon-day. This is the region of greatest heat, and north and south of it lies the region of the trade-winds. Now let us hear what meteorologists have to say respecting the condition of the atmosphere, as regards the presence or absence of clouds during the day, in this region. "In all places where the trade-wind blows constantly," Kaemtz remarks, "it does not rain; the sky is always serene; but it often rains in the region of calms. The ascending current (caused by the intense heat here) draws with it a mass of vapours, which condense as soon as they arrive at the line of junction between the upper and lower trade-winds. *The sun almost always rises in a clear sky: towards mid-day isolated clouds appear, which pour out prodigious quantities of rain.* These showers are accompanied by violent gales. *Towards evening the clouds dissipate, and when the sun sets the sky is perfectly clear.*" Buchan in his excellent *Handy-Book of Meteorology* similarly describes the progress of the

weather changes during a day in the calm regions. He adds that the daily rains of the belt of calms are to some extent analogous in their origin and causes to the formation of the cumulus cloud of temperate climates.

Now let us particularly note the position of a place where one of these diurnal rain-storms is commencing. Up to mid-day the sky has been relatively clear; the sun has passed to the point overhead before the clouds gather, and he is actually overhead at noon when the whole sky is covered with black clouds. So that if anyone could take up a station where the illuminated hemisphere of the earth at that moment was fully turned towards him, the very centre of that disc would be the place where this state of things prevails. There, then, he would see the bright light indicating that the spot was cloud-covered, he would see "the silver-lining" of the black clouds which at the moment are pouring down their contents upon the portion of the earth concealed from him. But now let us suppose that he had watched the region of the earth from the early morning hours, until it thus became concealed by clouds. It would come into view on the western side of the disc, and then travel across the disc (either in a straight line or along a curved path according to the season) until it reached the centre. All this time it would grow less and less distinct, and when actually at the centre would be lost to sight under heavy clouds. But still following its course towards the eastern side of the disc, our imaginary observer would see the bright light from the clouds grow fainter and fainter until, some time before reaching the edge of the disc, the region of the earth he had watched at first would reappear, for we have seen that the skies clear up towards evening.

But what is true of one spot in this latitude is true of others. Every spot coming into view in the west would be clear of clouds, every spot crossing the middle of the disc would be hidden, and, finally, every spot passing off the disc on the east would be clear again. It is perfectly obvious, then, that the zone along which the spots lie would always present to our observer the same general aspect. This terrestrial zone of calms, which has been compared with the equatorial bright belt of Saturn, would appear to the observer dusky towards the west, where the earth's duller hues are seen through it; bright in the middle, where clouds reflecting white light are gathered over it; and towards the east of the disc the brightness would gradually

diminish, until close by the eastern edge the dusky light seen in the western half would reappear. These peculiarities of appearance would be rendered all the more marked by the circumstance that the central part of the disc is illuminated more brightly by the sun than the parts near the edge.

We turn now to Saturn and enquire whether his equatorial bright zone presents these peculiarities. We might expect that a zone so bright and conspicuous as to be visible in a telescope of tolerable power — that is in a telescope such as would be found in any well appointed observatory — would exhibit some such characteristics as have been described. Assuming this belt to consist of sun-raised clouds, we might fairly look for signs of the Saturnian day, for the characteristics, in fact, of the morning, noon, and evening sky of the Saturnians. Nay, remembering how rapidly Saturn rotates, we might expect to find a more marked difference between the morning and the afternoon portions of the cloud-zone, since a part of the planet's surface sweeps through a more considerable portion of its daily circuit in any given period, than a corresponding part of the earth's surface.

We may well be surprised, then, to learn that the great equatorial bright belt of Saturn is absolutely uniform in light and texture except in parts so close by the edge of the disc that a difference of aspect is obviously referable to foreshortening alone. Not the slightest trace has ever been discerned of any peculiarities indicating the aggregation of clouds over the equatorial zone of the planet as the Saturnian day progresses!

It would almost seem to follow from this fact alone that the Saturnian cloud-belts are not raised by the sun's action.

Let us enquire, however, whether seasonal changes are not more marked than diurnal ones. Since the Saturnian year lasts for about twenty-nine of our terrestrial years, it should follow that seasonal changes would proceed much more steadily and certainly. We have to consider what those changes would be in the case of our earth, and then to enquire whether any corresponding variations are discernible in the aspect of Saturn.

Again I prefer to limit the consideration of annual processes of change to the tropical regions, where a regularity of variation prevails which is wanting in the temperate zones. It is further convenient to consider these regions because we have already examined one marked peculiarity of the tropical day, and shall thus be prepared to deal

with a closely related peculiarity of the tropical year.

We have seen that a heavy daily rainfall takes place in that particular latitude on our earth where the sun is overhead at noon. Now the position of this latitude obviously changes during the course of the year. In spring the equator is the region of greatest mid-day heat. After spring the latitude of greatest heat approaches us, and at midsummer the sun is vertical at noon in all places lying 23 1-2 degrees north of the equator. After midsummer, the region of the greatest mid-day heat withdraws from us, and at the autumnal equinox it again coincides with the equator. After autumn the latitude of greatest heat passes south of the equator, reaching its greatest southerly digression at midwinter. And finally after midwinter the region of greatest mid-day heat returns to the equator, which it reaches at the vernal equinox.

But we must assure ourselves that the weather changes correspond to these relations; for it might be that the existence of a calm zone was a peculiarity not wholly depending on the position of the mid-day sun. I might quote numerous authorities to show how the zone of calms in reality follows the sun, but will limit myself to two. Buchan, to whom I have already referred (as regards the progress of the diurnal changes in the calm zone), writes thus respecting the nature of that zone and the annual changes in its position:

The region of calms is a belt of about 4 deg. or 5 deg. in breadth, stretching across the Atlantic and the Pacific, generally parallel to the equator. It is marked by a lower atmospheric pressure than obtains to the north and to the south of it in the regions traversed by the trade-winds. It is also characterized by the daily occurrence of heavy rains and severe thunderstorms. The position of the calms varies with the sun, reaching its most northern limit, 25 deg. north latitude, in July, and its most southern, 25 deg. south latitude, in January.

The other passage I propose to quote is from Captain Maury's charming work, the *Physical Geography of the Sea*. The passage is interesting as indicating the office which the calm zone seems to fulfil in the economy of the earth.

After having crossed the cloud-ring [says Maury] the attentive navigator may perceive how this belt of clouds, by screening those parallels over which he may have found it to hang, from the sun's rays, not only promotes the precipitation which takes place within these parallels at certain periods, but how also the rains are made to change the places on which they are to fall; and how by travelling with the calm

belt of the equator up and down the earth this cloud-ring shifts the surface from which the heating rays of the sun are to be excluded; and how by this operation tone is given to the atmospherical circulation of the world, and vigour to its vegetation. Having travelled with the calm belt to the north or south, the cloud-ring leaves a clear sky about the equator; the rays of the torrid sun then pour down upon the solid crust of the earth there, and raise its temperature to a scorching heat. The atmosphere dances, and the air is seen trembling in ascending and descending columns, with busy eagerness to conduct the heat off and deliver it to the regions aloft, where it is required to give dynamical force to the air in its general channels of circulation. The dry season continues; the sun is vertical; and finally, the earth becomes parched and dry; the heat accumulates faster than the air can carry it away; the plants begin to wither, and the animals to perish. Then comes the mitigating cloud-ring. The burning rays of the sun are intercepted by it; the place for the absorption and reflection and the delivery to the atmosphere of the solar heat is changed; it is transferred from the upper surface of the earth to the upper surface of the clouds.

This series of changes is not only most important to the inhabitants of the earth, but it is of such a character that any observer able to watch the earth throughout the whole course of a year, as we watch the planet Saturn, could not fail to become readily cognisant of it. The actual range over which the central line of the calm zone oscillates northwards and southwards is forty-seven degrees. (Buchan's numbers referring to the extreme northerly and southerly limits of the zone.) Now if a globe be placed at some considerable distance from the eye, and an arc of forty-seven degrees marked on the globe is so placed that its middle point seems to occupy the middle of the disc presented by the globe, then the apparent length of the arc will be as nearly as possible two-fifths of the globe's diameter; so that the actual range of the calm zone viewed as we have imagined would correspond to no inconsiderable portion of the earth's apparent diameter. Only it is necessary to remember that if our observer always viewed the earth so as to see her whole illuminated hemisphere, then the calm zone would always cross the centre of the disc. Near either equinox, it would appear as a straight line across the centre. In July it would appear as somewhat more than half an ellipse, the two ends bowed upwards, and the middle point of the arc (which would correspond to an extremity of the shorter axis of the ellipse) coinciding with the centre of the disc. In January the calm zone would

have the same figure as in July, only the two ends of the elliptic arc would be turned downwards. The curvature of the arc would be, for the reasons above alleged, most obvious; in fact the lesser axis of the complete ellipse would be two-fifths of the greater.

Applying these considerations to the case of Saturn, on the supposition that his equatorial bright belt corresponds to the calm zone of the earth, we may expect to find an even more marked change of appearance in this belt than we have inferred in the case of the earth's calm zone. For the inclination of the earth's equator-plane to the path in which she travels is but twenty-three and a half degrees; the corresponding inclination in the case of Saturn is nearly twenty-seven degrees. It will obviously be so much the easier to infer whether the belt exhibits the peculiarities of change corresponding to the theory that it is due to solar influences.

Now the bright belt on Saturn *does* change in its apparent shape (precisely as the Saturnian rings do) in the course of a Saturnian year. At the present time, for instance, the bright belt, seen in an ordinary astronomical (inverting) telescope, is bowed very obviously with its convexity upwards. But instead of the central line of the belt passing across the centre of Saturn's disc, it has precisely the position which Saturn's equator, if marked as a line upon the surface of the planet, would seem to occupy. In other words, the central line forms a half ellipse, the middle of whose greater axis occupies the centre of Saturn's disc, instead of the extremity of the lesser axis being at that point. The bright belt is in fact, as its name implies, equatorial, *now*, during the summer of Saturn's northern hemisphere; whereas the calm zone of the earth at the corresponding season is not equatorial, but coincides with the Tropic of Cancer.

Here again, then, we have very clear and positive evidence against the theory that *this* Saturnian belt at any rate is due to solar action.

It is also worthy of remark that the evidence is not affected whatever opinion we may form as to the general uniformity or diversity of the surface of Saturn. If the surface of Saturn be diversified, then the constancy and uniformity of the equatorial belt becomes so much the more surprising; if, on the other hand, the surface of Saturn is very uniform, then those seasonal changes which we have considered ought to proceed so much the more regularly. On the earth they are interrupted, as we know, in cer-

tain places, owing to the configuration of oceans and continents; and monsoon weather-changes replace the systematic progression observed elsewhere. But the very uniformity of the bright belt on Saturn forbids us to regard such peculiarities as available to aid us in interpreting the phenomena we have been considering.

It is further noteworthy, that an objection which might have been made to the agreement founded on the diurnal constancy of the Saturnian equatorial belt, is not available against the argument just dealt with. Saturn is so much farther from the sun than the earth is, that a certain sluggishness might be supposed to characterize processes depending upon the sun's action; and therefore it might be supposed that a cloud-belt, once formed by the sun, would be carried round by Saturn's rapid rotation without being dissipated or in any way modified, whether night or day prevailed on Saturn. But in the case of the seasonal changes we have been considering no such argument can be admitted; for whatever view we might form as to the possible constancy of a cloud-belt during the ten hours of the Saturnian day, it would clearly be unreasonable to infer that the seven-yearly seasons (or quarters) of Saturn would be too short to produce their due effect on the position of the great cloud-zone. If the sun during his slow passage northwards and southwards from the celestial equator of Saturn cannot modify the position of the cloud-zone, it seems altogether incredible that his action can have been in any way concerned in the formation of that zone.

Yet further, it is wholly impossible for any thoughtful student of the Saturnian belts to suppose that the action to which they are due is of so inert and sluggish a nature as would be implied by the supposition just referred to. The changes which take place in the figure and position of the dark belts lying on either side of the equatorial bright belt are sometimes singularly rapid, especially when account is taken of the enormous extent of surface belonging even to the least of these belts.

For my own part, I confess I cannot but regard these facts as affording very strong evidence in favour of a theory to which I had been led by other considerations. If the sun is not the agent in producing those cloud-masses which constitute, we may assume, the bright belts of Saturn, we must look for the real origin of the belts in some action exerted by the planet's own mass. In other words, we seem led to the consideration that the mass of Saturn is sufficiently heated to cause currents of va-

pour to rise continually from his surface to be condensed into the form of cloud when they reach the upper regions of his atmosphere. Why such processes should take place in certain regions rather than in others, it would perhaps be difficult to determine. We know so little at present of the extent, constitution, and condition of the atmosphere of Saturn, that it is difficult to reason as to processes of change, excited by heat whose seat lies perhaps hundreds of miles beneath the surface visible to us. It may be remarked, however, that a similar peculiarity exists in the case of the sun. Indeed, a somewhat surprising resemblance exists between Saturn and the sun, as regards many important characteristics. The planet, like the sun, is of low specific gravity — very far lower than the earth's; as the sun has eight primary attendants, so Saturn has eight satellites; and as the sun has his attendant disc of minute bodies (seen in the zodiacal light), so Saturn has his ring system, composed, in all probability, of multitudes of minute satellites travelling in independent orbits around him.* Is it not possible that the relation necessary to make the analogy complete may be actually fulfilled, and that Saturn is a source whence heat is supplied to the orbs which circle around him? We have seen that reasons exist for regarding the Saturnian belts as resulting from processes excited by the planet's internal heat; and we are thus prepared to regard less suspiciously than we might otherwise have been disposed to do, any evidence tending to show that such processes are of a very remarkable character. The same forces which can generate belts covering a surface many times exceeding the whole surface of our earth in extent, may also, it is conceivable, produce other effects clearly recognizable from our distant station.

It is perhaps only after preliminary evi-

* The theory that Saturn's rings are thus constituted has been so commonly attributed to myself of late years that I feel bound to take every opportunity of disclaiming all credit whatsoever in the matter. I hold that it has been put beyond question that the Saturnian rings are neither formed of a continuous solid nor of a continuous fluid substance, and also that they are not wholly vaporous. But I have had no part in establishing this result, which is due solely to the labours of Bond, Pierce, and Maxwell. I have presented some of their reasoning in a popular form in my treatise on Saturn, but it is distinctly presented as their reasoning, not mine. One or two considerations helping to make the evidence more convincing perhaps to the general reader are due to me; and in particular the argument founded on the dusky spaces seen by Bond on the great middle ring. But though this last argument affords in itself a demonstration that we here see *through* this apparently continuous ring, I can take no credit whatever for demonstrating what had already been established by the arguments of others.

dence of this sort has been adduced, that most astronomers would be ready to listen even for a moment to such arguments as I have adduced in my treatise on *Other Worlds than Ours* to show that the apparent outline of Saturn is liable to change. Notwithstanding the wonderful caution with which Sir William Herschel's observations were carried on, his unwillingness to accept conclusions even after a long series of apparently convincing researches, and the clear-sightedness with which he *reasoned out* the interpretation of his observations, astronomers had agreed to reject (*as resulting from illusion*) the views which he formed respecting the "square-shouldered aspect" of Saturn. Bessel's exquisite measurements of the planet's disc seemed to show convincingly that it is not "square-shouldered," but truly elliptical, inasmuch that, as Professor Grant remarks, "no doubt could henceforth exist that the figure of the planet is that of an oblate spheroid. . . . It is impossible," he adds, "to contemplate Bessel's numbers (as compared with what theory required) without a feeling of admiration of the theory which is capable of responding so faithfully to the requirements of nature, and of the exquisite skill displayed by the illustrious astronomer who executed measures so singularly delicate as those above given with a success apparently so complete."

Yet, while fully admitting the justice of these remarks, I have long felt that Sir William Herschel's observations of Saturn's figure are not to be summarily dismissed. To quote words which I wrote five years ago, the astronomer who "examined Saturn's ring for ten years before he would accept the theory of its being divided, and watched a satellite for two years before he would pronounce an opinion on its rotation," was not the man to be misled by illusions, or to make confident statements without adequate reason. A "suspicion" of either Sir William Herschel's or Sir John's would counterbalance with me the most positive assertions of ordinary astronomers. But in this case it was no suspicion. Let us hear what Herschel himself says, and we shall be in a position to determine whether it is likely that this eminent observer was deceived by a mere illusion, and that too when he was in the very zenith of his career as an observer. "In order to have the testimony of all my instruments on the subject of the structure of the planet Saturn," he writes, referring to the observations made in May 1805, "I had prepared the 40-foot reflector for observing it in the meridian. I used a magnifying power of

360, and saw its form exactly as I had seen it in the 10 and 20 feet instruments. The planet is flattened at the poles, but the spheroid which would arise from this flattening is modified by some other cause, which I suppose to be the flattening of the ring. It resembles a parallelogram, one side whereof is [parallel to] the equatorial, the other [to] the polar diameter, with the four corners rounded off so as to leave both the equatorial and the polar regions flatter than they would be in a regular spheroidal figure." He determined by actual measurement the position of the protuberant portions which formed the corners of this "square-shouldered" figure, and placed them in latitude $43\ 1\text{--}3^\circ$ north and south of the equator. He measured the amount of the protuberance, making the polar, equatorial, and maximum diameters as 32, 35.4, and 36. He renewed his observations in 1806 with the same result. But what is most remarkable of all, he observed in 1807 that a change had taken place in the aspect of the planet, the two polar regions now presenting a different shape, the northern regions being most flattened, the southern "curved or bulged outwards." Admiral Smyth remarks that "this singularity was verified by the younger Herschel on June 16 of the year 1807, and is, I believe, his first recorded astronomical effort."

When to the above evidence is added all the evidence recorded in my *Other Worlds* — the fact that such observers as Bond and Airy, using such instruments as the Harvard refractor (perhaps the finest in the world) and the refractor of the Greenwich Observatory, have noticed similar appearances; and that other practised observers less known to fame confirm their observations — we can no longer, surely, class the "square-shouldered aspect" of Saturn among the "myths of an uncritical period."*

Now, assuming that Saturn is liable to occasional changes of figure — for undoubtedly his ordinary figure is that of an oblate spheroid — we have evidence of the existence of forces of the most amazing character beneath the seemingly quiescent zones which we have been accustomed to regard as the true surface of the ringed planet. We may be doubtful whether they be forces of upheaval, or whether an intense heat loads the atmosphere of Saturn from time to time (in the particular latitudes which

* Let me note further that Sir William Herschel's measurement of the compression of Saturn in 1789 "has been found," Professor Grant tells us, "to accord exactly with that derived from the most recent micrometrical measures of the axes of the planet."

seem to bulge outwards so strangely) with enormous quantities of vapour, to be condensed at an exceptionally high level; or whether the sudden dissipation of cloud-masses existing in other latitudes causes these peculiarities of appearance. But it is in any case most certain that an energy—a vitality so to speak—exists out yonder, which we have hitherto been far from associating with this distant and dimly lighted world. No moderate processes of change would suffice to cause the figure of a planet to vary appreciably when observed from a distance of some nine hundred millions of miles. As seen from the satellites, the farthest of which is but a million and a quarter of miles from Saturn, the planet must appear the scene of a wondrous turmoil. It is probable, indeed, that the true substance of the planet, which may be, for aught we know, absolutely incandescent through the intensity of its heat, is always veiled, even from these relatively near regions, by the masses of vapour continually thrown off to condense into cloud-strata at higher or lower

levels. But the evidences of intense action can hardly fail to be perfectly obvious even though the actual source of such action is concealed from view.

Let me remark in conclusion that the theory here put forward is not urged from any desire to exhibit novel or startling views, but as serving to explain, better than any other theory I can imagine, a series of observed facts which cannot judiciously be neglected or forgotten. I have preferred to give no consideration whatever to "the question whether the larger planets have or have not as yet cooled down, by radiation, to a sort of normal temperature," because in the present state of our knowledge that question is purely speculation. My theory is directed to explain observed facts: if it happens to throw some light on the question of the original formation of various members of the solar system, that is merely by the way; the theory must stand or fall according as it can be shown to be in agreement or not, with past and future observations.

THERE is one part which neutrals may take in the Continental war. With no sympathy for those who have caused the war on either side, our sympathy is all the more due to those who innocently suffer from it on both sides. The following appeal, posted on the walls of every *mairie* in France, will touch other hearts, than those of Frenchmen:—*Appel à la France*.—Au nom de Dieu, au nom de la patrie, au nom de nos fils, de nos frères, de nos braves soldats tombés avec honneur sur le champ de bataille, et toujours héroïques vaincus aujourd'hui, nous faisons un appel à tous les cœurs français. De grâce, donnez-nous de l'argent, du linge, des chemises, des couvertures, des vêtements, de la nœlle, etc. Là-bas, sur nos frontières, l'élan des villes, les offrandes touchantes des villages ne suffisent déjà plus à nos chers blessés. — Les besoins sont immenses. — Le temps presse. — Donnez, oh! donnez vite! Envoyez les dons en nature et en argent au siège de la société à Paris, Palais de l'Industrie, porte No IV." Here is a work in which all may unite—French, Germans, and neutrals, men of science, men of literature, men of business; and above all, our women. Nobly already have English, Irish, and Americans, surgeons, nurses, sisters of charity, come forward in the good work, but still it can only be as a drop in the ocean. To offer succour to the wounded and sufferers on both sides, to assuage as far as we can, the horrors of war, never exhibited on a more fearful scale than within the last few weeks, is now the duty of

our more fortunate countrymen and countrywomen.
Nature.

THE *American Entomologist and Botanist* publishes a double number for July and August, which is occupied by short descriptive articles of interest and value principally to American collectors and students. The article of chief general interest is one on the "Origin of Prairie Vegetation," consisting of an able criticism of Prof. Winchell's theory that the prairies are of lacustrine origin, and that we must look to the source of the prairie vegetation from without,—probably the remains of a pre-glacial flora, the germs of which have remained stored up during subsequent epochs, and come again to life whenever the diluvial surface is again exposed. The writer of the article maintains that there is no need to go so far back as the diluvial period for the origin of the prairie vegetation. Dr. Hale, of Chicago, mentions the interesting fact that the *Ranunculus cymbalaria*, an abundant plant of the eastern sea coast and of the salt springs in the State of New York, is found in great abundance at Chicago, and for several miles along the shores of Lake Michigan, though nowhere else on the Great Lakes. It appears, however, that it also grows on the muddy banks of some of the western rivers.
Nature.

From The Spectator.
THE REVOLUTION.

POOR PREVOST PARADOL! Six weeks longer of pain, forty-five days more of patience with the Almighty, and his burden would have passed away, and he would have had a career, and all Europe would have honoured him for his wise prevision. It was during the agitation about the Plébiscite that he warned England through the *Times* not to put too much faith in the mere military pressure on Paris, told her that the moment Paris was united the soldiery would be Parisian, affirmed that the brain of the wonderful city was acute enough to devise new and unexpected modes of overthrowing despots. It was all nonsense, said Philistia, and to his own sick brain and sore heart it all seemed nonsense too. There was the mighty army, there were the huge barracks, the smooth roads, the ready artillery, the cowed and disunited people, without leaders, or arms, or the tradition of self-government. France had re-elected Cæsar, oppression would be perpetual, and he in his misery and his cowardice would quit the world which hope had quitted before. Only forty-five days, and then the hour for which he had longed for eighteen years struck loud, and amid a race of imbeciles he alone was proved to have been far-sighted,—and he had fled from before his own triumph in impatient fear. The hour came, and with 50,000 troops within her gates, and a Cæsarian Government to use them, Paris, without firing a shot, without shedding a drop of blood, almost by an act of pure volition, swept the Bonaparte dynasty—its Court, its satellites, its Ministers, its policy—at one sweep out of France. Nothing is more wonderful in the whole movement than the way it has shown the foolishness of the wisdom of the cynically wise. How often have we not been told that Paris is no longer France; but the emergency arrives, Paris rises, the representatives of Paris form a Government, they dismiss by decree the representatives of the country, and all France “adheres” with acclamations! How often have we been assured by men “who know France” that the Army had become a caste, separated in feeling from the nation; that it would never again “fraternize” with the citizens; that Paris must yield to scientifically organized force; and when Paris has risen, the troops, with peremptory orders to fire and a certainty of success if they will but act, turn up the butt ends of their rifles, and are for that day and that emergency citizens again. How often have we been told, in spite of their unchanging

votes, that the shopkeepers of Paris preferred the Empire to a Republic, and cash to both; that as a force they were extinct, and that the only danger to the Empire came from the men in blouses; whereas it was the grocers, the shopkeepers, the men of the National Guard, whose battalions marched on the Legislature, and would, had the soldiery not joined them, have made Paris flow with blood. And finally, how often have we been told that the revolutionary tradition had been broken, that “the Empire had altered all that,” that Bonapartes would at all events disappear after the fight the Bourbons ought to have made;—and yet, when the time arrived, every movement was as strictly in accord with tradition as if Revolution were a constitutional formula. The tradition of France is that when Revolution has become needful, all citizens of Paris should see it all at once, and unexpectedly; that the armed citizens should march on the Legislature; that the soldiers should fraternize; that the majority of members should propose some preposterous compromise; that the Left of the day should understand the logic of the situation, and should create a government; that the legitimate Government should be arrested, or fly to avoid arrest; that the Republic or the alternative fancy of the hour should be declared supreme; that Paris should sing for joy, and that the provinces should adhere enthusiastically; and so it all happened. On Saturday, the 3rd inst., Paris knew that an occasion of Revolution had arrived, that the tyranny against which it had fought for eighteen years had destroyed its own instrument, the Army, and its own excuse, the greatness of France, and instantly its resolve was formed. All that night the Government and the majority of the Chamber held counsel to devise means of averting the inevitable. Count Palikao, soldier of the type which Cæsars love—stern, competent, and greedy to excess—had ordered his 50,000 men to protect the Chamber; and the Chamber, filled with pensioners, nominees, and rich Philistines eager for the social deference which attends courtiers, had resolved to announce the accession of Napoleon IV., and the Regency of his mother, the Empress Eugénie. The plan was carefully laid, it was reasonable in itself, as far as that kind of plan is ever reasonable, and but that its scene was Paris, it would in all probability have succeeded. The streets would have run with blood, but the National Guard could not have beaten the troops; and the people were unarmed, but Providence and tradition were too stropg for the “military

household." The majority feared the Revolution, and skulked; the soldiery approved the Revolution, and fraternized. All that night the Left also had been active—the despised Opposition, "which," said prosperous Imperialism, "might be carted home in a cab," and the unknown Orleanist military critic, the neglected General who had said that the Army was most of it a militia—and when Sunday came the streets and squares were filled with citizen soldiery, and the regulars fraternized, and the majority in the Legislature proposed inane compromises, giving the Minister at War a Dictatorship, in order that he might at a convenient season restore the Empire; and the Left understood the crisis, and through Gambetta,—energetic person from Marseilles, of Genoese extraction—demanded the Revolution; and the citizens streamed in, and the majority streamed out, and half a score members representing Paris, which represents France, passed some sort of vote; and there was the Republic in full swing, and good men breathed more freely because the tyranny was over-past. It was all informal, but no more thinkers would go to Cayenne because they claimed liberty to think. It was all informal, but no more men would be shot that Louis Bonaparte might be comfortable. It was all informal, but a nation invaded by a terrible foe was no longer handed over to Generals whose claim was fidelity to a chief against the nation, to rulers whose one policy was to sacrifice the nation as an offering to the chief, to contractors who bought with bribes to statesmen's mistresses the right to betray France and to support her Cæsar. It was all informal, but the Empress fled, and the Ministers fled, and the evil women fled, and France was once more free. We do not wonder at the delirium of joy which seized Paris, and seemed to sneering but truthful English correspondents so portentously childish. It had seemed so strong, that tyranny; so compact, so certain to endure, and it had passed away in a day without the loss of a life. People kissed one another, and danced, and knocked off eagles' heads. Are we sure the Israelites danced no carmagnole when those trumpets worked their work, and Jericho, the impregnable city, so defiant and so strong, so impossible of capture, lay open to their march?

That Paris in its triumph should be childishly gleeful goes without talking. That it should be utterly revolutionary, should claim not only to be France, but above France; should send four persons "of reserved aspect" but ridiculous credentials

to shut up the House of Lords, and three other persons to order the strongest military prison to deliver up Rochefort, who was accordingly delivered and made a Minister; should sweep away Napoleonic emblems, though "respecting" even on a chemist's shop "the arms of England;" and should finally by a whiff of its anger blow the Legislature into space, is of the well-known habitudes of Paris in revolution; but there are some novelties, too. There is sense in the composition of this Provisional Government. That Government is Parisian, but the defence of Paris is its first task. It is revolutionary, but it is only by revolutionary means that Paris can be defended. Considering that for twenty years no Republican has had more chance of power than a hyæna of election by sheep, that every tried man is in exile or dead, that a jealous military force had to be conciliated and a timid *bourgeoisie* to be re-assured, the composition of the Government is extremely able. It is a compromise, of course, between three parties,—Paris, the inorganic, anarchic, democratic force; the Orleanists, that is, liberty as understood by the comfortable; and the Republicans, that is, the thinkers of France,—and the compromise is well managed. There are just five offices of the highest importance to be filled,—the military dictatorship, which will organize defence; the Foreign Office, which will arrange peace; the Ministry of the Interior, which governs France from day to day; the Prefecture of the Seine, which governs Paris; and the Prefecture of Police, which accumulates information,—and they were all fairly filled. General Trochu was inevitable, and as against Napoleon trustworthy, and he was named Military Dictator. The ablest and most moderate available Republican, Jules Favre, was named Minister of Foreign Affairs, and may, as we have elsewhere pointed out, in that capacity redeem France both from herself and the Germans; the most energetic Republican, the man nearest to a true Jacobin with faculty of administration, Gambetta, was selected for the Interior; the man nearest Danton, huge, bull-voiced, and competent, Etienne Arago, was made Prefect of the Seine; and the cool, cynical, daring M. de Keratry, persistent Republican, who yet signs himself "Count" because Count in his case is less of an affectation than Citizen would be, is named Prefect of Police, walks to the Prefecture, discusses that little matter with Pietri, or, it may be, with recalcitrant lieutenant of Pietri, and in five minutes sits down serenely in the inner bureau master of that

on, and of all dangerous persons in the Republic, is of dubious, depending mainly on King of Prussia, Providence, and the of the magnificent offer its chiefs for at time in the history of France are to make to the peasants, — their ex- n from the blood-tax; but, consider- means, its hurry, and its necessities, we believe, has chosen well. They Government was self-chosen, and in that is true; and the men who, with rious enemy at their gates, France volution, authority ended, and two s of people on the verge of despair, in the teeth of the laws to take the and do take it, are, in all human ility, the men to whom that helm, by t higher than legality, ought to be-

From The Spectator.

THE EX-EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

A sombre figure of Napoleon III., for one years ruler, and for nineteen Emperor of the French, will always have been at once one of the most caprices of the historical fortune of France, and one of the most striking illustrations of the immutability of the law of political retribution. That after two years on the throne of France, one of the Boulogne attempt with the tame theatrical to the most ludicrous device should have actually succeeded in the suffrages of the people, and for himself a real chance of seizing power he so long coveted, seems enough. But that, after such antecedents, he should have succeeded *per fas* in governing France for twenty years with some repute in Europe, is any absolute disgrace, and then brown away his power, if not in quite useful and concealed a fashion, yet in theatrical a fashion than that in be attempted to gain it, is even more, because it furnishes one of those little bits of complete historical contrast between the commencement and end of a great political career, which is more common in fiction than in actual life. In 1843, when Louis Napoleon was imprisoned at Ham, he published some remarks on the government of Louis Napoleon, which contained the following sentences: — "Some years ago, there was in the United States a man called Sampack, who went into the following trade: he con-

structed, with a great deal of art, a scaffolding above the falls of Niagara, and after having raised a heavy contribution from the immense crowd assembled from the whole neighbourhood to see him, he mounted majestically to his platform, and then threw himself headlong into the boiling waves at the foot of the cataract. He repeated this perilous experiment several times, till at last he was swallowed up by a whirlpool. Alas! there are some Governments whose appearances on the scene of the world are in every respect analogous to that of the American juggler: their history is summed up in these words, — 'fearful scaffolding, terrible fall!' On a few stakes planted in the ground, they raise a shapeless building, composed of fragments and bits borrowed from the ruins of the past; and when their task is finished, their bastard building, as without utility as it is without foundations, has only served to throw them headlong from a greater height into the abyss. What this amounts to is that raising a scaffolding is not building. To appeal to the vulgar passions of the mob is not to govern. One cannot build solidly except upon the rock." Surely these words must now come back to the ex-Emperor as a curiously accurate prediction of his own great feat. He did, at great pains and with much ostentation, erect a scaffolding out of fragments of the ruins of the past — his uncle's past, — which has served but for the same purpose as that described by him, — to furnish him with an artificial elevation from which to cast himself headlong into the gulf beneath.

Indeed, to none of the recent unstable governments of France has Louis Napoleon's parable applied with greater force than to his own. There has always been something of the juggler about his otherwise sombre and sedate impersonation of the Imperial character. From the descent on Strasburg to the telegram about poor little Louis's "baptism of fire," there has been visible at regular intervals in the ex-Emperor's writings and actions a certain amount not merely of theatricality, but of ill-judged and ridiculous theatricality, — that sort of theatricality which arises not from social vanity, which is often very telling, but from the indulgence of moody and solitary reverie. The laboured rhodomontade which he addressed, from his prison at Ham, "to the Manes of the Emperor," on occasion of the removal of Buonaparte's remains from St. Helena to Paris, is a very fair illustration of the purely intellectual side of this deep flaw in Louis Napoleon's mind. That any able man should have written such high-flown nonsense in the be-

lief that it would identify him in the popular mind with his uncle, we do not in the least believe. The rhapsody was written, we are persuaded, not out of contempt for vulgar minds which it was intended to please, but out of the unsound superstition in Louis Napoleon's own understanding. He cried out to the Manes of the Emperor,—"The people have renounced your gospel, your ideas, your glory, your blood; when I have spoken to them of your cause, they have said to me, 'We do not understand it.' Let them say, let them do, what they will. What matter to the mounting chariot the grains of sand which fall under the wheels? They have vainly said that you were a meteor which left no trace behind; they have vainly denied you political glory; they will not disinherit us of its fruits. Sire! the 15th December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your sumptuous cortège, disdaining the homage of some, you have cast a single glance on my sombre dwelling-place, and remembering the caresses which you heaped upon my infancy, you have said:—'Friend, thou sufferest for me! I am satisfied with thee.' " That is not the sort of thing written to dazzle the fancy of a mob. It is the sort of thing which occurs to a man apt to indulge moody reveries of the subtle affinities which connect him with a great creative mind, whose career he hopes, or at least eagerly wishes, to imitate. Like the Imperial get-up at Strasburg, so ill-sustained by Louis Napoleon's actual demeanour when introduced to the troops there,—like the tame eagle at Boulogne,—like many profoundly superstitious references to 'destiny' throughout his writings, this rhapsody shows a trace of spurious metal in the ex-Emperor's mind, which is not assumed for popular purposes, but is ingrained and inherent. The prisoner at Ham was, like all solitary persons, deprived of the aid of that implicit social criticism on his own most marked thoughts which living in the world of itself insures, and therefore his writings then had much more of this extatic Bonapartism about them than his speeches or actions have since shown. But you can see the same kind of fixed and dreamy enthusiasm about his idea of raising up in Mexico an empire of the "Latin race" to balance the Teutonism of the United States, no less than in those dreams of destiny which have from time to time driven his slow and hesitating judgment into mad projects, like the Boulogne descent, and, let us add, the ill-prepared or unprepared invasion of Prussia.

The special characteristic of the ex-Em-

peror's policy has been the constant balancing between long-headed caution and a craving for brilliant effects. At first he was very prudent. The war with Russia, which brought him into such close alliance with England, was a by no means dangerous stroke of tentative foreign policy: indeed, that such a Power as England joined him in it showed how comparatively safe, for a war policy, it was. But his next attempt, the liberation of Italy, far more original, far more really grand in conception—the only act, indeed, of his reign on which he can now count for anything like the deliberate praise of posterity—was far more dangerous; and this he himself knew, staying himself in mid career, lest he should either incur a change of fortune, or by succeeding too completely give Italy more than he desired or intended. Indeed, he soon found that the main idea of his policy was one far too potent over the minds of nations to admit of being applied just as far as he wished, and no farther; and the aim of the rest of his reign was to attenuate what he had done, strenuously supporting Rome against Italy. His next great conception, the foundation of a Franco-Spanish Empire in America, to balance the influence of the United States, was a failure on a great scale,—an experiment not even founded, like his Italian experiment, on any sound knowledge of the forces actually at work. Perhaps it was this sense of half-failure in Italy, and complete failure in Mexico, to gain any profit by his attempt to build up his kingdoms founded on the same principle, which induced him to attempt in the case of Germany the opposite task—much more welcome to the counsellors he was most accustomed to listen to—of splintering in pieces a new Empire of this kind in the very moment of its crystallization. There, again, we probably see the capricious weight accorded by Louis Napoleon to his own subjective impression that he was dreaming a dream of destiny, and not merely indulging his own political fancy. He saw himself breaking up and overrunning Germany as his uncle had done before him, and he took no real pains to gauge the solidity of the rock against which he has dashed his already decaying power to pieces.

For, naturally enough, while he has dreamt these brilliant dreams of external glory, he has given himself a comparative holiday in the much harder task of driving deep the foundations of his power in the hearts of the people of France. "On a few stakes planted in the ground, he raised a formless building composed of bits and fragments of the ruin of the past," and never

till within the last eight months did he even appear to attempt seriously the laying of deeper foundations; and then he found the task so difficult and disgusting that he quickly abandoned it for a dazzling stroke of foreign policy. In regard to the external comfort of the people, indeed,—in relation to roads, commerce, and free production,—the Emperor really did a good deal to make his people more prosperous. But beyond this he never got. Trusting as he did in universal suffrage, he never liked to educate the voters, lest they should cease to be dazzled by the Empire. The free Press shook his power, and he never permitted it till it seemed even more dangerous to curb it. The only creative principle of his mind as a ruler was its dreamy imaginativeness, and this he was far too cautious to apply except in foreign policy. For all experiments in developing the confidence of the educated classes at home he was too prudent. Hence the eighteen years of his rule were utterly sterile in home policy, except in relation to the development of the physical resources of France. All his tentative audacity was reserved for his foreign policy, and as that was not, on the whole, successful,—certainly not flattering to the vanity of France in its general results,—he never succeeded in gaining for the Empire the affection of the people, except so far as it was gained at once by the superstitious reverence felt for his name. In one of his curious political reveries he once wrote:—"No one can escape his destiny. Every government condemned to perish, perishes by the very means which it employs to save itself. Espartaco believed that he should strengthen his power by the bombardment of Barcelona, and he only sapped its foundations. The Conservatives believed that by erecting the fortifications of Paris they should establish for ever their doctrine of peace at any price; but they only imitated those kings of Egypt who raised immense tombs in their life-time,—monuments so colossal for men so little, that they buried in their immense wombs, as well as the body, the very name, of the founder." What can better describe the ex-Emperor's own fate? His Government, "condemned to perish," has perished "by the very means it employed to save itself." He took credit to the Empire for its army, and by the weakness of the Army the Empire has perished. He sought to save his foreign policy from the reproach that it had raised up great rivals to France, by crushing Germany to fragments, and the attempt has ground his own twenty-one years' work to powder, and fearfully endangered the very independence of his

realm. Certainly none of the unstable French Governments, which he described as raising ostentatiously a temporary scaffolding only for the sake of leaping from it into the abyss, ever took the leap with so strange an unconsciousness of the fatal whirlpools beneath, as he who is now, for the third time in his life, a political prisoner, and for the fourth time an exile from his native land. It is melancholy that a man who has spent two-thirds of his life in dreaming of power, and one-third in the exercise of it, should have to spend the remainder in regretting that he carefully made all the mistakes which he had before his accession so bitterly ridiculed others for perpetrating.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
ENGLISH IMPATIENCE.

WE wish there were any reason to expect that the war between France and Prussia will soon be over, and that then the affairs of Europe will return to their old comfortable state. Evidently a great many Englishmen are very unwilling to admit that such a hope has no solid ground on which to rest. They quote the precedents of 1859 and 1866, and seem to take it almost as a personal injury that 1870 has not turned out a war exactly on the same pattern. It is on this account, perhaps, that they dislike for the most part the notion of France being deprived of territory. They have a sort of instinct that France might take some time to settle down after having to submit to such a blow as this, and that the Continent might be a good deal disquieted by her efforts to regain her lost possessions. The payment of an indemnity, they think, need have no such annoying accompaniments. It would simply mean an addition to the yearly expenditure and a corresponding addition to the taxation of the country—consequences which would naturally be disliked by Frenchmen, but would entail no inconvenience upon the rest of the world. The sooner Englishmen dismiss any anticipations of this kind the better it will be for their own peace of mind. We shall make no predictions as to the duration of the war, but we will venture to prophesy that, whether it be short or long, it will leave behind it elements of disturbance which may not be laid to rest for years to come. The conditions of the contest have no parallel either in the Italian war of 1859 or in the German war of 1866. In both these cases the object of the struggle was

to fix the place of one of the combatants, not in Europe, but in a certain limited area of territory. The battle of Solferino determined that Sardinia was to be supreme in Italy. The battle of Sadowa determined that Prussia, not Austria, was to be supreme in Germany. Each left the combatant mainly affected by the decision with abundance of employment on his hands. Sardinia had to fit herself for her new duties, Austria had to revise her aims and readjust her estimate of the comparative importance of the various races which make up her empire. But neither of these processes concerned the rest of Europe. The unification of Italy and the regeneration of Austria affected only the subjects of Victor Emmanuel and Francis Joseph. The war of 1870, on the contrary, threatens to change the whole face of European politics. For two centuries France has been the leading Power on the Continent. If she has been beaten, it has been only by coalitions, and the fact that a coalition has always been needed to do it is in itself a testimony to the paramount character of her position. The present war, therefore, is in the nature of a fight for the championship of Europe. If France had won, she would have taken care to disqualify Prussia from challenging her supremacy for the future. If Prussia wins, she will be equally anxious to prevent France from offering a return match. In neither case is it at all likely that so soon as the wager has been decided the two combatants will shake hands and forget all that has passed. And even if the war itself should come to an end after another battle or two, its consequences will be none the less lasting. The Powers of Europe had learned to know France: they could in some measure calculate her orbit, and guard against her eccentricities. If Prussia takes her place in the continental system, all these observations will go for nothing. Europe will have to begin the study of political astronomy over again.

It is not reasonable to expect changes of this magnitude to be effected in the space of a few weeks, and to leave no disturbance behind them when effected. It is no matter for surprise that France has not yet acknowledged herself defeated, and asked to make terms with the conqueror. A great nation is not convinced in a moment that it has no choice but submission, and if the fortune of war means anything, it means that the end of the struggle often contradicts the beginning, that the second campaign is not necessarily cast on the same model as the first. Even if we allow that in the present war France will prove the force of this

rule by being an exception to it, we have no right to suppose that the extraordinary success of Prussia will not give rise to uneasiness on the part of other nations. Neither Austria nor Russia can regard aggrandizement with much complacency. Austria has German subjects who will most certainly be attracted by the new German empire, and if she pursues her present policy, and tries to increase her power in the east of Europe by way of compensation for its diminution in the west, she may find opposition which will have an echo far beyond the limits of her own dominions. Russia, as we have already pointed out, may have her internal policy directly menaced by Germany as soon as Germany has thought to spare for anything but her contest with France; and whether she requires all intervention on behalf of the Germans in the Baltic provinces, or comes to terms with Germany on that question in order to secure her support on the Eastern question, bodes equally ill for the continued tranquility of the Continent. If Russia resists Germany she will have to fight her; if she compounds with Germany the two together may have to fight the rest of Europe. Are these by any means the only reasons for believing that we are still in the beginning of sorrows. Those who take the most hopeful view of the situation must admit that another great defeat almost to a certainty put a final end to the Empire. We do not profess to grieve at this prospect. On the contrary, we think that even defeat may be a blessing to the French people if it teaches them that domestic order at home is better than greatness abroad. But we see little probability that France will learn this lesson without a long course of previous suffering. The adversaries of the Empire often speak as though it had been a mere incubus upon the country, and when once it is lifted off the nation will immediately display its natural powers of government and show itself none the worse for the long disuse of them. If this is so, it will be in flat contradiction to all previous experience. The French nation has been the mere innocent victim of the Empire. The majority of Frenchmen have been its willing accomplices, and even those who have offered an unavailing but constant resistance show traces in every moment of the injuries they have suffered from the contest. Men who have lost the habit of self-government cannot resume their place in public affairs without blunders and shortcomings of all kinds. The Empire has nothing for the political education of France, and whenever it passes from the stage

problems left unsettled by the revolution of 1848 will once more present themselves for solution. We cannot see that France is likely to approach them in a better temper than then. The Provisional Government of February had faults enough to answer for, but there was an elevation of aim about its efforts which, we fear, would have no counterpart in a provisional Government formed to-day. Those who think that the Empire can be displaced without a revolution, or that revolution when it comes will be found to have lost all its terrors, are likely we fear, to find themselves grievously disappointed.

From The Spectator.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION AND NATIONAL DISASTER.

A REMARKABLE letter in the *Daily News* of last Saturday—the *Daily News*, by the way, has been by far the richest in correspondence of value, correspondence with nuggets of fact in it, since the war began,—seems to afford the real key to the explanation of the gigantic failures of the French Army. The writer was told by two graziers of Picardy, as a matter within their own knowledge, that in a very considerable number of instances which they could specify the military authorities had got only 1,800 men in a full regiment, instead of 3,000, though there were 3,000 names on the rolls. The *modus operandi* was this. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, private societies undertook to find substitutes for such of those drawn in the conscription as could pay for a substitute. While this was so, those societies received the conscripts' money, and as it was, of course, the interest of the Army authorities to get the full number of men, the men were always provided. But since the law has required the money paid by those who can pay for substitutes to be paid directly into the military chest, it has become the interest of those who control the military chest to pocket the money and put sham soldiers on the rolls. These graziers of Picardy told the *Daily News'* correspondent that they could point out many companies which nominally consisted of 100 men, and could only muster 30, and as we have said before, they maintained that the average French regiments could not muster much above *half* their nominal strength. Now, individual statements of this kind, made as they only could be made, from personal knowledge of a few selected cases, would be utterly worthless as evidence, if

they did not agree so marvellously with the conspicuous facts of the war. The French have been not only disastrously outnumbered, but their armies have fallen ludicrously short of their nominal strength. Every one who knows anything of the war knows that of the 750,000 men whom the French Army should have numbered on a war footing, barely 400,000 fighting soldiers were to be found in France before the great defeats. And if this policy of embezzling the £80 paid by every French conscript as substitute-money, has been largely pursued in some regiments, there can be little doubt that it has spread more or less throughout the whole French Army. It is a "real cause," i.e., one proved to exist, and also one adequate to produce the remarkable effects which have been produced; hence, we may fairly assume it as one of the most probable of all the hypotheses accounting for the French failure. That the same cause,—gross corruption, was at work in the Commissariat department and the departments regulating the supply of *Chassepôts*, every one knows. Everywhere the French Army has been starved to enrich individuals.

This is the more serious lesson to us, because pecuniary corruption is the very root of the greatest and most menacing evils in every Anglo-Saxon society. It caused a great proportion of the disasters in the Crimea. It caused enormous waste and many disasters in the American Civil War. It still causes the greatest possible political evils in American society. It was certainly at the root of the monstrous waste of our Abyssinian campaign, where the published evidence goes to show, for instance, that a good million sterling was wasted on mules never wanted, or at least never used; that "Consuls and Vice-Consuls received huge commissions for a few weeks' service in procuring mules,"—we quote from *Allen's Indian Mail* of the 23rd August,—that "a large batch of camels was bought at Suez the day after *Magdala was known to have fallen*;" and generally, that several millions were wasted on what was known to be useless to the expedition, for the gain of various classes and individuals. Unless there be some early and severe check to this sort of canker at the heart of all great organizations, the Germans, who seem at present to be almost completely free from the temptation to corruption, will not only become the masters of Europe, but deserve to be so. No nation can confess more plainly its complete unworthiness to be held as of any great account in the political counsels of the world,

than by giving evidence that its average citizens, — those whose opinions build up the public life of the State, — value their own private interests so far more highly than the public interest, that they will cheat the State to serve themselves. It is quite certain that people of this kind do not deserve to belong to a State which exercises a wide control in foreign affairs, and that they take the surest possible means to undermine the very foundations of the controlling power. A temperate, frugal, and laborious Germany, in which every man really honoured the State as the true organ of what they call with so much love the "Fatherland," would have every right to what it would certainly soon gain, — a predominant influence in Western Europe, if its only rivals were a selfishly and unscrupulously mercantile Great Britain, a false and gasconading France, and an intriguing, wily, pliant Italy. There is no such thing as a great State built up out of a people that is not great. If any sort of corruption pervades public morality, this dry-rot must attack, and sooner or later, as now in France, go far towards ruining the State.

But there is undoubtedly in the present day a very large amount of political corruption which does not imply anything like as great an extent of personal corruption as it would if the same deceptions were practised on private persons; and it is to the extinction of this that we look most hopefully, for when once the morality of a whole nation has become consciously indifferent to the obligations of sincerity and honesty, inveighing against these sins is as unprofitable as the most unprofitable of all the exercises of the pulpit. No Englishman, however, can doubt that there is a great deal of political corruption which does *not* imply any equivalent amount of personal corruption, and so far, perhaps, a remedy is possible. Surely there is hope of teaching people, — teaching children as a part of their ordinary school education, — that instead of its being *less* wrong to cheat a corporation or a public department than it is to cheat an individual, it is, if you can weigh guilt against guilt, a great deal more so? The thinkers of old time used to say that every moral rule was magnified a hundredfold in relation to the State; and it is only the unreality attaching to the State in modern times, the comparative difficulty in realizing the definite wrong inflicted, in seeing exactly *who* really suffers for your meanness when you cheat a board, or a corporation, or a Government department, that makes it otherwise now. Yet what can illustrate the old axiom better than such

disasters as those from which France is now suffering? Is not every speculation which robbed a single regiment of its full strength now written out, as it were, in the flaming letters of burning towns and desolated plains? Is not every little cheat by which the Army was deprived of Chassepôts for which the price had been paid, or the Commissariat defrauded of what was essential to the health and comfort of the soldiery, magnified now into the sort of treason which brings whole nations into mourning and provinces into subjection to a foreign yoke? If such lessons as the disasters of the Crimea and of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 will not teach how unlimited is the consequence of every immorality committed against the State, how rapidly the infection of sins against the State, or against any molecule of the State, spreads till all its strength is undermined, and it is left a mere name for a rope of sand, what moral lesson can be taught at all? We cannot but believe that it would be quite easy to diffuse a tone of morality in which cheating the State would be regarded as the next thing to blasphemy, — in fact, as cheating of an infinitely deeper dye, instead of a less guilty kind, than the cheating of individuals. So far, of course, as the mere dishonesty is concerned, there is no choice between cheating an individual and cheating a community. But so far as the consequences go, every man feels that stealing from a poor man is worse than stealing from a rich to the same extent, and that a theft which ruins is worse than a theft the effect of which is hardly perceived. Is it impossible to teach children that stealing from the State is the stealing which ruins, is the stealing from the poor man whose wages form the revenue of the State, — that stealing from a corporation is stealing health and happiness from the population over whose health and happiness that corporation is the sole guardian, — that stealing from the army is stealing from the poor men who guard England, — that stealing even from the Treasury is stealing from the resources by which the poor combine to procure for themselves a good government, — that stealing from any department of the State is the wilful introduction of a most contagious disease which ends in death? One would think nothing easier than to make it evident, even to children, that the peculiar defencelessness of the State, in the deficiency among its guardians of that vivid self-interest which protects private interests, adds, like the helplessness of the blind man against those who would plunder him, a new ignominy to any fraud committed upon it. And if with this be combined the im-

sense area over which fraud against the public interests spreads, if it spreads at all, and the terrible destruction it breeds, one would suppose it quite possible to sow anew in the public the ancient feeling that any sin of this kind against the organ of the people is really more guilty, instead of less so, than a like sin against an individual. In truth, the religious feeling which substitutes God for the object of every guilty action, great or small, while it has done a great deal to strengthen private morality, has done a good deal also to weaken *relatively* the springs of public morality, by rendering those who have no religious feeling, comparatively indifferent to all offences which are not on the face of them productive of immediate pain and suffering. Many a man who would not for his life rob a widow or an orphan, will think nothing of robbing a department. Surely it is possible to introduce into elementary schools enough explanation of the result to innumerable more helpless persons than widows and orphans, of robbing departments, — the fearful result, too, in the way of *making* widows and orphans, — to inspire all men who have any vestige of moral feeling at all with a certain sense that the State is far more sacred than any individual, — that it really represents the strength and shield of millions of individuals, who will be not only less happy, but less noble, less honourable, less just, less generous beings, if the State be once turned to ignoble uses by selfish and vulgar men.

From The Economist.
THE LOSSES OF GERMANY.

We question if Englishmen are even yet aware of the immensity of the effort made by Germany, or of the extent to which she has staked her future prosperity upon this war. She has not, it is true, made a *levée en masse* — no nation ever did or could do that, not even the South in the last year of the American war, for she had still the blacks with whom to plough and reap, — but she has placed in arms, in actual regiments marching or ready to march, her entire youth, all persons between twenty-one and twenty-six, physically competent to bear arms. It is asserted, and we see no reason for doubting, that 1,200,000 youths of every class in Germany, from the King's eldest son to the meanest peasant, is engaged in the war either in front or in reserve — a real reserve, be it remembered, immediately ready for action; and quite 200,000 more

must be engaged in manufacturing, collecting, and forwarding supplies. The disturbance of ordinary life caused by such a movement must be almost incalculable. We hear of it most from the country districts, because the war began in harvest-time, but the disorganization must be much greater in the cities, where the youth are in much greater proportion. The cities are full of immigrants. The drain must, and as we know from a hundred accounts does, involve a partial suspension of energy in all factories, foundries, banks, shops, and city establishments of every kind, — in all universities, in all mines, and in all but the most necessary operations of agriculture: and much of this paralysis must continue for some years. The lads just coming on will not begin to be available till 1874, for they must serve their three years in the army, which by that year will be completely renewed, and they will not be really of use till 1876, as they will need at least two years to acquire the necessary knowledge. So far as the soldiers now drawn away fail to return there will be a permanent gap in German life continuing for nearly half a century. There will always be so many less of competent persons of such and such an age in every class from peasants to princes. How great this gap may be cannot as yet be ascertained, the Germans publishing no hospital returns, but in the very best event it cannot be less than a sixth of the whole body employed — 200,000 men; it may very well be a fourth — 300,000 men; and in the event of defeat, or of a pestilence breaking out, it may very well be half, or 600,000 men. Russia lost more than that in the Crimean War. Moreover, this loss includes an enormously disproportionate number of the highly educated classes. The death-rate among officers is almost incredibly high, quite double the proper proportion, and as the Prussian officers are indistinguishable by dress, this must arise from extra forwardness, in which they would be imitated by the educated in the ranks. The deaths from wounds would be larger too in this class; while the deaths from disease, from bad food, and from fatigue, would be incomparably greater among them than among the hardier peasantry. The harsh though efficient policy which refuses tents in the field, kills these men off in thousands, while they and they only feel greatly the weight they are compelled to carry. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, it is not an exaggeration to say that Germany will lose a third, perhaps a half, of her cultivated youth, an immeasurable loss even to a people among whom every man has some tinc-

ture of instruction. The whole remainder, besides, will come back less powerful men and less fit for the work of life — war, if it does not demoralize, making all other work seem insipid.

Nor is this all. The severe military organization of Germany has modified all habits until it has become unusual for men to marry until they have served out their term, and usual to marry shortly after, and the loss therefore falls almost exclusively among the potential bridegrooms of Germany. We can make the effect of this clear in a moment by taking an extreme case. Suppose the whole army to perish, there would between 1870 and 1874 be no youthful marriages at all, and probably two millions less children born into the world — a difference which would be felt for generations. Even as it is, the difference will in all probability be sufficient to arrest the tide of German emigration, and thus to exert a marked influence upon the prosperity of the United States, who gain almost the whole benefit of this outpouring of strong persons ready to labour hard. The general effect of the war, therefore, will be to diminish considerably and at once the population of Germany, to restrict its increase still more considerably, and to inflict the heaviest proportion of both these losses upon the cultivated classes, who have at all times in a country of subdivided properties much difficulty in

transmitting their cultivation to their descendants.

So far clearly war is an unmixed evil, and it must be remembered that the great compensations so often claimed for war really belong exclusively to discipline. That military service improves the physique is certain. That when an entire nation is trained it improves the morale is very probable. That it increases incalculably the capacity for strict organization, that is, diminishes incalculably the temptation to waste labour, may be granted, though we think reasoners on that side claim too much. But then all those advantages are due to discipline, not to the war for which it is a preparation, the latter only undoing much of the effect of the previous training. Troops always emerge from a war less healthy, less organized, less moral, than their discipline had made them when they entered it. The notion that war hardens men, that old campaigners live long, is probably a mere delusion, arising from the fact that war acts as a process of selection, and only spares the tough, whose toughness is then attributed to the war which has only revealed its existence. No race of Western Europe, trained to sleep under cover, can sleep without cover for a month under severe rains without suffering, and the soldiers of this war, we may rely upon it, will die early.

It must be confessed that at the present time England presents to the civilized world a spectacle which is less sublime than ridiculous. She is fully prepared to "speak out her instincts," but finds that people are too busy sharpening their swords and cutting each other's throats to listen to her. She has therefore wisely left off scolding and advising, and is now engaged in rubbing her spectacles. She can hardly believe her eyes. She sees in the German army an engine of destruction such as the world has never seen before. A new first-class nation has arisen with a new first-class army, and she is beginning to realize the truth that if she herself intends to be a first-class nation, as of old, she must conform to the new standard, and adopt the latest fashion in armour. It is a sore trial to be thus rudely awakened by Young Europe from dreams of efficiency, economy, competitive examinations and marriage with our deceased wife's sister.

Pall Mall Gazette.

We asked why the Norfolk Island Pine, *Ascarica excelsa*, — a conservatory plant with us, — was made to do duty for the Chili pine, *A. imbricata*; and we are told in reply that there is a fine specimen of the latter at Dropmore, which is quite true. It is equally true that the artist has drawn *A. excelsa*, and not *A. imbricata*; unless, indeed, the same line of defence be adopted as in the case of the man who sold rooks for pheasants, and who, when taxed with it, replied, — "Appelez-les comme vous voudrez, des corbeaux s'il vous plait; moi, je les appelle des faisans." Athenæum.

THE Ecuador Government has decreed that in the capital and suburbs no house constructed of cane and straw shall be permitted, and that three months after the date of the decree all those existing shall be demolished. There was a former decree to this effect, which is thus fully enforced.

Nature.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1376.—October 15, 1870.

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THE SNOWDROP MONUMENT (IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL).

BY JEAN INGELOW.

MARVELS of sleep, grown cold,
Who hath not longed to fold
With pitying ruth, forgetful of their bliss,
Those cherub forms that lie,
With none to watch them nigh,
Or touch the silent lips with one warm human
kiss?

What! are they left alone
All night with graven stone,
Pillars and arches that above them meet;
While through those windows high
The journeying stars can spy,
And dim blue moonbeams drop on their un-
covered feet?

O cold! yet look again,
There is a wandering vein
Traced in the hand where those white snow-
drops lie.
Let her rapt dreamy smile
The wondering heart beguile,
That almost thinks to hear a calm contented
sigh.

What silence dwells between
Those sever'd lips serene!
The rapture of sweet waiting breathes and
grows.
What trance-like peace is shed
On her reclin'd head,
And e'en on listless feet what languor of repose!

Angels of joy and love
Lean softly from above
And whisper to her sweet and marvellous
things;
Tell of the golden gate
That open'd wide doth wait,
And shadow her dim sleep with their celestial
wings.

Hearing of that blest shore
She thinks on earth no more,
Contented to forego this wintry land.
She has nor thought nor care
But to rest calmly there,
And hold the snowdrops pale that blossom in
her hand.

But on the other face
Broodeth a mournful grace
This had foreboding thoughts beyond her years,
While sinking thus to sleep
She saw her mother weep,
And could not lift her hand to dry those heart-
sick tears.

Could not — but falling lay,
Sighed her young life away,
And let her arm drop down in listless rest,
Too weary on that bed
To turn her dying head,
Or fold the little sister nearer to her breast.

Yet this is faintly told
On features fair and cold,
A look of calm surprise, of meek regret,
As if with life oppress'd
She turned her to her rest,
But felt her mother's love and looked not to
get.

How wistfully they close,
Sweet eyes, to their repose!
How quietly declines the placid brow!
The young lips seem to say,
"I have wept much to-day,
And felt some bitter pains, but they are
now."

Sleep! there are left below
Many who pine to go,
Many who lay it to their chastened souls,
That gloomy days draw nigh,
And they are blest who die,
For this green world grows worse the lo
that she rolls.

And as for me I know
A little of her woe.
Her yearning want doth in my soul abide,
And sighs of them that weep,
"O put us soon to sleep,
For when we wake — with Thee — we are
satisfied." Good Wo

BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide;
Beneath the sun bright colours gleam
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air —
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see;
My hope at least can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
A little longer, and I know
It all may pass away;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But keep it while I may.

Chambers' Jou

From Blackwood's Magazine.
NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

THERE are two especial causes of the interest excited in us by the labours of a great mind in a sphere different to the one in which it is accustomed to work. In the first place, such *πάρεργα* are valuable for their own sake. Even where left confessedly imperfect, a sketch by the hand of genius teaches us more than the most elaborate performance which exhibits no higher quality than skill. The Sonnets of Michael Angelo, for instance, were the recreations of a man whose serious business it was to paint a Sistine Chapel, or to sculpture Medicean sepulchres. But the verse of the one leisure hour breathes the same serious and noble spirit that animates the form over which the Titanic workman laboured. It is stamped more carelessly, perhaps, than they are; but with the same ineffaceable impress of grandeur.

And there is a second reason why we like to read a sculptor's sonnets, a statesman's romance, a philosopher's poetic fancies, or the fugitive pieces of a dramatist; and it is one quite independent of their intrinsic merits. It is this: Through them we find admission into that charmed circle—a great man's inmost mind. We appear to share with his intimate friends his hours of relaxation, while we read the thoughts which made those hours pass swiftly. Nay, at times we seem, through our survey of these confidential moments, to see further into his inmost soul than the very friends perhaps could do who joined in his diversion from business.

Is not this especially the case in our study of the greatest of all poets? That unegotistic genius which is the peculiar splendour of Shakespeare, veils his own personality in its excess of light; and renders him unapproachable in proportion as it renders him admirable. The wondrous mirror of the Shakespearean drama, which reflects so impartially every type of character, gives us no glimpse of the mighty master's features as he stands behind it; and we are forced to abandon every hope of penetrating Shakespeare's inner life through his plays. But not so when we turn to some

of his Sonnets. There the curtain is lifted; there the heart, which seemed to throb with no other pulse than the current of universal humanity, discloses to us its own bitterness. And we mark, with no common emotion, how the eagle eye, which scanned untroubled (as we thought) the heights and depths of man's being, can grow dim with tears. We listen, and awe overcomes us as we hear the voice, which stirred all hearts with its trumpet's call, faltering forth the sadly-changed accents,—

“Wearied with these, for restful death I sigh.”

Now, it is to the class of works which we have described—the occupation of genius in its “*horæ subsecivæ*”—that the small volume before us belongs. The greater portion of it has appeared before in the “*Lyra Apostolica*”; but it now comes forth, with some significant omissions, and one most important addition, for the first time with the writer's name. The appended dates show us how many of the most beautiful poems which it contains we owe to the enforced leisure of travel; and a glance at the contents of any theological library will tell how small a part of Dr. Newman's time can have been bestowed on poetic studies. It is, then, on both the grounds which have been already mentioned that his “*Verses on Various Occasions*” claim to arrest our attention; and they have yet a third, more peculiarly their own. For while they are the work of a powerful intellect, unbent for a season from sterner tasks; and while they offer us glimpses of a mind which friend and foe have often scanned with a perplexed curiosity; they also, in the third place, present themselves as contributions to contemporary ecclesiastical history: as witnesses in the great cause which the nineteenth century is being forced to try over again—the justice and necessity of the religious Reformation of the sixteenth. The book which contains them will therefore certainly be read and pondered by many who do not belong to that small company—the disinterested lovers of poetry. It has attractions for all who know, even only by hearsay, how great was its writer's share in that movement which is still largely affecting, both for good and for evil, the spiritual life of our day. While his old hearers at

* *Verses on Various Occasions*. By J. H. Newman. London: Burns & Oates. 1868.

Oxford—the men who (whether at the time the preacher's peculiar doctrines pleased or displeased them) confess now that, after a quarter of a century's lapse, his voice yet echoes in their hearts*—must needs open this book with no common feelings. They must find pleasure, though perhaps sorrowful pleasure, in reviving, by its aid, their remembrance of their former teacher. They will see in the hidden life here unveiled to them the source of that strong influence which they acknowledge; they will here seek to trace out that path which he trod alone, even while his outward road ran as yet parallel with theirs. Most of all will they come prepared to look sadly on the scars which may bear witness to that great conflict in which they lost their leader; and to ask what have been the results of "loss and gain" to this gifted being, from the act of spiritual suicide by which ties still dear to memory were so violently rent asunder.

We do not ourselves profess to be insensible to such considerations. Our first concern, however, is with Dr. Newman as a poet; our first inquiry, how far the "subtle and fine science of logic," as Milton styles it, has yielded up her place in these pages to her "more simple, sensuous, and passionate" sister, poetry? And a few extracts from the earlier poems may enable us to discern

* We quote the eloquent words of an unimpeachable witness:—"His [Newman's] power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel. . . . As he spoke, how the old truth became new! How it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. . . . To call these sermons eloquent would not be the word for them—high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer; or the outpouring as of a prophet, rapt, yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the stillness of that high Gothic building [St. Mary's] the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness; if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul."—*Shairp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*.

at once the presence of these three indispensable requisites in the poet. We shall find these verses marked by an antique singleness of thought and simplicity of diction; we shall see in them (for the most part) a due preference for the concrete to the abstract; nor, though their themes exclude the ordinary sources of passion in poetry, and though their writer's severe self-restraint may look cold to a superficial glance, shall we find them otherwise than the expression of genuine and strong feeling. The lamp which burns in this alabaster shrine is no painted fire; only it was not kindled at any earthly hearth.

For instance, with what unfeigned and fervent indignation the poem entitled "Progress of Unbelief" glows! What other poets have sung under the influence of strong personal feeling of their own wrongs is said here at the sight of the Faith dishonoured by an unbelieving generation:—

"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful
earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds'
strife,
Heartless to store them for the month of
dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful
hearth,
Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite a household Baal rear.

"But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and, in fading, stirs the angels' grief,
Unanswered here; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted grows,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's
throne."

An unjust picture, doubtless; as much too favourable to the past as too harsh a portraiture of the present; though scarcely justifying Dr. Arnold's charge against its painter of "hating the nineteenth century for its own sake;" but an example of the simplicity of strong feeling, when, in the overwhelming sense of injury to what is dearer than life, all considerations but one vanish, and the mind has room for nothing but its grief. Now, contrast with this poem of indignation a poem of deep and quiet feeling, most simple in its tenderness as the

former in its wrath an answer supplied
beforehand to the longing cry —

“ Oh, Christ, that it were possible
After long years to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be ! ”

It is entitled “ A Voice from Afar : ”

“ Weep not for me : —
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

“ I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

“ A sea before
The Throne is spread — its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on the shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.”

There is a tranquil beauty in this little poem, like the shining of moonlight in some woodland glade. Its depths of feeling are still and unruffled; but they are more profound than many more ambitious waters.

When, turning once again to Milton's celebrated definition, we find that it is essential to poetry to be not only “ simple and passionate,” but “ sensuous,” we naturally reflect for a moment on the exact sense of the expression. And we find it to import that poetry should no more consist of soul without body than of body without soul. There must be the fire of passion to vivify; but there must likewise be the material frame at hand to receive the gift of life. Poetry may presuppose and ground herself on the deepest philosophy; she should rarely discourse it. She may have metaphysics for her allies; she must not suffer them to be her rulers. Now, when we apply this definition to the book before us, we find it to condemn some of the poems which it contains. For there are several of them in which the poet is lost in the preacher, and of which instruction is plainly rather the object than delight. Of this class the three brief stanzas entitled “ St. Paul at Melita,” and the little

poem called “ Flowers without Fruit,” may serve as examples. The first is a sermon compressed into the limit of a short epigram; but the verse only gives it force and polish, it is not the necessary expression of an essentially poetic thought. The second, since we have read in Newman's “ Apologia ” of his early friendship with Archbishop Whately, we shall always regard as its memorial; expressing as it does a favourite thought of that logical but unimaginative mind, in a manner which must have met with its entire approval. But for the most part it is otherwise with these poems. Their writer, if he sometimes presents the truths by which his soul has been stirred, too much as bare abstractions, yet oftener sees and presents them to us as real existences which reveal themselves under graceful and symbolic forms. Now it is some well-known event in sacred or in classic story, now it is some occurrence of daily life or some incident of travel, which furnishes a local habitation for the winged thought that flitted round the lonely student. He does not much seek for metaphors; they, unsought, seek him; for to him the invisible world is the real world, and the visible only precious as its exponent.

In the picture-gallery which we have just entered, warmth and colour do not predominate; its noblest characteristic is rather that fine severity of perfect light, which is so admirable in Ary Scheffer's best pictures. And if the roseate hue of youth and health is lacking in the saints and martyrs on its walls — if their robe of flesh has grown too thin and transparent for one kind of beauty — yet, for that very reason, an hour spent in their company may prove a welcome change to eyes wearied by seeing the spirit overpowered by the flesh, in more than one gallery of our present poets. The resemblance of Newman's poetry to Dante's in its high spiritualism, may have attracted notice the sooner on account of the outward traits of likeness between the two men; each blinded to the good of his own times by a too keen and scornful perception of their evil; each severed from community of purpose with his countrymen, yet yearning to regain their sympathy; each, moreover, making war for an idea, sacrificing cherished local immunities to the phantom

of a venerable central authority, and fearlessly incurring the reproach of treason for that dear object's sake. Still, in his readiness to decorate the tabernacle with the spoils of Egypt, in his mastery over his own language, in a vivid realism which depicts scenes remote from human experience as might an eyewitness, — above all, in his habit of taking the invisible for the basis of his operations on the visible, instead of, like other men, approaching the unseen by the seen, — Dr. Newman is a kindred spirit of that great poet's, to whom, in wide range of power and magnitude of grasp, it would be an idle task to compare him. We shall presently see how his latest poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," suggests several interesting points of contact between them. Meantime, there is already something Dantesque in his early sonnet on Concyra, that classic type of revolutions. Notice how speedily the antiquary's, the historian's interest, is swallowed up in solemn reflection on the continued existence of each long-vanished actor in those once stirring scenes: —

"I sat beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By sage and poet raised to long renown;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
That multitudinous stream we now note down
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
But is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom;
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then
done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
As though I corpses saw, and walked the tomb."

Here it is the past which summons up the ghostly present. In the next sonnet we shall quote (faithful like the first in structure to the pattern of Petrarch and of Milton), it is the present which is the prophet of the future; the power of memory, felt while journeying, is the pledge of its might in days to come; when the traveller shall have at last gone the way whence he may not return. In both, the light which plays on the picture is a gleam from the world of spirits; the dead yet live, the living is hastening on to join their ranks.

"MEMORY."

"My home is now a thousand miles away;
Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
Rises as keen, as I still lingered there,
And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
And so, upon Death's unaverted day,

As I speed upwards, I shall on me bear,
And in no breathless whirl, the things that
were,
And duties given, and ends I did obey.
And when at length I reach the Throne of Power,
Ah! still unscared I shall in fulness see
The vision of my past innumerable deeds,
My deep heart-courses, and their motive seeds,
So to gaze on till the red-dooming hour.
Lord, in that strait, the Judge! remember me!"

The strict laws of the sonnet suit Dr. Newman's genius better than do bold Pindaric flights. Of his two "Tragic Choruses," the best, "Judaism," has the defect of consisting merely of strophe and two antistrophes — i.e., of three precisely similar stanzas. The first of the three is, however, very fine. It makes a worthy use of the grand form of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, as the symbol of God's rejected people in their woeful dignity; bearing, yet bringing, a curse; everywhere, yet nowhere at home; with their sad present, but mysterious hope for the future: —

"O piteous race!
Fearful to look upon,
Once standing in high place,
Heaven's eldest son.
O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou fittest by,
I liken thee to him in Pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant king, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
Wronged, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end."

Whenever we think of either of those two pre-eminent tragedies which have *Œdipus* for their hero, these last five lines recur to our mind as the best possible summary of the strange contrasts in which the "Sophoclean irony" delights: the king of all men the most wretched while he seems the happiest, most full of might when lowest in estate. There is another fine lyric in this collection called "Reverses," which blends with good effect, in its first two stanzas, the images of nature with symbols taken from history; summing up the particular exemplifications of the decay of splendour at its height, familiar to the student of sacred and profane story, by an appeal to the universal type with which all men are acquainted: —

"When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh,
All growth has bound, when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Upstairs its pageants vast,
And vaunts — it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend —
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end."

This climax is very touching. It sets before us friendship as at once the most precious and the most fragile of earthly goods; as affecting a noble heart by its evanescence far more than "temple and tower" in their overthrow can do; because when it dies a spiritual thing perishes, which had a right to immortality. Indeed the view of friendship given us in these poems is a very mournful one. To their writer's mind the happiest friends are those severed in good time by the hand of death, so as to escape worse partings. The life-long sorrow which throbs and pulses on the many-chorded lyre of "In Memoriam," is to his mind an enviable thing, since it is consoled by any bitterness or self-reproach. It is in this spirit that he approaches the most famous friendship on record.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"O heart of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face!
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well : — for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sere it had snapped in twain love's slender
band,
So dear in memory;
Paul, of his comrade left, the warning gives, —
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives."

Who can deem this last stanza otherwise than most unjust to the love of David for Jonathan? And as to the second, would it be too hazardous to conjecture that, whatever good dreams, haunted like those of Achilles by Patroclus, may have brought the Hebrew monarch, he would have derived far more from his living friend? nay, that even from the most grievous sin of his

life, he might have found a defence in the shield that was cast away with Saul's on the mountains of Gilboa, had its lofty-minded bearer but survived to take the part of his better self against his worse?

This mournful poem does not stand alone in its profound sadness. Here is the view of life which is its logical complement : —

OUR FUTURE.

"Did we but see,
When life first opened, how our journey lay,
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one time shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me, year by year, till I am found,
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

It would be hard to find a fault in these two stanzas; except the excessive alliteration (or rather awkward proximity of two similar sounds, *pale* and *Paul*), in its last line. Otherwise they are very perfect in themselves, and inexpressibly touching by their tone of resigned sorrow. We have often wished to ask their author whether the resemblance in sentiment between the first of them and one of the most pathetic passages* in Shakespeare is a designed or undesigned coincidence. We have ourselves always supposed it to be the latter; well knowing how much more familiarly the banks of the distant Ilissus are haunted by Oxford men, than those of the nearer Avon. In that case its date of near forty years ago is worth noticing; as showing how a blameless divine could pluck, ere the *mezzo cammin* was passed, the same bitter fruit of knowledge which our great dramatist represents as the result of a whole life of care and crime.

In the close of this poem, as in so many of Newman's, a scene familiar to Bible

* "O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt away
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beechy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips: how chances mock,
And changes till the cup of alteration.
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress
through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the door, and sit him down and die."

— King Henry IV., Act III., Scene I.

readers is set before them as exemplifying laws which are still at work, and which may therefore reproduce the same scene in substance, although with changed accessories, in any man's experience. The apostle, going to Jerusalem to meet he knows not what evil, but evil too surely of some sort, is the type of every sorrowing yet steadfast pilgrim, who has not parted with his firm determination for the right course, along with the joyful illusions which hailed its first entrance on it, but bore him company but a little way. In this constant illustrative use of the Scripture story, Newman treads the same ground with his early friend Keble. It is in their poetic treatment of kindred or identical themes, that their paths are wide apart. Keble delights far more in the play of the fancy — often straying to gather its flowers till he finds it hard to recover his road. Newman centres his attention on getting at the heart of some one object, and developing all that is really in it to his hearer. The very wealth of their poetic imagery gives some of Keble's poems a blurred outline, a hazy light, confusing like some of Turner's latest pictures: when Newman errs it is in the other extreme, by stimulating the imagination too little; — his definite, sharp-cut outline stands sometimes in need of atmospheric softening. Readers of the "Christian Year" will understand at once what we mean by comparing the poem there for St. James's Day, and that for Easter Monday (on St. Peter at Joppa), with two upon the same subjects, far briefer and less poetical, in Newman's volume. If, on the other hand, we place Keble's beautiful poem on the recognition of Joseph by his brethren side by side with Newman's stately sonnet* on that patriarch's character, the comparison will give us a good view of the distinguishing excellences of each author. Best of what we may call the Scripture pieces in this book, we like the poem misnamed "Desolation." Its severity of outline is illuminated by the gush of golden light in its third stanza; and no mean skill has concentrated around that vision of the Master in Glory four distinct scenes of His earthly life, all contributing without any confusion of thought to the main idea of this poem.

* Keble was preaching at Torquay, a year or two before he died, on the history of Joseph. His well-known verses were in the mind of most of his hearers; who, (forgetting for the moment who the preacher was), expected to hear them from his lips, as he began to cite a poem illustrative of his subject. When, instead, he repeated his long-lamented friend's fine sonnet, all present felt deeply touched by the memories so evoked.

"O say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con his sacred lore;
Shouldst thou thy chamber seek unseen,
He enters through the unopened door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although he holds their eyes;
Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free."

Poems like this one look very easy to write, and are in truth very hard to imitate. It is always possible to be trivial and vulgar; but to unite, as here, great simplicity of thought and great plainness of speech, to dignity, is a difficult task. But some of Newman's Poems are more imaginative, and less severely concise. Of this class, the following is (or rather was) a most beautiful example. We shall take the liberty to restore it to its earlier and better form.

REST.

"They are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address
In waywardness to those
Who in the mountain-grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.*

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
shall flow.

* Theological (assuredly not poetic) considerations have caused the following change of this fine stanza in the present volume: —

"They are at rest;
The fire has eaten out all blot and stain,
And, convalescent, they enjoy a blest
Refreshment after pain;
Thus to the End in Eden's grots they lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by."

Each of these alterations is an unhappy one. Especially is it a pity to see the "well of English undefiled" perturbed just here by the drop of ecclesiastical Latin in "convalescent."

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they
glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant
above."

Here Milton's Eden in its "bowery loneliness" stands forth the fitting emblem for all that pious minds love to imagine concerning the repose of the true paradise. We can well remember how, when the "Lyra Apostolica" first appeared, there were three poems in it, — "A Voice from Afar," one now omitted which commenced, "Do not their souls, who 'neath the altar wait," and this, just quoted, of "Rest," — which found a way, with their soothing sense of repose and hope to many a mourner's breast; and opened hearts which closed, grieving, against the unsparing denunciations of national guilt and gloomy prognostications of the future which were bound up with them.*

Independently of their own merits, all poems which aspire to lift the veil from the life to come appeal to the strongest instincts of our minds: to their own personal hopes and fears; to their memories of the loved and their longings for reunion. When the lyre which had sounded the exploits of Achilles and Agamemnon in life, prepared with altered notes to follow their wraiths into the Cimmerian gloom, who can doubt that the listeners held their breath and redoubled their attention? And when the strain was done, did not the blue sky of Greece look yet more blue, the rose-chaplets round the feasters' brows still redder, to eyes as yet privileged to go on behold-

* Would, however, that some warning voice had repeated these lines on "Sacilege" in our statesmen's ears last year! May the suffering Church of Ireland experience the good which they predict, as she has already the evil which they foreshadow!

"The Church shone brightly in her youthful days
Ere the world on her smiled;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
Keen, free, and undefiled;
Yet would I not that arm of force were mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient shrine.

Two duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust;
And who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Dear brothers! — hence, while ye for ill prepare,
Triumph is still your own;
Meet is a pilgrim Church! yet shrink to share
The curse of throwing down.
So will we toll in our old place to stand,
Watching, not dreading, the despoiler's hand."

ing what these famous men of old might see no more for ever? And the great poem of medieval Christendom has doubtless been often studied less as a poem than as a revelation. Mourners and dying men have listened, and felt consoled, as Dante told of that company of rescued souls whom he saw disembark chanting their "In Exitu Israel," and set forth up the mount of purgatory to the bliss beyond. But only a master's hand, like that of the first or second father of poetry, can be trusted to treat this great theme in detail. It imperatively rejects the commonplace and the sentimental. And to modern thought, suggestive poems like the short lyric just quoted — statements veiled by befitting imagery, which leaves the mind very considerable latitude in its interpretation — are more agreeable than those precise descriptions which were the delight of child-like and unreasoning minds in earlier days. Nevertheless it is description of this distinct and exact nature which forms the staple of Dr. Newman's latest and longest poem, the "Dream of Gerontius." No longer content with the fugitive pieces of his youth, he elaborates for us a drama in his age. Not satisfied, as heretofore, with guessing dimly at what Scripture leaves unrevealed, he has hearkened to a voice which professes to declare the secret which the risen Lazarus kept, and he now undertakes to disclose it to us. Under his guidance, if we will, we may learn, an hour before the time, the great mystery of how the spirit feels when its fleshly tie to earth is severed; and soar with it into those unknown and untried regions, which half a century's meditation has cleared the poet's inner vision to descry. We are invited to follow a soul through its last agony and in its upward flight; to leave it, where its guardian angel must leave it for a while, in the place of its final purification. And each stage of the amazing progress is set before us with a realism which makes this drama a psychological marvel; and with a power of divination so singular as to bespeak for the seer of this one department in Hades, a measure of that reverence which the people of his own time accorded to the man who had seen it all.

Such, too, is the poetic strength put forth in it, that the "Dream of Gerontius" is a conspicuous example that the after-gathering may yield richer fruit than the vintage; an evident proof that the Muse of Zion is Ruth-like in her dispositions, and is more ready to visit and to bless in age than in youth. And what gives this remarkable poem its distinguishing character

is this, — that while, to a superficial glance, it seems to tread a well-known and beaten track, it is, in truth, a vigorous flight of the imagination into a region scarcely entered before; for it occupies that subjective side of their common theme, which the fathers of poetry and their great followers let alone, to give to it an almost exclusively objective treatment. The ghost of Agamemnon in the *Odyssey*, the two Counts of Montefeltro in the *Hell* and in the *Purgatory*, the spirit of Hamlet's father, tell us each the occasion and consequences of his death; but they are silent as to what dying itself felt like. The departed soul of Faust remains mute while good and evil angels contend for its possession. But Gerontius unveils to us all the processes of his mind, in its embarkation and its voyage over the untried sea, with an air of sober reality which carries conviction of truth along with it. By a strong effort of thought, the poet has so placed himself under new conditions of existence, so projected himself into his own future, that we do not dream of questioning the accuracy of his description. It is otherwise with the forms by which his principal personage is surrounded. The high marks of genius which stamp the utterances of Gerontius are far less apparent in his respectable but verbose angelic guardian; in the demons, grotesque rather than fearful, which beset his path; or in the choirs of angels who people the joyless heaven into which he finds a momentary entrance — where they seem to pass their time, harmlessly but drearily, in singing improved editions of Watts' Hymns. Nevertheless here Dr. Newman fails in very great company. Who is satisfied with the heaven or with the seraphs of Milton? Or who fails to see that if Dante's angels are grander and more impressive than those of the "Paradise Lost," this effect is mainly due to their dignified reserve — to that silence which is so seldom broken by them, except in the very words of Scripture? Moreover, in the "Dream of Gerontius," as much as in the Prometheus of Eschylus, the principal character is everything, the attendant figures comparatively nothing. Gerontius himself interests us so much that we hardly notice the accessories of the picture. For, as we have already said, he is the type of Man face to face with what medieval preaching styled the Four Last Things: in him we behold the image which is one day to be our own; and it is curiosity about the region which lies at once so near to us and so far, that sharpens our ear to catch his every word. Nor is this all. Besides representing man in general, Ge-

rontius is, in particular, the representative of that noblest style of man, the saint. Holy resignation to the Divine will, and ardent love to God, compose his character, so far as we are made acquainted with it. And thus, raised high in the moral order above the common spectator, while in the natural he occupies the same level, he is enabled to claim his admiration no less than his sympathy. Yet it is this selfsame spiritual elevation that makes the catastrophe of the poem shock our moral sense. Gerontius is declared sinless, yea, incapable of sin, after his death, by his guardian angel. He exhibits, as has been said, the most pious dispositions. Can the sentence, then, which dooms such a holy being to endure ages of purgatorial fire, fail to strike the mind (apart from theological subtleties) as unjust? We may try to resist the impression by recollecting how imperfect is our best idea of goodness; by the reflection that what seems holiness to us may to purer eyes be sin. But then, unluckily, for the validity of such an explanation, there is a standard of comparison at hand. Angels must be presumed good, and fit to inhabit the regions of bliss; now to the angels of this poem Gerontius is in no respect inferior in goodness; nay, he is evidently their superior, inasmuch as his trust in God withstands a painful trial to which they are not exposed. Hence it is that our sense of justice — which is not disturbed when the too daring Prometheus feels at last the thunderbolt which he has challenged, which approves when the gate of Paradise closes after Milton's Adam and Eve — rises up here to protest against the sentence which excludes the righteous soul of Gerontius from the bliss which beings whose holiness is not more sublime than his are suffered to partake.

We will try to enable our readers to judge of this, and of the justice of our other remarks, for themselves.

When the drama opens, Gerontius is lying on his death-bed. His soul is shaken by the last enemy's approach. He discerns his presence, not by the extremity of his sickness alone: —

" 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity)!
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee),
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends! a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers,
'tis he!
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole refuge,
Thou.)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came;
This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink,
Into the vast abyss."

It is amidst this shaking and passing away of all transitory things — this vanishing of every external prop, and the last fierce onset of the powers of darkness — that the voice of faith is heard; the hand of faith is seen stretched out to grasp the things invisible and eternal. Gerontius gathers his remaining strength together, and rouses himself to make his last profession of faith. The friends who kneel around repeat their Litany, and call earnestly on the Deliverer of all His faithful of old in their time of trouble, to give help and comfort to His dying servant now. Strengthened by their intercession, Gerontius commends his departing spirit to his Lord, and yields it up in peace; while the assistant priest pronounces the "Depart, Christian soul," and begins, with the others present, the solemn prayers for the dead.

In the second division of the poem we accompany the now freed spirit into the unseen world.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

"I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed:
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense of
Freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain;
For it drives back my thoughts upon their
spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.

And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!"

The two sections from which we quote these lines are the highest effort of Dr. Newman's genius. The subtle analysis of the mind's workings, the strange power of divining the unknown by the known which they display, exercise a stronger fascination each time they are read. All who care for psychological problems (and in this particular problem who does not feel an interest?) must watch the sure hand, as it here searches out depths for which science furnishes no sounding-line, with an awe like to that which fell on the Hebrew monarch, as he watched the sorceress when she arose to call his departed reprover from the grave.

There is much that is fine in the succeeding sections, though scarcely anything so striking. The soul is no longer alone. The mystic music has revealed to it the presence of its guardian angel, and from him it learns something of the marvels of its present state. It discovers that it is hastening to its Judge's presence with a flight not ruled by space or time; yet rendered slow to its own impatient desire, through being measured by the succession of thought. Though separated from the body, the spirit still fancies itself surrounded by its fleshy frame; just as in the living man the lost limb long seems, to the severed nerves and muscles, to hold its place.

"Hast thou not heard of those, who after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost

Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.
So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified."

And now, as the soul speeds onward to the goal of its long desire, it encounters those good and evil spirits whose lyric strains form, in our judgment, the less satisfactory portion of the drama. There are the thankful songs of angels to salute its advance; there are the spiteful mockeries of the baffled powers of evil, heard only to be despised. But the first lack all the bright, jubilant exultation which we should have expected them to possess: the second make us smile when we ought to shudder. These wicked spirits, who accuse God's servants of obeying Him only for interested motives (as their chief did holy Job), are as curiously like some sceptics of the present day in their affectation of refinement as in their arrogant presumption. The following lines would suit a conceited philosopher, while still in the flesh, much better than they do incorporeal spirits:—

DEMONS.

"What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er;
Which rattle and stink
E'en in the flesh."

Well may Gerontius pass with silent contempt by beings fallen beneath the dignity of *spirit* far enough to have acquired noses to turn up at the poor, unwashed saint of Romish hagiology, when he chances to stray "betwixt the wind and their nobility!" And if the evil angels of the poem are thus plainly un-Miltonic, the good angels, who form its chorus, are Miltonic only in their faults. The didactic seraphs of the "Paradise Lost," have at least the excuse of discoursing to a human auditor. But what reason have those happy powers, who sing in the courts of the Most High, to recite verses so historical, so explanatory, so altogether suggestive of the long-renowned Tate and Brady, as the following?—

"The foe blasphemed the holy Lord
As if he reckoned ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.
For even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts adorned,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with these proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

And when by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
'A sorry sentinel;

The Maker by His word is bound.
Escape or cure is none;
He must abandon to his doom
And slay His darling son.'"

Or why, with no perplexing modern theologian within hearing, should that tiresome personage, pre-historic man, occupy the attention of the seraphs, in these finer, but not more dramatically appropriate, verses?—

"Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived and toiled and died.

He dreed his penance age by age;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by his rod,
And taught by angel-visitations,
At length he sought his God;

And learned to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state."

But far superior in lyric beauty to the best portions of the Chorus, is the song of Gerontius himself in the crisis of his fate: a sweet and tender strain, impassioned with divine love. It is in the sixth section of the poem that, amid the intercessions which ascend from earth "as dew in summer even," the pleading of "the great Angel of the Agony" obtains for Gerontius the sight of Him whom his soul loves: that one moment of the Beatific Vision which is to

soothe by its sweet remembrance the coming ages of anguish.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of
God."

SOUL.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be;
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possessed
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

Then Purgatory opens. The souls within
are heard chanting their solemn psalm;
and the Guardian Angel thus consigns his
beloved charge to its healing sorrows:—

"Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee;
And o'er the penal waters as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake;
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in
heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most High-
est.

Farewell! but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the mor-
row."

So ends a poem, in our judgment as satis-
factory in its subjective as it is the reverse in

its objective, portions. Of its writer we
may say far more truly than did Coleridge
of his great predecessor Dante, that "he
does not so much elevate our thoughts as
send them down deeper." For his subtle
speculations on man's complex being, his
daring researches into the "abysmal depth
of personality," carry us along with them
far more completely than do his upward
flights. And as it is with the thoughts on
which the poem rests, so it is with the verse
which forms the superstructure. The iam-
bics and the graver lyrics of the poem (two
of which form our last quotations) have a
peculiar and serious harmony of sound—

"Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand'Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie:"

so that we may apply to Dr. Newman's best
passages his own melodious words:—

"The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about;
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;
While, scattered from the branches it has
stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours."

But the Choruses to which Gerontius pays
this beautiful compliment do not justify it.
Would either of those which we have ex-
tracted, the best or the worst, so affect any
one? Who can judge them worthy to be
chanted to the sound of heavenly harps, and
to the rush of angelic pinions? Thus, when
we compare Dr. Newman with the last
great traveller before him on the same road,
with Goethe, we find that his Gerontius has
nothing to fear from the competition of that
silent spirit, so arbitrarily rescued from his
just doom by the German poet; we also see
that the inestimable advantage of a strong
faith has given to the less artistically per-
fect poem an impress of reality which is
wanting to the last two scenes of "Faust;"
but, on the other hand, set beside Goethe's
swift dactylic flights and his glorious
"Easter Hymn," the Five Choirs of Angel-
icals in Gerontius make but a sorry show.
Nor is the final catastrophe more satisfac-
tory, though for a widely different reason
than that of "Faust." Each tramples on a
deep-seated conviction of the human breast,
on a strong foundation of natural piety.
And though, in Dr. Newman's case, we
consent to hold his creed, rather than his
art, responsible for what revolts our moral
sense in the conclusion of his drama, yet
would it not have procured his exclusion,
and with right, from the Republic of even a
heathen philosopher? Can a poem which
implies, as does the "Dream of Gerontius,"

that creatures can be more merciful than their Creator, stand the test of Plato's celebrated rule?

From this reflection we pass by a natural transition to our last subject of inquiry: from the consideration of the poetic value of Dr. Newman's verse to the yet more interesting endeavour to learn from it, as a crucial instance, what it profits a soul to turn, as inadequate to its needs, from the voice which, once for all, went forth from the holy hill of Zion; and to seek to supplement its utterances by the oracle of the seven hills. Let us briefly sum up the evidence here presented of the consequences of such a course, and dwell for a moment upon them.

The writer (in 1835) of the poem on "Rest" evidently believed with the elder Church (whose teaching on this point is adopted for her own by the English Church, and recommended to her children upon every All-Saints' Festival), that "the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them." The author of the "Dream of Gerontius" has learned, instead, to look forward, with an heroic but sad composure, to death as the beginning of sorrows even to the holy — sorrows of unknown intensity as to their sharpness, and as to their duration indefinite. Can he point to one single verse of Scripture which will justify his new teacher in thus making sad a heart which the Lord has not made sad?

In "Rest," and in other poems (now wholly suppressed) of the "Lyra Apostolica," their author rejected the invocation of saints to place exclusive confidence in the One Intercessor; he altogether refused to follow their example, who

"Seek to charms of man, or saints
above,
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of grace
and love!"

He exclaimed, in accents of genuine and fervent affection —

"Ah, Saviour, Lord! with Thee my heart
Angel nor saint shall share;
To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art,
To soothe each tumult there."

Is it well to have learned to divide this confidence? to look forward to a death-bed which others than He who died for us are to be called to "soothe"? For Gerontius calls on two names beside His in that "last agony when the soul instinctively falls back upon its deepest certainties." His pious friends, and the good priest who kneels beside him, commend him to other advocates,

to other mediators; as though to supply by their intercession the deficiencies or the indifferences of the True One. The "Angel of the Agony" pleads on behalf of souls in purgatory with Him who endured that very agony for their sake; and meantime the great Intercessor remains mute — the Redeemer seems unmindful of His own sure promise* to admit all spirits faithfully commended to Him "that day" into paradise. Is not the loss to a Christian heart, implied in this lowered conception of the chief object of its faith, an inconceivably great one? Can any gain in inferior departments of the spiritual life be otherwise than trifling when set beside it? Is the gayer tone of the ballads in honour of the blessed Virgin and of the saintly founder of the oratory, which find a place in this new volume, a really more satisfactory symptom than the stern and sorrowful notes which came from the same lyre in earlier days? If the latter pointed to a deficiency as yet unsupplied, to a fear not yet "cast out," do not the former mark a descent to a lower level, a relinquishing of high truths once held, which it is painful to contemplate?

Nay, more: is not the theology of the later poems, after all, but the natural outgrowth of that root of bitterness which a close inspection might discern springing up amid all the promise of the earlier? For in those, despite of the occasional flashes of a more childlike confidence, was not there very discernible a prevailing tendency to interpose an awful interval (which the Gospel interposes not) between the sinner and the Saviour? to bid those still "stand afar off" whom a gracious voice commands to draw near? That grand hymn of the universal Church, the "Te Deum," claims for the Christian the high privilege of beholding his Redeemer in his Judge. Do not even the early poems tend to reverse the process, to renounce the blessing; and train the mind, instead, to see with Gerontius,

"The Judge severe, e'en in the Crucifix"?

Then, as in the original corruption of the religion of Christendom, so to the individual also comes the Nemesis of faith; to claim for the many the trust refused to the One; to extend into another life the term for the accomplishment of a work which it is felt to be impossible to complete in this.

Nevertheless, the defects of Dr. Newman's theology must not render us insensible to what is great and good in it. In

* How this promise was interpreted by the primitive Church, Prudentius, "the poet of the martyrs," bears witness to us in his grand hymn, "In Exequiis Defunctorum."

what he would (on far other grounds to ours) agree with us in calling its imperfection thirty years ago, it stirred mightily the men of that generation, because its teacher beld the truth that was in it firmly, and preached it boldly — nay, perhaps its partial truth found a way into some hearts which would have closed against the truth orb'd in completeness. Is it too much to hope that the light which burns behind strange mediæval shapes in the "Dream of Gerontius," may attract some wanderer now, who might have found that same light too dazzling presented through a purer medium?

In these days of materialism every expression of faith in the Unseen has its value. Now that the reality of moral evil is denied on every side, each testimony to man's need of deliverance from sin is precious. Nor can we read the "Dream of Gerontius" without envying its gifted author his clear perception that holiness is worth any sacrifice and any suffering; and that to "see the Lord" is an unmistakable joy, which would be cheaply purchased by millenniums of anguish.

For a mind more earthly, for a heart less faithful than his own to venture to reprove him for the dishonour (great, but unintentional) which he has done to his Master and ours, would be presumptuous. Let a voice from the grave speak for us. Let Dr. Newman's friend in earlier and happier times, — with whom, while it could yet be said of that little band,

"Unâ docta cohors arma tenet manu,
Muros construit alterâ,

he stood shoulder to shoulder in the work of defence and construction, where he has since attacked and thrown down, — the saintly author of the "Christian Year," make answer in our behalf. Let him reply for us that it was the baseless dream of a diseased imagination,

"That showed the righteous suffering still,
Upon the eternal shore."*

Let him answer the strongest argument for purgatory — the seeming impossibility of attaining here the holiness needful for the enjoyment of heaven — by declaring, that to doubt the accomplishment on earth of the work of sanctification in the saved, is to doubt the Word of Him who is Himself the Truth.

"Fear not, for He hath sworn;
Faithful and true His name.

* "Christian Year."

Surely the time is short;
Endless the task and art,
To brighten for the ethereal court,
A soiled earth-drudging heart.
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to Thy foes in power.

His shoulders bear the key;
He opens — who can close?
Closes — and who dare open? — He
Thy soul's misgiving knows.

If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to love."*

When the poem which contains these stanzas first appeared, its place in the "Lyra Apostolica" was just before Newman's "David and Jonathan." How must its neighbour's well-remembered line —

"He bides with us who dies; he is but lost who lives,"

have rung in the deserted friend's mind, as Keble sat down alone on the spot (ever after sacred to that bitter recollection) to read the letter which, as he said, † "told me that Newman had left us"! Of those two friends' first and last meeting afterwards, we have the deeply interesting record from Newman's own pen.‡ He has described how, after the lapse of many years, he entered Keble's door, and sat in converse with him, and with a third whose name has been often associated with theirs. Keble's playful exclamation at parting, "When shall we three meet again?" has a solemn sound now, as we remember that it was the last meeting of those three in this world. Yet "when" is infinitely less important, as applied to the final assembling, than "how?" And thinking of the faith, obscured by later accretions, but not destroyed, in the book we have been examining, let us anticipate the manner of the meeting for the two wearied and scarred veterans who remain, in the words of their fellow-champion who has already entered into his rest: —

"O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss,
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend th' eternal day!"
— St. Mark's Day: "Christian Year."

So may the touching lines which will fitly close our remarks on their great writer find fulfilment in his own case. It was while

* Keble's Minor Poems.

† Coleridge's "Life of Keble."

‡ Ibid.

he was girding himself up for the "great work which he had to do in England" * that Newman invoked that Light (by warning fears of sinning against which he was then haunted), in a strain probably familiar to many readers who are strangers to his other works. Nevertheless we cannot omit what still, after the lapse of near forty years, constitutes its author's surest title to a place in the ranks of that goodly company, the hymn-writers of the universal Church. In every prayer of this their "lost leader," his fellow-Churchmen once, his fellow-Christians still, may not dare to join. But this one no man can refuse. May it be accomplished, as for those who now repeat, so for him who first framed, it, when the darkness shall at length be past, and the shadows flee away!

* Newman's "Apologia."

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will — remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

MY LOVE.

My love is pale, but in her cheeks
Faint rosy flushes come and go,
That gather slightly when she speaks,
And sometimes deepen to a glow.
She seems most like a young white rose,
Within whose heart a blush is set,
Softly unfolding as it grows —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her eyes are blue — such sweet blue eyes!
Her white lids veil them from your sight;
But now and then a smile will rise,
And fill them suddenly with light;
And when she hears of some distress,
And on the lashes tears are wet,
They look with such pained tenderness —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Across her brow in even braids
Is smoothly laid her glossy hair;
My love has need of no false aids,
Or tricks of dress to make her fair.
She does not need from silken trains
A gorgeous dignity to get;
In her soft homely dress she reigns —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

She wins your heart a hundred ways —
Laying a light hand on your arm,
Shewing in all she does and says
A native deferential charm,
Moving about with quiet grace;
Such little things you soon forget,
Although they steal your love away —
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her image in my heart I wear;
My love, my faith, are all her own;

I keep my life prepared for her
When she shall come and take her throne.
I dream of what the world will seem —
So much more bright — when we have met;
I wonder, is it all a dream? —
For ah, I have not found her yet!

Chambers' Journal.

In a recent number of *Ler Mondes* Dr. A. Boue calls attention to the fact that a great many scientific publications of the northern and easterly parts of Europe remain almost unknown, except in the countries where the languages (Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Lithuanian, Russian, Czech, Slavonic, Magyar, Polish, Neo-Greek, and Roumanian, and even Dutch) in which they are published are spoken. The author suggests that it would be an advantage if, for each of these publications, either a full translation or an abstract of the papers were simultaneously published in French, English, or German.

Nature.

THE Government of Nicaragua has sent an expedition under Mr. Sonnenstern, a civil engineer, to examine whether the River Coco can be made navigable. The report of Mr. Sonnenstern, which is favourable, has been published in the *Gazette* of Nicaragua. The river has hitherto been little known. The Indians are stated to be indolent and docile, and might, by contact with settlers, be civilised.

Nature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

WHEN Lady Laura Verschoyle left Dyne Court she promised to write to Mr. Ford on their arrival in Egmont Street, and said that she should then expect to hear when they might see him there. They had now been at home more than a week, and although she feared that Audrey was not yet in a state to receive her eligible admirer, she could not longer delay writing to Mr. Ford.

"Now," thought her ladyship, "I must so word this note that his fears will not be unduly excited, for his anxiety might bring him to town at once. But I should like him to know that Audrey is too unwell to bear any agitation. Dear me, how thankful I shall be when it is all settled, and she is married! I cannot stand these worries as I once did." She sat thinking thus for some time, and then wrote:—

"MY DEAR MR. FORD,—I have been wanting so much to write to you ever since my return home, which was on Saturday." ("Perhaps," she said, "he'll think that means the day before yesterday.") "I know you are very anxious to hear about our dear Audrey. What a comfort it is for me to remember that now I have some one who has a right to share all my troubles on her account! Dear girl, I wish I could give a more satisfactory account of her. Her nervous system continues in such a sensitive state, that Dr. Kenlis says the *slightest excitement* might bring a relapse. Still, he assures me there is no cause for anxiety. By the end of another month, if his directions are attended to, and she is kept *perfectly quiet*, she will be quite her former self. Of course I feel bound to comply with his injunctions, although, I confess, I am greatly tempted to disobey them, and ask you to come and see us. I do not think she will put up with this restriction much longer. She is constantly speaking of your promised visit. I dare not tell her that I am writing, for she would insist on seeing the letter, and she has no idea of her own weakness. This is the reason why you have no message from her. I cannot tell you, dear Mr. Ford, how eagerly I look forward to certain coming events, or how sure I feel that in entrusting my beloved child to your keeping I am securing her happiness, and the happiness of her mother as well.

"Yours most truly and affectionately,
"LAURA VERSCHOYLE."

"Now I don't think I have said so much as will lead him to come; nor so little that he will fancy we don't want him. I think I shall have another conversation with Audrey. She must be brought round, of course. I cannot think what madness has

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seized her. She gives no reason, but, like a parrot, senselessly repeats, 'I cannot help it. If you let him come here, I know I shall refuse him.' It is really more than human nature can endure. Job, indeed! I never read that he had a trial of this kind. However, she shall have no new dresses; and I am determined that I shall neither ask any one here, nor take her anywhere. I think if I can carry out this plan I am sure to succeed. I have put forth every effort to find out what she means, and I have tried Marshall in every way, but I don't believe she knows anything either, although she's as artful as can be."

Never during the whole course of her life had her ladyship been so much puzzled. Audrey had tried by every means to avoid being left alone with her mother, as she was sure the conversation would turn upon the one subject. At Hastings these manoeuvres were comparatively easy; but now opportunities were constantly occurring, and she had to listen to long dissertations on the impossibility of their continuing to live in the same style; Lady Laura urging that she must give up her carriage.

After despatching her letter to Mr. Ford, her ladyship went into the dining room, where her daughter was writing. She meant to try her skill once more.

"What a dismal day this is, to be sure! November in London is quite unbearable; one ought to be in excellent health to endure this continual fog and rain."

"I don't think we have had much cause to complain of the weather yet, mamma: yesterday was a lovely day."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are able to enjoy things more than I can. My spirits are so bad, that it makes little difference to me whether the day be bright or gloomy. The disappointments I have had have been rather too much for me. But I am foolish to talk of them, for only sensitive people have any feeling for the sufferings of others. I often think of dear Lady Lascelles. She used to say I was the only one who could give her any comfort, because I so entirely sympathized with her. Poor thing! what a martyr she was—confined to her room for years, and often for months not able to see one of her family! Ah! Mary had a great deal to answer for."

"Why?" said Audrey; "what had Mary to do with it?"

"What had Mary to do with it!" returned Lady Laura in an injured tone. "Why, everything. Until she gave up Sir Henry Skipwith and disgraced herself by running away with the tutor, her poor mother was as well as I am."

"Nonsense, mamma; Lady Lascelles was not taken ill for more than two years after Mary's marriage. Besides, she had rheumatic gout."

"Excuse me, Audrey. From the time when that ungrateful girl left her home, Lady Lascelles never knew a moment's peace of mind. Though the world chose to say she had rheumatic gout, those who loved her knew she died of a broken heart. Of course it was two years before her family noticed it. Just as it is with me. I might be walking into my grave, and until I was on the very brink of it, neither you nor Charles would imagine that I was weaker than yourselves. However, that does not much matter. When I am gone you may see differently. But I have not much to live for. I used to think that I should see my children settled and well established. I was foolish enough to think they would be pleased to see their mother happy; but all that is gone now. The one pretends that he cannot marry because he does not feel a proper amount of affection for a pretty girl with a handsome fortune. The other has not even that poor excuse; to an offer of every luxury and refinement that money can procure—a country seat, a town house, horses, carriages, diamonds, and *carte-blanche* to spend whatever she pleases—her only reply is: 'Don't let me see him. I cannot help it: I know I shall refuse him.' I never knew that there was madness in the family, but this looks exceedingly like it."

"Don't say any more, mamma," said Audrey. "All the bitter things you could say would not equal my own surprise. If I do not marry Mr. Ford, it will be because I cannot, not because I will not."

"If you would give me some reason I could listen more patiently to these ravings. You must know the cause. Is there any one else you think of marrying?"

"No. I do not suppose any one else will give me the opportunity."

"Well!" laughed Lady Laura scornfully, "I am glad to find you have so much sense left. I quite agree with you there. For the last three weeks you have looked five-and-thirty—your eyes are dull, not half their usual size, and the lines under them are worse than mine. Your hair has lost its gloss, and has just that look hair always has before it falls off. Begging that Mr. Ford may not see you, indeed! I am not quite sure that you need alarm yourself. There are not many men who would care to ask you to sit at the head of their

table as you are looking at present." Then, finding Audrey made no answer, she continued, "Sometimes I think you must have a hopeless fancy for some one, or have fallen in love with a *mauvais sujet*."

"Had I done so you would certainly have found it out," replied her daughter bitterly. "See how very soon you discovered that Mr. Dynecourt was dying to marry Miss Bingham."

"So he was," said Lady Laura; "and I have no doubt that he will effect his purpose now. I saw him yesterday talking to her in Bond Street. He was leaning in at the brougham window, devouring every word she said. He turned to see who she bowed to, turned crimson, and gave me the stiffest salutation. I am sure he need not have troubled himself to be so distant. He may marry the niece, and the aunt too, for aught I care."

Audrey closed her desk, and walked out of the room. She went slowly up-stairs, and, locking the door after her, sat down before the mirror—pale and care-worn! Would he care for her now? The tears dropped one by one until they fell in a thick shower. So soon forgotten: his love transferred to another! "Devouring every word she said." It could only be her mother's exaggeration; it could not be true. But the thought rankled, and she found herself hating the girl who could look upon his face and hear his voice, while she sat hungering there as helpless as a prisoner bound hand and foot.

Soon afterwards her mother tapped at the door. "I have just had a letter from your aunt Spencer," she said; "she wants us to go to Beauwood on Thursday for a few days. The Delvins are there. She is sure to be offended if we refuse; and yet I do not care about taking you from home just now."

"Why do you not go by yourself?" My illness is sufficient excuse for me. Nobody you care about need know you have gone."

"I should be back on Saturday," said Lady Laura. "But how will you get on alone?"

"Oh! I shall do very well. I would rather not go, but I think it may do you good."

"Well, I really hope so," replied her ladyship, "for I require some change. So if you think you will not be very dull alone, I shall accept. She only asks me until Saturday, so I shall be sure to be home then."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE."

NEXT morning, when the letter-bag was brought to Mr. Ford, he disposed of all his correspondence before he opened the letter from Lady Laura. Having carefully read it twice, he slowly folded it up, and said to himself—

"I believe this woman is playing me false in some way; and I can't help thinking that young Dynecourt is connected with it. I knew something had gone wrong in that quarter when he left in such a hurry; but I thought it was all on his side. The girl has been too well drilled into the idea of making a good match to allow her feelings to carry her away. Still, things don't look clear. I am very fond of Audrey, and, as I must marry, I would prefer her to any woman I have seen. There's a great deal of good in her which that Lady Jezebel hasn't been able to root out. I know if she married me of her own free will she'd try to make me happy; but I don't want her to be forced into it if she is attached to somebody else. During the day I'll think how I had best act to get at the truth. Before I see her I shall just call upon Mr. Dynecourt, casually mention her name, and then enter into a little conversation about the Verschoyles. In this way I am likely to see if there is anything underhand going on—not that I think it's likely. I can trust the young folks, but not her ladyship; she's a slippery customer, and could wriggle herself in or out of anything."

The result of these reflections was that Mr. Ford determined to go to town on the Thursday morning, and stay a few days. Arrived in London, he went first to the Temple, apparently on some business. Finding Geoffrey Dynecourt much occupied, he secured his company for dinner that evening, and then made some other calls. From Mrs. Winterton he heard that Miss Verschoyle seemed quite recovered. The Verschoyles had been in town about a fortnight, she thought; and she had met them driving, but they had not yet called upon her.

When Miss Bingham came in, she could speak of nothing but an afternoon party her uncle was going to give. "It is an idea of mine, Mr. Ford, and you must tell me what you think of it. You know, my uncle has an immense conservatory, which can be beautifully lighted. I proposed that he should invite a number of people; engage some musicians, give us some tea, and after that let us go about, and talk, you know. Aunt declares it will be a failure,

but I am sure it won't. The conservatory can be nicely warmed, and some of the plants removed, and others grouped about. I think it is charming, and people will be delighted to come, because they have nowhere to go at this time of year."

"It sounds very nice," said Mr. Ford. "I am sure if you look after things it will go off well."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Winterton; "Selina always talks a great deal beforehand. When once she gets there, she will sit down with two or three of her friends, and never so much as think how the rest are getting on."

"Now, aunt, I am sure I shall do nothing of the kind. You must promise to come, Mr. Ford; and, oh! I wish Miss Verschoyle would come, she talks so well. You might persuade her."

"My dear Selina," said Mrs. Winterton, "you forget that Lady Laura has not called upon us yet."

"Oh! but I don't believe Miss Verschoyle would mind that, and Lady Laura told us she intended to call."

"I'll tell her how much you wish it," replied Mr. Ford, smiling at Miss Bingham's unusual enthusiasm. "I dare say I shall manage something. When is it to be?"

"This day week. I do not want the invitation to be a long one, because it is to appear quite an impromptu affair. My uncle is not married, you know, so I am sending out the invitations for him."

"Well, then, as I am likely to see Miss Verschoyle to-day or to-morrow, shall I take her a card?"

"Thank you, that would be much nicer than sending it; and you could explain matters to her."

Mr. Ford did not intend to call at Egmont Street until the next day. He had determined, before seeing Audrey, to have a little conversation with Geoffrey Dynecourt. So that evening, as they sat together over their wine, the elder gentleman introduced the subject in a very easy manner, although he saw that his companion tried to evade the subject and change the conversation.

"I shall call at Egmont Street to-morrow, and then I must tell Miss Verschoyle that you dined with me, and chatted over the days we all spent together," said Mr. Ford.

At that moment Geoffrey Dynecourt hated the old man. Why should Mr. Ford be his successful rival always? Why should he possess the old lands, and likewise come between him and the woman he worshipped? Dynecourt could not command his voice to

reply, fearing he might utter some of the bitter things it seemed so hard to keep back.

"I saw Miss Bingham to-day," Mr. Ford went on, taking no notice of his guest's silence. "She is a nice girl, and I think would make a very nice wife. You should have tried your hand there."

"Should I?" answered Geoffrey. "Well, it's not too late yet; I have promised to go down to some party her uncle is giving at Ealing. How much money has she?"

"What! is *that* to be the charm for you, Dynecourt? You see I don't expect you to be like most of the young men of the present day."

"I don't see how one can help it," said Mr. Dynecourt bitterly. "Some one says, 'God made the woman for the man;' the world rather makes the man for the woman. Only fools fall in love, and they are laughed at by the very idols they bow down to. Money is the charm by which a man can win a woman's heart. Perhaps Miss Bingham, having a fortune, may be willing to barter it for something else. Dynecourt is not a bad name, although it is threadbare. It and the family pedigree might weigh a little in the scale of an heiress, whose blood is not of the purest blue."

"Don't talk like that, my dear fellow," said Mr. Ford; "there are true-hearted women as well as true-hearted men."

"Are there?" he replied. "I don't believe it. They died out with our mothers. Women now teach us to have no faith in anything. If we are selfish, who is to cure us? If we are hardened, and worn by the world, who is to redeem us? The friends of a reckless man look forward to marriage as his salvation, his last hope; and if women have no higher aims than we have, are our superiors in cunning, and at least our equals in want of heart, in greed, and in love of self, what is there but hopeless misery for both?"

Mr. Ford shook his head. "You are too hard," he said; "you must remember, women are human."

"Yes; and let them be true to their nature, and their very faults become dear. If you love a woman with your whole heart, and she loves you in return; and if, because of that divine bond, she is willing to make the best of you, and of herself, and of the life she hopes to spend with you, to others she may be stupid, weak, and frivolous, but she is the Eve of your Paradise. I believe clever women are a snare to lead one on to destruction. Miss Bingham has not that drawback, so wish me success, sir."

"Not I," said Mr. Ford gravely, "be-

cause I do not believe success would bring happiness."

"Happiness!" replied Mr. Dynecourt, laughing; "I blotted that word out long ago. But it is getting late, and I am keeping you up, sir. Good night," he said; but he could not help adding, "When you repeat our *tête-à-tête* to Miss Verschoyle, do not omit the latter part. I feel quite safe in her knowing my opinion of her sex, as, of course, the exception proves the rule in her case."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEST FOR BOTH.

ABOUT two o'clock next day Mr. Ford presented himself at 27A, Egmont Street, and inquired for Lady Laura Verschoyle. He was told that she was out of town, staying at Beauwood for a few days. Miss Verschoyle was at home, however,— would he see her?

"Certainly," said he, very much pleased that he had timed his visit so well; and he was ushered into Audrey's presence.

"Mr. Ford!" she exclaimed, starting up, "This is quite unexpected; I had no idea you were in town."

"Well, I am only paying a flying visit," he answered; "and I was anxious to see if you were looking stronger."

"Oh yes! thank you. I am quite strong now." Then, trying vainly to regain her usual composed manner, she went on nervously, "Mamma isn't at home; she will be so sorry not to have seen you; she is staying with my aunt, Lady Spencer. Have you had luncheon?"

"Yes, thank you, my dear. I did not look forward to having the pleasure of seeing you alone. Are you not very dull in this house all by yourself?"

"I! Oh no, I rather like it; though I am almost well, I am not quite strong yet, so I do not take kindly to gaiety."

Mr. Ford then asked Miss Verschoyle various questions about her health, and the benefit she had derived from the sea-air. While seemingly engrossed by her account of herself, he was noting her unusual nervousness, her heightened colour, and an evident struggle to be at ease. These things were very new to the usual self-possession and repose of Audrey's manner. After a time she began to recover herself, and to direct all her tact and energy to keeping the conversation from any but general subjects.

Richard Ford was a keen observer. During his busy life he had been accustomed to watch men and their motives nar-

rowly. From the time he began to take an interest in Audrey, he had gauged her and her mother with tolerable correctness. He formed an opinion not wide of the mark, when he thought, "I believe for some reason that this girl does not want me to propose to her yet. Well! I will leave that to circumstances. But as I may not get such another opportunity as this, I will sound her about Dynecourt;" so he said suddenly,—

"I have a message for you from Mr. Dynecourt."

Audrey's blood seemed to withdraw, that it might rush back with greater force to her face and neck, and dye them crimson. To meet Mr. Ford's gaze was impossible; so she gave a little nervous laugh, and said, "Indeed! how odd!"

"Odd!" echoed Mr. Ford; "why? I thought you were great friends. Are you not so?"

"Oh! I liked Mr. Dynecourt much; but one does not always keep up acquaintanceships formed when visiting."

"No, but I thought he was going to call here often, and that you took a kindly interest in him."

"But he has not called yet."

"I am surprised to hear that," answered Mr. Ford; "I shall tell him you have been alone, and expected him."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Ford," said Audrey, adding, "I would rather you wouldn't say anything, but leave it to himself."

Audrey never looked up while this was being said; for she felt Mr. Ford's eyes were upon her. And she was correct; he was watching her narrowly.

"I am afraid," he said, "there has been some little misunderstanding between you that you will not tell me about. I am sorry for this, as I wanted your assistance about him. He is a great favourite of mine, and I fear he is going to do a very foolish thing."

"What is that?" said Audrey eagerly, forgetting herself in her anxiety for him.

"I need not say I am only telling this to you, Miss Verschoyle."

She nodded in assent.

"Well, then, last night, over our cigars, he told me that he thought of marrying." Though he paused, Audrey could not say a word; she seemed as if turned to stone. "Of course, that is quite as it should be. The thing I object to is, that having apparently had some disappointment, which has made him bitter, he intends to propose to a certain young friend of ours, not because he thinks she will make him happy, but because she has a fortune. Many circumstances

may make a man or woman marry for money, and as long as they have no other attachment I should not blame them. But if some other person possessed their heart, I should consider them to be acting wrongly. What is your opinion?"

"Why do you ask me?" replied Audrey coldly.

"For two reasons: I should much like to hear your ideas on the subject, knowing they would be mature and sound. Then, Mr. Dynecourt made some very bitter remarks about women last night, especially as to their want of love and faith. He said that they would sacrifice every feeling for money, and that it was the true elixir by which alone their hearts were touched. He afterwards bade me repeat his sentiments to you, saying that 'you might safely hear them, as you had proved yourself an exception to the rule.'"

"Then tell him from me that it was mean and cowardly of him," said Audrey, flashing up; "I am neither better nor worse than most other women. I devoutly wish I were;" and so saying, she rose abruptly and went to the window.

"My suspicions were correct, then," thought Mr. Ford. "I believe she loves him; at least there is something between them that is hidden from me. Should I be wise is asking her to be my wife? I think I could trust her, — it may be only a passing fancy she is struggling to overcome. But what if it should be more! — I believe I might trust her still."

In a minute Audrey turned round, saying, in her old gracious way, — "Pray forgive my irritability, Mr. Ford; a little more allowance is made for invalids than for other people."

"My dear, don't speak of it. I do not want you to be vexed with our good friend Dynecourt, for I am sure he has no intention of offending you. Perhaps, poor fellow, he is only halting between two evils. When I saw him, he was determined to try for an appointment in India, — a horrid, unhealthy country, and complete banishment. I suppose it is not decided yet, but I hope he'll not get it."

"Oh no!" said poor Audrey eagerly; "beg him not to try, Mr. Ford. You may ask him, from me, not to go there."

"I think it would have much greater weight with him if you asked him yourself. I am the bearer of an invitation to you, similar to one which Mr. Dynecourt has already accepted;" and Mr. Ford told Audrey of the afternoon party, at which Miss Bingham was so anxious Audrey should be present.

Audrey was strongly tempted to accept the invitation. Her one longing now was to see Geoffrey Dynecourt again. Love had almost proved victorious. She knew what her decision would be had the choice to be made again between love and money. She had argued and taken herself to task in every possible way. Sometimes she had fancied her worldly wisdom had convinced her of the folly of her passion. But some trivial circumstance, some passing thought would bring it back with renewed strength. There had been times, too, when she felt she must write to Geoffrey, and ask him to come to her. She would tell him how she repented, how she suffered. But what if he had ceased to love her, if he hated, scorned her? No! she could not write. In times gone by she had not hesitated to show her preference openly, but now she could not make an advance, although the happiness of her life seemed to depend on it. But at a word or a sign from him she could lay her very heart bare. No wonder, then, that any chance of a meeting seemed to her like hope revived.

Mr. Ford saw her hesitation, and said, "Your mamma, I believe, intends to call upon Mrs. Winterton."

"I hardly know how to do, but I think I will write a note and say I should like very much to go, but as mamma is from home I cannot positively accept, not knowing what engagements she may have made. When do you go back?"

"To-morrow; but I shall return next week, when I hope to make a longer stay. I feel rather dull at home, now that all my friends have left me."

"I am sure you must; a large house like your's always seems to need a large party in it," replied Audrey.

"Yes," said Mr. Ford; "and yet I could be very happy and contented with a companion who would let me take a great interest in all she did, and in return kindly take some interest in my favourite pursuits."

Audrey gave a faint smile; they were nearing dangerous ground. Still she made no effort to change the subject, as she would have done at the beginning of Mr. Ford's visit. The conversation regarding Geoffrey Dynecourt had stirred within her a host of conflicting feelings — bitter anger, tender love, and dread of Geoffrey's marrying or of his going abroad. She knew now that whenever Mr. Ford's offer came she had but one answer that she could give to him.

Mr. Ford greatly wished to have the matter settled. He knew that if Miss Verschoyle said "No," he would be disappoint-

ed. He did not for a moment expect such an answer. He thought he would at all events broach the subject, and then let things drift on or not, according to circumstances. After a pause he continued, "I am often tempted to be bold enough to ask some lady to marry me; I think — that is, I would try to make her happy."

"I am sure you would," said Audrey encouragingly. It was so much easier for her to speak now.

"My dear Miss Verschoyle, I dare say you will think it very foolish of an old man like me not to marry somebody of my own age. But I am ambitious enough to wish my wife to be a very beautiful young lady."

"Indeed," said Audrey.

"Yes. Do you think it shows great want of sense?" asked the old gentleman, somewhat nervously.

"I do not," replied Audrey. "I am sure many young ladies would be very pleased to accept you."

"As young as yourself?"

"Yes. I would rather marry you, Mr. Ford, than many young men I know."

"Then, my dear Miss Verschoyle, will you accept me? for I have been bold enough to hope I might see you mistress of Dyne Court."

Audrey waited for a moment, and then said, gravely,—

"Mr. Ford, you have done me an honour of which I am very unworthy. If I were to accept it, I should be still more unworthy of it. You know I value your wealth, and I think you know that I truly value your many good qualities. If I married you, I should wish to make you happy, and it is because I feel that I could not do it that I say — No."

Mr. Ford was silent. At length he said, "Miss Verschoyle, you must not be offended at my asking it, but are not your feelings altered in some way since you left Dyne Court? I think I should have had a different answer there; your mother wished me to consider your acceptance as certain."

"I believe mamma very much wished it; and at one time I greatly desired it myself. Even now I very much regret that it is best for both of us that I must decide as I do. I have not dealt quite fairly with you, and I am sorry you feel it. I fear I shall fall in your estimation, and lose a friend I truly value."

"One question more, Miss Verschoyle, and pray don't think it impertinent. Are you going to marry some one else?"

"No."

"Then your heart is still free?"

"I think my answers have come to an

end, Mr. Ford. I am very, very sorry I have misled you, but I do not refuse you in order to secure my happiness with another."

Audrey rose, as if to intimate that the interview had best terminate. The old man took her hand, and said,—

"My dear, I have no wish to pry into your secret; you have acted honourably towards me, and in keeping with the character I always gave you credit for. If I could do anything to secure your happiness, believe me I would do it. I have had, too many trials in life for disappointments to have the keenness and bitterness they have in youth. Yet this is a disappointment to me. But I shall strive to overcome it, so that I may rejoice with all my heart when I see you the happy wife of a worthy husband."

Audrey could not speak. The tears were falling from her eyes, but she tried to smile on the kindly old man, who, she felt, had more goodness of nature than she had before discovered.

"I shall come again," he said, shaking her hand. "Not just immediately, but soon; until then, good bye, my dear, good-bye."

And he hurried away, saying to himself as he went,— "That girl has a noble nature, in spite of her up-bringing! I believe now it's something about Dynecourt." After pondering for some time, he sighed, thinking, "Well, it's all for the best, I suppose; but oh! if it had but pleased God to have spared my poor Patty! It is hard at my age to be trying to begin life afresh, as it were!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEE."

DURING the week the fashionable chronicle of the day announced that Lady Laura Verschoyle and Miss Verschoyle had arrived at their residence, 27A, Egmont Street, and that Captain C. Egerton Verschoyle had taken his departure for the north. But it did not intimate that Miss Dorothy Fox had left Fryston Grange for Holberton Hall, Leeds.

Still, so it was; and on the day fixed Mrs. Hanbury went to the Great Northern Railway Station to see Dorothy depart.

Grace had observed with anxiety that there was a change in her sister. Her spirits had been uneven, and her gaiety forced, and there was a nervousness in her appearance quite foreign to her nature.

"I am so sorry to leave thee, Grace," she said.

"And I, dear, am sorry to part with you. We shall miss you dreadfully. You must

write me all the north-country news. And, Dolly, after you have visited the Crewdsons let me know what they are like; and," she whispered, laughing, "you must tell me whether you intend to marry Josiah or not."

"I can tell thee that now," said Dorothy, with a tremor in her voice, "I have made up my mind—I cannot like Josiah."

"Then, my dear child, why are you going to Leeds!"

But there was no time to answer, the train was already in motion, and in a few minutes it was out of sight.

Dorothy's words added to Grace's perplexity. "I have been wrong," she thought, "to let her see so much of Captain Verschoyle. But it never occurred to me she would take any fancy to him. Perhaps he may have seen the impression he was producing, and so have hurried his departure. I am sure he is too honourable to take any advantage. But I am certainly to blame; I ought to have been more careful. Poor little Dolly!" And all the way home, and during the day, Grace was anxiously thinking thus about her young sister.

Nor was she the only person whose mind seemed to be filled and possessed with thoughts of Dorothy.

Every day since his arrival at Darington Captain Verschoyle had gone into York to meet the train by which he expected that Dorothy would come, and each day he had been disappointed. He made up his mind to go once more, and then to call upon her aunt, and see if she had arrived without his seeing her. All the reflections and workings of Charles Verschoyle's mind at this time it would be simply impossible for us to indicate. Sometimes he told himself that if he did not offer to marry the girl he would be an abominable vagabond, a blackguard who deserved to be kicked by every honourable man, and to be "cut" by every honest woman. At other times he said to himself that he was the greatest fool in the world. Who could believe that the grandson of an earl, and an officer in a crack regiment, would give up everything and everybody to marry the daughter of a country shopkeeper? The whole thing was absurd; and he must simply get out of the mess in the best way he could. When Dorothy did not arrive he worked himself into a fever, and finally made up his mind to call upon Miss Abigail Fletcher, who, to his surprise, was from home—"staying at Malton." The maid told him that she thought she had heard something about Miss Dorothy being expected. Jane would be sure to know; only Jane had a holiday, and wouldn't be back until Monday. So

until Monday Captain Verschoyle had to wait, chafing in fear that something had happened which would prevent him from seeing Dorothy again.

To Josiah Crewdson, Dorothy's visit was an event such as had never before occurred in his lifetime. As he stood waiting for the train he felt quite sick and faint from excitement, oppressed with a nervous dread that something unforeseen had detained her. But in another minute Dorothy arrived, and soon Josiah was wildly dashing against passengers and porters in order to possess himself of her luggage. After the first greetings were over, Dorothy was silent. Oppressed by the feeling that she had nothing to say, she excused herself on the plea of being tired, and Josiah, in his delight at seeing her, readily forgave her taciturnity.

Holberton Hall was a heavy-looking, square, stone-built house. Josiah thought it had never before presented so dull and gloomy an appearance, and he remarked, apologetically, —

"My sisters don't care for flowers, but the place might be made much more cheerful-looking. There is no occasion for my living here at all. We might get another house if — thou liked, Dorothy."

Dorothy looked in the opposite direction, "from coyness," as Josiah thought, but in reality to prevent him from seeing the tears with which her eyes were filled. Her deception seemed to come before her in all its force, and she felt that she should be miserable until she had told Josiah the real state of her mind.

The Miss Crewdsons came out to meet Dorothy, and delivered themselves of a set speech of formal greeting. They seemed to regard her engagement as a settled business; so that Dorothy felt herself to be an impostor, felt as if she had come into the family upon false pretences. Oh, how many times before the dreary evening came to an end did she wish that she had gone direct from Fryston to her own home!

Josiah did all he could to amuse her, making, as Jemima afterwards said, a "complete mountebank of himself." But it was all to no purpose. The gloomy house and the sombre room oppressed the girl; and the two stern, hard-featured women made her shy and timid. More than all, the consciousness that she was acting deceitfully filled her with misery. She rejoiced, therefore, when it was time to retire to her own room, although only for the satisfaction of indulging her grief, and sobbing herself to sleep.

Dorothy's chief perplexity was about the

Miss Crewdsons. She felt she had the courage to kill Josiah's hopes and crush his dearest wish; but how could she face Jemima and Kezia, after they knew she did not intend to marry their brother? Yet what was to be done? She could not stay a week there deceiving everybody. No, it would be better to have it over as soon as possible, and then go to Aunt Abigail's at York. There she had fixed her longing hope of meeting Charles Verschoyle once more — only once. Dorothy was too young and unworldly to have any doubt of the man who knew that he had her heart in his keeping. If it were not for those dreadful sisters she would tell Josiah the very next day. But how would they take it? what might they not do to her?

It was a pity that Dorothy could not have overheard the opinions which at that very time the sisters were exchanging with each other on their brother's choice. Her appearance they regarded with pious horror. She was a child, a baby-faced doll; and they charitably inferred that if she *had* any sense, she took care that nobody should give her credit for it. They quoted the Proverbs of Solomon so freely concerning her, that had any one overheard them he would have felt dubious as to Dorothy's moral character. Finally, they agreed in declaring that they would not leave a stone unturned to prevent the entrance into the Crewdson family of such a lackadaisical creature.

Next day, when Josiah had left, Jemima began to speak about Dorothy's dress. She said they were surprised to find that Dorothy had departed from that plainness of apparel which it so much became Friends to adhere to. Surely her parents could not approve of it. When Dorothy said she had her parents' sanction, both the sisters elevated their eyebrows with an air of incredulity and astonishment. With no little emphasis, they said that such vanity would not be permitted in their brother's wife. *She* must be consistent, and wear a cap and bonnet suited to women whose aims were higher than the adornment of a miserable body which worms would soon destroy.

Dorothy was silent. Only in this way could she keep down the tears which threatened to come in a torrent. At another time her spirit would have been roused, and she would have done battle bravely with the Miss Crewdsons for presuming to lecture her for doing what she had her parents' authority to do. But "conscience makes cowards of us all,"

and Dorothy knew she was acting wrongly. She felt she should never have placed herself in this position. She could not defend herself without speaking of a decision which, until Josiah knew it, she had no right to mention to any of his family.

Josiah was to return at five, and Dorothy thought that hour would never come. About three the sisters proposed to take her with them to visit the sick and poor. They said it was their day for ministering to the wants of their district. Dorothy, however, plucked up courage to refuse. This gave rise to many remarks on her want of charity and slothfulness. But the clock warned them that unless they went off speedily, they could not return by the time Josiah would be home, and they left her. She was not long by herself, for the thought of Dorothy being at home to welcome him had given such impetus to Josiah's usually slow and methodical movements, that his business was over by three o'clock. Before another hour had elapsed he was in his own dining-room, anxiously inquiring of Dorothy the cause of her tearful eyes and weary looks.

"Indeed, it is nothing," she answered, with quivering mouth; for even his tenderness touched her now. For a moment there was silence, then with a sudden effort she said—

"Josiah, I want to speak to thee very seriously. If we may be disturbed here, take me somewhere else."

A sickly fear crept over Josiah. "She does not like Jemima and Kezia," he thought to himself, "and she is going to tell me that she cannot marry me."

"Come into the garden, Dorothy; there is a summer-house there nobody ever goes to." On the way he said to her, "You mustn't mind sisters; they have not ways like thine. But then thou needst not see them often, and I would take care they should never worry thee."

Dorothy did not answer.

"It would be quite different," he continued. "Here they are the mistresses, and they feel as if everything belonged to them. But when they only came as visitors it wouldn't be so, or if they were cross and cranky thou needst not mind them. Oh! Dorothy, don't let them make any difference about me."

Still she did not say a word until they reached the square formal summer-house, with the bench along its sides, and the round table in the middle. When they were seated, she said, —

"Josiah, I am going to tell thee something

which will make thee think very poorly of me."

"No, Dorothy," said Josiah, with a shake of his head, "nothing can make me think poorly of thee."

"Thou knowest," she continued, "that I like thee very much indeed. From the first time I saw thee I thought thee very good and kind, but I —" and here she paused.

"Do not love me," he said, finishing the sentence. "I know that. I don't expect it to come all at once. Sometimes I fear that thou wilt find it impossible, I am so awkward and stupid: but, Dorothy, thou saidst thou wouldst try."

"Yes, I did; but, Josiah," — and she leaned her arms on the table that she might cover her face with her hands, — "I cannot even try now."

There was silence for several minutes, and then Josiah said in a husky voice, "I ought to have known it. An uncouth fellow, not able even to tell thee what I feel — what else could I expect from thee?"

"This thou might have expected," said Dorothy, looking at him fixedly, "that having given thee and my father my word that I would try, I should have avoided all temptation that might lead me to break that word. When I felt that I could never do as thou wished, I should have told thee, and not acted deceitfully by coming here among thee and thy relations."

"Are sisters making thee decide thus? Thou hadst not made up thy mind before thou came here?"

"Yes, I had."

Josiah's face seemed to become suddenly sharp and old. Taking hold of her arm in his newly-awakened fear, he said, "Dorothy! — Dorothy! it isn't somebody else?"

She gave him no answer.

"Oh!" he groaned, resting his face upon the table, "I didn't think of that, — I didn't think of that."

"Josiah, don't give way like that," exclaimed Dorothy, surprised and alarmed at the sight of his misery. "Oh! what shall I do?" she continued, as her tears fell thick and fast upon his hands.

Josiah immediately tried to recover himself. "I shall be all right in a minute," he said. "Thou must not mind me — only it came on me so sudden."

"Josiah, if I could only tell thee how sorry I am to grieve thee! I — I thought it would disappoint thee, but I did not know it would pain thee like this."

"Didst thou not?" he said, trying to smile. "Ah! I have been a sad bungler, Dorothy. My love for thee made me dumb

when I most wanted to speak to thee. Does thy father know of this?"

"Father! Oh no!"

"But thou wilt tell him soon?"

Dorothy looked down as she answered slowly, — "I do not think I shall. I — I do — not intend to marry anybody else."

"Not — marry — any one — else," repeated Josiah in amazement. "Then have I misunderstood thee? Thou wouldst not willingly give me pain, I know, — but, please — Dorothy — tell me the truth at once. Dost thou love some one, not only better than me — but so well as to prevent thee from ever becoming my wife?"

Dorothy hesitated, but seeing his anxious face, she answered, — "Yes; but, Josiah, oh! do listen. It is some one whom my principles forbid me to marry. I may never see him again, and if I do, I shall part with him for ever;" and at the thought Dorothy's firmness gave way, and she sobbed aloud.

Josiah did not ask the name of his rival, but he rightly guessed who he was. Forgetting his own troubles, however, he now tried to soothe and comfort Dorothy.

Thinking that she would feel mo away from his family, he suggested agreed, that it would be better for to Aunt Abigail as soon as she cou the next day perhaps, because Aun was still at Malton, but the day aft aunt would then be at home and her movements. Jemima and Ke to be told nothing until after Dorc parture, so that they might not t worry her with their cutting remark

It was now considerably past five and they prepared to return to the

"Josiah, say that thou forgiv said Dorothy.

"With all my heart."

"And that thou wilt try to forge

"Never, — I shall always lo Dorothy. Thou wouldst not wish t me of that comfort?"

"No," said Dorothy; and she the first time, that if she had ne Charles Verschoyle, it would not b quite impossible for her to have Josiah Crewdson.

A LEGAL VIEW OF REVOLUTION. — THE acts of a *de facto* Government are valid, whether it be or be not a *de jure* Government. We do not, therefore, remarks the *Law Journal*, apprehend that the sudden revolution in France will lead to any practical difficulties. Yet the position of the Republic is exceptional, and from a legal point of view peculiar. A very few months ago 7,500,000 Frenchmen voted for the empire. The Corps Legislatif was elected according to the law of the Constitution. It is yet acknowledged by the Provisional Government, as M. Rochefort is appointed a member of the Defence Committee because he is a deputy. The Chamber was Imperial by an overwhelming majority. We now find that an insignificant minority has proclaimed a Republic and set up a Provisional Government. Probably the Republic will be accepted by the country, but we have no assurance that the opinions of the 7,500,000 who voted for the Empire are changed; and further, there is a protest of the majority of the Corps Legislatif against the republican *coup-d'état*. At present the *de jure* Government of France is the Emperor, and will continue so until the Republic has been accepted by a popular vote. Can we say for the moment that the Provisional Government is the *de facto* Government of France? Are we right in assuming that twenty politicians in Paris have rescinded the vote of

7,500,000 Frenchmen? The Provisionment ought to give foreign Gov some assurance that they are a *de facto* ment. We shall be told that the statu fare prevents an immediate appeal to try. But what did not prevent the tu of the Imperial Government should n the legal establishment of the new Gov At present a lawyer would rather hesit vise that legally the French Gover either a *de jure* or a *de facto* Govern

PROFESSOR ORTON does not give a couraging account of the intellectual of Ecuador. He says: — "Ecuador b university and eleven colleges, yet tl are not educated. Literature, scienc ph, law, and medicine, are only nam is not a single bookstore in the city and there are only four newspapers pu the whole of the Republic. In the so pupils study in concert aloud, Arab Yet Professor Orton adds that Chili h it worth her while lately to sign a c with Ecuador "for an exchange of lite ductions!"

From The Fortnightly Review.
POLITICAL REPUTATIONS.

IN one of the numerous tributes to the worth of the late Lord Clarendon which writers of every party have combined to render, it was said that "few ministers can expect the posthumous fame which has sometimes been won too cheaply in former generations." This statement is made in anticipation of the verdict of posterity, who are likely, it is supposed, to accord to the memory of Lord Clarendon a less distinguished estimate than his solid services and great industry would have commanded fifty years ago. We have no intention of discussing either the past services or the future reputation of Lord Clarendon. But the theory which seems to rest a statesman's title to fame upon the practical work which he has accomplished, is suggestive of some interesting reflections, especially at a time when English ministers are so much before the public eye, and are so engrossed in legislative work as they are required to be at the present day.

It is a poor compliment, if not a mark of ingratitude, to the many able and meritorious politicians to whom England is indebted for the social and political progress of the last century, to say that it is not by services of this nature that the highest reputations have been won. Yet that is really the truth. It is surely a very striking circumstance that since the accession of the House of Hanover those statesmen who have made the deepest mark on their own generation, and have attracted most strongly the sympathies of succeeding ones, have not, as a rule, been men with whom the memory of great legislative measures is associated. The fame of Sir Robert Walpole is as fresh as it was a hundred years ago; yet what measure of consequence was passed during the whole of his long administration? Not one. Nor was this because no reforms were asked for, nor because public men in general were disinclined to take them up. When Lord Stanhope died in 1721, he had in preparation a measure for the relief of Roman Catholics, and he had previously introduced one for the relief of Protestant Dissenters. The Peerage Bill which had failed in 1719 was to have been revived in a less odious form; officers in the army were to be exempted from dismissal by the Crown except after trial by court-martial; and other measures of considerable practical importance were under consideration at the time, which at Walpole's accession to power were all quietly dropped, though having been in Stanhope's ministry he must have given an implied consent to them. Whether if Lord Stanhope

had lived and carried all or any of these measures he would have enjoyed the reputation of Walpole, is another question, and one we suppose which few would answer in the affirmative. But our present point is that Walpole did gain a high and enduring reputation as a great statesman and a valuable public servant without troubling himself at all about legislative work; without leaving behind him a single first-class measure which bears his name. His fame is founded on his character. All the anecdotes of him that have been handed down to us are full of character. *Nil te quæsieris extra* was eminently applicable to him as to others of the same stamp. His influence upon the minds of all around him had not to be acquired by the tedious process of proving to them his legislative abilities. It was simply the moral ascendancy of a strong character, with which neither the finest intellect nor most spotless integrity by themselves can cope in the long run. He stands out as one of the most memorable figures in English history; and in one sense he did nothing.

Let us go on to the next great name upon the list, Lord Chatham. Of course it will be said that he conducted the Seven Years' War, and can we call that nothing? Certainly not. But the glorious results of that war were due much less to Chatham's practical ability, than to the influence of his character upon the military and naval services. Lord Macaulay "cannot discern in his arrangements any appearance of profound or dexterous combinations." His expeditions against the French coast, says the critic, were "costly and absurd." All that Lord Stanhope can say in reply to the objections which have been urged against his scheme for the capture of Quebec, is that "it is easy to cavil." But it is difficult to refute the force of them; or to help believing that it was to the genius of Wolfe much more than to the skill of Pitt that England was indebted for escaping a great disaster. After the conclusion of the war Pitt's career was certainly not one of legislative industry or even of administrative usefulness. He not only did nothing himself, but was the cause of doing nothing in others. The secret of his power then lay in the man himself. From such characters as these no proof of their right to govern is required. They are accepted without question; and may do, or leave undone, exactly as much as they please.

His son seems to have been the one man in modern times who, with the extraordinary force of character which distinguished Walpole and Lord Chatham, combined great

legislative industry. That he had chances which other men had not, may be true. But that is nothing to the present purpose. The men who had not the chances succeeded in making an equally profound impression on the public mind, and have established as firm a hold upon the admiration of future ages. Take Fox. Is it in virtue of his eloquence that his name is imperishable? Men scarcely, if at all, second to him as orators are now known only to the students of Parliamentary history. Is it in virtue of his reckless prodigality, and the intrepid extravagance which created such social sensations? Neither the one nor the other explains the quality of his reputation. The vivid idiosyncrasy of the man explains it all. Take again Pitt's favourite pupil, Mr. Canning. He is only known as Mr. Canning. A certain number of persons, no doubt, have a vague idea of his having called a new world into existence. But only a few know what the expression means; and of those few scarce a third admire him for using it. He is likewise understood at one period of his life "to have sent a British fleet to the Tagus." But that with the nation at large is a mere phrase. There are no distinct measures which are spoken of directly as his own. We have no Canning Emancipation Act, or Canning Union Act, or Canning Ecclesiastical Commission, or Canning Parliamentary Reform Bill. His fame was won, not by his offspring, but by himself. Subtracting from him everything that clusters round him in the shape of actual deeds, we have the individual left distinct from and independent of them all. Now some men have no kernel. They are, so to speak, all shell. Some ministers have no self. They are all measures. And a mistake to which people at the present day are peculiarly prone, is to estimate the former by the latter. Do any of the great men we have mentioned deserve to have it said of them that their reputation was won too cheaply? We don't suppose that any one of them was a man of such remarkable application as Lord Clarendon. But consider their influence over other people. Is not this the truest sign of greatness?

The last man upon our list is almost a perfect illustration of our theory. What could have induced a Prime Minister of England to offer an important cabinet office, requiring great knowledge of business, to a young man of three-and-twenty, who had neither wealth, rank, nor family connections to support him? Yet such was the offer made by Mr. Perceval to Lord Palmerston at a moment of considerable

difficulty, when he was seeking to fortify the front bench by every means at his command. Lord Palmerston was never an idle man. On the contrary, he was fond of work. But up to that time he had enjoyed no opportunity of demonstrating his capacity. And it must have been from reports as to what manner of man he was that Mr. Perceval derived his conclusions. And now, what was Lord Palmerston's career? How did he justify that confidence which the whole nation eventually reposed in him; which no errors of judgment nor mistakes in manner could disturb, and which has perhaps never been equalled since the days of the two Pitts? Was it by the wisdom of his measures? Was it by a long life devoted to the removal of abuses, the mitigation of oppressive laws, the relief of a neglected population, and the improvement of his countrymen in general? Such questions can only raise a smile in connection with the name of Palmerston. Was it the stainless honour and disinterested devotion of Lord Rockingham? was it the scornful magnanimity of Pitt, that won for him the homage of a nation? Of the political morality of Lord Palmerston the best that can be said is, that it was not below the average. His magnanimity was about upon a par with it. It was not, therefore, by force of either his moral virtues or his legislative ability that he won the high place among English statesmen which he occupied at his death, and which, in our judgment at least, he will long continue to occupy. It was pre-eminently, in his case, by the force of character alone that he rose without an effort over the heads of statesmen who had long been his official superiors. When the nation was perplexed it fell into the arms of the man who showed this predominating quality. We yield to no one in appreciation of the late Lord Derby, and had he, in addition to his many other brilliant gifts, possessed this one essential quality, he would have been the most renowned politician of his time. But *force* of character is exactly what he had not. He was unequal to the occasion. And the man who had it, inferior as he was in many other important qualifications, stepped into the place without a struggle. And how did he keep it when he had got it? It has been the fashion to compliment Lord Palmerston on his extraordinary astuteness, his knowledge of the House, and his skill in the management of parties. We don't mean to say that these compliments were wholly undeserved. But they have been carried a great deal too far. These qualities did not

save him from committing gross blunders, from giving great offence to members of his own party, and from provoking against himself three hostile coalitions. The foreign policy of his Cabinet is a byword. Its domestic policy was a blank. The budgets of Mr. Gladstone were the sole sign of vitality which this popular administration exhibited. On what, then, did it rest? On that one all-sufficient foundation which we have been throughout insisting on — the foundation on which repose the reputations of Walpole, Chatham, Fox, and Canning — the character of the individual.

It will be replied, of course, that all these men were celebrated foreign ministers, that a province comparatively withdrawn from the public gaze was the theatre of their greatness, and that in their despatches and correspondence we must look for their political achievements, their reform bills, their free-trade bills, their emancipation acts. Walpole, however, enjoys no particular distinction as a foreign minister, and even if he did it would be only putting our original proposition in another shape. For what was it gave their whole influence to the documents in question? Was it a profound acquaintance with continental affairs, personal knowledge of all the leading statesmen in Europe, exceptional sagacity in foreseeing the course of events? If we look for the men who possessed these qualifications we shall not find them in the front rank of statesmen. Lord Chesterfield, Lord Shelburn, Lord Castlereagh, might boast of them. But not Walpole, not Chatham, not Canning, not to anything like the same extent, Lord Palmerston. Their influence has still to be traced back to the same spring, their character, which infused a meaning into all they wrote, incommunicable by mere intellectual cleverness, or practical experience, or even inflexible resolution. Without character the first wants weight, the second spirit, and the third nobility. Their power was the simple triumph of the *abnormis sapientia*, the congenital moral superiority, which marks the great man as distinct from the merely able one. But now we come to a still more important consideration. Not only were the statesmen we have mentioned something more than foreign ministers, but their administration of foreign affairs was not, with one exception, their chief passport to fame. We must not confound a war minister with a foreign minister. Chatham's reputation rests, as far as it rests upon any active part which he played in the government of the country, on his successful conduct of a great war, and we have seen to

what he owed his success. Of his diplomatic talents the nation has heard but little. The personal superiority of Canning which obliged him to be Prime Minister is what strikes one more in looking back on his career, than all his dispatches to the monarchs. And as for Lord Palmerston, it may almost be said that the full bloom of his popularity only came when he left the Foreign Office. It was during the ten years that succeeded the fall of the coalition, that the reputation of Lord Palmerston took its final shape and magnitude. He had been greatly admired previously, but he had not been equally trusted. His energy was thought to border on officiousness, his vivacity on futility. If we were "all proud of him," some of us were certainly suspicious of him. But when he settled, so to speak, and formed a cabinet of his own, he speedily became the object of unbounded confidence. The reputation of Lord Palmerston as Premier, was not only greater in degree, but different in kind from, his reputation as foreign minister. And it is the former reputation that will live, instinct with a meaning of its own. The last ten years of his life, during which he did nothing, will weigh more with posterity than the whole three score and ten during a great part of which he was so active.

Let us now look to another class of statesmen, whose reputation depends more on what they did than on what they were. Lord Grey is the Reform Bill. That is what he is. To the popular mind he is nothing more. He carried one of the greatest measures of modern times. He powerfully contributed to others of hardly less importance. And yet where is he? If you mention Lord Grey to a commercial traveller, the man immediately thinks of Gattin and Old Sarum, and the bloated aristocrat who threatened to return his black footman to the House of Commons. If you mentioned Mr. Canning or Mr. Fox he would say, "Ah, wonderful men, sir, wonderful men!" He would remember them for themselves. Take, again, a name that we are sure no Englishman would wish to mention without sincere respect, Sir Robert Peel. His reputation belongs to the same genus as Lord Grey's. Peel is the Bank Act, the Emancipation Act, the Ecclesiastical Commission, the Income Tax, Maynooth, and Free Trade, an accumulation of measures under which the individual is lost. Nobody, certainly, except perhaps his personal friends, remembers in him that distinct individuality which clothes the memory of the other great statesmen we have mentioned. The man is forgotten in his works. We are not now

arguing the justice or the injustice of posterity. We simply assert what we believe to be the fact. And we must not be understood to mean that force of character and legislative industry are incompatible with each other. We have brilliant exceptions which prove the contrary. All we say is that the second does not prove the first, and that it is the first and not the second which is the surest recommendation to posterity; where character and measures go together, the measures of course will bear the impress of the character. But there is nothing racy of the individual in anything that Peel did, unless perhaps it was his manner of doing it. He will certainly fill a smaller space in history than Mr. Canning, though he did so much more. And we should say a smaller space than Mr. Gladstone, though Mr. Gladstone is sometimes called his pupil.

Having mentioned Mr. Gladstone, we may be allowed, perhaps, to mention others still living, the contrast between whom is an excellent confirmation of our theory — Earl Russell and Mr. Disraeli. Which of these two will hereafter be thought the greater man? They represent the claims of practical utility and personal character even better than Palmerston and Peel. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, has left his name on one great measure of transcendent political importance, which is more than Lord Palmerston has done — and he may yet leave his name on more. His final position, therefore, cannot as yet be ascertained, any more than Mr. Gladstone's. But if his political career were to close at this moment, it is certainly rather on the superlative influence of his character, than on measures of practical utility that his posthumous reputation would depend. May we not say of Lord Russell that with him it would be exactly the reverse? Will not his reputation be the same in kind as Sir Robert Peel's, though possibly superior in degree? He will be remembered as the consistent advocate and successful designer of numerous invaluable reforms, and likewise as a man not devoid of individual character. But the last is not marked enough to raise him into the higher rank, which we have assigned to statesmen, as we think, of a different calibre. And we may here perhaps remind our readers that we have been speaking throughout of fame rather than of merit. The most famous men have not always been the most serviceable, either to their friends or to their country; and the

converse proposition is true. The quiet, unobtrusive services of a man like Lord Clarendon may have wrought far more good than the personal force of a Chatham or a Palmerston. The long course of corrective legislation which, beginning soon after the peace, was transmitted through the hands of Grey, Russell, and Peel into those which are still carrying it forward, may entitle its successive managers to a larger share of posthumous gratitude than is rightly due to Walpole or Canning. That is not the question. The question is, Has more consideration been given to men of this latter stamp than is their due, taking human nature as it is? Has their reputation been won too cheaply? Our answer is, No. The force of personal character exercises so powerful an influence over all with whom it comes in contact that, like the dint of a cannon-ball, the marks of it survive for centuries. It may be barren; it may be destructive; or it may be eminently fruitful and healthy. But it cannot be forgotten. *Quantum instar in ipso est.* To complain of this is to complain that we are constituted as we are. We are formed to admire greatness in this shape; and to think it greater than in other shapes. And no doubt the chief reason is, that the man who has no force of character does not understand what it is that subdues him in the presence of one who has. And impressions which are made on the imagination are, of course, deeper and more permanent than those which are made on the understanding. The Emperor Nicholas said that Sir Robert Peel would be the Walpole of the nineteenth century. The remark showed more knowledge of the two epochs than it did of the two men. No doubt in 1840, as in 1720, the English people were prepared to welcome a statesman who, after a long period of political excitement, should give them repose and prosperity. And had Peel possessed Walpole's character he might have played a similar part, and have abolished the corn laws, without breaking up his party. But he had not. He had no faith in his own personal influence. And this was fatal to him. He may deserve more pure approbation for the act of self-sacrifice which he consummated, than he would have done had he, by dint of personal ascendancy, drawn the country gentlemen after him, even as Orpheus drew the oaks. But it does not show the same degree of power. And it is that which mortals worship.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE DOMINIE'S SONS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

CURTIUS.

ANDREW and David Auchinleck, sons of the parish schoolmaster of Auldacres, were about to keep their terms at Oxford. This result was the consequence of Scotch ambition and love of learning. The dominie and his wife had both devoted themselves to the task. There had been something pathetic in the spectacle of the couple, in the middle of the birchwood and drugget of their little parlour, sticking fast to their resolution. The dominie had no fancy for shop after shop hours, yet he denied himself his uninterrupted perusal of his penny papers or his "daunder" with his pipe to look at his bees, that he might sit in readiness to help the laddies with an obscure case or an involved construction. Mrs. Auchinleck closed her mouth tightly on her tit-bits of gossip, and nodded dumbly over her knitting needles, sooner than break the thread of Andrew and David's studies. Whatever had been grudged in the thrifty household, nothing had been spared on its sons' education. Andrew and David, two gamut, uncouth students with fine talents, had shown themselves worthy of the lengthened sacrifice, had worked at home and at college and won bursaries and "grants," which had enabled them to aspire to the goal of young Scotland's ambition, Oxford or Cambridge.

So proposed the Auchinlecks, but not so disposed the Ruler of strong men. The week before the young men were to leave for Oxford the schoolmaster was seized with a sudden illness, and within twenty-four hours it was unmistakably evident, even without the doctor's confirmation, that though the final stroke might be delayed, the sick man would never return to the active duties of his calling.

Dumb consternation fell on the school-house of Auldacres at the doctor's sentence. Mrs. Auchinleck was the first who broke the startled, dismal silence. She spoke querulously in her despair. "You'll no leave us, you twa callants. Your father yonder has laid out on your learning every penny he might ha'e put by. Now ane o' you maun take his place; ane o' you, gin it be na baith o' you, maun bide at hame—a maun be keepit now for drugs and dainties. You're gude lads, you'll not grudge it to your father, who grudged nocht to you, but scrimped himself that you micht rise in the

wairld. In saying that, mind, I'm far from saying that you havena done his wull and gladdened his heart. A proud and a pleased man you've made him mony a day, and you've your mither's thanks for 't. But bear wi' me, laddies, for I'm torn and wachted in my mind, and still a' that I can see is, that ane o' you maun bide at hame and take the maister's place, and we may do weel enough yet."

It was but a day or two before that the mother had explained with some heat to her chief friend Mrs. Rymer, the widow of a minister, too poor and of too humble extraction to be raised above a schoolmaster's wife, that to be a tutor or a master at the great University of Oxford was entirely another thing from being a tutor in the best laird's or lord's family in Scotland, such as Mr. Rymer had been in his day, or from being master—not to say of Auldacres school, but of the biggest town academy. It was more like being a laird or lord himself, Mrs. Auchinleck had declared, and then had gone on to illustrate her text. "They wear gowns, woman," Mrs. Auchinleck had proceeded, "no like the duds o' some o' our student lads, but ministers' gowns wi' leddies' coloured hudes binging down their backs. I'm no thinking that my lads will like them sair, for they dinna affect fine claites, at least no Andrew; Davie has mair o' a turn that way; but they maun be neebour-like. The warst thing is that meddling folk may pretend that sic dress has mair to do wi' prelacy even than the minister's lailac gloves up by, but since we've no thocht the now o' our lads taking orders as they ca't, or having ony thing to do wi' the English kirk (though wi' their abilities they micht weel win to be bishops gin they cared, or gin it was athegither becoming in Scotchmen and a maister's sons), the gowns and the hudes are just a set aff to the outward man."

For her own part Mrs. Auchinleck would still have stitched her fingers to the bone and lived on oatmeal and water that Andrew and David might have their fine chance; but conjugal love and fidelity bade her forget everything but what would lighten her husband's trial. Her two sons did not blame their mother, but thought silently which of the two was to be the giver, what was to be the extent of the gift.

David, who had been going restlessly out and in all day, now accompanied Andrew as if for a brotherly consultation; but after a few casual, half-idle words on the state of the weather, as well as on their father's state, he strolled away along the road and through the bare fields, leaving his brother.

Andrew went no farther than the foot of the little garden and sat down on the wall in a familiar half boyish attitude to think over what had befallen him, and to make up his mind what he should do. But the first thing Andrew did was to look about him and to take in half inadvertently but with a kind of morbid vividness every well-known feature of the scene. The chief feature was their shabby, narrow, two-storeyed house, the two stereotyped windows below and the two above on each side of the door answering to the kitchen and the parlour, the room which Andrew shared with David, and his father and mother's room with its window unwontedly shaded long before sundown. A few yards apart from the unadorned dwelling was the even barer and more soiled and battered school-room.

Across the road appeared the comparatively sheltered and ornate manse and kirk, which had drifted apart in the social scale during a century and more from their old allies the school and schoolmaster's house. There flourished the dazzling drawing-room, in which Andrew and David Auchinleck had been entertained as exemplary lads who did the parish credit, by the minister, a slim man, with a face bearing a resemblance to that of a skull. The minister's wife, Mrs. Templeton, retained the well-preserved remains of a fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and was scrupulously in the fashion. The minister's youngest son, Cosmo Templeton, was like his father, with more flesh on his face as yet. He had been sent away and educated at an English private school, and had been successful in getting a Government appointment. The minister's daughters were like their mother, but with less pretensions to beauty than she had possessed. They were the single specimens of elegant girlhood that had come into close contact with the Auchinleck lads, for their old playfellow Cecy Rymer, in her faded patched frocks and highly unfashionable straw hats, would not bear that definition. The whole *dramatis personæ* of the manse passed before Andrew as he sat there. He heard once more Mr. Templeton's mangled quotations from Homer and Virgil, got up for the benefit of Andrew and David, at which the two scholarly young prigs had laughed sardonically in their sleeves. He received anew Cosmo's off-hand, exultant account of his satisfactory examination, which had impressed Andrew and David with the cool conviction that they could have met and surmounted it with ease any day. All the same it had been a fact that they could not meet and answer, without supreme mortification at their clownish

slowness, Mrs. Templeton's light but not unkindly, condescending speeches (for she too was the proud mother of a successful son) and the still airier flights, for the purpose of interesting and amusing the clever louts, on the part of the young ladies. There had been no fault to find with the minister's wife and daughters in their passing intercourse with the dominie's sons, unless that Mrs. Templeton might have been too suave, and the Misses Templeton too affable. The girls in their pretty fearlessness, graciousness, and gracefulness were dazzling to the youthful hermits, and the manse drawing-room a kind of half-pleasing purgatory to the shy, proud brothers.

Over the whole of these near objects, with their swift, deadly-lively suggestions, as well as over the dimmer, vaguer, more remote features of the landscape, the scarcely broken stubble and turnip fields, merging into the shoreless waves of the moor, "casting up," as yet, no purple flush on its sombre surface, there brooded an unrelieved pale, misty autumn sky. It was one of those skies in which there is neither clear light nor darkness, below which gossamers with their clinging haze wrap and veil every branch and leaf.

Andrew gazed about him mechanically, till there rose before him in a flash, with a pang of comparison, the stately pile upon pile of noble college and hall, such as they had appeared when he and David paid them a passing, charmed visit to enter their names on the lists of students. Fleeting as had been Andrew Auchinleck's experience of Oxford — the Christ-church meadows, the Isis, the cloisters of St. John's, the towers of Merton, the dome of the Radcliffe, the galleries of the Bodleian Library, returned to him as if he had seen them but yesterday. With these there came keen expectations of learned leisure, improving companionship, rivalries and rewards, which would open to the aspirants courses not unworthy of such training, clothing them with the simple dignity and fine freemasonry of gentlemen.

If either Andrew or David Auchinleck resigned Oxford for the present and took Auldacres parish school instead, neither of them had any hope of recalling their decision and reaching the university at a more distant date. It could not be. It would be impossible for the brothers to recover the lapsed bursaries and grants which would have enabled them at present to keep their terms.

As Andrew sat there pondering on the garden wall, David returned from his stroll.

David betrayed more traces of disorder and vexation than Andrew.

It was with heat and passion stirring every feature of his long-lipped, wide-nos-trilled, drooping-eyebrowed face that David directly addressed Andrew on the question.

"I don't mean to blame my mother, Andrew. Of course she is to be pitied next to my father, but this proposal that one of us should throw up our long-formed plans and take the school is unreasonable. Think of the waste it would be of all we have done. Of course a person must be found to fill my father's place."

"No, Davie; even if we could find such a person," denied Andrew positively, "my father has not retained the means to pay him, and neither you nor I could ensure it. For that matter you are well aware," continued poor Andrew, in a dry and surly protest, "that in any case we should have had to scrape and pinch, and it would have been a close shave for us to keep our terms at Oxford. Then if we proposed a third party there would most likely be bother from the Presbytery, jealous of its privileges, but I don't think there would be any objection to one of us filling my father's office."

As Andrew said this with a tremendous effort at stolid common sense and stony indifference, there rose up before his mental eyes Auldacres parish school on a summer or a winter day. He heard the dull drone of peasant children painfully climbing the first steps to knowledge in their tattered, scrawled-over "first" and "second books," and the murder of syntax and pronunciation in the scant and rude fifth form. He fancied himself seated in the master's uneasy wooden chair at the common deal desk, over-looking the long hacked and blotted desk of the writing scholars. While in sharp and glowing contrast rose in his mental vision the historical and aristocratic common rooms, lecture rooms, chapels rich in carved oak and stained glass, infinitely richer in their memories, where great English statesmen, lawyers, ecclesiastics were nurtured, with their crowd of polished — for the most part pleasant, even in their exclusiveness and idle dissipation — gentlemen commoners, and their dons, courteous in their severest curtness. There met and mingled the wonderful companies of gifted men; there waged vigorous and subtle intellectual contests; there shone the pure glory of scholarly "honours."

"I dare say not," burst out David Auchinleck, indignantly, in answer to Andrew's dogged statement that the presbytery to which Auldacres, with its kirk and school, belonged, would not object to him

or his brother in the room of their father superannuated. "It is easy for you to speak, Andrew; no doubt you are the eldest and you claim the right of choice, but think what you are dooming me to, how you are blasting my prospects. By Heaven I cannot do it!" and the lad broke off in a quivering frenzy of despair.

"Hold on," growled Andrew, with a man's growl, in reply to what sounded like a woman's cry, "I mean to stay and take the school."

David stepped back, calmed down in an instant. It was some seconds more till he recovered voice to exclaim and argue, and till the colour which had retreated from his cheeks, leaving them blank and white at the immense relief and yet the great rebuke of his brother's announcement, returned to his face.

"Are you serious, Andrew? Do you really intend it? Have you thought what it will cost you?" and he pressed up to his brother with greater freedom and closer attachment than the two young men, stiff and almost frigid in their intercourse, and each full of his own difficulties and aims, had lately expressed.

"What is the use of thinking?" protested Andrew, gruffly, leaping down from the wall and walking towards the house. "There is no other way if one of us is still to go to Oxford."

But it might have been so arranged that neither of the Auchinlecks should have gone to Oxford then or afterwards. They might both have continued at one of the Scotch universities, where students of slender means could have lived more cheaply, where clever steady young men already known could have got teaching at once, and spared money either to have paid a competent assistant for their father, or in case of his retiring to have supplemented his retiring pittance, and maintained him and their mother. There Andrew and David could still have qualified themselves for a less ambitious future indeed, but for gentlemen's professions. There was that third resource, and it had occurred to Andrew; though it is bare justice to state that in the excitement and confusion of David's mind it did not suggest itself to him till Andrew had already dismissed this last alternative with the short conclusion, "I'll stay. If one of us may make a spoon or spoil a horn at Oxford, it would be a pity he should not have the opportunity."

"You are the finest fellow in the world," Andrew, exclaimed David, incoherent in his agitation. "None can tell so well as I what you are doing."

"Never mind," said Andrew, more as if he were aggrieved and annoyed than gratified by his brother's praise, "I am the elder son, as you said," he added, with a touch of bitter irony, which brought David a little more to his senses.

"I ought not to allow the sacrifice," David began, with his colour coming and going. "If I thought I could stand the reverse —"

"No, you could not, Davie," Andrew put his brother down summarily, squaring his own shoulders, "it will take me to do it. And now, if you like, I'd rather say no more about it."

CHAPTER II.

A LAMMAS LILY.

Six years later Mrs. Auchinleck sat in the same Auldacres school-house parlour, presiding over the early tea of her son the master, as she had presided over that of her husband the master. The lean, active mother was little altered, though she wore a widow's cap of some years' standing, and when she put it on had mourned keenly. The son was in a measure changed. The ill-balanced, awkward student who had taken his father's school had grown into a blunt, somewhat heavy-looking young man, with a threatening of still greater harshness and heaviness in his indifferent, bulky comeliness.

"Andrew," said Mrs. Auchinleck, "you'll give yourself a brush up for your brither." She did not speak dictatorially, but neither did she speak deferentially. She used the tone employed between equals—in addition, equals who are agreed to differ, and accustomed to have many a friendly dispute and trial of strength together.

"Not I, mother," answered Andrew, glancing carelessly at the sleeve of his shabby school-coat, and speaking in flat contradiction, like a man who had a habit of contradiction in trifles. "If Davie would thank me for making any difference on his account, he is no brother of mine. Besides, you know, I would not put myself about for the Queen coming to Auldacres."

"I do not want to argue with you," announced Mrs. Auchinleck, with some dignity; "I ken what arguing with a man comes to, though your father was a hantle less thrawn and dour than you are, Andrew. But, any way, you'll not go over to Upper Muirend to look after your craps in this weary allotment system, when your brother is expected to arrive on the first visit that has not been a fleeing ane, because of his

reading parties and foreign tours, since your father's death."

"I'm ready to start," declared Andrew, doggedly; "I have working-men to pay and working-women to hire, else I lose the harvest, and I leave you to judge whether I can afford that. If you're not content with giving up your room to Davie, making it so fine that he will not know it again, while you sleep in the kitchen, and if you cannot entertain him yourself for an hour, should he come before eight o'clock, you must just send him across the moor to meet me. He knows the road, and the walk will be fine exercise for him after travelling by railway."

Mrs. Auchinleck fidgeted on her chair and pulled the strings of her white cap; but though she groaned and sniffed a little she said no more. She was aware by experience that mere words would be of no avail here. She was not a foolish woman.

All at once as Andrew was rising leisurely from the table, his mother, looking out of the window, exclaimed emphatically, "If there is not Mrs. Rymer bringing Cecy to see us! When she hears that Davie is coming, she'll never be so senseless as to bide still and be in his way."

"Women never mind being in folk's way; it is my opinion they try to be in it," proclaimed the young master in ungallant impatience, as he had to submit to give up his evening's business for the time.

"Good evening, Mrs. Auchinleck and Mr. Andrew. This is my daughter Cecil, if you please," a voice deprecated with mild boastfulness, as Mrs. Rymer quietly trotted into the Auchinlecks' parlour, ushered by the school-house little maid. Mrs. Rymer was a soft, round little woman in black drapery, with an old-fashioned habit of curtsying like the dipping down of a pigeon. Men never bore malice long against so canny a woman as Mrs. Rymer—a creature who appealed to their protection. But Andrew kept his hands in his pockets, remained standing with his back against the tea table, and contented himself with nodding to his familiar guest, when somebody else came into the room—somebody so completely different, so widely opposed to all the surroundings, that Andrew was fairly startled out of his shell.

Andrew had been soured and hardened into increasing churlishness since, resigning his worldly aim in life, he had thought it best to turn his back on all the pursuits which he had followed for its sake, as well as loved for their own. What would you have? The sight of his books beyond the hackneyed text-books of his father's school

stung and wrung his hidden sensibility; the touch of his mathematical instruments sickened him. Therefore poor Andrew was not able to pay the debt of his sonship and brotherhood without becoming in several lights, spiritually as well as socially, an impoverished man. He had not completed his offering as the heroes of romance complete theirs — with cheerful grace, coming off, after all, with little loss. He had taken refuge as far as he could in what belongs to the bodily man, and developed only too much of the brawny rather than muscular Christian. He had resorted to gardening, of the delving and vegetable rearing kind, to farming, carrying out his operations on a batch of the strips of moorland that an enterprising laird had allotted to agricultural labourers; and he pursued such sports as golf and curling when there was ice on the moorland lochs. Andrew Auchinleck was less chary in bestowing his company on his neighbours of every description than his father and mother had been, though he was not naturally a very social man. His quick-witted, shrewd mother dreaded in her secret soul, with reason, to what coarseness and excess the reactionary license of sociality might lead and betray her son.

It was before such a foiled, restive man, still on this side of the Rubicon, ere he had in his manliness stumbled into the slough of sensuality, and defiled himself with vice, that there appeared in the poor, plain little school-house parlour, not an honest, kindly but half-hoydenish Cecy Rymer, but a living, breathing St. Cecilia — a brown-haired, liquid-eyed, Madonna-faced woman, tall and handsome, serenely beautiful and gracious. The effect was in the air, the gait, and the perfect bloom of womanhood. It was not in the uniqueness or expensiveness of the dress; for — except that Cecy's linen gown was fresh and unrepaid, and was made with some amount of quaint, outlandish plaiting and braiding, and that her hat, though it had seen a sea-voyage, looked, by comparison with Cecy's shockingly bad old hats, a bran new silver-grey hat with a silver-grey band — the dress had hardly cost more than that of the old Cecy Rymer.

What had come to Cecy Rymer, who had gone away a round-faced girl, to change her so, in addition to her natural growth? Reports had travelled to Auldacres in Cecy's letters, but they had been so slightly apprehended that nobody, not even her mother, had compassed their full import. The late dominie of Auldacres had designed that Cecy, his favourite girl pupil, should become his female assistant in the school,

since female assistants had come into vogue. When that scheme fell to the ground with Andrew's accession to the post of schoolmaster, a distant relative of the Rymer had sent Cecy to Germany to qualify her for the higher order of governess. "Word" had come back again and again to the Whins of Auldacres that Cecy was doing exceedingly well in foreign class rooms and under strange lime trees, breakfasting off cherries, supping off pear and plum soup, and lying down to rest under an eider down quilt with a cuckoo clock at her elbow sounding her réveillées for morning practice and early lecture.

Cecy had stayed on abroad, first teaching in her academy and then filling a good situation in a private family at salaries which had enabled her to keep her mother "like a queen," as Mrs. Rymer had declared.

Mrs. Rymer had been latterly inclined to cap Mrs. Auchinleck's crowing over her son David, his honours at Oxford and the company he kept there, with tiny crows over her daughter — the rank of the family in which she was established and with which she saw a great deal of the Continental world, the favour that her employers showed Cecy, and the friendly terms which existed between the governess and her grown-up pupils.

"Poor silly, curtsying body," reflected Mrs. Auchinleck in imperious disdain, "to think of speaking of her royd lassie, granting she's tamed now, a mere gouvernante looked down upon by butlers and futmen, housekeepers and leddies' maids, in the same breath wi' our Davie, a Felly o' his college in the society o' the grandest in the land who are proud to be Fellies along with him — our Davie, who might be a member o' Parliament or sic like ony day his sel'! The woman's demented!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Auchinleck's scornful incredulity, however, the process of "like" drawing to "like" had gone on. To fine, frank, naturally generous natures there is no insuperable difficulty (granted the model is provided) in the growth from a good, ingenuous, bright girl, to a good, considerate, in everything delicate-minded lady.

Now that the work was complete and open to inspection, Andrew Auchinleck's first experience was a mixture of consternation and intense, entire approbation. He instinctively took off the cap which he had put on to go and visit his leased land and its crops, and wished a passing wish for which he would have derided himself had he had time to reflect on its nature, that he had attended to his mother's suggestion,

and given himself "a brush up," though not for the benefit of the college fellow.

Not that Cecy Rymer showed any hostile perception of Andrew's rumpled grey coat with traces of ink on the sleeves, his coloured morning shirt, his faded neck tie, which were not calculated to set off the massive, somewhat statuesque, figure and face of a man who looked old for his years, serious, a little saturnine—truculent, his enemies might call it. Cecy did not appear disposed to be critical on the costume and bearing of her old companion. She seemed inclined to be a vast deal pleasanter and a world less pert than in the days of her non-age. She only looked as if she admired his progress in stature and responsibility, as she advanced, holding out a willing hand to clasp his. "I should have known you anywhere, Mr. Andrew," she said quite eagerly, "though you are become a big man who can keep authority."

"A schoolmaster had need to keep authority—but I should never have known you, Miss Cecy," returned Andrew; yet he grasped her hand, and the relations established between them, difficult man as he was to deal with, were at once friendly relations.

Mrs. Rymer and her daughter did not remain long at the school-house. Mrs. Auchinleck took care to let the elder visitor know the coincidence of the expected arrival of Mrs. Auchinleck's distinguished son. The unobtrusive widow was not only persuaded that the family reunion would be better without the presence of witnesses; she was, whatever Mrs. Auchinleck might think, deeply impressed by the superior distinction of "Davie Auchinleck." Bonnie and sweet, and altogether prettily behaved, like the privileged friend of ladies and gentlemen, as her daughter had come back, filling Mrs. Rymer's heart with pride and gladness, still Davie Auchinleck was far beyond any of them—beyond Mr. Templeton and his son Cosmo, who was home from Canada, for health and a wife. Mrs. Rymer must "mind" to call Davie "Mr. Dauvet," as Cecy had given her the example in saying Mr. to his brother, whom Mrs. Rymer had never thought of calling anything but Andrew. He was the master and had been so for the last half-dozen years, but he had come much about her house as a callant, and though he was gruff to other folk, he had aye had a canny enough word to her. Yet no doubt it was proper that Cecy should say Mr. to Andrew, as everything Cecy did was proper.

While the mother and the daughter did stay, Cecy and Andrew found no want of

words to say to each other. She told him voluntarily that she had just come home on a visit. She was going back to the Thornycrofts. What excellent people they were, and how happy they made her—Cecy—as happy as she could be, save for the separation from her mother! There were old Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft and their three daughters, each of whom had been and one of them still was Cecy's pupil. The family hoped that the Squire would soon get clear of his embarrassments—he was so kind an old man, only too kind—which had condemned them to live abroad for the family's education, so as to enable them to return and live at the Hall in another year at the farthest. That would be nice, for Northumberland was but a step from Auldacres after Germany. Had not she—Cecy—been fortunate?

Andrew shook himself half awake from the sluggish apathy which had possessed his mind while his body was having the pre-eminence, and talked on foreign literature, which he knew passably well, and of foreign places, with which, though he had never seen them, he was familiar by reflected light, until, before Cecy left, he had gone so far as to accept the loan of a new German book of note from her, and to vouchsafe a half promise that he would rub up his German and read it. Andrew had not done so much since he had been school-master of Auldacres.

"That lassie of Mrs. Rymer's is no that braw," commented Mrs. Auchinleck, in a puzzled but candid tone to Andrew, "yet somehow she is turned into a leddy, as fair a leddy as Miss Templeton or Miss Maye. Will Cecy Rymer no be unco out o' place now at the Whins?"

"Are ladies ever out of place?" counter-questioned Andrew. "I thought it was their mission to walk up hill and down dale, refining if not reforming the world. Did you feel Cecy Rymer out of place the few moments she was here?"

"This is a fella different place," Mrs. Auchinleck took up the cudgels indignantly. "A scule-house is surely no like a widow woman's little better than cot-house, though Cecy has paid the wage of a servant to her mother this twa year come Martinmas. Cecy has been a dutiful dachter, I do not deny that. But the humblest scule-house, be it attached to a charity or a free, not to say a richt auld parish scule, is the next thing to a seat o' learning. The time was," Mrs. Auchinleck continued, with an ostentatious flourish, "as your father often telled me, that it rankit with the manse in a parish."

"The time has gone by, then," corrected Andrew, with a man's provoking composure.

"May be," acknowledged Mrs. Auchinleck, impatiently; "but, my word," she continued, swelling into wrath, "the place that is going to welcome Davie Auchinleck, Felly o' his college, may weel be fit to receive Cecy Rymer — neither more nor less, however honourably tret, than a gouvernante."

"Mother," said Cecy Rymer, abruptly, as she and her mother paced home in the delicious twilight, deliciously balmy on this June evening on the unsheltered field road, and the pathway across the uncultivated moor, "is Andrew Auchinleck so much changed, or is the change in me?"

"Bairn," remonstrated Mrs. Rymer, with mild wonder, "didna you say you would have kenne'd him onywhere?"

"Ah! yes, as I would ken that cry of the corn-craik and now of the plover. But poor Andrew! — it was not his birthright which he sold for a mess of pottage — no, it was the intellectual, and social pottage he gave up because of his birthright."

"My dear," objected Mrs. Rymer again, this time more uneasily, though with even more mildness than before, "I dinna like new-fangled remarks on Scriptor. I dare say I'm auld-fashioned and prejudiced, but, if you please, we'll keep frae sic remarks. The minister has aye been cautioning me against the wild opinions and the religious unsoun'ness of Germany till he has made my hair stand on end for your best interests, Cecy, and you a godly minister's bairn."

"The minister might have more charity to spare for the true, kind Germans, the truest, kindest folk in the world," exclaimed Cecy, in hasty indignation; but she calmed down in a moment, in order to reassure her mother. "Mr. Templeton thinks only of my good: I know that, and I hope I am right, as you and he would have me to be. So you will take my arm, dearie, for your step is getting a little slower now that we have walked half a mile. How Mrs. Auchinleck talks! I know our sharp friend is worthy and sterling — a good, good mother, but why does she speak so much of Davie and so little of Andrew?"

Andrew Auchinleck was softened by some subtle influence on the revival of his acquaintance with Cecy Rymer — the new Cecy Rymer. He had been tempted, even while, poor fellow, he had been sufficiently pleased with and proud of his brother's acquisitions, to meet David cavalierly, rather to sport the contrast which had arisen be-

tween the two, and to take nothing off his successful relative's hand should the latter be so left to himself as to attempt to come over Andrew with patronizing counsel or fault-finding. After all Andrew smoothed down his rising temper, and was, to his mother's satisfaction, free and gentle with David when the hero stepped at last on the old stage of the school-house.

David Auchinleck in the outward man was ill-knit, irregularly featured, but he was at the same time not only well dressed, but seen in the fine setting of grace, courtesy, and high intelligence. Farther, the comparatively mature scholar was fifty times more at ease and simpler withal than when he was a raw student.

"It maun be his grand education and the rank he has risen to which makes Davie so pleasant," concluded his delighted mother, "for I canna say that he takes it either frae me or frae his poor father, who hasna lived to see these days. Davie is a hantle pleasanter than Andrew, and I shouldna wonder though Davie were easier to serve for a' the dainties and fikes he has been accustomed to; no but that Andrew's bark is waur than his bite, poor child."

When David the Fellow took Andrew the schoolmaster's measure after the two had come to closer quarters, in more prolonged and interested intercourse than the brothers had held since they were boys together, Andrew little guessed how favourable was David's estimate. David might have got his surfeit of superficial advantages so as to end by sinking them to their due level or below their level, and by turning back to and exalting the primitive qualities; or he might have had a lurking inextinguishable regret and borne his brother a yearning grudge because he, David, had allowed Andrew to play the part of Curtius, and had not interposed and himself taken the leap.

David said to himself, as they parted for the night, "A grand old fellow Andrew, sagacious and original! no boorishness in him can be more than skin-deep."

CHAPTER III.

THE WINNER.

THE novelty as well as the un-dreamt-of lustre of Cecy's reappearance in her limited home circle had its results. In consideration of the temporariness of her stay, and of the manner in which she had returned, as it were, franked and superscribed by her patrons and friends the Thornycrofts, and further verified by her artistic German music, her seats in water colours and illu-

mination, and her familiarity with fresh German literature, the four or five Misses Templeton called on Cecy. They had not, save in a professional minister's daughters' way, called on her mother, but they extended to Cecy the actual right hand of fellowship, which was only to be taken for two months.

During these long summer days in the dull country neighbourhood, two of Cecy Rymer's admirers were birds of passage like herself, and were in that dangerous condition of idleness which is highly favourable to the growth of a flirtation.

It must be admitted that one of these admirers entertained for her as she knew, and was content to know, a purely Platonic regard.

Cosmo Templeton, who was so fond of escorting and waiting upon his sisters' friend, was publicly pledged to another friend of his family who was not then in his vicinity. He was not a bad sort of fellow as men go, a quick, gay, good-humoured, smartish man of the world. He was the last man to be guilty of, not to say a breach of his word, but of the worldly folly of an imprudent marriage. Cosmo's father, mother, and sisters, and the young lady whom he was going to marry, if it reached her ears, could remain quite tranquil on Cosmo's fancy for Cecy Rymer: admitting that, Cecy was peerless as a Lammas lily. More than that, the other one of Cecy's admirers with whom Cosmo had run up in a trice a conveniently agreeable intimacy, was not in an appreciable degree jealous of the Colonial Government official, and of his fair income ready-made to marry on. David Auchinleck's case was different from Cosmo's. "Scratch the Russian and you will come to the Tartar." In spite of David's elaborate culture, he betrayed in this matter a Bæotian brutality of earnestness which might yet war successfully in all the crises of his life with his acquired dilettantism. David was very soon very far gone indeed in a violent attachment to the witch, Cecy Rymer. In the teeth of his Fellowship, in reckless disregard of ways and means, he shocked and affronted his mother, half flattered and wholly terrified timid Mrs. Rymer, while he but slightly touched and hugely provoked his mistress. Cecy had returned, in the case of David Auchinleck, to the sauciness of her youth, and was indignant at being besieged, in her own mother's house by the most aggressive Fellow who could forfeit a Fellowship for her sake. David Auchinleck, from whose knowledge and manners, as his mother reflected bitterly, more might have been expected, threw dis-

cretion to the winds, and haunted Cecy Rymer perseveringly, wherever he could hope to meet her, during these June and July weeks. Poor Mrs. Auchinleck's pride was laid in the dust, and she had great trouble to keep from groaning aloud under the reverse. The little rural world of Auldacres had not accepted with entire complacency the school-master's wife and widow's conceit in her sons. It grinned when human nature returned at a gallop in David Auchinleck. The men at the manse shrugged their shoulders. The women, especially Amelia and May, and Bab and Harriet, who no longer treated David *de haut en bas* on their own account, were a little scandalized by his prompt and pointed selection of Cecy Rymer. They were forced to remind each other that gutter blood has a long course to run before it waxes blue. The passing flavour of sour grapes did not prevent the girls from feeling secretly attracted to, and amused by, and inclined to promote in a womanly way the College Fellow's devotion to the governess at home for her holidays.

Mrs. Auchinleck tried her hand in arresting David, on what she held his road to ruin, without avail, and was reduced to pouring her grievances into Andrew's ear. At first, when David and Cecy Rymer had returned, Andrew did something to redeem his position as their comrade. He roused himself from his wilful mental torpor. He resumed with fresh relish the tastes and habits of his earlier youth, criticised new editions of the classics, and plunged deeper into metaphysics with David. He read Cecy's Freiligrath and Auerbach, and listened, edified and entertained by the woman's quick, delicate opinions on character and sentiments, or he had the evil spirit charmed away from him by Cecy's music, for it was Andrew and not David who had a soul for music. All that was before Cecy was drawn away to speak German or gossip about art or botanize with David; and then driven to escape from such engagements and take refuge in helping to form the Templetons' croquet party at the manse, though David Auchinleck was also of the party. The croquet players played and jested in the company of their kind, amidst the bright sights and sweet sounds of a summer garden, while Andrew Auchinleck toiled for his own and his mother's daily bread, and taught the young idea how to shoot, in the baked and buzzing atmosphere of the school.

Andrew listened to the groans with which his mother relieved herself in his ear, and turned towards her a still, impassive

face, white from exhaustion under the burden and heat of the day. He rarely spoke again or remonstrated unless the incensed woman slandered Cecy Rymer or accused her of beguiling David. Andrew Auchinleck had always been a just man, and when his mother was glaringly unjust to Cecy Rymer, or even to David, Andrew fired up and came down upon the speaker in not the most filial terms, though he was sorry for his rough words and sought to atone for them in his shy, dogged manner, the moment after they were spoken. It was by no means the blame of Andrew (who kept his mother back from the undignified and useless retaliation so long as he was able, and was very angry and disgusted when he failed as a moral policeman) that Mrs. Auchinleck — to whom the summer had brought a sore trial instead of the unbroken felicity which she had expected — at last assailed Mrs. Rymer as a secondary cause of the misfortune which had befallen David Auchinleck.

Mrs. Rymer had been unswervingly loyal to Mrs. Auchinleck for a large part of both their lives, but now she was bewildered, hurt, and resentful: she flew, in tears, in trembling, and in anger, to her natural protector.

Cecy in her turn was, to begin with, what she called "furiously angry," then unavoidably struck with a sense of the ludicrous, and at last simply fretful.

"I wonder Mrs. Auchinleck does not get so dangerous and wicked a person as I put out of the parish, since she cannot shut up her distinguished son! Never mind Mrs. Auchinleck, mother; she is nearly mad about Davie, and I am afraid she must lead Andrew a sad life."

As for poor Mrs. Auchinleck, she had already discovered that her son Andrew also had come under the spell of Cecy Rymer.

When the second blow struck Mrs. Auchinleck, and she knew her two sons to be rivals, she crossed her arms, interlaced her work-worn hands, drooped her poor mother's vain, energetic head, and sat for hours unprecedentedly, ominously silent. She was vexed with her younger son; she deeply pitied her elder, and longed to help him or to console him.

One evening, after Cecy's two months had dwindled to two weeks, and David Auchinleck's vacation to exactly the same period, the manse became so generous in its hospitality as to contemplate a party which should include Andrew as well as David in the list of its guests.

"An important functionary, the parish schoolmaster," explained Mr. Templeton.

"Mr. Andrew Auchinleck is a respectable, talented young man, besides his connection with his brother. Ah! he is a very well-bred fellow, David, in addition to having his heart in the right place. But he is astoundingly soft, for a college man of standing, on a girl like Cecy Rymer. They say his brother the schoolmaster is also smitten with her."

"It is delightfully romantic," exclaimed Amelia Templeton.

"It is an awkward chance," the minister pursued, "but likely to lead to nothing very disastrous with a praiseworthy family like the Auchinlecks. Fortunately there is no old family here to have their pride outraged by David's choice of a wife."

"Oh dear no," assented Mrs. Templeton, emphatically.

"Mr. Andrew, as well as David, is a kind of old school-fellow of Cosmo's," Mr. Templeton continued. "You remember we had both brothers some evenings, years ago, before the elder was schoolmaster, when we wanted to recognize them as a couple of exemplary lads."

"We remember," declared May, shaking her head, "and dreary evenings we had of it — how David Auchinleck is changed since then!"

Andrew was invited, and went, after he had nearly renounced the party, at the last moment, in consequence of the irritation caused by his mother's taking it upon her to superintend his evening toilet, while she cast glances on David's faultless tie, boots, and studs.

"You are a braw man in girth and stature, Andrew," Mrs. Auchinleck took to complimenting her much tried son. "Gin you would hold yourself up, and wear a bauld front like your neighbours — you are an inch taller on your stocking-soles than ever your father was, and that is a majestic man."

"You'll better tell me at once I am an Adonis," scouted Andrew.

"My mother is right, old fellow; you are really a well-built Colossus," chimed in gracious David. But Andrew was little grateful for his compliment, and more exasperated than soothed by his brother's polite accents.

It had so happened, in the morning of the same day, that, as if in the wantonness of idleness and prosperity, Cosmo Templeton and his sisters, Cecy Rymer and David Auchinleck, having met each other accidentally near the spot, had looked into the school upon Andrew among his reading-books, writing copies, and peasant scholars. Andrew had received the company very shortly,

and on their lingering had threatened to turn them out and lock the door upon them for disturbing his pupils. David had tried ineffectually to soothe down his brother; Cosmo Templeton and his sisters had slightly telegraphed to each other their opinion of the master's rudeness; Cecy Rymer, after having received a sudden violent impression of the seriousness and strain of Andrew's life, had hung her fair wise head, and felt dreadfully ashamed of having been induced to join in the intrusion. But Andrew knew nothing of Cecy's penitence; he only knew how inauspicious the visit had been, and felt also with how little of the coolness of a man of the world, how little of the courtesy of a gentleman, he had met the visitors.

When Andrew was installed in the manse drawing-room, and seated on a remote sofa, the scene recalled forcibly that former dubious reward for being exemplary lads which his brother had completely forgotten. David was as one at home on the hearth-rug, impressing the minister himself, who had not gone south of the Tweed for his humanities, by talking of Balliol, the last year's examinations, the Bampton lectures, &c.

But Andrew felt anything save an exemplary lad to-night. Certainly he told himself that he was the most morbid, malicious brute in creation. He did not free his neighbours altogether from the charge of aggravating self-satisfaction and veiled arrogance. But what could you expect of them? If he were as well armed and equipped for society, with as fair prospects as — say Davie or Cosmo Templeton, and were not a soured, morose chap of a schoolmaster, doomed to drudge in obscurity to his dying day, no doubt he would have been as light and careless as Davie or Cosmo Templeton, now buoyantly exuberant, now refreshingly passive.

All was much the same in the pleasant, slightly showy room, from its profusion of flowers contemporaneously with its cosy fire, to its mixture of dainty fragile china (to which Cosmo had added fur skins, models of canoes, specimens of mocassins) and its homely Dorcas work, little coats and muffatees, on which the ladies bestowed a portion of their leisure.

There was Mrs. Templeton, still sitting in easy state behind her old-fashioned glittering urn.

Here was Andrew's superior dominie, the minister, loving to tackle Andrew, as of yore, with musty classics and false quantities, which he was not at liberty to correct.

Yonder were the Misses Templeton, not

apparently six years older, still in airy floating garments, still with wonderfully artistic heads; though the young ladies had changed their style of hair, and what had once constituted smooth shining rolls and plaits formed now massed chignons and ruffled waves. The Misses Templeton remained impressed with their duties as hostesses, consulting together, he thought, on his impracticability as a guest, and preparing to show him over again, he verily believed, the old photographs, and to sing to him the old Scotch songs.

And Andrew was still blunt to Mr. Templeton, and blundering to the ladies, though he was no longer so thin-skinned as of old to pin-pricks of annoyance. How could he be, when his skin bore the scars of serious battles? He did not think that he would have minded much now either the good folks' patronizing or his own stammering and stumbling had *she* not been there to witness his uncouthness.

As if for the purpose of contrast, *she* was surely supremely beautiful and bright to-night, with not only David and Cosmo Templeton and the minister hovering on her steps and hanging on her looks, but the very women, in a tide of honourable enthusiasm sweeping away rivalry, combining to exalt and make much of her.

Andrew Auchinleck kept aloof from the queen, convinced that she would not miss his homage, and not wishing to trespass on old friendly regard and sympathy, though he gave the feelings their due from Cecy Rymer, and did not writhe under the expression of the last on her part.

Amelia and May, Bab and Harriet, in spite of some acquired tact, in their resolution to do their duty as their father's daughters, pestered Andrew with attentions, until Cecy Rymer interposed in his behalf. She was eager to hide the object of her interposition, and so she was voluble, discursive, saucy to Andrew for the first time since they had resumed their relations after he was the parish schoolmaster.

Amelia Templeton, wrapped up in the tradition that Scotch songs were the only songs adapted to Andrew's taste, had carried out the programme by singing, to suit his supposed capacity, one of the most stilted, wishy-washy of modern imitations of old Scotch songs. And then Cecy Rymer sat down in the place which Amelia had vacated, and proceeded to sing with fine power and art her grand German "Adelaida," Andrew's favourite song, as she knew.

David Auchinleck and Cosmo Templeton stepped noiselessly to Cecy's side to drink

in more fully melody in its passion; and Andrew, the ungrateful man, came lumberingly, and as it were unwillingly, drawn by an irresistible attraction, face to face with the singer. But he answered the unspoken appeal of her lustrous eyes.

Cecy Rymer was entreated to sing again. She occupied herself with the pages of a piece of music, trying to steady it on the stand before her. "Why don't you help me?" she enquired of Andrew, almost with sharpness.

"I am neither useful nor ornamental here," half grumbled, half lamented Andrew, puzzled, hurt because she was hurt, and with a dubious approach to a smile; "you had better get Davie or Mr. Cosmo to help you."

"I don't want them."

The answer broke forth quickly and sadly, and the accent supplied what the words kept back. "If I cannot have you," it said, "I will have none of them."

The intimation was not the heartless deception of a coquette who would not be content unless she had all kinds of spoil in her net—it was the generous abandonment of a woman who is fit to break her heart because she is not let lift up the man who has chosen her, whom she has chosen, from his mistaken, unmerited humiliation.

Andrew Auchinleck would have been a dolt and fool if he had not understood the words. "If you want me, I'll do what I can," he answered with a low laugh, bending over and adjusting what was amiss.

His eyes were opened to a flood of light which rendered his unpractised fingers dexterous, and inspired him to hold himself up as his mother had recommended, the most towering figure with the boldest front in the room. It electrified Andrew; it melted and subdued him. It shrivelled up and consumed arbitrary, accidental distinctions, and proclaimed him by sheer virtue of his manhood with its defects, and of her tender-hearted, magnanimous election, the winner of a woman whose price was far above rubies.

Andrew went home in the soft falling rain with Cecy Rymer, and when he returned to the school-house he found his mother waiting for him.

"I ken where you've been, and it's all richt," she said to him, meaningly clapping him on the shoulder. "As for Davie, he has been hame an hour syne, and he has been rummaging among his boxes and books; what you might expect, let it be midnicht, in a grand scholar."

Andrew was aware that his mother had leapt to and approved of the conclusion.

Moreover she had returned instantly to her allegiance to Davie her highest risen and rising son.

"I am going, Andrew," said David next day, following Andrew when he went out after breakfast to the school.

"No," protested Andrew, in default of anything better to say.

"Yes," insisted David, "I have nothing to stay for; and for that matter, I have stayed a deal too long already."

After a moment's silence, he added vaguely, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I believe it is as it ought to be."

Though David spoke calmly, his face showed haggard after a sleepless night, in the summer morning. He had been as unsophisticatedly in earnest, it might be because of that peasant blood of his, in his love as in his ambition.

"I shall probably join Evans and Ingle-dew in their reading party in Normandy, as they wished me," explained David, striving feverishly to be commonplace and cheerfully communicative, and naturally ending the struggle, gentleman as he was, by bordering on bravado. "After that I shall be prepared to wish you and her every blessing, and stick to my college for the rest of my days."

"They are early days yet," Andrew reminded him, gently; "you'll be our scholar, Davie, as our folk intended that you and I should be; whom we shall be proud of, whom the world may be proud of—who knows?" exclaimed Andrew, with a fondness which he had never shown to his brother before.

It was Cecy Rymer's task to reconcile her mother to her beautiful, accomplished, admired daughter's marrying no higher than a parish schoolmaster; but Cecy represented to Mrs. Rymer, first, that if Cecy had married Mr. Cosmo Templeton (who had never thought of asking her to marry him, and was bespoken ever so long ago in another quarter), Cecy would have had to go out to Canada, while the minister might never have spoken to Mrs. Rymer again.

"I could never have stood that," ejaculated Mrs. Rymer, speaking as if even now guilty and condemned.

And if Cecy had had Davie, she would have cost him his Fellowship and his living, the two would have been on the world without a certain bite to put in their mouths for all his learning, and Mrs. Rymer's old friend Mrs. Auchinleck would never have spoken to Mrs. Rymer again.

"An' that could na ha'e been tholed, and biz sae near connec'ted, and me wanting to consult her—for she was aye a fell

smart woman, Mrs. Auchinleck — where to win bread for my bairn," acknowledged Mrs. Rymer seriously.

But since Cecy was so happy as to be going to marry Andrew Auchinleck, all was plainest and smoothest sailing in delectable sunshine. A living was provided, Auldacres was next door, Mrs. Auchinleck was propitious. Then teaching was Cecy's business as well as Andrew's; she would help him as it had been projected she should help his father.

"Demean herself by teaching in a parish

school!" Demean herself by doing what her "man" did! Her Andrew had said a lady's mission was to go up hill and down dale, refining the world; and she, if she had any pretensions to be a lady, would refine Auldacres parish school. Would she lose her grand friends? Let her lose them, if they could be so lost. Her Andrew and her mother were her best friends, and she wanted none if she had them. Cecy's dear mother must and did believe in her daughter's great good fortune and unclouded happiness.

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ANDES.— We are glad to see that progress is being made with a scheme for crossing the South American continent by a railway, which may rival if not surpass in actual utility the great Atlantic and Pacific line across the North American continent. An engineer, Mr. Rossetti, was appointed by the Government of the Argentine Republic to survey the passes of the Andes, and his report appears to bring the undertaking within practicable compass. By the pass of the Planchon or Teno communication may be established between existing lines on either side of the Andes by a connecting line of about 1,000 miles (1,651 kilometres) in length. The highest elevation reached will be 3,300 metres, and apparently there will only be one very difficult section in the Vargara ravine, where there is a difference of level of 790 metres in a distance of 10 kilometres, which gives a grade of 70 in 1,000. Thus the undertaking will not be on the scale of the Atlantic and Pacific undertaking either for length or the number of the difficult engineering works. The whole cost is calculated at about 6,000,000/ sterling, that is about 6,000/ per mile, of which the greater portion will be in the territory of the Argentine Republic, which has prosecuted the survey, about a fifth only of the expense or 1,200,000/ falling to the Government of Chili. No doubt, small as the work comparatively is, it may still be too costly for any traffic that may come upon it; but there are many objects of public utility that would be served. The Argentine Republic, we believe, has great expectations, both from the emigration which is likely to flow into its great West, and the richness of the mining districts which will be opened up. There is a considerable trade besides between the Eastern and Western coasts, and the route would almost certainly command the mail and passenger traffic between Peru and Chili and Europe — possibly would supply another practicable road to and from our Australian colonies. The

original projectors of a railway over the Andes had at least the latter among their objects. The line, it is said, would take four years to execute, but the Argentine Republic will be surer of success if they do not try to go even so fast as that, but gradually extend their railways to the West.
Economist.

A WEEK or two ago we announced a rumour to the effect that the Government had refused to allow a ship to convey the eclipse observers to Spain and Sicily next December. The rumour was too well founded; the Government has actually refused to tell off a ship for this purpose. This decision in the teeth of the plainest precedents requires no comment on our part; in fact, it is beyond all comment, it is astounding. We are enabled to announce, however, that the American Government, more enlightened than our own, are making extensive preparations; and upon the results of their labours and those of the Continental Governments Englishmen must therefore fall back, in a research which is eminently English. The Americans will send three corps of observation, to be stationed respectively at Malaga, Sicily, and some place in Turkey most available for making the best scientific records and views. One of these corps will be sent from the Naval Observatory, and the other two will be composed of the most scientific men in the country, including the professors from Harvard University. Before the war broke out it was arranged that Rear-Admiral Glisson should extend to the corps at Sicily all the aid and co-operation in his power. But the original plan has been spoiled for the present by the troubles in Europe, Admiral Glisson being obliged to move his squadron to the Baltic for the protection of American commerce in that vicinity.
Nature.

From The Spectator.

FLINT CHIPS.*

PRE-HISTORIC, or rather non-historic, archæology has had many difficulties to contend with, but it is in a fair way to surmount them all. For a long while its materials were either scanty or suspicious, though its conclusions were large and dogmatic. No sooner was it shown that the arrow-heads, celts, and curiously worked stones preserved in many a museum might be made to tell an intelligible and connected story, than these venerable though somewhat dowdy curiosities became the starting-point for the wildest hypotheses. It seemed to be taken for granted that this branch of archæology required but little learning or scientific accuracy of thought. A few earnest workers, however, went on collecting, comparing, and reasoning, but their labours, even when known, were often discredited. This result was due to the prevalence of fraud and forgery, and to the unfortunate impression produced by the rash conclusions of spurious archæologists, a fungoid growth which the study of obscure antiquities has developed to an extraordinary extent. But at length, owing in a great measure to the labours of a goodly band of really philosophic workers, English and Continental, pre-historic archæology is being rapidly consolidated into a satisfactory structure. One of the most important recent steps in this direction was the foundation of the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, another the production of a descriptive catalogue of its contents. To this catalogue we now wish to direct our readers.

Flint Chips, though a volume of 600 pages, refers almost exclusively to the Stone periods, and to the stone objects in the Blackmore Museum; a second book relating to the Bronze period, and to the articles of "modern savagery," will complete the undertaking. The mode of treating his subject which our author adopts renders his volume a great deal more useful as well as more interesting than a mere catalogue. Mr. Stevens duly enumerates and describes the specimens, but he provides his readers in addition with a series of most instructive essays. So, for instance, the list of mammalian remains found associated with works of man is prefaced by a well-composed picture of the fauna of the Drift period. Again, before the individual specimens belonging to the later Stone age are enumerated, a chapter on the methods of drilling stone is given. In a similarly readable

manner very full information is furnished concerning lake-dwellings, shell-mounds, the ancient cultivation of maize, the use of tobacco, the animal-mounds of Wisconsin, and the tumuli of the Old World. From some of the chapters on these subjects we shall glean a few paragraphs, to show by samples the high quality and varied interests of Mr. Stevens' book.

A strange scene is opened to our view in Dr. Blackmore's account of the mammals of the Drift. During that period our English Downs were the home of herds of reindeer, of shaggy-maned bison, and of a race of small and hardy horses, not unlike the ponies of Exmoor. The mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the lemming, and the musk sheep, animals peculiarly adapted for existence in an Arctic clime, were then living in this country, while sheltering in the caverns or prowling in the forests were hyænas, bears, and a species of lion larger than any of those now found in Asia or Africa. Many of these animals must have been extremely abundant, evidence of the existence of more than two hundred individuals of the hyæna having been obtained from the Kirkdale cave alone. Mammoth remains, too, have been frequently disinterred in nearly all parts of England; still persons have not been wanting who ventured to attribute all these to the *one* elephant imported by Cæsar (p. 21). We may here cite an instance of the unexpected glimpses into the life of the past which the minute study of organic remains often affords. The second cervical vertebra, or *axis*, as it is named, of a bison, in the Blackmore collection shows necrosis of a small part of the body of the vertebra, an injury which was most probably produced by a violent shock to the animal in using its horns in a tilting-match with a brother bison, and which resulted in its death. In France more especially a kind of evidence has been obtained from the animal remains of caves and rock-shelters which is of the deepest interest and importance, for it proves the contemporaneity of man with many animals now extinct. Rude outlines of the mammoth cave-bear and of man himself have been found traced upon pieces of mammoth ivory or fragments of reindeer antlers; attempts at sculptural figures have also been discovered. We trust that the evidences of cannibalism which some of the caves of France and Scotland seem to furnish will be explained away; still we fear that human bones carefully split for the extraction of the marrow show that the cave-dwellers' longing for marrow knew no bounds.

The remarkable pit-dwellings at High-

* *Flint Chips*. By E. T. Stevens. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

field, near Salisbury, are described (p. 57) as dome-shaped excavations in the chalk, possessing a strong resemblance to many pits existing in various parts of England and France. Pit-dwellings vary a good deal in size, some being five feet, others fourteen in diameter. Sometimes they are solitary, sometimes in groups, with underground communications. The circular form of these pits remind one at once of the form always used by savages. The lodges and huts of many tribes both of North-American Indians and of the South-African races are round, and often sunk, partially at least, in the ground. All the earliest habitations of pre-historic times have been observed to be in like manner either circular or oval. Unfortunately for the credit of archæology, numerous temporary shelters and cooking-places excavated on exposed hills and moors in this country have been set down as pit-dwellings of ancient date, when they were in reality the temporary contrivances of encamping soldiers at no very remote historic period. As a rule, nothing is found in them but a fire-marked stone, a little wood charcoal, some burnt seeds, a button or two, and a good deal of dirt. Had they been houses long inhabited, they would have furnished, as those of Highfield and other localities have, a less meagre catalogue of remains. Genuine pit-dwellings belong to what is called the neolithic period, and show both by their construction and contents a decided advance upon the civilization of the palæolithic or cave period.

We turn now for a moment to the consideration of an ancient method of cooking of which early dwellings afford evidence, and which the customs of some modern savages serve to illustrate. This plan is called "stone-boiling" (p. 50). A hole is dug in the earth, dry wood is placed in it, and on that a number of stones. When the stones become red-hot the unconsumed fuel is removed, wet, green leaves placed upon the stones, and upon the leaves the food to be cooked. More leaves are placed on the food, and a mat over all. Then some water is poured on the mat, and finally earth as an outside coating; thus the food is cooked by a combined baking and steaming process. But a simpler method of stone-boiling than this of the New Zealanders, was probably practiced by the pit-dwellers. Stones made red-hot in the fire were thrown one after another into a vessel of water containing the food to be cooked. This is the plan adopted by certain North-American Indians, and traces of it still survive on the continent of Europe. One less pleasing use of stone-boiling is also described in *Flint Chips*.

Some Ecuador Indians prepare their idol human heads by introducing a hot stone into the prepared head from which the skull has been removed; drying proceeds regularly, and a miniature head, preserving all the features, is the disagreeable result.

As stone implements form the chief object of the Blackmore collection, so the modes of working them, their various uses, and their peculiarities of shape and material occupy a very considerable proportion of Mr. Stevens' volume. We cannot pretend to give anything like a satisfactory account of our author's treatment of this part of his subject, yet we hope to be able to select from his pages ample proofs of the fact that a remarkable amount of human interest attaches itself to the worked stones which have strayed down to us from remote epochs. But we must guard our readers against a common fallacy. The Stone age is often spoken of as a definite period, sharply defined both in time and space. Such statements are not borne out by the study of the contents of the Blackmore Museum. The stone age of one country need on no account be contemporary with that of another; indeed, the Stone age lingers still in some parts of the world of to-day. Had this not been so, the stone remains of remote times, often the solitary records of past races, would have been far more difficult to interpret. The modern uses of tools of stone, shell, horn, and bone in many parts of the globe have enabled archæologists to classify numerous obscure objects, as adzes, hammers, knives, scrapers, net-sinkers, &c. We indeed approach the study of many of these weapons and instruments under peculiar disadvantages. Doubtless, many of the stone tools were fixed in wooden handles, which have long since perished. Evidence that such was the case is afforded not only by the shape and markings of the objects themselves, but by modern examples of hafting adopted in the mounting of similar tools. The exact uses of many ancient stone implements remain, however, at present undiscovered; we only know that they are human handiwork, and that they have such strong family likenesses that arrangement in groups is quite easy. Here we stop to point out the chief methods of classifying ancient implements of stone. The main bases of arrangement are form and finish. The unrubbed and unpolished specimens are, as a rule, older than the rubbed and polished ones. Full details on this point, and on the varieties of form in flint implements; as to how they were flaked into shape, usually by percussion, sometimes by pressure as well; all this, and

much more, will be found in Mr. Stevens' volume. Especially interesting are the notes on the efficiency of the flint implements in executing the work for which it is presumed they were fashioned (p. 68); on the exquisite workmanship of some of the stemmed flint arrow-heads from Ireland (p. 85); on the primitive methods of drilling stone (p. 96); and on the general distribution throughout the world of stone implements (p. 112). In point of fact, this last subject introduces a difficulty. The vast quantity of stone implements real or reputed has induced many persons to regard it as impossible that they can be all human work. The still existent gun-flint works, to which we recently alluded in the *Spectator*, offer proofs of various kinds as to the authenticity of the ancient specimens. Besides the vast quantity of flint flakes thrown off by the hammer in breaking up and fashioning a native mass of flint, there are numbers of abortive attempts and numbers of nearly finished pieces broken on the eve of completion. The modern productions and the modern waste-heaps of the workers in flint render perfectly intelligible those of pre-historic times. Let us, for illustration, suppose for a moment an excavation made 1,000 years hence, on the site of the industrious town of Whitby. A doubt might easily arise as to whether the millions of fragments of jet there found were of artificial origin. But we know that 1,200 workmen are engaged year after year in fashioning this mineral into ornaments, just as the Romans 1,500 years ago worked the Kimmeridge shale about the Dorsetshire coast, and left abundant evidence of their manufactories in those waste cores of this material which have been ignorantly termed coal-money.

We have no space to do more than refer to the compact and most interesting account (p. 119) of the Swiss and Italian lake-dwellings, with the curious evidence of the mode of life of their inhabitants which has been brought to light of late years. Nor can we linger amongst the shell-mounds of Denmark (p. 193), or the ancient and weird animal forms represented in the pottery of Peru (p. 269), or the gold images from the Huacas of Chiriqui (p. 281). There is, however, a most interesting chapter on tobacco (p. 315), which will probably commend itself to some of our readers, and will serve to introduce a brief notice of one of the most important and characteristic suites of specimens in the Blackmore collection, namely, the pipes from the Ohio burial-mounds. However ancient the custom of smoking some weeds,

if not "the weed," may have been, it does not appear that tobacco was introduced into Europe until about 1560. We are told that Fairholt "considers the tradition of the Greek Church that Noah was intoxicated by tobacco to have sprung from the brain of some pious humourist." It is singular that the word *tabaco* appears to have been the native Haytian name for the pipe used in smoking the plant, which itself was termed *mahiz*. We will now refer to the remarkable Ohio mounds and to the Ohio pipes, merely mentioning in passing that numerous subjects relating to ancient North America will be found ably handled in the sections devoted to maize and meal-stones, Aztec mosaic work, and the pottery of Mexico.

The Ohio mounds seem to have been places of sacrifice and worship rather than of sepulture. The sacrifice offered may indeed have formed part of the burial-rites, but though evidences of cremation are distinct, interments are rare, and occur in mounds destitute of the altars and other objects, probably offerings, which characterize most of these earth-works.

In shape the Ohio mounds resemble some of our round barrows and tumuli, but are occasionally on a very large scale. In "Mound City," on the left bank of the Scioto river, Ross county, Ohio, there are twenty-three mounds, the group being surrounded by a bank three or four feet high. One most singular point discovered in relation to the contents of the so-called altarmounds was the occurrence of vast numbers of one sort of object in particular mounds. In one would be found two hundred pipes, in another numerous fragments of lead ore, in a third a collection of spear-heads, and so on. This peculiarity has not yet been satisfactorily explained. The pipes just mentioned are well represented in the Salisbury series. Very faithful engravings of the most characteristic amongst them will be found on pp. 423 to 436. They are worked out of four different rock or mineral materials, none of them having been moulded or fashioned by pressure nor hardened by subsequent baking. In fact they are not pottery, though as such they are described by Sir J. Lubbock in his *Pre-historic Man*. Great skill has been shown in working the native materials into pipes, particularly in the case of those which have been made out of a peculiarly hard kind of slate, a sort of whetstone. The various specimens of pipes, though exhibiting considerable diversity in their ornamental details are all formed on the same type of construction. The bowl of the pipe is

situated on the middle of a curved, broad, and flattened piece, the extremities only of which touch the surface on which the pipe is placed. Through the middle of this broad stem a fine hole was drilled, by means of which the smoke was drawn from the central bowl. The chief artistic effort was reserved for the bowl. It usually represented an animal so placed as to face the smoker. These animals, whether frogs (p. 423), birds (pp. 424 to 427), squirrels, beavers, seals, and sea-cows (pp. 428, 429), cats, bears, or wolves, are sculptured with singular force and fidelity. Only a few representations of the human face occur, and these are not very successful.

We must pass by without notice the remaining chapters of *Flint Chips*. Abundant and trustworthy information concerning the tumuli of the Old World, totemens and menhirs, and scores of other matters of cognate interest, is afforded by this catalogue of a collection of pre-historic remains which is inferior to none in the world. It is a happy circumstance for the beautiful city of Salisbury, that it should be able to reckon amongst its townsmen so enlightened and generous a benefactor as the founder of the Blackmore Museum, and so able and indefatigable an expositor of those remains of pre-historic times which it possesses, as the curator of the collection and the author of this book.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE STORY OF A CAPITULATION.

THE history of all invasions is so very much alike that the following account of the capitulation of Verdun in 1792—a capitulation memorable for the dramatic episodes which accompanied it—will almost read like a story of to-day.

Seventy-eight years ago—that is, on the 3rd of September, 1792—the town of Verdun opened its gates to the Prussian army which had been besieging it for three days under the command of the Duke of Brunswick. The King of Prussia, Frederick William II., and his two sons, had just joined the army, and with them came a corps of French emigrés, among them was Chateaubriand, then a corporal, unknown, wounded, and already half sick of the cause he was serving. The garrison of Verdun was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and it was a very young colonel, named Marceau, who was deputed to carry the letter of submission to the King. This officer is the same whom Byron has since

immortalized, and who, as General Merceau, was destined to acquire the reputation of being the most humane soldier and the bravest gentleman of his time. The garrison were very dispirited as they marched out, and with good reason, for they had just lost their general under circumstances peculiarly terrible and touching. Rather than be a party to the surrender he had blown his brains out. His name was Beaurepaire; he was the commander of the volunteers of Maine-et-Loire, and so far back as the 28th of July he had written to the Government, saying, "Verdun cannot be expected to hold out if you do not help us. We ought to have at least a hundred cannons, and we have only forty-four. We ought to have forty thousand palisades, and we have not one. We have no muskets, no pouches, and scarcely any ammunition." To this he soon after received the following reply from Chondieu, one of the secretaries of the War Office:—"The most imposing ceremony took place last Sunday at the Tuileries. Funeral hymns were sung in honour of the patriotic victims of the 10th of August. *More than 300,000 armed men defiled before the palace.* These are your auxiliaries. There is a formidable reserve. Hold good; Paris is behind you!!!" The three points of exclamation are in the original. One would almost fancy it had been written in the year 1870 by some cousin of Marshal LeBœuf. This letter was all the relief that Beaurepaire received. He was obliged to prepare for the siege as best he could, and the result was that when, on the 30th of August, the Prussian army opened their trenches, and balls and shells began showering into the town, there was an immense commotion among the inhabitants, who felt decidedly averse to being butchered for nothing. At that time Verdun possessed a mayor who was perhaps an ancestor of that chief magistrate of Nancy who has just distinguished himself by exhorting his fellow-townsmen to be meek and not to vex the Prussians. At the first sound of firing, this high-souled dignitary sent a number of roughs through the town with orders to rout out all the women and children and bring them to the market-place, where, under his valiant leadership, they constituted themselves into a deputation, and went imploring Beaurepaire not to hold out any longer. Now it so happened that some weeks before all the towns of France had sent delegates to Paris to make vows of patriotism, and the Verdun delegation had been headed by a sort of vestryman, named Cordier, who, being fond of the sound of his own voice, had thought the oc-

casion a good one for declaring in the face of the Assembly, "Le commandant de Verdun et le bataillon de Maine-et Loire ont juré de ne se rendre qu'à la mort." Beaurepaire had sworn nothing of the kind, but he was chivalrous enough to consider himself pledged by the tall talk of the vestryman, and so, when the mayor and deputation came whining to him to give in, he replied, "Never." Lamartine, in his "Girondins," here asserts that Beaurepaire killed himself there and then, in the presence of the mayor, exclaiming, "Survivez à votre honte. Quant à moi, je meurs libre. Je lègue mon sang en opprobre aux lâches et en exemple aux braves." This, however, was not the way which the commander of Verdun selected. Beaurepaire had nothing stagey in him. He let no one into the secret of his intentions, but went quietly home and shot himself in the silence of the night. The Duke of Brunswick was so much affected at the recital of this suicide that on coming into Verdun he asked for the pistol with which Beaurepaire had done the deed, and vowed that it should thenceforth have the place of honour in his armoury.

Verdun having capitulated, the Prussian general Kalkreuth was sent to take possession of it, and with him came the King's two sons, who had obtained leave from their father to accompany the general on condition that they should take off their orders and pass as his aides-de-camp. The eldest of these two princes (afterwards Frederick William III.) was then two and twenty. His rank in the army was major-general, and he appears to have been a quick and humorous observer as well as a clever officer. In a book of memoirs which he published later, under the title "Reminiscences of the French Campaign," he enters into the minutest particulars of all he saw and did in France, not even forgetting such details as the following:—"On the 30th I smoked a pipe with tolerable success." "On the 2nd, when I was half dead with hunger after a day's march, the King sent me a plateful of lentils and pork. Ensign Turbenheim, who brought the dish, laid it on a drum. I was changing my boots at the time, and before I was ready to eat a French dog belonging to M. d'Herbelin put his nose into the dish and went away with the pork. Turbenheim was very much excited, and wanted to go after the dog and kill him, but I told him this wouldn't bring back my dinner. I dined off the lentils." "On the 16th there were fowls at the King's table, and the officers appeared to think it strange that, although his Majesty invited the Prince of Nassau and Luchisini, he paid

no attention whatever to me. The table was spread outside the King's tent, and I looked on from a distance." What appeared to strike the Crown Prince most on his entry into Verdun was the light-heartedness of the inhabitants and the noisy welcome they gave him. "They clustered round us," he writes, "and one of them, laying a finger on my brother's coat at the spot where he usually wore his star, said, 'Ah, you must be a prince, here is the mark of an order.' They told us they were very glad to see us, and professed great esteem for Prussia, comparing our kings with their own, and saying many things that were highly complimentary. If I had stayed a few days among them I believe they would have asked me to become their king. One of them did honour me with this proposition, which I presume was only a pretext for talking; but it sounded strange to me in a French mouth." Further on he observes:—"Their officers do not seem to be so well educated as ours. One of them, who I learned was colonel of the Civic Guard, informed me that he had a cousin in the Prussian service. I asked him where. He said at Munich." However, the capitulation of Verdun was not to pass off in a mere exchange of civilities, for as General Kalkreuth and the princes were riding out of the town on their way back to the camp, after ratifying the conditions of the surrender, an officer of their suite, the Count of Henkel, lieutenant in Köhler's hussars, was shot dead in the street by somebody firing out of a barber's window. Whether this murder was the result of an accident, or an idle freak, or a piece of misplaced patriotism has never been correctly ascertained; but the occurrence led indirectly to that most melancholy drama of the revolutionary annals which Delille, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo have all sung as the "martyrdom of the virgins of Verdun."

They were eight in number these virgins of Verdun, and their tale is indeed a pitiful one. The news of the murder had no sooner spread through the town than immense consternation seized hold of everybody, and of course the Mayor was among the first to gallop after Kalkreuth, and assure him that every reparation should be accorded if only the Prussians would take a merciful view of the unlucky affair. But the General, who was scared and furious, answered that the rules of war were peremptory, that the shot had been meant for him, and that Verdun knew now what it had to expect. One can conceive the dismay of the Mayor and panic among the citizens, who at once made sure that the Prussians would come and

massacre them all, and afterwards put their town to the sack — no unlikely contingency as times went. In the midst of the confusion, while everybody was wringing his or her hands, and uttering lamentations, a lady stepped forward and suggested that, as a means of mollifying the King, a deputation of the prettiest girls of Verdun should be chosen to offer a corbeille of bonbons to his Majesty. The idea of presenting a basket of sweetmeats to a tough, grimy old soldier was not, perhaps, the most appropriate thing that could have been devised, but it was accepted by the Verdunites with enthusiasm, and eight young ladies were immediately designated as legates — their names were Suzanne, Gabrielle, and Barbe Henry, daughters of M. Henry, President du Bailliage de Verdun; Anne, Henriette, and Helene Watrin, daughters of a retired officer; Marguerite-Angélique La Girorisière, daughter of the Keeper of Woods and Forests of the province; and Claire Tabouillot, daughter of a magistrate. They were all "of radiant beauty," say the Crown Prince's memoirs; the eldest of them was not more than three-and-twenty, and the two youngest were only sixteen. A subscription was raised on the spot to buy a handsome casket, the Baroness de Lalance, aunt of the sisters Henry, offered herself as chaperon, and the nine ladies were soon on their way to the camp in the Baroness's coach — a fact which, by-the-by, speaks well for the capacity of vehicles in those days. One would scarcely imagine that in such a simple proceeding as this bonbon embassy to the King of Prussia lurked all the elements of a future indictment for treason; and yet so it was, and the unfortunate box of sweetmeats was fated to cost three-and-thirty persons their heads. The King refused the present, but there is very little doubt that it saved Verdun from pillage; for, although Frederick William II. showed himself cold, and even harsh, to the deputation, there is his son's authority for believing that he was very much struck with the beauty of the young girls, and had not the heart to consign them to the fate which would inevitably have been theirs had Verdun been abandoned to his soldiery. The French, however, were then even fuller of the Prussian spy mania than they are now. Everybody who was not a sans-culotte in those blessed days of freedom was accounted sold to the

foe, and upon the evacuation of Verdun by the Prussians after Valmy and Jemmapes, the eight "Virgins of Verdun," their mothers, Mme. de Lalance, and twenty-one old gentlemen who had subscribed for the bonbons, were arraigned before the revolutionary tribunal on the charge of having "delivered the town of Verdun to the Prussians, aided and abetted the success of their arms on French territory, and conspired with them to destroy liberty, to dissolve the national representation, and to restore despotism." It may be mentioned incidentally that the surrender of Verdun was one of the principal causes that sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold. Then, as now, it was pretty much the way with the French to believe that whenever they were beaten it was their king's fault, not their own; so that when the ill-starred monarch pleaded that he really could not help it if the bourgeois of Verdun had failed in endurance, this answer was treated as flippant, derisive, and an insult to the sovereign people. The same system of argument was adopted towards the Virgins of Verdun. After being carted about from prison to prison for two years, they were at last put upon their trial in Paris in 1794. Their beauty, their gentleness, and their resignation were such that a thrill of sympathy went through the audience, and upon Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, rising to ask that they might be sentenced to death, one of the soldiers on duty, who had been kind to them throughout the trial, fell heavily forward and rolled on the floor senseless. Naturally they were found guilty — guilty of being in league with the Prussians; and they were all condemned to be beheaded. As a particular mark of Republican clemency, however, the two youngest of the virgins, Barbe Henry and Claire Tabouillot, saw their sentences commuted to twenty years' penal servitude and one day of pillory. Barbe Henry was released after the fall of Robespierre, and subsequently married a Colonel Meslier; but both her sisters, her mother, and her aunt were executed, along with the other young girls who had carried the sweetmeats to Frederick William, and the twenty old gentlemen who had subscribed to the gift, five of whom were over seventy. Of course the mayor and the vestryman Cordier escaped; those sort of men always do.

From The Academy.
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

THE frequent republication of the works of our old dramatists, is a sufficient proof that the contemporaries of Shakspeare to some extent still divide the attention of the reading public with their great superior. Yet it may be doubted whether, in spite of the labours of Lamb and Hazlitt among critics, of Dodsley, Gifford, Dyce, and others among editors, the works of men like Marlowe, Webster, Heywood, Chapman, Ford, or Massinger, can ever take the place they merit in the ranks of English literary worthies. These lesser lamps — stars which are sufficient by themselves to adorn a national drama — pale before the sun of Shakspeare, and are swallowed in his "main of light." Again, the very volume of our Elizabethan dramatic literature is an obstacle to its proper appreciation by any but enthusiastic lovers of old poetry, or students.

None of the playwrights have either deserved or received more posthumous celebrity than Marlowe. He is justly honoured as the father of the English theatre. He made blank verse what it was for Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, and he first taught the art of designing tragedies on a grand scale, displaying unity of action, unity of character, and unity of interest. Before his day plays had been pageants and shows. He first produced dramas. Before Marlowe it seemed seriously doubtful whether the rules and precedents of classic authors might not determine the style of dramatic composition in England as in France; after him it was impossible for a dramatist to please the people by any play which had not in it some portion of the spirit and the pith of *Faustus*, *Edward II.*, or *Tamburlaine*. When we remember that Marlowe, born in the same year as Shakspeare, died at the early age of twenty-nine, while Shakspeare's genius was still, as far as the public were concerned, almost a potentiality — when we reflect upon the sort of life which Marlowe led among his disreputable friends in London, and estimate the degradation of the dramatic art in England of his day — we are forced to acknowledge that his production, imperfect, unequal, and limited as it may be, still contains the evidence of a commanding and creative genius. About Marlowe there is nothing small or trivial: his verse is mighty; his passion is intense; the outlines of his plots are large; his characters are Titanic; his fancy is extravagant

in richness, insolence, and pomp. Marlowe could rough-hew like Michael Angelo. Speaking of *Doctor Faustus*, Göthe said with admiration, "How greatly it is all planned!" It is this vastness of design and scale which strikes us most in Marlowe. His characters are not so much men as types of humanity, the animated mould of human thought and passion which include, each one of them, a thousand individuals. The tendency to dramatize ideal conceptions is very strong in Marlowe. Were it not for his own deep sympathy with the passions thus idealized and for the force of his conceptive faculty, these gigantic personifications might have been insipid or frigid. As it is, they are very far from deserving such epithets. The lust of dominion in *Tamburlaine*, the lust of forbidden power and knowledge in *Faustus*, the lust of wealth and blood in *Barabas*, are all terrifically realized. The poet himself sympathizes with the desires which sustain his heroes severally in their revolt against humanity, God, and society. *Tamburlaine's* confidence in his mission as "the scourge of the immortal God;" the intrepidity with which *Faustus*, ravished by the joys of his imagination, cries: —

"Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophiles!"

the stubborn and deep-centred hatred of the Jew, who, in the execution of his darkest schemes, can pray: —

"O Thou, that with a fiery pillar ledd'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the
hand
Of Abigail this night!"

These audacities of soul, these passionate impulses are part and parcel of the poet's self. It is his triumph to have been able thus to animate the creatures of his imagination with the reality of inspiring and inflaming enthusiasm. At the same time there is no lack of dramatic propriety in the delineation of these three characters. *Tamburlaine* is admirably characterized as the barbarian Tartar chief, in whose wild nature the brute instincts of savage nations, yearning after change, and following conquest as a herd of bisons seek their fields of salt, attain to consciousness. *Faustus* represents the medieval love of magic, and that deeper thirst for realizing imagination's wildest dreams which possessed the souls of men in the Renaissance. *Barabas* remains the Jew, staunch to his creed, at war with Christians, alternately servile and insolent, persecuted and revenge-

* The works of Christopher Marlowe, including his Translations. Edited by Lieut. Col. Francis Cunningham. London: Crocker Brothers. 1870.

ful, yet dignified by the intensity of his beliefs, and justified in cruelty by the unnatural pariah life to which he is condemned. Upon these three characters, and upon the no less powerful representation of the history of Edward II., the pyramid of Marlowe's fame is based. Hazlitt was not wrong in his assertion that the last scene of *Edward II.* is "certainly superior" to the similar scene in Shakspeare's *Richard*. Nor was Lamb perhaps extravagant in saying that "the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." But there is one quality of Marlowe's which his critics have been apt hitherto to neglect—the overpowering sense of beauty which appears in all his finest works. It is by right of this quality that Marlowe claims to be the hierophant in England of that Pagan cult of beauty which characterized the Italian Renaissance. We find it in Tamburlaine's passion for Xenocrate, upon whose shining face

"—— Beauty, mother of the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen."

We find it again in the visions of Faustus and his familiars:

"Like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love."

Or in his *Helen*:

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

We find it in the jewels of Barabas:

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds."

We find it in the sports described by Gaveston in *Edward II.* But it is in *Hero and Leander*—that poem of exuberant and almost unique loveliness, left a fragment by the sudden death of Marlowe, but a fragment of such splendour that its elastic rhythms and melodious cadences taught Keats to handle the long rhyming couplet—that the Pagan passion for beauty in and for itself is chiefly eminent. We have no space to dwell upon the qualities of *Hero and Leander*. It is enough to indicate them. In the first and second Sestiads (Marlowe's portion of this wonderful poem) may be seen how thoroughly an Englishman of the 16th century could divest himself of all religious and social prejudices peculiar to the Christian world, and reproduce the Pagan spirit in a new and wholly

modern embodiment of fancy. Thought, passion, language, and rhythm all combine to give a Titianesque pomp and splendour to the pictures of Marlowe's poem.

With reference to Colonel Cunningham's edition of Marlowe's works, it is enough to say that it is based, as every edition of Marlowe must be, upon that of Mr. Dyce, and that in his introductory notice he sums up, briefly and agreeably, the few facts of Marlowe's life, quoting the eulogies of his contemporaries and of subsequent critics, but not adding, as indeed how should he? any new material. The book is handy, and well printed, upon paper of good quality and pleasant tone. The notes are thrown together at the end and indexed. Altogether, this volume is likely to be the most popular edition of the complete works of Marlowe.

From The Academy.

THE LOUVRE COLLECTION OF GEMS.*

THE collection in the Louvre of cups and vases cut out of rock crystal, or sardonyx and other semi-transparent stones, is, perhaps, the richest in existence, not excepting those of the Cabinet of Gems at Florence, and the Grüne Gewölbe and other treasure chambers in Germany. Arranged, with the enamels of Limoges, in the gorgeous Gallery of Apollo, it comprises the rarest specimens of the lapidary's art. Vases of precious materials formed, from the first centuries of the French monarchy, part of the royal treasures. The produce of Greece or Rome, they had been taken by the invaders of the Roman Empire, who had, in their turn, been deprived of their spoils by other barbarian tribes. That rock crystal was held as rare and curious is proved by the crystal ball deemed worthy to be interred in the tomb of the father of Charlemagne, together with—what a warrior most prized—his sword.

Again, the celebrated agate cup preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, on which is sculptured the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, was the gift of Charles the Simple to the Abbey of St. Denis, and when Eleanor of Aquitaine was affianced to Louis le Jeune, her present to the king on her betrothal was a vase of crystal, the sides carved in a honey-comb pattern, which the minister Suger, a patron of art, caused to be mounted in silver gilt filigree, and enriched with precious stones. In the collec-

* Les Gemmes et Joyaux de la Couronne, par M. Barbet de Jouy. Paris, 1865-70. Folio.

tion are many other specimens belonging to the Abbé, a richly mounted *cruet* (*burette*), cut out of a single piece of sardonyx given to him by the king, and offered by Suger to the saints and martyrs, as an inscription round the foot sets forth.

Another, an ancient amphora of porphyry, probably of Egyptian workmanship, has been ingeniously mounted by Suger's workmen in the form of an eagle, intended probably as an evangelistic symbol.

There is also a representation given by M. Barbet de Jouy, of another ancient vessel, called the Vase of Mithridates, referring to the vases and cups of precious materials, enriched with precious stones, which formed part of the spoils carried in the triumph of Pompey, and which first introduced a passion for these costly vessels into Rome.

Passing over an interval of many centuries, the next period of the development of the lapidary's art is that of Louis XII. and Francis I. Rock crystal and jasper were then the chosen materials; oriental rock crystal was preferred from its purer water, but that of the Alps was extensively used, and Milan, where it was an article of commerce, had a school for engraving upon crystal. The Louvre collection is rich in specimens exquisitely engraved with subjects, others fashioned in the form of shells, birds, and various grotesque devices. The Italian artists of the school of Fontainebleau introduced a taste for mythological subjects, and we find the mounting and decoration of the cups, ewers, &c., of this period, all adorned with pagan deities. Cellini introduced coloured enamels combined with the metal mountings, and under the sons of Henry II., translucent enamels of ruby red, emerald green, and sapphire blue, were in favour. Under Henry IV. opaque enamels were added to the brilliant translucent gems of the Valois.

From the Renaissance the specimens are numerous, and mounted in the richest style of decoration, gold, enamels, and precious stones.

On a sardonyx cup of the 16th century, a cameo head of Elizabeth is introduced.

The Minerva cup has been so often represented as hardly to require alluding to — the head of the goddess in gold, gems and enamels, the helmet of onyx, surmounted by a winged dragon. This cup, resembling in its style of decoration the beautiful sardonyx ewer belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope, was abstracted from the crown jewels of France at the end of the last century.

But the time had come when the costly cups, ewers, *drageoirs* (sweetmeat boxes),

and vases of rock crystal, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, and jasper, decorated by a Cellini or engraved by a Bernardi or a Misseroni, were to give place to the productions of Murano, to whom Europe became tributary, for two centuries, for her enamelled vases, and her glass with filigree ornaments and of graceful forms.

In the work before us, M. Barbet de Jouy, the learned conservator of the Louvre, describes the most characteristic pieces in the Louvre collection, and shows that many specimens attributed to Italian art were the work of French artists. The illustrations are by M. Jules Jacquemart, and no greater praise can be given to them than to pronounce them equal to his engravings for his father's ceramic works. While strictly preserving the form of each piece, he has so treated the materials of which the object represented is composed, whether it be the pellucid crystal or the semi-transparent onyx, as to give to each its original and peculiar character. In this point, M. J. Jacquemart is one of the most remarkable artists of the day.

Another number is wanting to complete this beautiful volume.

From Chambers' Journal.

ANACHRONISMS OF ARTISTS.

THE anachronisms of painters and sculptors must be divided into those which are purely unconscious, and those which are conscious and deliberate. The latter have their root in the fashion and prejudice of the age or the school of the anachronist. Thus, the neo-classical artists of the renaissance and of the eighteenth century, and the neo-medieval painters of the modern German art-colony in Rome and of England, opposed as they are to each other, agree in a common disrespect for their own age, and in a common taste for reproducing the characteristic of their ideal epochs. Think of Dr. Johnson as he stands represented in St. Paul's Cathedral. His brawny arms, broad chest, and herculean legs are naked; he has no shoes on his feet! He has apparently got out of bed in the middle of the night, merely throwing a blanket around him, to keep out the cold. It must have been after some indulgence in such an attitude and such a dress as this (for the statue represents nothing else that he ever did or said), that he was compelled to write the lines —

But me, alas! to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny confines!

The only way by which the sculptor could redeem such a statue of an eighteenth-century scholar from anachronism would be to carve a folded coat, waistcoat, and breeches as a cushion for his elbow on the pillar upon which he is leaning.

The painters have been always the first to disentangle themselves from the bonds of a technical anachronism. The fact that they have the service of colour as well as of form at their beck makes it comparatively easy for them to do; but the sculptor, who has only form and light and shade (for colour if he had it, would in this case give him no help), is still unwilling to give up the dignified vestments of the Greek and Roman. He can indeed use with satisfaction any kind of male or female dress which arranges itself into long and flowing lines, or which reveals the human figure, and affords occasion for exhibiting good anatomy. The modern dresses of Western Europe must be of necessity a perpetual torment to him. Long-lined dresses are eschewed, on account of the dirty streets and muddy roads through which the wearers have to drag them, and the *impedimenta* which they prove to that quick progress which civilized life demands from every one. The priest first tucked up his cassock, then permanently shortened it, and at last restricted it to the peg in the vestry. The undergraduate and the lawyer cast off their gowns the moment they are off duty. The trouser (invented, as old gentlemen of our younger days used to say, to hide bandy legs) has cruelly robbed the sculptor of that anatomical outline of the leg which the breeches of the past generation still permitted him to render. At the present day, if he is to be free from all anachronism, he must represent his hero, so far as costume is concerned, as a well-made tailor's block. He is driven to put what genius he has into the face, the hands, and the poise and attitude of his subject. It is well for him, indeed, if his subject be a judge, or a mayor, or a peer, or a Knight of the Garter, or any other occasional wearer of a long and flowing robe.

A pictorial anachronism was inoffensive to the eye and the mind of its observer in the middle ages. The heroes and heroines of Holy Scripture and of hagiology were, of course, represented in the dress which the artist saw daily before his eyes in church, or hall, or court-yard, or market-place. This, at least, was one way of suggesting to the beholders that the patriarchs and apostles were men like themselves, of like passions and temptations. The changes of fashion were slower than they are now. Travel into Scripture lands was not followed by the pub-

lication of illustrated books, and the travellers had not the sense we have of this unchanging character of manners and fashion in the East. It was indeed the sense of a most tremendous change, a kind of upheaving of the whole past, which first carried Western Christians in great multitudes to the East; the East, the home of the Faith, had become Infidel. The Crusaders saw the life of the biblical lands daily before them in all its conservative completeness; but they would hardly desire to see that life pictorially reproduced in their books of devotion and their church pictures. The East had become, to their mind, alien from the God of the Bible and the old saints of the Bible; and it would have seemed theologically false, and a kind of pictorial denial of the faith once delivered to the saints, to represent Joshua and Gideon as Saracen knights, or Abraham and Jacob as miscreant (that is, Mohammedan) sheiks. Joshua and Gideon were enemies of God's enemies, and could therefore only be truly represented by a devout painter in the forms of true Christian knights. For the same reason, a Jewish priest is habited as a Christian priest, and the Jewish high-priest as a Christian bishop. The similarity between the pictures of Annas or Caiaphas and the living bishops whom the people saw in their churches, led to the interchange of the terms "chief-priest" and "bishop" in the miracle-plays: the soldiers who seize our Lord in the garden, and drag him before Annas and Caiaphas, always address the two high-priests "Sir Busboppes;" and in the rubric, or stage direction, they are also called "the bishops." The successors of Aaron and the Christian bishops are identical in appearance. Even so far back as Eli, the old high-priest is represented wearing an episcopal mitre, cope, and gloves, in a picture of the dedication of the child Samuel in Mr. Boxall's *Speculum*.

The want of travel, or the want of any other than verbal pictures from those who had travelled, was a cause of many anachronisms. If a city was mentioned in Holy Scripture, and the painter had to represent any part of it, he would put into his background a faithful photograph of whatever city he knew best. This anachronism has proved of some value to us, as M. Hausmann has shewn in his great folios on the history of Paris, who gives copies of French illuminations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in which Paris does duty for Jerusalem. There is a miniature of the shepherds receiving the tidings of the birth of Christ, in which the Seine, the tower of the Temple, the Church of St. Jean-en-Grève, and the Petit Chatelet are translated into

Judea. The early monastic artist would read in the book of Genesis that Rebekah came from Padan-aram on a camel, and alighted from the camel's back the moment she saw Isaac. This meeting has always been a favourite subject with artists. But what is a camel? the monastic painter asked himself. He had never seen one, nor even a picture of one. He gathered from the Bible that it was a beast of burden, and so took as his model for the unknown beast the horse or the ass, which were the only beasts of burden he had ever seen. It was at least a safer plan than that of Mr. Longfellow's German, who, when he had to write a description of a camel, having never seen one, sat down to evolve the idea out of the depths of his consciousness. So we have illuminations of Isaac hurrying to help down Rebekah from her horse or donkey.

The mediæval artists were far more studious and conscientious than we generally think them, for we look superficially upon their quaint mistakes. The means of knowing truth from falsehood which are open to us were closed to them, but they often sought hard for science and knowledge, and used whatever they found. Their odd conscientiousness is sometimes evidenced in the comical literalness of their conceptions. A modern caricaturist has made "*Britannia rule the waves*" with a pencil and ruler; and this is hardly less absurd than some of the representations made by the monastic artists in all seriousness. To picture the blessing of the seventh day, they make six figures stand in front of the Almighty, while a seventh stoops down and receives a sacerdotal benediction (such as the painter saw given from the church altar) from the Creator's uplifted hand. To illustrate the moving of the Spirit "*upon the face of the waters*," the sea is actually drawn as a great human face, the waves forming its flowing hair and its beard. That we may understand the charge of the Creator to the first man, to "*dress the garden and keep it*" (*custodiret* in the Vulgate, which was of course the only text-book of these artists), they shew us a picture of our Saviour handing to Adam a well-made spade and — a bunch of keys!

In all these absurdities there is an innocent conscientiousness. They wished their pictures to convey the truth, and to be exact representatives to the eye of the thought which the Scripture conveyed by words to the ear. This conscientiousness began later to show itself in the gradual adoption of such historical truth as opened before the artist through travel, or through ancient monuments, or through a more critical

study of the Bible text, until we find no more Moabites, Jews, or Romans dressed like Italians or Germans of the middle ages. It is easy to trace the development of the honest attempt of artists to synchronize their pictures; the first germ of a scientific historical art is shewn by adoption of costume and scenery which do not appear in the traditional models. Herod the Great had a body-guard, they bear, of Gauls and Germans: on Trajan's Column, the Italian painters at least had some means of knowing how Gallic and Dacian soldiers were clothed; accordingly, in a picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents," we find the murdering soldiery are dressed after these old bas-reliefs. In others, Herod as a Paynim king, is turbaned like a Turk. Angelico da Fiesole clothes Herod as a Christian king of the middle ages, while his soldiers are habited after the antique Roman model. Giorgione, recognizing in the Egypt of his own day a Mohammedan nation, has (in his "*Choice of Moses*,") dressed Pharaoh and his counsellors like Turks; all are turbaned, though their physiognomy is too western to harmonize with their costume. In a picture seen by Captain Burton in the cathedral of Goa, Pontius Pilate, although an undoubted Roman, wears a huge Turkish turban.

In a "*Nebuchadnezzar's Dream*" of a Speculum of the fifteenth century, the king is lying in bed with his crown on — enough to make any man dream. The anachronism is double; for, first, no king ever yet put on such a hard unwieldy night-cap before going to sleep; and secondly, no king of Babylon slept in a mediæval bedstead under a load of bed-clothes. But we see at once why the artist painted the crown; any contemporary might otherwise have taken it for a picture of a nobleman of his own age in bed, as fit for a book of romances as for a Speculum of salvation; especially as the dream-man hacking at the dream-tree, which is disturbing the sleeper's mind, is a husbandman of the fifteenth century.

Albert Dürer's woodcuts of the Passion have been so widely popularized by copies that we only remind the reader that in them the Roman soldiers of Pilate are dressed like soldiers of the Holy Roman Empire, in the same costume as Retzsch adopted for Faust, Mephistopheles, and the German gentleman in his clever but mannered outlines, which Mr. Selous has also, for some unknown reason, adopted as the proper dress of Christian and Faithful in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Dürer saw imperial soldiers every day; they called the emperor they served the successor of Tiberius, and

this was the dress they wore. The anachronism of the medieval painters offends us the less, because they always give beauty, or dignity, or delicacy to the sacred characters. If they are copies of the persons about them, they are wonderfully refined and de-sensualized copies. In the earliest and the most ill-drawn, there is little to disgust the pious beholder, or to degrade the subject. The same cannot be said of the Dutch and Flemish painters. They, too, outrageously anachronize Holy Writ; but the stout and sprawling dames of Rubens, and the coarse boors of Rembrandt, have not the slightest ideal affinity with the chaste and dignified saint they are meant to represent. Goethe has admirably said, that if Raphael were to paint peasants in an inn, he could not help making them look like apostles; while Teniers could not prevent the persons he would paint for apostles from being taking for Dutch peasants. The fashionable realist may say that Teniers is probably nearer the truth, and that his peasants may be something like the actual apostles; but we should nearly all say these drinking Dutch look very "un-apostolical;" those dignified and thoughtful men look "apostolical." Our patience or impatience at any manifest anachronism depends upon its moral and intellectual spirit. Mrs. Jameson tells us that she has seen a clever picture by an unknown painter of the P. Veronese school in which Isaac is represented as a gay Venetian cavalier. Can one imagine a grosser parody upon the most peaceful and quiet of the patriarchs, the meditative and retiring young man who went out to meditate in the fields at eventide! An earlier painter, though he would have made Isaac's dress equally anachronistic, would shock us less, for he would have drawn the spirit of his subject from the study of the book of Genesis.

Not the least astonishing anachronism in the medieval painters is the perfection which they attribute to the mechanical arts at a very early period. The handsome spade and the bunch of keys which we have seen our Lord presenting to Adam, must, we conclude, have been manufactured by angels. It may be that the presentation is a painted sermon, preaching that the origin of human arts is from God; but it is curious that the angels should have anticipated the shape of spades and the pattern of keys in medieval Europe. Adam's spade, however, is nothing of a wonder when it is compared with his household furniture and his baronial castle, for the illuminators enrich him with both. I have seen a settee with turned columns, excellent carving, and decorated

earthenware tiles, upon which Adam and Eve sat down, side by side, to weep over the dead body of Abel. What loom wove, and what tailor shaped and sewed, their long and beautifully made garments? In Raphael's picture of the "First Family," familiar through its many copies, Adam holds a kind of rude adze: the painter recognizes no flint period, for its head is plainly of metal. The glorious meditative fallen Adam of Milan Cathedral is more fitly holding a stone-headed adze. In the pictures of the Eastern churches, Cain is slaying Abel with a dagger; in the West, his weapon of murder is usually a club; sometimes, however (perhaps with a reference to the proto-martyr of the New Testament), he is painted in the act of stoning his brother to death. Cain and Abel are generally well-dressed men in early illuminations. Lady Eastlake gives the copy of a picture in which Adam's elaborate Gothic castle or mansion forms the background to the figures of the two brothers.

A common instance of anachronism with a purpose is to be seen in many pictures of St. Jerome. The great Latin Father is generally painted reading or praying in his cave, the skin of some beast his only clothing; but in some corner of the cell, in odd contrast to the general wildness of the picture, we discern the well-made red hat of a cardinal. Such a hat was never seen in this world until St. Jerome had been dead at least eight centuries; and it is needless to say that he was a very different cardinal from Cardinal Wolsey, or Cardinal Richelieu, or Cardinal Antonelli. The ascetic doctor would have thought it a sin to put such a gay tasselled thing upon his head, and the untaught might be excused for supposing that it represents those pomps and vanities of the world which he has renounced. Hartley Coleridge discovered a moral purpose in the anachronistic representation of early persecutors as Spanish bishops and inquisitors in the pictures in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.* I have seen some of the Abyssinian church offices brought home by our soldiers after the war; they contain the most curious anachronisms. St. John the Evangelist is figured (as Mr. Curzon long ago described in his *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant*, in some of which Mr. Tozer found Abyssinian monks in his recent visit) with woolly hair; and he even bears on each side of his face the two indelible gashes, with which the Gallas mark their

* In a picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, which is dated 258 A.D., in the reign of the Emperor Valerian, a Spanish bishop is presiding as chief persecutor.

faces, hearts, and arms. Long before the Abyssinian war broke out, in his first edition of his *Wanderings amongst the Fulashas*, Mr. Stern described the famous picture of the "Passage of the Red Sea" in the Church Kudus Yohannes, in which the children of Israel wear the British uniform and carry muskets on their shoulders! The church was indebted for this picture to a gentleman who accompanied the mission of Captain Harris to the court of Shoa; but whether this amateur painter committed the anachronism out of ignorance or out of mischievous impudence, does not appear.

From The Spectator.

THE RIDERLESS WAR-HORSES.

In almost the last letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton from the seat of war before his untimely death, there was a passage which strikes us as describing one of the most pathetic of all the incidents of war, though the pathos of it relates, not to the human belligerents, but to their only active allies in the animal world, the horses. A Prussian hussar, who had got off his horse to carry water to two wounded and dying comrades, was killed, with the poor soldiers he was relieving, by a shell, in the very act of pouring the water down the throat of one of them, and just then his regiment moved off, his empty horse following in the ranks, — whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton remarked: — "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been serjeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few indeed are there which have been in action which have not some honourable scars to show." Again, the *German Post* relates, "that after the slaughter at Vionville, on the 18th of August, a strange and touching spectacle was presented. On the evening call being sounded by the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the

Guard, 602 riderless horses answered to the summons, jaded, and in many cases maimed. The noble animals still retained their disciplined habits." The image of these poor riderless, bleeding creatures going through their drill to the last with punctilious precision, without any regard to the absence of the only hands which could have enforced the duty, and in utter unconsciousness that with the loss of their riders the reason for their evolutions had disappeared, strikes us as one of the most pitiful, though, of course, far from the most grievous, of the incidents of the battle-field. The poor things themselves, of course, suffered no more — probably rather less — from their works of military supererogation, than they would have suffered if, with the same wounds, they had been bearing about their proper riders; and yet there is something that touches the heart much more in this evidence of complete failure to apprehend their part in the system of things to which they belonged, in connection with their unremitting efforts to discharge to the utmost of their failing powers a task the object of which had ceased to exist. It excites a less degree of the same kind of pity which we feel for alienation of mind, when the sufferer diligently makes preparation every day at the same hour for the comfort of one who is long dead. Of course, there is in it none of the contrast between undying love and dead intellectual power, which makes scenes of the latter kind so profoundly pathetic. But then, on the other hand, there is a contrast between the admirable fortitude and discipline of which an animal like the horse is capable, and the entire absence of any of those intellectual or moral roots to fortitude and discipline which have fed them in human character, going beyond the analogy even of alienation of mind. That the implanted lessons given by man, and the new sense of collective order they have conveyed, although they have never carried their own drift and meaning with them, should triumph so completely over the animal impulses of pain and lassitude, and this, too, when there is no one left to appeal to the creature's spirit and command its obedience, fills us with pity, probably because it gives us so vivid a picture of a creature whose characteristic nature is far more than touched, absolutely controlled and exalted, by the influences of a higher life — in which, nevertheless, it can reach to no full or satisfying participation.

From The Spectator.
THE CONSCIENCE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON
BONAPARTE.

THE question whether the Ex-Emperor of the French has been gifted with a conscience, and if so, what it is like, what he has done to give it keenness of nerve, in what fashion he has blunted its power of communicating with his brain, or in what degree he has listened to its promptings, threatens to take its place among the riddles of history, and to perplex the moralists of the future. On the one side stand the eulogists of the Emperor, who hold all his acts to be so many signs of wisdom, and of a wish to live for the good of his country. Such men laud him as the best Sovereign that ever ruled over France; pronounce the *coup d'état* to have been dictated by the necessity of saving France from anarchy; and, in a word, see in the Ex-Emperor, not only the most sagacious man of his time, but also one of the best. On the other side stands a phalanx of satirists represented by Victor Hugo. The only colour on the palette of those artists is lamp black. Morally they paint the Ex-Emperor as dark as a negro, array him in the livery of the Devil, and then invoke the execration of history. Between the poles of blind eulogy and equally blind denunciation stand a crowd of critics, who confess that they do not know what to make of the man, and in that puzzled corps we find M. Renan. Writing on the political state of France, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, this subtle critic has said:—"The character of the Emperor Napoleon III. is a problem on which, even when we shall possess data which are now beyond our reach, we must express ourselves with much caution. Few historic subjects will stand so much in need of retouching; and if, within fifty years, we have no critic as profound as M. Sainte Beuve, as conscientious, as careful not to efface contradictions, but to explain them, the Emperor Napoleon III. will never be rightly judged." M. Renan's historical studies must force him to view with profound suspicion the verdicts which the mass of people pronounce on those types of men whose mental and moral organization is marked by subtlety of thought and motive. In real life a Hamlet would never be understood. His vacillation, the intricacy of the path by which his mind travels from motive to deed, and the aberrations from what might seem to be the normal orbit of action, would all puzzle that vast class of persons who shape their life at the dictate of a few plain maxims, and do not see, or even suspect, that

outside their own little world of duty there lies a whole universe of right and wrong.

It would not be difficult for a subtle critic to write a plausible defence of all the worst acts done by Louis Napoleon. As hard a task was undertaken by Mr. Froude when he accepted a brief for Henry VIII.; a harder task had been accepted by Mr. Lewes in his defence of Nero; and, by the side of De Quincey's apology for Judas Iscariot, an apology for the author of the *coup d'état* might seem trivial. The first count in the indictment would be, that Prince Louis tried to make France rise in rebellion against Louis Philippe; but many good men have stirred up rebellions for good causes, and it might be plausibly argued that the Prince had a good cause when he sought to replace a Government which was essentially ignoble, by a Government which, in accordance with the traditions of the great Emperor, should give France glory abroad and prosperity at home. Again, the Prince broke the oath which he swore as President of the Republic, and destroyed that Republic which he had sworn to maintain. But the question whether political oaths are as obligatory as personal, and whether circumstances may not destroy their binding force, is one of the most difficult problems in the whole range of ethics. By her coronation oath our own Queen was bound to maintain the Protestant religion in Ireland no less than in England; but when Parliament decreed that the Protestant Church of Ireland should be disestablished, she felt that, as respects Ireland, the people had released her from the vow, and that they had the power to grant such a dispensation; nor will the soundness of her judgment be impugned, except by the blindest bigotry. All the members of the French Army took an oath of allegiance to the Emperor, which the remnants of the force are now keeping by lending allegiance to the Republic. The same oath was taken by M. Gambetta and M. Jules Favre, who were the first to proclaim the downfall of the Empire, and the establishment of a Republic. Prince Louis, it is true, excused the breach of his oath on the plea that the National Assembly was filled with persons who strove by their plots to paralyze the authority which he had received from the people; and M. de Tocqueville asserted not only that the statement was untrue, but that the Prince knew it to be untrue. Yet the word of the philosopher, although valuable as a proof that the members of the Assembly had not entered into a plot, does not prove that the President said what he himself knew to be

false. Perhaps he really fancied that if he did not strike down the Assembly, that body would strike down him. At last, M. de Montalembert, the most religious of men, feared so much that the action of the Assembly would bring anarchy to France and desolation to the Church, that he sang the praises of the author of the *coup d'état* as the man who "had put to flight the whole of the Revolutionists, the whole of the Socialists, and the whole of the bandits of France and Europe." The same devotee warned the religious men of France that "to vote against Louis Napoleon would be to invite the dictatorship of the Reds, in place of the dictatorship of a Prince who had rendered for three years incomparable service to the cause of order and catholicism." And even if we assume that Louis Napoleon did tell a lie to the French people, he would, alas! not stand alone among the political men whom the world has agreed to honour. Cavour told a lie to the Italian Parliament when he solemnly declared that he had not ceded an inch of Italian territory to the Emperor of the French. On the subject of political lies, a subtle casuist might discourse for a year, and might plausibly argue that no statesman ever tells the real truth to a popular assembly; but glosses over ugly facts, or leaves false impressions by means of evasive sentences. Pitt's whole system of oratory was a system of rhetorical lying. A Queen's Speech might be described as an ungrammatical lie, if anybody expected such a document to tell the truth. The Prince-President however, not only told a lie; but shot down the people in the streets of Paris because, by erecting barricades and firing muskets, some few Parisians showed that they did not believe his words. But, perhaps, it was the subordinates of the President who were responsible for the massacre; or, perhaps, the massacre was unavoidable, and the shooting of innocent wives and children was only a "misfortune," like the burning alive of the women and children in the village of Bezeilles the other day, when the Bavarians opened fire on the houses for strategical reasons; or, perhaps, — there is no end of the "perhapses" which might flow from the pen of a clever casuist who had been trained in the school of Loyola. The prisoners taken in the street fight, however, were shot down by scores in cold blood a full day after the battle had ceased; and surely the President must bear the responsibility of those wholesale and deliberate murders, surely they will cover his name with infamy until the end of time. "Not necessarily," might be the reply of

the casuist, "for they may have been done by De Morny and Persigny, without the authority, or even the knowledge, of the man whom they called their master. The evidence is too scanty to allow of our accurately deciding the guilt. As M. Renan says we must wait for our facts and our Sainte Beuve." But, again, the Emperor declared war against Prussia on grounds which the whole civilized world pronounced to be a mere pretext. He declared war to save his dynasty. He deliberately sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands, and he brought misery to a million homes, rather than permit the throne of France to slip from the grasp of himself and his son. "But," replies the casuist, "that is an assumption which no court of law would receive as evidence. France wished for war; and even such French statesmen as M. Thiers, who held the causes assigned for the present war to be insufficient, would gladly have welcomed a war with Germany if it had been waged to prevent her from becoming the rival of France, and been declared at a time when France was prepared to strike. Nay, it was the insane jealousy with which the French people regarded a united Germany, and their immoral passion for *la gloire*, that forced the Emperor to attack the Prussian troops. He was not his own master. He was forced to go with the stream. He went with it sorely against his will, and saddened by the presentiment that he was going to meet political death. Thus he has been the victim of circumstances."

Such are the pleas with which a clever casuist might defend Louis Napoleon at the bar of morality, and the case would give room for the display of wonderful subtlety. A casuist of the school assailed by Pascal would delight to hold a brief for the defence. He would delight to undertake the task, for the same reason that a dexterous surgeon might glow with pleasure when about to execute an operation demanding such consummate delicacy and boldness of stroke that the life of the patient would be lost if the scalpel were to go a hair's breadth too deep into the mass of flesh and tissue. The casuist would delight to hold a brief in the cause of Morality *v.* Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, because the evidence against the prisoner at the bar seems so strong, and the verdict of guilty so sure. And the arguments by which he would seek to turn the point of the evidence, or to secure a mitigation of sentence, are precisely such as a skilful Old Bailey practitioner would employ to defend a man who had not only committed a murder, but had been so unfortunate as to

be caught in the act. Such answers as we have suggested to the impeachment of Louis Napoleon are precisely similar to the pleas that might be suggested in favour of Bill Sykes. Caligula could be defended on similar grounds; so could Fouquier Tinville; so, whatever may have been the opinion of Macaulay, could Barrère; and so could that paragon of activity and filial piety, Troppmann, who killed a whole French family in order to provide for his poor relations.

However, it is a weary task to shriek out accusations against the Ex-Emperor; the task of interest is to understand the man, by looking into what he is pleased to call his conscience, as we should look into a curious watch, that always revealed its presence by loud ticking, and always told a lie about the time of day. The real explanation of his acts is, we believe, to be found in the theory by which Prevost-Paradol accounts for the moral aberrations of the First Napoleon. In perhaps the most remarkable passage ever penned by the unhappy journalist, it is contended that the great Napoleon wrote on the page of history an everliving record of selfish ambition and gigantic crime, not because he was morally worse than the mass of men, but because in point of intellect he was immeasurably greater. Morally, Napoleon I. was an average man,—that is to say, he was selfish enough to prefer himself and his family to the nation, which had cast itself at his feet, and given its destiny into his keeping. He did, on a vast scale, what is done on a small by the average British Philistine, who fancies that to make one's family comfortable, and to pay one's rates, and to undersell one's neighbour is the whole duty of man. But the average British Philistine is so wretchedly endowed with brain, and so incapable of following any train of thought to its logical result, that he cannot conceive any aims grander than those of the counting-house, or any code of right and wrong other than that furnished by the parson. Thus his selfishness has little room to act. He is like a cow tethered in a field of clover, and with a bandage over its eyes, so that it cannot stray beyond a small circle, or see that the sweet clover stretches far beyond its little orbit in a billowy expanse of green. If the ordinary British Philistine were as richly endowed with intellect as with selfishness, these islands would be made uninhabitable in a week, and the children of light would be forced to beg that Von Moltke would smite the Philistines "from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same."

But the Philistine is so delightfully stupid as to be one of those good members of society who make a fortune, and live respectably, or, at the worst die in the odour of sanctity and pecuniary debt. Napoleon the Great, on the other hand, added the selfishness of a Philistine to the intellect of a Titan. He was a monster, not because he lacked a conscience, but, as Prevost-Paradol justly indicates, because the strength of his conscience bore no relation to the strength of his brain. His aim was to make himself the first man in all the world, and then, let us not doubt, to give the world such justice of law, such success of commerce, such breadth of culture, and such grandeur of aim as it had never known before. All things were to be done for mankind, if only mankind would permit the work to be executed by Napoleon, and only allow the glory to be his. All things must be done by him, whatever might be the cost in tears and blood. And, indeed, how trivial must the tears and blood of a few million people, during one paltry generation, have seemed to a Napoleon, with his eyes forecasting the results of a thousand years, and a time when history should speak of Napoleon in the same breath with Cæsar and Charlemagne! It was as natural for such a man to waste a million lives as it is for a British Philistine to effect a huge transaction on the Stock Exchange, and thus to beggar his neighbour, if he receive early intelligence of the fact that France has declared war against Prussia, or that the army of Marshal MacMahon has capitulated at Sedan. The Philistine cannot understand how a Napoleon can be so wicked, for precisely the same reason as he cannot understand Kant's "Philosophy of the Unconditioned." He fails to follow the windings, and the impulses, and the flights of a Satanic intellect, not because he himself is too pure to have a sympathetic comprehension of the promptings of evil, but because he is too unimaginative to conceive crimes of Napoleonic grandeur, and too stupid to follow the reflective process of a Napoleonic brain. And yet there have been Philistines whose own career in the world of commerce had somewhat of a Napoleonic sweep. There have been speculators for whom the world has seemed too small. And as railway, or as cotton, or as stock-jobbing kings, those men have been mighty conquerors, with grand aims and without scruples, the artificers of colossal work, and the authors of the ruin which has fallen on a million homes. Such men, if they were able to analyze the motives by which they have been driven from the slum of the huckster

to the throne of the commercial dictator, could reveal with terrible vividness the temptations that lure on a Bonaparte from the position of a humble citizen of the Republic to that of an autocrat. Such men are seized with the idea that it would be a magnificent feat to bridge the Channel, since the link would make France and England friends for ever, and since, before all things, the iron highway from island to continent would give undying fame and boundless power to him by whom it should be executed. So, in season and out of season, the plans are thrust on the notice of the world. The world is careless; it must be stimulated by eloquent prophecies. It is sceptical; it must be convinced by facts. It is dull of comprehension; the facts must be arrayed in the garb of that rhetoric which uses adjectives only of the superlative degree. The world fails to see the meaning of facts; it must be taught truth by means of lies. It does not know its own interest; so it must be treated like a baby by the Napoleon of the Stock Exchange. And yet one day the Napoleon finds that, in spite of all his good intentions, the mighty scheme for binding nations together by means of iron rods has signally failed; that the sea has washed the fabric away; that his schemes have driven a thousand families to eat the bread of charity or toil; and that, strange as the fact may seem, he, the Napoleon of his age, is pursued into exile by the curses of those to whom he meant to be a second Providence.

Thus we get a clue to the nature of the man who, after destroying the French Republic, and ruling France for twenty years with sagacity and success, plunged into the most foolish as well as the most unprovoked war recorded in modern history, and ended his career in the mightiest capitulation known to military annals. The personal ability of Napoleon III. has been exaggerated by his admirers. He does not stand on the same plane as his uncle, to whom nature had given one of those originating and organizing brains which she fashions once in a thousand years. Nor, in diplomatic subtlety, fertility of resource, or sagacious audacity of plan, is he the equal of such men as Cavour and Bismarck. But he acquired immense power from the profound study of one political system, and the fanatical belief in one political idea. He was a Bonapartist by conviction as well as by blood. The worship of his uncle's name, and the study of his uncle's plans, had taught him to regard the system of Imperialism with some such faith as the devotee regards the mission of the Church. In Imperialism he found a re-

ligion, and in his uncle a Messiah. He worshipped at the shrine of Napoleon, and the one aim of his life was to ride into supreme power over France on the wings of his uncle's fame, his uncle's system of government, his uncle's schemes for universal peace. He found Louis Philippe in the way, but why should he permit his way to be blocked by a man who was the type of *bourgeois* vulgarity, and whose aims were desperately common-place; whose crowning ambition was to enrich his family, and whose parade of love for the plebeians was so hollow that, as Heine sarcastically said, he always used the same old dirty glove to cover the hand with which he shook the hands of his unwashed subjects? Louis Philippe must be put out of the way. So must the Republic, with its blustering, its quarrelling, and its inability to comprehend the grandeur of the scheme which had been unfolded by Prince Louis Bonaparte in the comments on the ideas of his uncle. A *coup d'état* must be effected, and the Republic must bear the blame of the unfortunate necessity. The subsequent massacre was an unhappy incident; but the Republic must bear the blame of that too; Persigny had sworn to that fact with abundant gusto. If untruths must be told and lives sacrificed, in order to found the Empire, the plan, after all, had the warrant of all time. For, whatever might be said by the theologians, evil had uniformly been done in order to bring forth good. That was Nature's plan; that was the only plan open to a great statesman; and that should be the plan of Louis Napoleon. When men talked of morality, he asked what they meant, and showed, by a small expenditure of subtlety, that they were building houses upon the sand. It was easy for so able a man to demolish the foundations of the Philistine morality, and easy to laugh at the bugbears which the priests had instilled into his wife, — a passion for masses as well as for crinoline. And, moreover, the system of Imperialism would shower such abundant blessings on France and Europe as could never rain down from the arid sky of a Republic or a Monarchy. Italy should be free and united; Mexico should be a great Empire, the representative in America of the Latin races, and the rival of the United States; while France should be made as rich as England by the influences of free-trade. The scheme did not lack grandeur; it lacked nothing but justice and truth. It forgot but one thing — the existence of a moral law. It has failed, as all such schemes will fail in a world of freedom. A high priest of the religion of Selfishness, Louis

Napoleon now expiates in exile the sins which he committed in the day when the magic of his uncle's name, and the worship of his uncle's system, gave him such power as comes, perhaps, only once in a generation to any of the children of men.

From The Economist.
AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

THE movement reported from Australia in favour of federation has, we imagine, the full consent of the Colonial Office, even if it was not suggested from this side, and we trust that as it advances it will receive the warm support of the English public. From any possible point of view except one the federation of these colonies will be an advantage to themselves, to Great Britain, and the world. It might be a disadvantage if Great Britain ever contemplated the idea of holding them by force, but as that is given up even by the strongest Imperialists the objection may be dismissed without discussion. Federation will be an advantage to the Australians themselves, because it will introduce into their politics just that amount of complication which is necessary to produce statesmen. The defect of colonial politics as a training school for Government is a certain simplicity, or — to take a phrase from a different region of thought — a certain lowness of type, as of an organism not yet fully developed. The colonists have no frontiers, no foreign affairs, no external yet ever present restraining influence; they have no one to consult but themselves, nothing to fear except a change in local public opinion. The consequence is that, like Anglo-Indians, they become very clever but very narrow reasoners, think much too little of obstacles, and are apt to grow into vehement doctrinaires of the parochial kind. Federation does much to correct all this. The relations between the provinces and the Central Government soon require delicate adjustment, self-restraint, a habit of regarding circumstances other than those of the immediate locality, which all tend to widen men's minds, and take them out of an otherwise narrow groove. The sense of immense and general responsibilities solemnizes politicians, while the same sense in a

different form enlarges the view of their electors, tempts them to overlook petty drawbacks in their representatives, and gradually fosters that first of political virtues, a readiness to make sacrifices. For instance, a central Government in Australia would very soon require the control and the produce of the Customs, now the sheet-anchor of Australian taxation. Hence a new and a higher view of the pressure inflicted by tariffs, a readiness to endure direct taxation, and a new and much-wanted appreciation of the uses of economy. The pride of nationality moreover, sure to spring up in a federation with a special name and a separate place in the world, is an element in political culture, and so is the sense of community with other and allied States situated in the same region, united by similar interests, and having for a common object equal burdens. The Australians have hitherto had none of these things, their relation to England having been too much that of the grown-up child to its parent — that is, no disciplinary relation at all, except in extreme cases recurring but once in a generation. Then federation is better for England, because the colonies must either be allies or dependents, and in either case an increase in their power must be an addition to ours. This is peculiarly the case in Australia, which is clearly adapted by its position to become a great maritime State; to maintain fleets rather than armies; to perform, in fact, functions which can be performed effectively only by considerable Powers. Any country can have an army if it will put its whole people into the field, but only a country of a certain width of resource can keep an armed fleet at sea. Ireland could maintain a great army, but not great squadrons. And finally the experiment must, in the long run, be beneficial to the world. It is impossible to glance at the map and not see that the work of "exploiting," civilizing, and, may be, of conquering the Southern half of the shattered Continent, which we call the Indian Archipelago, with its magnificent islands, savage races, and tropical products, must fall ultimately to the rulers of the Australian Continent, that we are too far off, Holland too weak, and all other nations too occupied or too indifferent. That great task will be much facilitated by the creation of a central Government.

From The Economist.
DO THE CONDITIONS REQUISITE FOR A
STABLE GOVERNMENT EXIST IN FRANCE?

THE new Government in France was made according to custom. By long and painful experience, France has attained what may be called a routine in revolutions. First, the old Government breaks down, and everyone sees it must fall; then the sitting Assembly — the *Corps Législatif*, the *Chambre des Députés*, or whatever be the name at the time — votes that the Government shall go and begins to occupy itself with the various substitutes; it entertains such and such motions, and hears this or that speech upon the subject; when all at once the mob of Paris rushes in — expels both speakers and hearers, and names a Provisional Government such as suits it, or rather such as suits the views and wishes of the leaders who have, for the time being, the command of it. This process has been repeated so often that Paris expects it, and France yields to it; but, unhappily, this is not the end of the series. After a short interval, the Government, thus nominated by the mob of Paris, quarrels with that mob. The Government, as a Government, wishes to keep law and order, and then it becomes opposed to the mob which wants something else than law and order. The mob was urged to name the new Government by strong passions and vague hopes; in a few days it finds those hopes still distant, and those passions still ungratified; it soon begins to hate its own creature, in a little while after it is in arms against it. Every Government thus nominated by an insurrection is soon presented with the inevitable problem — shall we yield to a second insurrection which wants to put new rulers in our place, or shall we resist it by force? The mob-named Government has to ask itself — shall we yield to the mob or shall we resign? As long as Governments yield to the mob the Revolution continues; whenever the Government begins to coerce the mob the *reaction* commences. And that reaction, according to its strength, continues perhaps months, perhaps years, till a new opportunity comes, a new mob succeeds, and a new revolution begins. The Empire which has now fallen was but the end of a strong reaction caused by the terror of a long revolution. Is there reason to hope that the new Republic will be more lasting than its predecessors — that the French nation has reached the end of its many changes, or is materially nearer to it?

To this question we fear the answer that is much the most likely to be right is the negative. Events often confound probab-

ity, especially in France (and we shall be glad to be wrong); but still every appearance shows that Europe has not now to deal with the permanent Government in France, but only with one of many ephemeral Governments — that the Republic is not to be counted on for duration any more than its predecessors — that, perhaps, the pre-requisites of a stable Government do not exist in France, and that if they do they are very difficult to find and satisfy.

The commonest aid to stability — an ancient Government resting on recognized dignity and ineradicable veneration — it is plain the French have not and cannot have. After eighty years of change their scene of politics is still a *tabula rasa*. They have had eleven Governments in that time, with their average duration of seven years each, and such an experience is fatal to hereditary veneration. The mass of the English people obey Queen Victoria without knowing why or wishing to know why, and England is coherent because they do so. The only approach to such a feeling in France was loyalty to the Empire. Much, very much, may be said against the first Napoleon, but after all this remains — that scarcely any character and scarcely any career were more fitted to awaken and to live in the popular imagination. The French peasantry knew of nothing before and thought of nothing after him. The second Napoleon had no similar glorious qualities; but he had more homely attractions. For eighteen years he gave all Frenchmen — all peasants and all working men — a greater amount of happiness than any one before him. Though not fit to attract a race, it seemed as if he was exactly fit to rivet a race before attracted. But now that is over; the happiness of the Empire is turned into pain, and its glory into ignominy. The surrender of Sedan will be remembered as long as “the sun of Austerlitz;” and the memory of conscript sons, wrung from home only to die or be defeated, is sad and bitter in every French village. Only this spring there was a kind of vague hope that some kind of free or half-free Empire might cement the active mind of France with its inert mass of prejudice. But now such a hope is so irrecoverable that it is difficult, even to those who wrote and said so, to understand that they ever believed it. There is no government now possible in France that is helped by an hereditary attachment or the prestige of glory. The Empire was the only government which had a pretence of being such, and that has fallen so as to dispel its glory and to destroy all affection for it.

France is then left to a Government of

pure reason — at least to make a Government on grounds of pure argument and reason. But at once comes the difficulty that there is in France a great want of what Lord Bacon called "dry light." Every opinion there is, in the Baconian language, "steeped in the humours of the affections." There is no large number and no powerful order of persons holding opinions on the grounds of reason or argument. Poor Provost-Paradol used to maintain that the educated bourgeoisie in Paris and in a few other towns was such a body, but he admitted its powerlessness, and he was himself an example of it. When he became a candidate for Nantes, he could not obtain votes enough to make a decent minority. Neither the party for the Empire nor the party against it cared for him and his reasons. But in default of political reasons there are in France two intense political passions — the passion of property among the country peasants, and the passion for socialism among the town *ouvriers*. And, unhappily, these passions are entirely opposed. "Socialism" is an obscure term, and the idea in the minds of those who cleave to it is of the vaguest and wildest kind; still, on the whole, it means a system wishing to amend property — a system incompatible with present property. The passionate part of the Republicans in 1848, the only part of them who were eager and many, meant more or less distinctly what Louis Blanc said distinctly. He aimed avowedly at a system in which wages received should be proportionate not to work done but to wants felt. He would have given a man with many children much and a man with few children little, and he would have taxed without limit existing property for that object. A still more violent reasoner invented the celebrated phrase "*La propriété, c'est le vol*," or "Property is robbery." And this is only a strict deduction from the elementary wish of socialists that all men are to "start fair." In that case all inherited property is unjust, and all gifts among the living by which the children of the rich become better off than the children of the poor are unjust too. Both violate the equality of the start; both make life an adjusted and "handicapped" race — an existence where accidental advantages impair or outweigh intrinsic qualities. Roughly it may be said that the main desire of the city socialists in France, on grounds more or less honest, is to attack property; and that the sole desire of the country peasants is, on grounds more or less selfish, to maintain property. And between the two how can you mediate? or, out of the

two combined how can you make anything? The antagonism is as perfect as between *plus* and *minus*; you can make up no compound; you can find no intermediate term; you must choose between the two.

The selection can, we fear, only be made by force; hitherto at least it has been so. Paris is France for the purpose of making a Government, but it is not France for the purpose of keeping a Government. The Parisians put in a Republic by revolution resting more or less on socialism and the artisans. The Republic, as its nature requires, appeals to the people — that is, to the country. In response to the appeal back comes an assembly full of dislike to the socialistic Republic — above all things anxious for property — full of the panic of the proprietary peasantry. And then begins the strife between the conservative Chamber and the innovating mob — a strife which is too keen and internecine to be confined to words only — which soon takes to arms and to the streets, and settles the victory there. If the Republic asks France not for a Chamber but for a President, the result will be the same in essence. The President will be, as Louis Napoleon was, the nominee of the country; while the Republic was, like the present Republic, the choice of the towns.

And the worst is that the most desirable Governments for France, as a philosopher or at any rate as an Englishman would judge, are very popular nowhere. The political Republic — the Republic without socialism — the Orleanist monarchy — appeal neither to the passions of the country nor to those of the towns. The peasant does not connect them with his *terre*; the *ouvrier* does not connect them with his schemes. They rest on pure reason, and are weak accordingly. The Parliamentary system — the best form of free Government, as we believe — is an exotic in France, and has never yet thriven there. And the defect goes very deep. Frenchmen as yet have never shown themselves able to bear exciting discussion. A French Assembly at a critical moment is not a deliberating Senate, but a yelling mob. Everybody speaks or cries; no one hears; and an ineffectual President rings incessantly the bell which calls members to order, but to which no member attends. Outside it is the same. Each man reads his own newspaper, becomes more and more enamoured of its "logic," but he does not read the journals of his opponents. He does not put his first principles side by side with theirs and see fairly which is best. French parties are more like sects in religion than like our Eng-

lish political parties. For the most part they only examine deductions from admitted premises, and as these premises differ, the better the logic the further the deviation. Even if the nation were as much united as most nations, this habit of mind would be a serious hindrance to free Government. Even the common questions of policy and administration incident to a free country cannot properly be discussed in such a manner. But when the active political part of the nation is divided into two hostile camps, when one-half fear above all things what the other half above all things wish, what can anyone expect from a mode of arguing which of its own nature confirms each party in its own opinion, and widens

the breach between them? Steady discussion is hardly possible in a nation which is naturally excitable, which is prone to hope and prone to terror, both to exaggeration, upon questions causing fanatical passion, and by a logic which excites everyone and convinces no one.

We have elsewhere spoken of the contingent possibilities of peace and war, and therefore need say nothing here. That the present crisis is soon certain to elicit the worst effects of these faults is very plain, and if it had not been so we should not now have dwelt on them, for France has come to that pitch of misfortune at which it is painful to say anything but good of her.

AT LYME REGIS.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

I.

CALM, azure, marble sea
As a fair palace pavement largely spread,
Where the gray bastions of the eternal hills
Lean over languidly,
Bosom'd with leafy trees, and garlanded!

II.

Peace is on all I view;
Sunshine and peace; earth clear as heaven one
hour;
Save where the sailing cloud its dusky line
Ruffles along the blue,
Brush'd by the soft wing of the silent shower.

III.

In no profounder calm
Did the great Spirit over ocean brood,
Ere the first hill his yet unclouded crest
Rear'd, or the first fair palm
Doubled her maiden beauty in the flood.

IV.

Yet if the sapphire veil
That rounds the verge were rent aside, what fast
Flashings of flame blood-red, and blood-red
smoke,
What crash of steel-tipp'd hail,
Across this calm what horror would be cast!

V.

Here, in her ancient home
Peace, sovran set since Commons warr'd with
King:—
There, the fair plains where none has lived his
life
Unvex'd by din of drum,
Or clash of arms, or panic hurrying.

VI.

Here, Nature's gentlest hues:—
There, on the dinted field a crimson stream,
River of death, once life, corrupts the turf;
And the pure natural dews
Rise rank and lurid mid the charnel steam.

VII.

Here, in God's acre, death
Smooths a green couch of rest for the white
head,—
There, stack'd in piles of tortured flesh, the
young,
Gasping a quick, hot breath,
Envy the gentler portion of the dead.

VIII.

I see the dark array
As a long snake unroll itself, and thrust
Against a wall of flame; then decompose,
Arrested in mid way;
Writhing at first; now motionless in dust.

IX.

Unswerving files! ye went
Right on the gaping mouths of hail and fire,
For God and Fatherland,—as they, whose lives,
Through glorious error spent,
At Balaklava made the world admire!

X.

Or a beleaguer'd town
The floods of war out all around surveys,
And holds on with stout heart, though the dread
bomb
In her mild streets rain down,
And wolf-gaunt famine prowls through all her
ways.

XI.

—— Fair France! Great Germany!
 What less than demon impulse, lust of ill,
 Could taint the natural love of man for man
 With hellish savagery,
 Its selfish aims through ruin to fulfil?

XII.

Was it for this your hands
 Master'd each kindly trade, each art in life?
 The mind explored all knowledge, and the wit
 Flash'd wisdom through all lands;
 And all to glut the cannon and the knife?

XIII.

Not when earth soaks with gore,
 And man on man halloo the fiendish chase,
 Send forth your red-cross knights to nurse the
 dead!

But going forth before,
 Staunch the mad jealousy of race 'gainst race.

XIV.

The boast of brotherhood,
 The pride of science, progress, skill, and wealth,
 Shame us : — for each hard-conquer'd gain, the
 world

Rolls back its weary road,
 And the kind makes no step to higher health.

XV.

He who against the slope
 Heaved the returning rock, and heaved again,
 Was man's true ancestor : — ourselves to know,
 In hope to work 'gainst hope,—
 This is the sole advance the Fates ordain.

XVI.

Peace!—in the very word
 There seems a blessing; Peace! From thoughts
 too deep
 Turn to fair Nature's teachings, and the calm,
 By fretful man unstirr'd,
 Her gentle laws in even current keep.

XVII.

No fruitless strife she holds,
 No jealous war for bare supremacy;
 But Order binds the elements, and Love
 By strong attraction folds
 All atoms in one golden unity.

XVIII.

Nor fair Utopian plan
 Nor false horizons lure her from her road:
 Where Fatesays "Yield," she yields; and what
 she would
 Changing for what she can,
 Transmutes all evil into final good.

XIX.

God's ways he best divines
 Who tracks it, frankly bold, yet calm with
 To whom, through strife, and seeming w
 and death,

The night of Nature, shines
 The central star of Reason and of Law.

F. T.

JUNE MEMORIES.

The leaves drift down in forest ways;
 The wind moans with a voice of pain;
 But through the dim September days,
 Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
 The memories of a happy June
 Come back to me again —

A June for evermore that lies,
 A pearl of purest, rarest bliss,
 Shrined in delicious memories :
 Sweet words and sweeter silence blest
 With dewy twilights, and the scent
 Of thick-flowered clematis;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass
 Under oak-shadows cool and dark;
 The drone of insects in the grass,
 Through the hot noon-day hushed and sti
 Pierced only by the sudden trill
 Of one up-soaring lark;

The plash of oars at eventide:
 The low clear rippling of the stream
 Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
 With lispng rustle in the reeds,
 And slowly from the bank recedes
 The sunset's violet gleam —

Lingering in many lanes to hear
 The nightingale's first liquid notes
 Pour rich and full. From meadows near
 Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise;
 The moon across the tranquil skies
 A globe of silver floats;

And all through the long summer days
 My heart thrills to the fervent tones
 Of one loved voice; a tender gaze
 Follows me ever. Strangely bright
 Life lies beneath love's mystic light.—
 But now the wild wind moans :

From their dead stalks the flowers are gon
 The leaves are swept by autumn rain;
 I watch in silence and alone;
 And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
 The memories of the sweet June days
 Come back to me again.

Chambers' Journ

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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XI.

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XIII.

Not when earth soaks with gore,
And man on man hallooos the fiendish chase,
Send forth your red-cross knights to nurse the
dead!
But going forth before,
Staunch the mad jealousy of race 'gainst race.

XIV.

The boast of brotherhood,
The pride of science, progress, skill, and wealth,
Shame us: — for each hard-conquer'd gain, the
world
Rolls back its weary road,
And the kind makes no step to higher health.

XV.

He who against the slope
Heaved the returning rock, and heaved again,
Was man's true ancestor: — ourselves to know,
In hope to work 'gainst hope, —
This is the sole advance the Fates ordain.

XVI.

Peace! — in the very word
There seems a blessing; Peace! From thoughts
too deep
Turn to fair Nature's teachings, and the calm,
By fretful man unstirr'd,
Her gentle laws in even current keep.

XVII.

No fruitless strife she holds,
No jealous war for bare supremacy;
But Order binds the elements, and Love
By strong attraction folds
All atoms in one golden unity.

XVIII.

Nor fair Utopian plan
Nor false horizons lure her from her road:
Where Fate says "Yield," she yields; and what
she would
Changing for what she can,
Transmutes all evil into final good.

XIX.

God's ways he best divines
Who tracks it, frankly bold, yet calm with awe;
To whom, through strife, and seeming waste,
and death,
The night of Nature, shines
The central star of Reason and of Law.

F. T. P.

JUNE MEMORIES.

THE leaves drift down in forest ways;
The wind moans with a voice of pain;
But through the dim September days,
Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
The memories of a happy June
Come back to me again —

A June for evermore that lies,
A pearl of purest, rarest bliss,
Shrined in delicious memories:
Sweet words and sweeter silence blest
With dewy twilights, and the scent
Of thick-flowered clematis;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass
Under oak-shadows cool and dark;
The drone of insects in the grass,
Through the hot noon-day hushed and still,
Pierced only by the sudden trill
Of one up-soaring lark;

The plash of oars at eventide:
The low clear rippling of the stream
Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
With lisp'ing rustle in the reeds,
And slowly from the bank recedes
The sunset's violet gleam —

Lingering in many lanes to hear
The nightingale's first liquid notes
Pour rich and full. From meadows near,
Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise;
The moon across the tranquil skies
A globe of silver floats;

And all through the long summer days
My heart thrills to the fervent tones
Of one loved voice; a tender gaze
Follows me ever. Strangely bright
Life lies beneath love's mystic light. —
But now the wild wind moans:

From their dead stalks the flowers are gone,
The leaves are swept by autumn rain;
I watch in silence and alone;
And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
The memories of the sweet June days
Come back to me again.

Chambers' Journal.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1377.—October 22, 1870.

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FADED FLOWERS.

O FADED flowers! so lovely still in death, —
 So fair, so frail, it seems as though a breath,
 A whispering wind, would all your beauty
 mar, —
 How sad, yet O how true, a type ye are
 Of man's fast-fading life and hopes below!
 To my sad heart to-night ye speak, I know,
 Of cherished hopes, that in my youth seemed
 bright,
 But which, like ye, have faded in my sight,
 And drooped, and died, and passed away from
 earth
 With all the joys that in them had their birth.
 And as I gaze upon ye, faded flowers,
 My thoughts fly back to happy bygone hours,
 Until before me rise, as in a dream,
 The forms of those (sweet faded flowers they
 seem)
 Whom in those early days I loved and lost —
 Like flow'rets, killed while in the bud by frost!
 Alas, that in our lives it should be so!
 And yet is it the fate of all below;
 Our hopes must fade, and friends must pass
 away,
 Until we reach "a land of purer day;"
 For there, O faded flowers! they all, like ye,
 Shall bloom afresh, and still more lovely be;
 The hopes we've lost, the loved ones whom we
 mourn,
 More bright and beautiful shall then return,
 And, like sweet everlasting flowers, shall bloom
 In regions where no fading e'er shall come;
 Where friends, and hopes, and flowers shall live
 for aye,
 And "lovely things, and sweet, pass not away."
 Tinsley's Magazine.

WHITHER?

ALL spangled are the beech trees, with motes of
 autumn gold,
 And 'neath their spreading red leaves is many
 a love-tale told;
 O'erclouds the sky with shadow, the thunder-
 showers fall,
 And fade away the sunbeams—away beyond
 recall.

The babbling brook o'er-ripples the pebbles
 smooth and white,
 The water-lilies quiver, and tremble in the
 light;
 Arise the wind and tempest, from whence we
 may not know,
 The brook becomes a torrent, away the lilies
 flow!

The prisoned lark is stirring his little throat to
 raise
 The song that once on green turf he sang to
 Heaven's praise;

His shrill sweet notes ascending, in melody up-
 rise,
 Re-echoing till their music is lost amid the skies.

Ah! Whither go the gold motes, and where the
 lilies white,
 Borne onward by the torrent resistless from our
 sight?
 And whither goes the brooklet, and where the
 birdie's lay,
 Is it unto that Hereafter, whither all must pass
 away?

All The Year Round.

THE VOICE OF NEMESIS TO THE
REPUBLIC.

THE Empire's dead : in open day
 France scans with dauntless eye her fate.
 But will your nursing freedom stay
 The swift avenger at your gate?

Afield, a traitor's hands were light,
 For bane at home his bouds were strong.
 Your ancient heritage of right
 Is foul with stains of upstart wrong.

You laugh for joy of new-found light,
 For pride of new unfettered force :
 'Tis well : but first in all men's sight
 Come forth and carry out the curse.

Spectator.

PARIS.

BY S. O. BULFINCH.

"And when the angel stretched out his hand
 upon Jeru-salem to destroy it, the Lord repented
 him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed
 the people, It is enough; stay now thine hand."
 [2 Samuel, xxiv. 16.]

DESTROYING angel! when beneath thy sword,
 For David's guilt, his city trembling lay,
 Vengeance to Mercy's gentle plea gave way,
 And thou, majestic servant of the Lord,
 Didst sheathe thy blade at his restraining word.
 Again a monarch's crime hath brought dis-
 may

To those who bowed beneath his selfish sway.
 O'er France the invaders' countless hosts are
 poured;

Her brilliant capital beholds them near,
 And, gathering nobler beauty in the hour
 Of peril, bravely waits the impending doom.

Oh yet again the voice of Mercy hear,
 Nor let the city, of all realms the flower,
 Become her children's and fair Freedom's tomb.

Cambridge, Oct. 3, 1870.

Transcript.

From The Athenæum.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

PROF. HUXLEY'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN LIVERPOOL.

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, — It has long been the custom for the newly-installed President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to take advantage of the elevation of the position in which the suffrages of his colleagues had, for the time, placed him, and, casting his eyes around the horizon of the scientific world, to report to them what could be seen from his watch-tower; in what directions the multitudinous divisions of the noble army of the improvers of natural knowledge were marching; what important strongholds of the great enemy of us all, Ignorance, had been recently captured; and, also, with due impartiality, to mark where the advanced posts of science had been driven in, or a long-continued siege had made no progress.

I propose to endeavour to follow this ancient precedent, in a manner suited to the limitations of my knowledge and of my capacity. I shall not presume to attempt a panoramic survey of the world of Science, nor even to give a sketch of what is doing in the one great province of Biology, with some portions of which my ordinary occupations render me familiar. But I shall endeavour to put before you the history of the rise and progress of a single biological doctrine; and I shall try to give some notion of the fruits, both intellectual and practical, which we owe, directly or indirectly, to the working out, by seven generations of patient and laborious investigators, of the thought which arose, more than two centuries ago, in the mind of a sagacious and observant Italian naturalist.

It is a matter of every-day experience that it is difficult to prevent many articles of food from becoming covered with mould; that fruit, sound enough to all appearance, often contains grubs at the core; that meat, left to itself in the air, is apt to putrefy and swarm with maggots. Even ordinary water, if allowed to stand in an open vessel, sooner or later becomes turbid and full of living matter.

The philosophers of antiquity, interrogated as to the cause of these phenomena,

were provided with a ready and a plausible answer. It did not enter their minds even to doubt that these low forms of life were generated in the matters in which they made their appearance. Lucretius, who had drunk deeper of the scientific spirit than any poet of ancient or modern times except Goethe, intends to speak as a philosopher, rather than as a poet, when he writes that "with good reason the earth has gotten the name of mother, since all things are produced out of the earth. And many living creatures, even now, spring out of the earth, taking form by the rains and the heat of the sun." The axiom of ancient science, "that the corruption of one thing is the birth of another," had its popular embodiment in the notion that a seed dies before the young plant springs from it; a belief so wide-spread and so fixed, that Saint Paul appeals to it in one of the most splendid outbursts of his fervid eloquence: — "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." (1 Corinthians, xv. 36.) The proposition that life may, and does, proceed from that which has no life, then, was held alike by the philosophers, the poets, and the people, of the most enlightened nations, eighteen hundred years ago; and it remained the accepted doctrine of learned and unlearned Europe, through the Middle Ages, down even to the seventeenth century.

It is commonly counted among the many merits of our great countryman, Harvey, that he was the first to declare the opposition of fact to venerable authority in this, as in other matters; but I can discover no justification for this wide-spread notion. After careful search through the "*Exercitationes de Generatione*," the most that appears clear to me is, that Harvey believed all animals and plants to spring from what he terms a "*primordium vegetale*," a phrase which may now-a-days be rendered "a vegetative germ"; and this, he says, is "*oviforme*," or "egg-like"; not, he is careful to add, that it necessarily has the shape of an egg, but because it has the constitution and nature of one. That this "*primordium oviforme*" must needs, in all cases, proceed from a living parent is nowhere expressly maintained by Harvey, though such an opinion may be thought to

be implied in one or two passages; while, on the other hand, he does, more than once, use language which is consistent only with a full belief in spontaneous or equivocal generation. In fact, the main concern of Harvey's wonderful little treatise is not with generation, in the physiological sense, at all, but with development; and his great object is the establishment of the doctrine of Epigenesis.

The first distinct enunciation of the hypothesis that all living matter has sprung from pre-existing living matter, came from a contemporary, though a junior, of Harvey, a native of that country, fertile in men great in all departments of human activity, which was to intellectual Europe, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what Germany is in the nineteenth. It was in Italy, and from Italian teachers, that Harvey received the most important part of his scientific education. And it was a student trained in the same schools, Francesco Redi — a man of the widest knowledge and most versatile abilities, distinguished alike as scholar, poet, physician, and naturalist, — who, just 202 years ago, published his "*Esperienze intorno alla Generazione degli Insetti*," and gave to the world the idea, the growth of which it is my purpose to trace. Redi's book went through five editions in twenty years; and the extreme simplicity of his experiments, and the clearness of his arguments, gained for his views, and for their consequences, almost universal acceptance.

Redi did not trouble himself much with speculative considerations, but attacked particular cases of what was supposed to be "spontaneous generation" experimentally. Here are dead animals, or pieces of meat, says he; I expose them to the air in hot weather, and in a few days they swarm with maggots. You tell me that these are generated in the dead flesh; but if I put similar bodies, while quite fresh, into a jar, and tie some fine gauze over the top of the jar, not a maggot makes its appearance, while the dead substances, nevertheless, putrefy just in the same way as before. It is obvious, therefore, that the maggots are not generated by the corruption of the meat; and that the cause of their formation must be a something which is kept away by

gauze. But gauze will not keep away æriform bodies, or fluids. This something must, therefore, exist in the form of solid particles too big to get through the gauze. Nor is one long left in doubt what these solid particles are; for the blow-flies, attracted by the odour of the meat, swarm round the vessel, and, urged by a powerful but, in this case, misleading instinct, lay eggs, out of which maggots are immediately hatched, upon the gauze. The conclusion, therefore, is unavoidable; the maggots are not generated by the meat, but the eggs which give rise to them are brought through the air by the flies.

These experiments seem almost childish, simple, and one wonders how it was that no one ever thought of them before. Simple as they are, however, they are worthy of the most careful study, for every piece of experimental work since done, in regard to this subject, has been shaped upon the model furnished by the Italian philosopher. As the results of his experiments were the same, however varied the nature of the materials he used, it is not wonderful that there arose in Redi's mind a presumption, that in all such cases of the seeming production of life from dead matter, the real explanation was the introduction of living germs from without into that dead matter — (Redi, *Esperienze*, pp. 14-16). And thus the hypothesis that living matter always arises by the agency of pre-existing living matter, took definite shape; and had henceforward a right to be considered and a claim to be refuted, in each particular case, before the production of living matter in any other way could be admitted by careful reasoners. It will be necessary for me to refer to this hypothesis so frequently, that, to save circumlocution, I shall call it the hypothesis of *Biogenesis*; and I shall term the contrary doctrine — that living matter may be produced by not living matter — the hypothesis of *Abiogenesis*.

In the seventeenth century, as I have said, the latter was the dominant view, sanctioned alike by antiquity and by authority; and it is interesting to observe that Redi did not escape the customary tax upon a discoverer, of having to defend himself against the charge of impugning the authority of the Scriptures (Redi, *l. c.* p. 45, *Esperienze*,

p. 120); for his adversaries declared that the generation of bees from the carcass of a dead lion is affirmed, in the Book of Judges, to have been the origin of the famous riddle with which Samson perplexed the Philistines: —

Out of the eater came forth meat,

And out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Against all odds, however, Redi, strong with the strength of demonstrable fact, did splendid battle for Biogenesis; but it is remarkable that he held the doctrine in a sense which, if he had lived in these times, would have infallibly caused him to be classed among the defenders of "spontaneous generation." "Omne vivum ex vivo," "no life without antecedent life," aphoristically sums up Redi's doctrine; but he went no further. It is most remarkable evidence of the philosophic caution and impartiality of his mind, that, although he had speculatively anticipated the manner in which grubs really are deposited in fruits and in the galls of plants, he deliberately admits that the evidence is insufficient to bear him out; and he therefore prefers the supposition that they are generated by a modification of the living substance of the plants themselves. Indeed, he regards these vegetable growths as organs, by means of which the plant gives rise to an animal, and looks upon this production of specific animals as the final cause of the galls and of, at any rate, some fruits. And he proposes to explain the occurrence of parasites within the animal body in the same way.

It is of great importance to apprehend Redi's position rightly; for the lines of thought he laid down for us are those upon which naturalists have been working ever since. Clearly he held Biogenesis as against Abiogenesis; and I shall immediately proceed, in the first place, to inquire how far subsequent investigation has borne him out in so doing.

But Redi also thought that there were two modes of Biogenesis. By the one method, which is that of common and ordinary occurrence, the living parent gives rise to offspring, which passes through the same cycle of changes as itself — like gives rise to like; and this has been termed Homogenesis. By the other mode, the living parent was supposed to give rise to offspring which passed

through a totally different series of states from those exhibited by the parent, and did not return into the cycle of the parent; this is what ought to be called Heterogenesis, the offspring being altogether, and permanently, unlike the parent. The term Heterogenesis, however, has unfortunately been used in a different sense, and M. Milne-Edwards has therefore substituted for it Xenogenesis, which means the generation of something foreign. After discussing Redi's hypothesis of universal Biogenesis, then, I shall go on to ask how far the growth of science justifies his other hypothesis of Xenogenesis.

The progress of the hypothesis of Biogenesis was triumphant and unchecked for nearly a century. The application of the microscope to anatomy, in the hands of Crew, Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, Lyonet, Vallisneri, Reaumur, and other illustrious investigators of nature of that day, displayed such a complexity of organization in the lowest and minutest forms, and everywhere revealed such a prodigality of provision for their multiplication by germs of one sort or another, that the hypothesis of Abiogenesis began to appear not only untrue, but absurd; and, in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Needham and Buffon took up the question, it was almost universally discredited. ("Nouvelles Observations," p. 169 and 176.)

But the skill of the microscope-makers of the eighteenth century soon reached its limit. A microscope magnifying 400 diameters was a *chef-d'œuvre* of the opticians of that day; and, at the same time, by no means trustworthy. But a magnifying power of 400 diameters, even when definition reaches the exquisite perfection of our modern achromatic lenses, hardly suffices for the mere discernment of the smallest forms of life. A speck, only 1-25th of an inch in diameter, has, at 10 inches from the eye, the same apparent size as an object 1-10000th of an inch in diameter, when magnified 400 times; but forms of living matter abound, the diameter of which is not more than 1-40000th of an inch. A filtered infusion of hay, allowed to stand for two days, will swarm with living things, among which, any which reaches the diameter of a human red blood-corpuscle, or about

1-3200th of an inch is a giant. It is only by bearing these facts in mind, that we can deal fairly with the remarkable statements and speculations put forward by Buffon and Needham in the middle of the eighteenth century.

When a portion of any animal or vegetable body is infused in water, it gradually softens and disintegrates; and, as it does so, the water is found to swarm with minute active creatures, the so-called Infusorial Animalcules, none of which can be seen except by the aid of the microscope; while a large proportion belong to the category of smallest things of which I have spoken, and which must have all looked like mere dots and lines under the ordinary microscopes of the eighteenth century.

Led by various theoretical considerations, which I cannot now discuss, but which looked promising enough in the lights of that day, Buffon and Needham doubted the applicability of Redi's hypothesis to the infusorial animalcules, and Needham very properly endeavoured to put the question to an experimental test. He said to himself, if these infusorial animalcules come from germs, their germs must exist either in the substance infused, or in the water with which the infusion is made, or in the superjacent air. Now the vitality of all germs is destroyed by heat. Therefore, if I boil the infusion, cork it up carefully, cementing the cork over with mastic, and then heat the whole vessel by heaping hot ashes over it, I must needs kill whatever germs are present. Consequently, if Redi's hypothesis hold good, when the infusion is taken away and allowed to cool, no animalcules ought to be developed in it; whereas, if the animalcules are not dependent on pre-existing germs, but are generated from the infused substance, they ought, by-and-by, to make their appearance. Needham found that, under the circumstances in which he made his experiments, animalcules always did arise in the infusions, when a sufficient time had elapsed to allow for their development.

In much of his work Needham was associated with Buffon, and the results of their experiments fitted admirably with the great French naturalist's hypothesis of "organic molecules," according to which, life is the indefeasible property of certain indestructible molecules of matter, which exist in all living things, and have inherent activities by which they are distinguished from not living matter. Each individual living organism is formed by their temporary combination. They stand to it in the relation of the particles of water to a cascade or a

whirlpool; or to a mould, into which the water is poured. The form of the organism is thus determined by the reaction between external conditions and the inherent activities of the organic molecules of which it is composed; and, as the stoppage of a whirlpool destroys nothing but a form, and leaves the molecules of the water, with all their inherent activities intact, so what we call the death and putrefaction of an animal or a plant is merely the breaking up of the form, or manner of association, of its constituent organic molecules, which are then set free as infusorial animalcules.

It will be perceived that this doctrine is by no means identical with *Abiogenesis*, with which it is often confounded. On this hypothesis, a piece of beef or a handful of hay is dead only in a limited sense. The beef is dead ox, and the hay is dead grass; but the "organic molecules" of the beef or the hay are not dead, but are ready to manifest their vitality as soon as the bovine or herbaceous shrouds in which they are imprisoned are rent by the macerating action of water. The hypothesis, therefore, must be classified under *Xenogenesis* rather than under *Abiogenesis*. Such as it was, I think it will appear, to those who will be just enough to remember that it was propounded before the birth of modern chemistry and of the modern optical arts, to be a most ingenious and suggestive speculation.

But the great tragedy of Science—the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact—which is so constantly being enacted under the eyes of philosophers, was played, almost immediately, for the benefit of Buffon and Needham.

Once more, an Italian, the Abbé Spallanzani, a worthy successor and representative of Redi in his acuteness, his ingenuity, and his learning, subjected the experiments and the conclusions of Needham to a searching criticism. It might be true that Needham's experiments yielded results such as he had described, but did they bear out his arguments? Was it not possible, in the first place, that he had not completely excluded the air by corks and mastic? And was it not possible, in the second place, that he had not sufficiently heated his infusions and the superjacent air? Spallanzani joined issue with the English naturalist on both these pleas; and he showed that if, in the first place, the glass vessels in which the infusions were contained were hermetically sealed by fusing their necks, and if, in the second place, they were exposed to the temperature of boiling-water for three-quarters of an hour (see Spallanzani, "Opere," vi. pp. 42 and 51), no animal-

cules ever made their appearance within them. It must be admitted that the experiments and arguments of Spallanzani furnish a complete and a crushing reply to those of Needham. But we all too often forget that it is one thing to refute a proposition, and another to prove the truth of a doctrine which implicitly, or explicitly, contradicts that proposition; and the advance of science soon showed that though Needham might be quite wrong, it did not follow that Spallanzani was quite right.

Modern Chemistry, the birth of the latter half of the eighteenth century, grew apace, and soon found herself face to face with the great problems which Biology had vainly tried to attack without her help. The discovery of oxygen led to the laying of the foundations of a scientific theory of respiration, and to an examination of the marvelous interactions of organic substances with oxygen. The presence of free oxygen appeared to be one of the conditions of the existence of life, and of those singular changes in organic matters which are known as fermentation and putrefaction. The question of the generation of the infusory animalcules thus passed into a new phase. For what might not have happened to the organic matter of the infusions, or to the oxygen of the air, in Spallanzani's experiments? What security was there that the development of life which ought to have taken place had not been checked, or prevented, by these changes?

The battle had to be fought again. It was needful to repeat the experiments under conditions which would make sure that neither the oxygen of the air, nor the composition of the organic matter, was altered, in such a manner as to interfere with the existence of life.

Schulze and Schwann took up the question from this point of view in 1836 and 1837. The passage of air through red-hot glass tubes, or through strong sulphuric acid, does not alter the proportion of its oxygen, while it must needs arrest, or destroy, any organic matter which may be contained in the air. These experimenters, therefore, contrived arrangements by which the only air which should come into contact with a boiled infusion should be such as had either passed through red-hot tubes or through strong sulphuric acid. The result which they obtained was that an infusion so treated developed no living things, while if the same infusion was afterwards exposed to the air such things appeared rapidly and abundantly. The accuracy of these experiments has been alternately denied and affirmed. Supposing them to be accepted,

however, all that they really proved was, that the treatment to which the air was subjected destroyed *something* that was essential to the development of life in the infusion. This "something" might be gaseous, fluid, or solid; that it consisted of germs remained only an hypothesis of greater or less probability.

Contemporaneously with these investigations a remarkable discovery was made by Cagniard de La Tour. He found that common yeast is composed of a vast accumulation of minute plants. The fermentation of must, or of wort, in the fabrication of wine and of beer, is always accompanied by the rapid growth and multiplication of these *Torulæ*. Thus fermentation, in so far as it was accompanied by the development of microscopical organisms in enormous numbers, became assimilated to the decomposition of an infusion of ordinary animal or vegetable matter; and it was an obvious suggestion that the organisms were, in some way or other, the causes both of fermentation and of putrefaction. The chemists, with Berzelius and Liebig at their head, at first laughed this idea to scorn; but in 1843, a man then very young, who has since performed the unexampled feat of attaining to high eminence alike in Mathematics, Physics and Physiology, — I speak of the illustrious Helmholtz, — reduced the matter to the test of experiment by a method alike elegant and conclusive. Helmholtz separated a putrefying, or fermenting liquid, from one which was simply putrescible, or fermentable, by a membrane, which allowed the fluids to pass through and become intermixed, but stopped the passage of solids. The result was, that while the putrescible, or the fermentable, liquids became impregnated with the results of the putrescence, or fermentation, which was going on on the other side of the membrane, they neither putrefied (in the ordinary way) nor fermented; nor were any of the organisms which abounded in the fermenting, or putrefying, liquid generated in them. Therefore, the cause of the development of these organisms must lie in something which cannot pass through membrane; and as Helmholtz's investigations were long antecedent to Graham's researches upon colloids, his natural conclusion was, that the agent thus intercepted must be a solid material. In point of fact, Helmholtz's experiments narrowed the issue to this: that which excites fermentation and putrefaction, and at the same time gives rise to living forms in a fermentable, or putrescible, fluid, is not a gas and is not a diffusible fluid; therefore it is *either* a

colloid, or it is matter divided into very minute solid particles.

The researches of Schroeder and Dusch in 1854, and of Schroeder alone, in 1859, cleared up this point by experiments which are simply refinements upon those of Redi. A lump of cotton-wool is, physically speaking, a pile of many thicknesses of a very fine gauze, the fineness of the meshes of which depends upon the closeness of the compression of the wool. Now, Schroeder and Dusch found, that, in the case of all the putrefiable materials which they used (except milk and yolk of egg), an infusion boiled, and then allowed to come into contact with no air but such as had been filtered through cotton-wool, neither putrefied nor fermented, nor developed living forms. It is hard to imagine what the fine sieve formed by the cotton-wool could have stopped except minute solid particles. Still the evidence was incomplete until it had been positively shown, first, that ordinary air does contain such particles; and, secondly, that filtration through cotton-wool arrests these particles and allows only physically pure air to pass. This demonstration has been furnished within the last year by the remarkable experiments of Prof. Tyndall. It has been a common objection of Abiogenists that, if the doctrine of Biogeny is true, the air must be thick with germs; and they regard this as the height of absurdity. But Nature occasionally is exceedingly unreasonable, and Prof. Tyndall has proved that this particular absurdity may nevertheless be a reality. He has demonstrated that ordinary air is no better than a sort of stirabout of excessively minute solid particles; that these particles are almost wholly destructible by heat; and that they are strained off, and the air rendered optically pure, by being passed through cotton-wool.

But it remains yet in the order of logic, though not of history, to show that, among these solid destructible particles, there really do exist germs capable of giving rise to the development of living forms in suitable menstrua. This piece of work was done by M. Pasteur in those beautiful researches which will ever render his name famous, and which, in spite of all attacks upon them, appear to me now, as they did seven years ago ("Lectures to Working Men on the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature," 1863), to be models of accurate experimentation and logical reasoning. He strained air through cotton-wool, and found, as Schroeder and Dusch had done, that it contained nothing competent to give rise to the development of

life in fluids highly fitted for that purpose. But the important further links in the chain of evidence added by Pasteur are three. In the first place, he subjected to microscopic examination the cotton-wool which had served as strainer, and found that sundry bodies, clearly recognizable as germs, were among the solid particles strained off. Secondly, he proved that these germs were competent to give rise to living forms by simply sowing them in a solution fitted for their development. And, thirdly, he showed that the incapacity of air strained through cotton-wool to give rise to life was not due to any occult change effected in constituents of the air by the wool, by proving that the cotton-wool might be dispensed with altogether, and perfectly free access left between the exterior air and that in the experimental flask. If the neck of the flask is drawn out into a tube and bent downwards, and if, after the contained fluid has been carefully boiled, the tube is heated sufficiently to destroy any germs which may be present in the air which enters as the fluid cools, the apparatus may be left to itself for any time, and no life will appear in the fluid. The reason is plain. Although there is free communication between the atmosphere laden with germs and the germless air in the flask, contact between the two takes place only in the tube; and as the germs cannot fall upwards, and there are no currents, they never reach the interior of the flask. But if the tube be broken short off where it proceeds from the flask, and free access be thus given to germs falling vertically out of the air, the fluid, which has remained clear and desert for months, becomes, in a few days, turbid and full of life.

These experiments have been repeated over and over again by independent observers with entire success; and there is one very simple mode of seeing the facts for oneself, which I may as well describe.

Prepare a solution (much used by M. Pasteur, and often called "Pasteur's solution") composed of water with tartrate of ammonia, sugar, and yeast-ash dissolved therein. Infusion of hay, treated in the same way, yields similar results; but as it contains organic matter, the argument which follows cannot be based upon it. Divide it into three portions in as many flasks; boil all three for a quarter of an hour; and, while the steam is passing out, stop the neck of one with a large plug of cotton-wool, so that this also may be thoroughly steamed. Now set the flasks aside to cool, and, when their contents are cold, add to one of the open ones a drop

of filtered infusion of hay which has stood for twenty-four hours, and is consequently full of the active and excessively minute organisms known as Bacteria. In a couple of days of ordinary warm weather, the contents of this flask will be milky, from the enormous multiplication of Bacteria. The other flask, open and exposed to the air, will, sooner or later, become milky with Bacteria, and patches of mould may appear in it; while the liquid in the flask, the neck of which is plugged with cotton-wool, will remain clear for an indefinite time. I have sought in vain for any explanation of these facts, except the obvious one, that the air contains germs competent to give rise to Bacteria, such as those with which the first solution has been knowingly and purposely inoculated, and to the mould Fungi. And I have not yet been able to meet with any advocate of Abiogenesis who seriously maintains that the atoms of sugar, tartrate of ammonia, yeast-ash and water, under no influence but that of free access of air and the ordinary temperature, re-arrange themselves and give rise to the protoplasm of Bacterium. But the alternative is to admit that these Bacteria arise from germs in the air; and, if they are thus propagated, the burden of proof, that other like forms are generated in a different manner, must rest with the assertor of that proposition.

To sum up the effect of this long chain of evidence:—

It is demonstrable, that a fluid eminently fit for the development of the lowest forms of life, but which contains neither germs nor any protein compound, gives rise to living things in great abundance, if it be exposed to ordinary air; while no such development takes place if the air with which it is in contact is mechanically freed from the solid particles, which ordinarily float in it, and which may be made visible by appropriate means.

It is demonstrable, that the great majority of these particles are destructible by heat, and that some of them are germs, or living particles, capable of giving rise to the same forms of life as those which appear when the fluid is exposed to unpurified air.

It is demonstrable, that inoculation of the experimental fluid with a drop of liquid known to contain living particles, gives rise to the same phenomena as exposure to unpurified air.

And it is further certain that these living particles are so minute that the assumption of their suspension in ordinary air presents not the slightest difficulty. On the contrary, considering their lightness and the

wide diffusion of the organisms which produce them, it is impossible to conceive that they should not be suspended in the atmosphere in myriads.

Thus the evidence, direct and indirect, in favour of Biogenesis for all known forms of life must, I think, be admitted to be of great weight.

On the other side, the sole assertions worthy of attention are, that hermetically sealed fluids, which have been exposed to great and long-continued heat, have sometimes exhibited living forms of low organization when they have been opened.

The first reply that suggests itself is the probability that there must be some error about these experiments, because they are performed on an enormous scale every day, with quite contrary results. Meat, fruits, vegetables, the very materials of the most fermentable and putrescible infusions, are preserved to the extent, I suppose I may say, of thousands of tons every year, by a method which is a mere application of Spallanzani's experiment. The matters to be preserved are well boiled in a tin case provided with a small hole, and this hole is soldered up when all the air in the case has been replaced by steam. By this method they may be kept for years, without putrefying, fermenting or getting mouldy. Now this is not because oxygen is excluded, inasmuch as it is now proved that free oxygen is not necessary for either fermentation or putrefaction. It is not because the tins are exhausted of air, for Vibriones and Bacteria live, as Pasteur has shown, without air or free oxygen. It is not because the boiled meats or vegetables are not putrescible or fermentable, as those who have had the misfortune to be in a ship supplied with unskilfully closed tins well know. What is it, therefore, but the exclusion of germs? I think that Abiogenists are bound to answer this question before they ask us to consider new experiments of precisely the same order.

And in the next place, if the results of the experiments I refer to are really trustworthy, it by no means follows that Abiogenesis has taken place. The resistance of living matter to heat is known to vary within considerable limits, and to depend, to some extent, upon the chemical and physical qualities of the surrounding medium. But if, in the present state of science, the alternative is offered us, either germs can stand a greater heat than has been supposed, or the molecules of dead matter, for no valid or intelligible reason that is assigned, are able to re-arrange themselves into living bodies, exactly such

as can be demonstrated to be frequently produced in another way, I cannot understand how choice can be, even for a moment, doubtful.

But though I cannot express this conviction of mine too strongly, I must carefully guard myself against the supposition that I intend to suggest that no such thing as Abiogenesis ever has taken place in the past, or ever will take place in the future. With organic chemistry, molecular physics, and physiology yet in their infancy, and every day making prodigious strides, I think it would be the height of presumption for any man to say that the conditions under which matter assumes the properties we call "vital" may not, some day, be artificially brought together. All I feel justified in affirming is, that I see no reason for believing that the feat has been performed yet.

And, looking back through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and therefore I am devoid of any means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its appearance. Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs strong foundations. To say, therefore, in the admitted absence of evidence, that I have any belief as to the mode in which the existing forms of life have originated, would be using words in a wrong sense. But expectation is permissible where belief is not; and if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions, which it can no more see again than a man may recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter. I should expect to see it appear under forms of great simplicity, endowed, like existing fungi, with the power of determining the formation of new protoplasm from such matters as ammonium carbonates, oxalates and tartrates, alkaline and earthy phosphates, and water, without the aid of light. That is the expectation to which analogical reasoning leads me; but I beg you once more to recollect that I have no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophical faith.

So much for the history of the progress of Redi's great doctrine of Biogenesis, which appears to me, with the limitations I have expressed, to be victorious along the whole line at the present day.

As regards the second problem offered to us by Redi, whether Xenogenesis obtains, side by side with Homogenesis; whether, that is, there exist not only the ordinary

living things, giving rise to offspring which run through the same cycle as themselves, but also others, producing offspring which are of a totally different character from themselves, the researches of two centuries have led to a different result. That the grubs found in galls are no product of the plants on which the galls grow, but are the result of the introduction of the eggs of insects into the substance of these plants, was made out by Vallisnieri, Reaumur, and others, before the end of the first half of the eighteenth century. The tapeworms, bladderworms and flukes continued to be a stronghold of the advocates of Xenogenesis for a much longer period. Indeed, it is only within the last thirty years that the splendid patience of Von Siebold, Van Beneden, Leuckart, Küchenmeister, and other helminthologists, has succeeded in tracing every such parasite, often through the strangest wanderings and metamorphoses, to an egg derived from a parent actually or potentially like itself; and the tendency of inquiries elsewhere has all been in the same direction. A plant may throw off bulbs, but these, sooner or later, give rise to seeds or spores, which develop into the original form. A polype may give rise to Medusæ, or a pluteus to an Echinoderm, but the Medusa and the Echinoderm give rise to eggs which produce polypes or plutei, and they are therefore only stages in the cycle of life of the species.

But if we turn to Pathology, it offers us some remarkable approximations to true Xenogenesis.

As I have already mentioned, it has been known since the time of Vallisnieri and of Reaumur that galls in plants and tumours in cattle are caused by insects, which lay their eggs in those parts of the animal or vegetable frame of which these morbid structures are outgrowths. Again, it is a matter of familiar experience to everybody that mere pressure on the skin will give rise to a corn. Now the gall, the tumour, and the corn are parts of the living body, which have become, to a certain degree, independent and distinct organisms. Under the influence of certain external conditions, elements of the body, which should have developed in due subordination to its general plan, set up for themselves, and apply the nourishment which they receive to their own purposes.

From such innocent productions as corns and warts there are all gradations to the serious tumours which, by their mere size and the mechanical obstruction they cause, destroy the organism out of which they are developed; while, finally, in those terrible

structures known as cancers, the abnormal growth has required powers of reproduction and multiplication, and is only morphologically distinguishable from the parasitic worm, the life of which is neither more nor less closely bound up with that of the infested organism.

If there were a kind of diseased structure, the histological elements of which were capable of maintaining a separate and independent existence out of the body, it seems to me that the shadowy boundary between morbid growth and Xenogenesis would be effaced. And I am inclined to think that the progress of discovery has almost brought us to this point already. I have been favoured by Mr. Simon with an early copy of the last published of the valuable "Reports on the Public Health," which, in his capacity of their Medical Officer, he annually presents to the Lords of the Privy Council. The Appendix to this Report contains an introductory essay "On the Intimate Pathology of Contagion," by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, which is one of the clearest, most comprehensive, and well-reasoned discussions of a great question which has come under my notice for a long time. I refer you to it for details and for the authorities for the statements I am about to make.

You are familiar with what happens in vaccination. A minute cut is made in the skin and an infinitesimal quantity of vaccine matter is inserted into the wound. Within a certain time, a vesicle appears in the place of the wound, and the fluid which distends this vesicle is vaccine matter, in quantity a hundred or a thousand-fold that which was originally inserted. Now what has taken place in the course of this operation? Has the vaccine matter by its irritative property produced a mere blister, the fluid of which has the same irritative property? Or does the vaccine matter contain living particles, which have grown and multiplied where they have been planted? The observations of M. Chauveau, extended and confirmed by Dr. Sanderson himself, appear to leave no doubt upon this head. Experiments, similar in principle to those of Helmholtz on fermentation and putrefaction, have proved that the active element in the vaccine lymph is non-diffusible, and consists of minute particles not exceeding .0005 of an inch in diameter, which are made visible in the lymph by the microscope. Similar experiments have proved that two of the most destructive of epizootic diseases, sheep-pox and glanders, are also dependent for their existence and their propagation upon extremely small living solid particles, to

which the title of *microzymes* is applied. An animal suffering under either of these terrible diseases is a source of infection and contagion to others, for precisely the same reason as a tub of fermenting beer is capable of propagating its fermentation by "infection," or "contagion," to fresh wort. In both cases it is the solid living particles which are efficient; the liquid in which they float, and at the expense of which they live, being altogether passive.

Now arises the question, are these microzymes the results of *Homogenesis*, or of *Xenogenesis*; are they capable, like the *Torulæ* of yeast, of arising only by the development of pre-existing germs; or may they be, like the constituents of a nut-gall the results of a modification and individualization of the tissues of the body in which they are found, resulting from the operation of certain conditions? Are they parasites in the zoological sense, or are they merely, what Virchow has called "heterologous growths"? It is obvious that this question has the most profound importance, whether we look at it from a practical, or from a theoretical, point of view. A parasite may be stamped out by destroying its germs, but a pathological product can only be annihilated by removing the conditions which give rise to it.

It appears to me that this great problem will have to be solved for each zymotic disease separately, for analogy cuts two ways. I have dwelt upon the analogy of pathological modification, which is in favour of the xenogenetic origin of microzymes; but I must now speak of the equally strong analogies in favour of the origin of such pestiferous particles by the ordinary process of the generation of like from like.

It is, at present, a well-established fact that certain diseases, both of plants and of animals, which have all the characters of contagious and infectious epidemics, are caused by minute organisms. The smut of wheat is a well-known instance of such a disease, and it cannot be doubted that the grape-disease and the potato-disease fall under the same category. Among animals, insects are wonderfully liable to the ravages of contagious and infectious diseases caused by microscopic Fungi.

In autumn, it is not uncommon to see flies, motionless, upon a window-pane, with a sort of magic circle, in white, drawn round them. On microscopic examination, the magic circle is found to consist of innumerable spores, which have been thrown off in all directions by a minute fungus called *Empusa muscæ*, the spore-forming filaments of which stand out like a pile of velvet

from the body of the fly. These spore-forming filaments are connected with others, which fill the interior of the fly's body like so much fine wool, having eaten away and destroyed the creature's viscera. This is the full-grown condition of the *Empusa*. If traced back to its earlier stages, in flies which are still active, and to all appearance healthy, it is found to exist in the form of minute corpuscles which float in the blood of the fly. These multiply and lengthen into filaments, at the expense of the fly's substance; and when they have at last killed the patient, they grow out of its body and give off spores. Healthy flies shut up with diseased ones catch this mortal disease and perish like the others. A most competent observer, M. Cohn, who studied the development of the *Empusa* in the fly very carefully, was utterly unable to discover in what manner the smallest germs of the *Empusa* got into the fly. The spores could not be made to give rise to such germs by cultivation; nor were such germs discoverable in the air, or in the food of the fly. It looked exceedingly like a case of *Abiogenesis*, or, at any rate of *Xenogenesis*; and it is only quite recently that the real course of events has been made out. It has been ascertained, that when one of the spores falls upon the body of a fly, it begins to germinate, and sends out a process which bores its way through the fly's skin; this, having reached the interior cavities of its body, gives off the minute floating corpuscles which are the earliest stage of the *Empusa*. The disease is "contagious," because a healthy fly coming in contact with a diseased one, from which the spore-bearing filaments protrude, is pretty sure to carry off a spore or two. It is "infectious" because the spores become scattered about all sorts of matter in the neighbourhood of the slain flies.

The silkworm has long been known to be subject to a very fatal contagious and infectious disease called the *Muscadine*. Audouin transmitted it by inoculation. This disease is entirely due to the development of a fungus, *Botrytis Bassiana*, in the body of the caterpillar; and its contagiousness and infectiousness are accounted for in the same way as those of the fly disease. But of late years a still more serious epizootic has appeared among the silkworms; and I may mention a few facts which will give you some conception of the gravity of the injury which it has inflicted on France alone.

The production of silk has been, for centuries, an important branch of industry in Southern France, and in the year 1853 it

had attained such a magnitude, that the annual produce of the French sericulture was estimated to amount to a tenth of that of the whole world, and represented a money value of 117,000,000 francs, or nearly five millions sterling. What may be the sum which would represent the money-value of all the industries connected with the working up of the raw silk thus produced, is more than I can pretend to estimate. Suffice it to say, that the City of Lyons is built upon French silk, as much as Manchester was upon American cotton before the civil war.

Silkworms are liable to many diseases; and even before 1853, a peculiar epizootic, frequently accompanied by the appearance of dark spots upon the skin (whence the name of "*Pébrine*" which it has received), had been noted for its mortality. But in the years following 1853 this malady broke out with such extreme violence, that, in 1856, the silk-crop was reduced to a third of the amount which it had reached in 1853; and, up till within the last year or two, it has never attained half the yield of 1853. This means not only that the great number of people engaged in silk-growing are some thirty millions sterling poorer than they might have been; it means not only that high prices have had to be paid for imported silkworm eggs, and that, after investing his money in them, in paying for mulberry-leaves, and for attendance, the cultivator has constantly seen his silkworms perish and himself plunged in ruin, — but it means that the looms of Lyons have lacked employment, and that, for years, enforced idleness and misery have been the portion of a vast population which, in former days, was industrious and well to do.

In 1858 the gravity of the situation caused the French Academy of Sciences to appoint Commissioners, of whom a distinguished naturalist, M. de Quatrefages, was one, to inquire into the nature of this disease, and, if possible, to devise some means of staying the plague. In reading the Report (*Etudes sur les Maladies Actuelles des Vers à Soie*, p. 53) made by M. de Quatrefages, in 1859, it is exceedingly interesting to observe that his elaborate study of the *Pébrine* forced the conviction upon his mind that, in its mode of occurrence and propagation, the disease of the silkworm is, in every respect, comparable to the cholera among mankind. But it differs from the cholera, and, so far, is a more formidable disease, in being under some circumstances contagious, as well as infectious.

The Italian naturalist, Filippi, discovered in the blood of the silkworms affected by

this strange disease, a multitude of cylindrical corpuscles, each about 1-6000th of an inch long. These have been carefully studied by Lebert, and named by him *Panhistophyton*; for the reason that, in subjects in which the disease is strongly developed, the corpuscles swarm in every tissue and organ of the body, and even pass into the undeveloped eggs of the female moth. But are these corpuscles causes, or mere concomitants, of the disease? Some naturalists took one view and some another; and it was not until the French Government, alarmed by the continued ravages of the malady, and the inefficiency of the remedies which had been suggested, despatched M. Pasteur to study it, that the question received its final settlement; at a great sacrifice, not only of the time and peace of mind of that eminent philosopher, but, I regret to have to add, of his health.

But the sacrifice has not been in vain. It is now certain that this devastating, cholera-like *Pébrine* is the effect of the growth and multiplication of the *Panhistophyton* in the silkworm. It is contagious and infectious because the corpuscles of the *Panhistophyton* pass away from the bodies of the diseased caterpillars, directly or indirectly, to the alimentary canal of healthy silkworms in their neighbourhood; it is hereditary, because the corpuscles enter into the eggs while they are being formed, and consequently are carried within them when they are laid; and for this reason, also, it presents the very singular peculiarity of being inherited only on the mother's side. There is not a single one of all the apparently capricious and unaccountable phenomena presented by the *Pébrine*, but has received its explanation from the fact that the disease is the result of the presence of the microscopic organism, *Panhistophyton*.

Such being the facts with respect to the *Pébrine*, what are the indications as to the method of preventing it? It is obvious that this depends upon the way in which the *Panhistophyton* is generated. If it may be generated by *Abiogenesis*, or by *Xenogenesis*, within the silkworm or its moth, the extirpation of the disease must depend upon the prevention of the occurrence of the conditions under which this generation takes place. But if, on the other hand, the *Panhistophyton* is an independent organism, which is no more generated by the silkworm than the mistletoe is generated by the oak, or the apple-tree, on which it grows, though it may need the silkworm for its development, in the same way as the mistletoe needs the tree, then the indications are totally different. The sole thing to be done is to

get rid of and keep away the germs of the *Panhistophyton*. As might be imagined, from the course of his previous investigations, M. Pasteur was led to believe that the latter was the right theory; and guided by the theory, he has devised a method of extirpating the disease, which has proved to be completely successful wherever it has been properly carried out.

There can be no reason, then, for doubting that, among insects, contagious and infectious diseases of great malignancy are caused by minute organisms which are produced by pre-existing germs, or by *Homogenesis*; and there is no reason, that I know of, for believing that what happens in insects may not take place in the highest animals. Indeed, there is already strong evidence that some diseases of an extremely malignant and fatal character to which man is subject, are as much the work of minute organisms as is the *Pébrine*. I refer for this evidence to the very striking facts adduced by Prof. Lister in his various well-known publications on the antiseptic method of treatment. It seems to me impossible to rise from the perusal of those publications without a strong conviction that the lamentable mortality which so frequently dogs the footsteps of the most skilful operator, and those deadly consequences of wounds and injuries which seem to haunt the very walls of great hospitals, and are even now destroying more men than die of bullet or bayonet, are due to the importation of minute organisms into wounds, and their increase and multiplication; and that the surgeon who saves most lives will be he who best works out the practical consequences of the hypothesis of *Redi*.

I commenced this Address by asking you to follow me in an attempt to trace the path which has been followed by a scientific idea, in its long and slow progress from the position of a probable hypothesis to that of an established Law of Nature. Our survey has not taken us into very attractive regions; it has lain chiefly in a land flowing with the abominable, and peopled with mere grubs and mouldiness. And it may be imagined with what smiles and shrugs practical and serious contemporaries of *Redi* and of *Spallanzani* may have commented on the waste of their high abilities in toiling at the solution of problems which, though curious enough in themselves, could be of no conceivable utility to mankind.

Nevertheless, you will have observed that before we had travelled very far upon our road, there appeared, on the right hand and on the left, fields laden with a harvest of golden grain, immediately convertible into

those things which the most sordidly practical of men will admit to have value, — namely, money and life.

The direct loss to France caused by the Pébrine in seventeen years cannot be estimated at less than fifty millions sterling; and if we add to this what Redi's idea, in Pasteur's hands, has done for the wine-grower and for the vinegar-maker, and try to capitalize its value, we shall find that it will go a long way towards repairing the money losses caused by the frightful and calamitous war of this autumn.

And as to the equivalent of Redi's thought in life, how can we over-estimate the value of that knowledge of the nature of epidemic and epizootic diseases, and, consequently, of the means of checking or eradicating them, the dawn of which has assuredly commenced?

Looking back no further than ten years, it is possible to select three (1863, 1864 and 1869), in which the total number of deaths from scarlet fever alone amounted to 90,000. That is the return of killed, the maimed and disabled being left out of sight. Why, it is to be hoped that the list of killed in the present bloodiest of all wars will not amount to more than this! But the facts which I have placed before you must leave the least sanguine without a doubt that the nature and the causes of this scourge will one day be as well understood as those of the Pébrine are now; and that the long-suffered massacre of our innocents will come to an end.

And thus mankind will have one more admonition that the "people perish for lack of knowledge"; and that the alleviation of the miseries and the promotion of the welfare of men must be sought, by those who will not lose their pains, in that diligent, patient, loving study of all the multitudinous aspects of Nature, the results of which constitute exact knowledge, or Science.

It is the justification and the glory of this great Meeting that it is gathered together for no other object than the advancement of the moiety of Science which deals with those phenomena of Nature which we call Physical. May its endeavours be crowned with a full measure of success!

From The Spectator.

Professor Huxley, as President of the British Association, which met at Liverpool on Wednesday, adopted the excellent principle of devoting his address to the discussion of a single subject, instead of to one of those perplexing *résumés* of scientific progress on all its lines which few men are competent to prepare, and fewer still to understand. His chosen subject was the history of the controversy respecting the origin of life, whether life is always generated from a parent life actually or potentially similar in organization, which he called the hypothesis of Biogenesis (birth from what is living); or whether life can be produced from that which is not living, under special conditions, Abiogenesis (birth from what is not living); or whether, finally, forms of life of one kind (animal, for instance,) can be generated from forms of life of a quite different kind (as, for example, vegetable), which the Professor called Xenogenesis (or birth from a strange or foreign organism). The whole history of biological discovery during the last two or three hundred years points clearly, the Professor showed, to the first hypothesis, that life is, under the present conditions of our universe, generated only from living organisms actually or potentially of the same kind as the offspring. But he guarded himself from being understood to assert, or even suppose, that this has always been so. "If it were given me," he said, "to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter." But Professor Huxley gave no sort of ground for his expectation, which appears to us pure conjecture. Surely we ought to find even now producible evidence of what he calls Xenogenesis, — i.e., the production from one organic form of another radically different, — if the origin of life is to be found in special combinations of that which is *not* living. We should call the Professor's "expectation" not what he called it, an act of "philosophical faith," but rather a philosophical *coup d'état*, or act of revolutionary conjecture.

From Good Words.

FERNYHURST COURT.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"PAPA, look what a very black cloud is coming up," said May, perched upon a shaggy brown pony, and waiting at the back of some farm buildings for the Squire, who was overlooking the roofing of a cattle-shed, with the farmer by his side. "Papa's half-hour is very long," she sighed to herself. It was very dull in the corner. For the first ten minutes her patience had been exemplary, her virtue having been much helped by the great black retriever; but Ranger had frightened away all the chickens, and driven the kitten into a tree, and having exhausted the limited resources of the place, could hardly be kept out of the neighbouring copse. Pansy, too, was growing very fidgety; and May, liking quiet as little as her companions, suddenly saw with delight the thunder-cloud coming to her assistance.

The Squire looked up at the weather. "By Jove" (the old schoolboy asseveration is not extinct in England), "we shall be caught if we don't make haste. The churn-house must wait, Allen."

And, to the equal pleasure of child, dog, and pony, they rode off at a great pace, May's little Shetland cantering as fast as it could lay its short legs to the ground, to keep up with the stride of the long-limbed iron-grey old hunter, with its swinging trot, on which her father went along so rapidly without any apparent effort, that it was all the pony could do to hold its own.

"I believe that was the nineteenth request old Allen has made this year," laughed the Squire. "It was quite time to come away. I'm afraid you'll be wet through, Puss, as it is," he said, as the storm broke over them before they were half-way home. "Oh, papa, it doesn't signify, it's so nice," answered the child, shaking her brown wet locks (her mane, as her father

called it), her cheeks shining in the rain, and her eyes sparkling. They dashed up in the pelting shower, past the old red-brick house, with its clustered chimneys and ogee gables, which looked warm and pleasant among the tall beech-trees, even in the midst of the rain, on to the stable-yard, and passed into the house by the back-door.

"And now," said her father, taking the bright little face between both his hands, and kissing it, "run up-stairs directly, and get off your wet things, child."

May was the youngest of a large family, and her father's delight. He was supposed to have been rather stern to his other children, but she and he had been constant companions ever since she could walk, and the strictest friends and allies.

"She's such good company," he said one day to the rector, an old college friend, to whom he had given the Fernyhurst living, on the edge of the park, and who was nearly as fond of her as her father.

Railroads have broken up all provincial centres, but this was before the time of railways, and the Squire was a great man in a small way. His estate was one of the largest, and his family the oldest, in a part of the country where the properties were large and the pedigrees long. He was a shy, reserved man, though he had lived a good deal in the world. He attended, however, to all magistrates', county, and poor-law business, and was respected and liked by his neighbours. He hunted regularly: the foxes were abundant at Fernyhurst, the pheasants plentiful enough (though his sons complained of the want of preserving), and altogether he was esteemed an honourable gentleman, who did his duty both to man and beast.

Mrs. Dimsdale was not so popular as her husband. She was somewhat of a fine lady, and her manners were cold, and what the village called "hotty." She was extremely fond of London, which the Squire had en-

dured and hated for six or eight weeks every season, posting up some eighty miles in the big coach in about ten hours at shortest. Having sadly submitted to be made member for the county, he had been three wretched years in Parliament, but the misery of the life was more than he could endure; the late hours, the fierceness of the faction fights in those days, when he had to vote with his party, right or wrong, while he possessed the unfortunate faculty of thinking for himself, without the eloquence to explain his views. At last, having never been laid up in his life except from a broken bone out hunting, he fell really and honestly sick, and a general dissolution of Parliament having honourably set him at liberty, he hardly ever went near town for above a week or two at a time.

His two elder daughters, rather fine and cold, like their mother, had had a governess, and masters, and "proper advantages" in London; but when the little May came into the world after a couple of brothers, and an interval of many years, it was really too much trouble to begin education all over again, and it was understood that her sisters were to teach her. The eldest, however, soon married, and Miss Cecilia had no vocation whatever in the teaching line; and accordingly May grew up very much as Nature pleased. Her mother ordered her to learn a certain portion of French and music, and sent her to Cecilia when it was supposed to be done, who, languidly putting down her work or her book, let the child gabble through her tenses all wrong, or play through her piece without two notes right in a bar.

But there are other things to be learnt in the world besides French and music — intimacy with a high-minded, cultivated, clever man is of itself the best possible education. Her father did not like to have her long out of his sight, and accordingly, as soon as she could sit on a pony, she had followed him about, perfectly fearless, as is often the case with very young things — too well guarded to have learned to take care for themselves, and too inexperienced to understand what they have escaped. There was plenty of sense and purpose under the mane of shaggy brown curls — more, indeed, than most of the people round her knew of. As time went on, and she grew older, she nibbled at all sorts of subjects, and had read more than her two sisters put together already, of the most heterogeneous kinds: it was done, however, in secret, lest her mother should put a stop to her proceedings, or Cecilia should be contemptuous.

How is it that the most extreme varieties

of character are to be found alongside in the same family, born of the same parents, bred in much the same circumstances? It is as if Nature had a certain quantity of material given her and did not know how to mix it: all the sugar goes into one corner, all the suet into another, and the plums and the flour are hopelessly divorced. One is remarkable for caution and common sense, while all the romantic generosity, impulse, and poetry seem to have been taken by the next; a third is full of dogmatic self-conceit and love of intermeddling with other people; and the humility, tact, and self-denying kindness of the last are equally striking. The Dimsdales varied almost as widely, and there were so many of them, and of ages so widely apart, that, as in most large families, the different sets were hardly more to each other than common acquaintances. The eldest had married and left home so long before, that May only considered her a matron whose children were nearly of her own age; next came the august Captain Dimsdale in a regiment of Guards, a surprisingly great man indeed, to be the son of so very modest and unassuming a father. Cecilia was succeeded by a boy at sea; and the two youngest, Tom and May, were so far cut off from the others that they almost seemed to belong to another family, and were a good deal thrown upon each other. Although, as being "only a girl," and two or three years younger, Tom considered it a great condescension to play with her in the holidays, yet she was "better than nothing," i.e., a good deal more inventive and intelligent than himself.

The park was a beautiful mixture of forest and wild heathery ground, the knolls covered with picturesque twisted oak, brilliant hollies, and old thorn intermixed with fern, while groves of tall beech filled the hollows. On one of the open spaces was a bright breezy pool, and here with much trouble Tom had launched a small flat-bottomed boat, built nominally by himself, i.e., he had stood with his hands in his pockets diligently over his father's carpenters till it reached the painting stage, when it came out under his touch a bright blue picked out with scarlet, and May was brought down in triumph to the pool to christen it after herself. She was quite as much delighted and honoured as was expected of her, which is saying a great deal.

"It must be called the *Mayflower*, and we'll sail across to America, you know Tom. Oh, we mustn't row, I'm sure the pilgrim fathers sailed;" she said, anxious for the "local colouring."

"I've brought down the big red umbrella

and you must sit and hold it up as a sail; there, mind you hold tight," said her brother.

"What'll mamma say? It's the old French one."

"It's the biggest in the house," said Tom.

He was as innocent as other schoolboys of all knowledge of pilgrim fathers, but one name was as good as another, besides which this one offered the double advantage of requiring attacks upon the boat by Indians with spears, and then of its defence by himself, in a noble attitude, striding across the seats.

"I wonder whether Scrope will think much of it," said he, sitting down rather out of breath with his exertions. "I want papa to ask him; he's such a fine fellow, head of the Eleven. Yes, he has done pretty well in the schools; but it's the games he's so good at. The boys don't think much of a sap, but he's in the sixth form, so he can do as he pleases. I'm afraid he won't come."

"What, is he too grand?" said May, with some awe.

"Well, you know, we haven't any cricket here, and he's very near the head of the school, and a great swell, and there's nothing to amuse him."

"Why, surely there's shooting," put in May humbly.

"I don't know that the shooting is good enough, the governor preserves so badly," said Tom with a sigh.

"But, dear, Lord William and Sir Charles Malcolm shot here when Hastings was at home, and they didn't seem to think it bad."

It might be all very well, however, for a county member and a general officer, but yet not for the head of the Eleven, in Tom's eyes. We talk of hero-worship being dead, — it is a perfect passion in the heart of boys. The profound reverence and admiration inspired by a successful boy at a great public school are very touching. There is nothing in after life, as Canning once said, which can be compared with the splendour of his position. No prime minister or successful soldier, no chancellor or archbishop ever stands in such proud pre-eminence, or receives such loyal, enthusiastic, outspoken acknowledgment of his merits from his contemporaries. What was Lord Palmerston's position (though he had something of the schoolboy element in him to the last) in carrying a close division, to the triumph of being "hoisted" after a match? Physically, perhaps, there may be some objection to lying on the uneasy shoulders of frantic supporters, while one's arms and legs are

dragged violently in different directions by admirers half mad with victory, but then mentally what glory!

So Tom looked up to Scrope as a simple mortal might do to those demigods whose histories the schoolboy learned so unwillingly; and he considered nothing good enough for so important a personage.

"Oh, papa, isn't it beautiful? Look, I'm the pilgrim fathers, just got to America, and Tom's the ferocious Indians!" screamed May, as the Squire rode up looking tired with his five hours at a magistrates' meeting, some of that unpaid and unthanked work of which there is so much silently done in England. It was a pretty group, May squatting in the boat under her red umbrella, Tom brandishing a long reed, the evening light behind the great trees reflected in the bright water, the grey horse and its rider, whose seat was so easy and yet so firm that they always looked as if they had grown together.

"I'm afraid my pilgrim fathers will go to the bottom; Tom, you must have a safer sail than that. What, you've got my old Pyrenean umbrella!" said he, getting off. "Come and walk home with me, May; it's quite time for you to go in."

"And I may ride Nimrod when I've put up the boat," cried Tom.

"Papa, Tom wants you to ask Scrope; you'll let him ask Scrope?" said May eagerly, as she hung on to her father's arm.

"Who on earth is Scrope?" answered he, with a smile; "where does he come from? Tom's mouth is always full of Scrope. Who is his father, and where does he live?"

"He's a clergyman in the North somewhere, and he's got a great lot of children — I don't know anything more about him," put in Tom, who was now scrambling on to the horse; "but Scrope's head of the Eleven, papa; I'm sure you'd like him very much."

The fates, however, were adverse, and though the invitation was duly sent, the great man was destined not to honour Fernyhurst at this time with his presence.

"Did you finish what you had to do for Mr. Drayton, Tom?" said Mr. Dimsdale, a little sternly, turning to the boy, who was beginning to ride off. "Do you hear what I say?" he called still louder; but Nimrod's legs were long, and Tom was instinctively out of hearing.

"I wish that boy would use his head as well as his heels half an hour in the day," muttered the Squire in an annoyed tone.

"Papa, Mr. Drayton said it didn't so

signify this last week of the holidays," said May, standing timidly in the breach.

"That's only because it's utterly hopeless to get a stroke of work out of him, and it was so kind of Mr. Drayton to offer to read with him. I hope you're done what he told you," went on her father, vexed and angry, for May had been admitted to the honour of the lesson as Tom's inseparable companion.

She did not answer, and Mr. Dimsdale put his hand under her chin, turned up her little face, and looked into it. "Did you do it, May?" persisted he.

"Yes, papa," she said, in the lowest possible tone, and flushing up to the roots of her hair, as it seemed to her a sort of disloyalty to Tom.

"And why couldn't he, I wonder?"

"Oh, papa, it's quite different. I like it, you know!" she cried anxiously.

"And why shouldn't he, I want to know?" But the pleading look in her eyes had carried the day, and Tom escaped further questioning for this time at least.

The rector's offer had been a decided failure. Tom considered any such occupation in the holidays as a base inroad on the rights of boy, even when the day was too long for him; and if he was forced to open a book, he at least determined to learn nothing out of it. Under such discouragement even Mr. Drayton's patience gave way.

"I can't stand Master Tom any longer. I declare he's too bad," he said at last; "but I'll go on reading with you if you like, May," he added when he saw her disappointed face.

It was a great enjoyment to the fresh mind of the girl, and checked the excessively desultory character of almost all solitary reading. Mr. Drayton was not a pedant, but a well-read man such as used often to be found in the most secluded parsonages. He read history with her; he taught her some Latin, and a good deal of English, and what is to be found in English literature, the beauty of style, of composition, to enjoy the splendid march of magnificent words in Milton and Gibbon, and the terse sharp-shooting of modern writing. A girl is so quick in apprehending the meaning of what she reads that she requires the accuracy and thoroughness of the best teaching even more than does a boy, whereas all the instruction which she generally receives is from some half-educated governess obliged to earn a living, who, having learned nothing well herself, takes to teaching because she can do little else; while for our boys we obtain the cleverest men whom

salary and position combined can secure for the post. The head masters of Eton and Harrow are more highly paid than the Prime Minister, and are on the road to the most distinguished preferment in the Church. The Dons at Oxford and Cambridge are (at least in their own estimation) the greatest men on earth. Nothing is so good for a boy's education, nothing too bad for a girl's. And then the "inaccuracy of women is talked of scornfully. How can it for the most part be otherwise then!

CHAPTER II.

TOM'S HERO.

It was between three and four years after, and Tom's first year at college. This step to manhood was a source to him of infinite delight, and he related his great deeds in glowing terms to May, whose enthusiastic interest was always ready for everything that he had to tell. Sometime she appealed to him for help. Tom laughed unmercifully at her appetite for knowledge quizzed her ineffectual struggles with Greek Testament and other such attempts. But it is pleasant to be erected into an oracle, and he, a younger son, little given to learning, by no means over-sated by this kind of worship, did what he could in a grand and supercilious way.

"And then I've been reading the Hecuba and Alcestes," said he, unpacking some of his books, and winding up a rather magniloquent account of his performances, as he and May sat in the deep window-seat of the old nursery, which was now used only as a sort of retreat for her.

"Oh, how I should like to read those Greek plays! But I suppose I never shall learn enough for that," replied May, looking over his shoulder.

"My dear pusskin, how can you be so absurd?" cried Tom with a laugh that might have been heard all over the house. "Why, the Hecuba is unmitigated 'boosh!'—all exclamations and rubbish; and the chorus says 'Ah' to Hecuba, and Hecuba says 'O popoi' to the chorus. There is no sense whatever in it. Now where's the bit I told you to do? Come back to you tenses; you've got τῶντων all wrong."

"Yes, I see. But, Tom, I couldn't understand that line, 'The moon is shining on the Trojan army;' it's very beautiful, and then comes that difficult bit."

"My dear, you've nothing to do with that beauty; just you stick to the grammar that's all you've got to attend to," replied her mentor, much to her disappointment. May's taste, like most other girls', was

farther advanced than her brother's. She was older for her age. She had the keenest pleasure in the beauty of what she was reading, the charm of the descriptions, the harmony and rhythm of the poetry, while Tom was engrossed in the mechanism, in grammar not as a means to understanding a book, but as an end, i.e., of class position or examination. Any enjoyment in the works themselves which they are reading is scarcely felt by one, indeed, in a hundred schoolboys; and even later in life, Byron's feeling towards "Horace, whom he hated so," seems to be shared by half the gentlemen of England, who have spent ten of the best years of their lives in learning little else.

"Just think," Tom went on in a few minutes, "I'm on the same stairs with Scrope; he's only been up a year; he broke his leg, and that stopped him two terms, and he's very little ahead of me."

Now though to ordinary mortals the University step in one's career is one full of honour and joy, yet for that great individual the head of the Eleven, and in the upper sixth of a public school, who has reached, as it were, the pinnacle of human glory, there is nothing left in life but to come down. The sets at college are too numerous, the amusements too scattered for any one man to have the universal renown of schoolboy days, and, accordingly, Walter Scrope was many pegs lower in dignity than when Tom had last known him at the awful distance of a lower boy, and he was admitted to the honour of intimacy in a way which surprised that modest youth. Scrope was a hard-working lad, a capital cricketer, and successful in scholarships and examinations, but he had begun to find out that the world was not quite the oyster, to open which had seemed to him so easy. Rather to Tom's surprise, his Easter invitation to Fernyhurst was gladly accepted by his friend.

It would have been difficult to define May's idea of what a hero should be, but it certainly was a shock when Tom introduced his to them all in the Fernyhurst drawing-room, both very blue with a five miles' drive in a dog-cart, in a sharp March wind. The hero's hair inclined to be red, and his features were by no means finely cut; he was strongly made and big, without grace or charm of any kind, and his manner was rough and full of corners. May sat down with a sort of pang while the introductions were going on; the ideal had had a great blow, yet not to like Tom's friend was almost a crime in her eyes.

"Let her dine with us to-night; it's

Tom's first day," said her father. "She's best in the school-room," answered her mother. It was a debate which often took place, and, as usual, her father carried his way.

At dinner, to Tom's great surprise, Miss Cecilia engrossed Walter. There was a flying hail of University slang to begin with, but the lads were rather quiet, and Walter, in spite of his independent manner, was not insensible to the charm of something approaching to flirtation with a young lady older than himself; it is an honour—a boy always prefers a woman to a girl.

"You never told us that Mr. Scrope's father was a brother of Lord Ardmore," said Cecilia to Tom, when they met in the drawing-room after dinner.

"No, didn't I?" said he indifferently.

"So you did know it?"

"Know it! Oh yes, I knew it—what did it signify? You'll never see his governor, he lives ever so far down in the north."

And no public schoolboy does think it "signifies" *who* a boy is, but *what* he is. Tom had now, however, reached a place where this blessed ignorance does not long continue; at college, connections are by no means indifferent.

Miss Cecilia, too, considered that, it "signified" a good deal; it was by no means worth her while to expend her ammunition on the very heterogeneous material which her brothers brought to their father's house, but in the absence of older game, she had no objection to keeping her hand in upon anything well born, however poor, and though "only a boy;" and, to Tom's astonishment, his superfine sister relaxed and played a neat little game of flirtation for the rest of the evening. There is nothing which delights a boy on the brink of manhood so much. A woman can draw out what is in him, suggest topics, feed his vanity, and satisfy his curiosity as to that interesting and unknown subject—the natural history of petticoats; and Walter hung about her all the evening, hovering over the piano, listening to her music, playing with her worsteds, and the like.

"Hercules and Omphale," said the erudite Tom, but in a very low whisper; he found himself quite cut out; not that this troubled either him or May in any way; she had established herself in the corner of the sofa on which he was extended, nestling to his side, as he pulled her long curly brown locks out of their blue net, while she listened, with subdued peals of laughter (for her mother, half asleep, had remonstrated about the noise), to a fire of jokes

from Tom, the newest slang, dashes of college life, and was getting up the whole language of elisions and allusions—"greats," "the vac," "the long," "scratch fours," "ploughed for his smalls," and *id genus omne*. "'Quadrangle,' my dear!" shouted he, with horror, "you must say 'quad.'" Having just learned the tongue, he was naturally a purist; while his father, in an arm-chair not far off, was listening with a quiet smile on his face, nearly as much amused as his children.

"Did you ever hear such stuff, papa?" cried May at last.

"Never, my dear," replied he, drily; "we were strictly correct in our English in my day. We only said 'plucked for our little go.'"

Things went on in much the same way during the rest of Scrope's visit; except, when the lads were out walking or riding together, Cecilia claimed and monopolized nearly all his attention.

At the end of their visit, however, Tom, with an unconscious respect for May's judgment, inquired rather anxiously how she liked his friend.

"Oh, very much," she answered, stretching her conscience a little; "he's very clever, you know, and all that, but, Tom dear, I've hardly spoken to him, you see—he treats me like a little girl," she added, with the insulted dignity of sixteen "and-a-half."

"And pray what are you, I should like to know?" cried Tom, laughing. And there was no doubt of the painful fact, she looked like a little girl. She was short for her age, her clothes were made for use and not for show, and clothes have much to do with the impression of a "little girl." At this moment she was wearing an old gown of Cecilia's "raze," as Charlie the sailor called it. "Highty, Tightly, and Scrub" comprised her whole wardrobe, her brothers declared, and even that they were all "scrub."

That season Mrs. Dimsdale once more performed her pilgrimage to London; railroads as yet were only talked of, and she persuaded herself that the sacrifice was great in undergoing the weary journey. "Oh, you're sure to enjoy it—" The labour we delight in physics pain; 'Hastings will look after you,' said her husband as he put her into the carriage, having treacherously declared off at the last moment, and quite satisfied so long as she consented to leave May behind.

As a fruit of the effort, a marriage was soon announced between Cecilia and a Colonel Seymour, a good deal older than

herself, which had been hanging fire both sides for some time.

He came down with them to Fernyhurst and May was considerably awed by the politeness of her mature brother-in-law, who was, however, exceedingly kind to her, and indeed testified a more ardent desire to see her at their house in Curzon Street than Cecilia quite endorsed.

The wedding was all that was proper in every respect; the Dimsdales were on the whole a well-grown, well-looking set, and were all collected for the occasion; while Tom appeared, followed by his friend.

"How pretty you look, May!" said Charlie, as she appeared in her bridesmaid's gear. It was her first compliment, and valuable accordingly. "I've always seen you in the pitchfork style of dress, you know. Why don't you always wear those things?"

"What, white tarlatane in the morning!" laughed May; "what a man's idea!"

"A woman ought always to wear white," growled Walter; "it's the 'whole duty' of women to be charming, and she fulfils that duty best in white."

May was extremely indignant at this irreverence, and showed it by refusing to speak to the delinquent during the rest of his visit; but he seemed provokingly even unconscious of her wrath.

Mrs. Dimsdale sang a song of thankfulness that her troubles of chaperoning were over, perhaps with a rather uneasy sense of unreality in her joy, when her husband hastily responded with, "You shall never be troubled with any duty of the kind with May, I'm quite resolved, my dear."

And now May, almost to her own surprise, found herself promoted to the post of young lady of the house, its dignities and responsibilities—no longer "a little girl." She did not, however, relish her grandeur, poor child, but was troubled by doubts whether she could do all that her duties included, and she lamented over Cecilia's loss in a way which her sister had not done much to deserve.

She had fewer of those pleasant times—half reverie, half reading—which had hitherto been her delight. "Missus wants you," or "Master's shoutin' for ye, miss," was constantly invading her sanctuary in the old nursery, where, coiled up in an immense arm-chair, with a big book upon her knees, dreaming, thinking, preparing her work, some of her happiest hours had been spent. She was the darling of old "Nursey," the last of the large brood of chickens now left to the old woman, who still reigned in her deserted kingdom, holding sway over the linen generally of the family, and Master

Tom's shirts in particular. She was the only person of whom that worthy was afraid. She was a little woman, and Tom at least six feet high, but when she stood over him, as it were, by right of worth and moral superiority, as was the case one morning after his return home, and demanded, in serious tones, "And what's become of the two new shirts, Master Tom? I sent you off with twelve!" Tom almost trembled.

"She's worse than the flag-lieutenant," said Charlie, who was standing by during the ordeal, a little afraid that his own turn was coming, and with a conscience by no means void of offence on the subject of socks and silk handkerchiefs. "Holding a regular court-martial, May," he shouted to her as she went down the stairs; "making away with H.M.'s stores! Sentenced to be confined to his cabin for three weeks, and committed suicide in despair," he added, as he rode down the banisters like a whirlwind.

"Oh, Charlie, take care; how can you make such a noise? What will mamma say?" cried May, the infinite risk to his neck striking her far less than the fear of her mother's complaints of the disturbances which the boys made. Charlie's visits were always flying ones — come one day, gone the next, while his ship was in harbour or was paid off — and a general saturnalia was always the consequence. May was by way of practising at this time in the morning on the piano in the drawing-room, wherein her studies were much assisted by her two brothers, who now followed her in, chiefly, it is to be feared, because the drawing-room was forbidden ground.

"Well, Tom's lingo is much harder to get up than the Naval Cadet's examination," said Charlie, flinging himself, with a deep sigh, on the sofa after his exertions. "He's going in for Mods, and if he gets scratched for his Trial Torpids, he won't be ploughed for Smalls — that's right, isn't it, Tom?"

"Now, Charlie, you sat up all night to make that impromptu, you know you did," said Tom with a grin; "a man must speak like his neighbours —"

"A man!" shouted Charlie; "look at the 'man!'"

The moment was certainly unlucky. Tom was hopping steadily round the room, "taking his fences" very deliberately over all the furniture, a "bullfinch" over the sofas, a "rasper" over the chairs, and a "flat jump" over water, as represented by the rug.

Mrs. Dimsdale did not come down till late, and May's usually active little con-

science had been hardened by repeated crimes undetected and unpunished. She was now sitting laughing on a music-stool, with her back, alas! to the piano, when warning voices were heard in the distance.

Tom only escaped by a flying leap out of the window, while Charlie went out in a more dignified manner at the door, with his hands in his pockets, "close reefed for a gale," as he declared.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said his mother, rather sternly; "you know I want May to practise at this time in the morning."

"So she was just beginning, and we were helping her, mother. If she hadn't been very dull, she'd have learned the 'Ratcatcher's Daughter' before this, for Tom sang it, and I accompanied it on the Jew's harp. It was awfully jolly, mother; such a pity you weren't there to hear!"

Charlie was supposed to be the only person who could manage his mother, which he did by always ignoring her anger, and treating her as if she greatly enjoyed and admired all that he did.

"If that's all that May's doing, I think she might as well have come back and written those notes for me," said Mrs. Dimsdale, with rather a grim smile.

"Yes, mother, we'll all come and write the notes directly," said the boy, with his infectious good-humour, tucking her arm under his own as he spoke. "Just a bit of good steering, you see," he whispered, laughing, to May as they all went off in peace.

May was in great request with them all. There is not often a more happy being in existence than the daughter at home in a Squire's family in the country: there is plenty to do both for mind and body, and of the pleasantest kind. If there are a number of girls to divide the work, it is perhaps scarcely enough to cut into many parts, and the modern cry for occupation may have a good deal of reason, but for a single one like May, no position on earth can be more perfect. Her little feet went up and down the world busily as she helped her mother with her accounts and household management, read to her father, interested herself in the Alderneys and the draining, worked out under his orders his building plans and improvements, while as she rode about amongst the farms and cottages with him, she was concerned in the joys and griefs, the wants and wishes of almost every soul on the property. Moreover, she was the recipient of each brother's requirements and confidante of his scrapes — of the laments that Tom might not have

a horse, that papa would not pay for more promotion, or ask for Charlie's prolongation of leave, and generally and particularly, and at all times, of the complaints over the shortness of their allowances. "The governor hasn't the slightest notion how much a man *must* spend," said the soldier, the sailor, and the lad at college alike, in every variety of tone, and with a richness of illustration known only to the boy mind. While May, riding with her father, who saw, with a sigh, the old oaks felling to supply such enlarging needs, sympathized as keenly with the other side of the question. She was much younger than her brothers, but, somehow, she was erected into their counsellor and conscience, with an occasional sop to their own dignity, such as —

"You know, May, you *can't* tell anything about the matter; you're nothing but a girl." Or, "You're worse than a baby to say that. Why, I couldn't help it; it's perfectly out of the question for me to spend a halfpenny less!" Or, "Oh bother! I won't have you scolding in this way. I was *quite* right in it all; I know I was."

But in the end the sense, the sympathy, and the ready wit held their own, and the brave little heart and sound little head won the day in a curious manner, for they were as unconscious as she was herself how much the cleverest she was of the family.

Her sympathies had hitherto been pretty equally balanced, but this year Hastings, the Guardsman, according to the agreeable habit of some eldest sons, had informed the Squire that his debts must be paid either by his father or the Jews.

Mr. Dimsdale, who, though hard driven, had never owed a farthing in his life, was obliged to borrow — of which he had a horror — and to retrench, which at his age was very trying.

"I'm sure," said he, sighing, to his usual companion May, as they were riding together, "it's lucky that your mother can't go to London this year. (You know that's not what I mean. I'm sorry enough she's not well.) And now old Blucher's dead, we shall give up the four-in-hand. It'll be something not to have those beasts eating their heads off in the stable any longer. She won't like it at all, I'm afraid, but I don't believe she's used them five times in the last six months. I'm sure I don't know how to make both ends meet this year — we never do more than keep out of debt — and there are Tom's expenses double what they were. There must be another fall of timber in the Silent wood." And he sighed again, while May's young face flushed, and her

heart felt sore and angry for her father, though she said nothing as they rode on together under the lofty trees, the sun gleaming through the green leaves, under the interlacing of the great boughs, on the fern beneath, as he stopped from time to time to mark the finest of the timber.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUING.

MR. DRAYTON, the rector, was beginning, like his friend, to grow old. He did not object to the fact itself — his pleasant, homely, genial spirit found neither books nor men pall upon him, and he had the pleasure and interest of his friend's children without his anxieties — but to one consequence he did demur, — murmur, indeed, if so hard a word existed in his vocabulary. His sister "thought it her duty" to come and stay very frequently with him; and if there be anything very convenient to oneself and very unpleasant to others to be done, it is astonishing how useful "one's duty" becomes to some people. She had lately been left a widow with one daughter, who always, of course, accompanied her; and the poor old rector found life severe under the infliction. He was a kindly man, disposed to take a lenient view of divers aberrations which even then were beginning to show themselves in the Church, while Mrs. Longmore and her daughter were most strict in their orthodoxy. Their home was in the cathedral town not far off, where her husband had held some small preferment, and where "my uncle the canon" still ruled, greatly to the discomfiture of the unlucky mortals against whom that "gun ecclesiastical" was discharged continually by his lady relatives.

The pleasant Rectory, just without the park paling, with all the pleasure of its grounds, was a very enjoyable change from the cathedral close in hot weather; and Mrs. Longmore's "duty" to her brother became imperative many times this summer. It was not more than a mile from the "great house," where, of course, the doors were always open to anything which belonged to Mr. Drayton; there was a perpetual passing to and fro of the inmates; and though the Longmores were not popular at Fernyhurst, yet a young lady is a young lady anyhow, and the boys amused themselves with Sophia when there was nothing better to be had.

She had "looked in" one day early, as usual, not altogether to May's satisfaction at the incursion which had taken place

twice already that week. She did not exactly dislike her; they were on that rather doubtful and difficult footing, "old friends," but it broke up the morning mercilessly. There is a certain kind of chatter, which, as there is no reason for either beginning or end, seems as if it might go on to eternity.

"Whose is that book?" said she at last, taking up one which lay open on the table.

"Mine," answered Walter, laconically.

"I'm surprised to see such a work here: it's very unsound," said Miss Sophia, aged seventeen, who, as a canon's niece, thought it incumbent on her to take orthodoxy under her protection.

"How distressed the Dean of — will be to hear that you think so!" observed Walter, gravely, but with a fantastic sort of grimace which came over his face when he was annoyed. "Is it principally with his historical facts, or the philosophical deductions from them, that you chiefly disagree, Miss Sophia?"

Sophia never could understand Mr. Scrope; she had not the faintest ray of intelligence of a joke, but she had a dim perception that Walter was laughing at her, and she therefore made her adieux and went out of the room "d'un air capable," as if she had rather distinguished herself.

"By all the powers!" shouted Walter as soon as she was out of hearing, marching up and down with his hands deep in his pockets, "isn't it the very coxcombery of absurdity? One wouldn't mind if it weren't a type of what's going on in the world. The chits, male and female, who can't spell the words in which the gaud expresses himself, who puff themselves out like frogs, and say it's 'not sound,'" he went on, somewhat grandiloquently.

"Well, but," said May, a little annoyed both at and for Sophia, "the Dean is a heretic surely. Dr. Atkins says that —"

"Heretic is from *aipeo*, to choose," answered Walter, sententiously; "and to choose in opinion is the faculty which distinguishes a man from a beast."

"And if he chooses wrong?" said May, shortly.

"You may happen to stand still wrong, if you think choice wrong," replied he. "If Luther had been afraid of *apeo*, to examine, to choose, you who think choice wrong would have been a Roman Catholic to this day, Miss May. Free thought!" said the young fellow, throwing out his arms to their full extent, a sort of compromise between an enthusiasm and a stretch, in his boyish fear of the ridicule of

much feeling, "to fancy free thinker being a term of reproach — the finest thing that a man can do!"

"You're not admiring Tom Paine & Co., I suppose?" observed May, a little superciliously.

"How you two always will misunderstand each other! you know he doesn't mean that," said Tom the peacemaker. "I can't think how it is you quarrel about everything."

"Women like their clothes and their opinions orthodox," went on Walter, without attending to him, "and if any one says that their bonnet is ugly, or their opinion is against every fact of history and philosophy, they think it's quite a satisfactory answer to say that Madame Thingummy made the one, and that Dr. Bumble holds the other; they delight in Popes!"

May opened her mouth to reply in wrath, but her father's voice was heard in the hall calling her, and she went off to him at once.

"I wish every woman was made to read logic. I would have every girl of them drummed through a chapter of Mill every morning," said Walter, rather savagely, as she left the room.

"Hear him!" laughed Tom; "the great cynic who declared it 'the whole duty' of woman to be charming, and dress in white in the morning, not a year back! The want of logic can no further go!"

"Consistent! No, to be sure I'm not! I'm learning. What are we put into the world for, I wonder, but to learn? Because I talked nonsense when I was twenty, do you mean I'm to go on keeping to it till I'm sixty, in order to be what you call consistent?"

And Walter laughed rather angrily, for the example of his old thesis, the concrete essence of his proposition, appeared fair and living at the door: Cecilia herself came sailing in, fulfilling certainly to the full the whole duty of woman in one sense, her gown perfect in colour, fashion, and fit, the face and figure it contained almost as good as the gown, *pimпанте, avenante, prévenante* — there are no English words to express her — charming down to the tips of her fingers, and quite ready to be charming to him.

He did not like her — now — gave an impatient snort and an unintelligible reply to the playful nothing which she threw at him as she passed, and went out of the room.

"What makes Mr. Scrope such a bear this morning?" said she wonderingly. "Colonel Seymour says that he's thought

very clever, but so odd that he never will do anything."

"Do anything" means succeed in life in the Cecilian vocabulary. Walter was doing a great deal for himself and for others. He was learning, as he said, but it was in an uncouth slow way; his was what would be called in a certain kind of slang "a big inarticulate soul." He had a large heart and a large brain, but he could not express his meaning either by word or action; he was full of corners, rubbed everybody the wrong way, so that few people liked to act with him, and his rugged talk produced antagonism instead of assent. He had little imagination, and could not place himself mentally in the place of others and see their difficulties, or consequently explain his own. It is a suffering temperament—

"As it is, I live and die unheard

With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as
a sword."

He was reading for a fellowship, on which he intended to live while working hard at his law in London. His father's fortune was so small that he did not choose to take any help at his hands, and he led a very ascetic life, coming down occasionally to Fernyhurst as one of his few pleasures.

"How wet and tired Mr. Scrope looks, and, Tom, you're quite dry," said May, on one of these occasions, as they came in from their journey down from London on a wretched winter's evening.

"Wet! No wonder, stupid fellow! He chose to get outside the coach in this pelting rain, because we took up a woman in a thin gown, and no cloak to speak of, and he gave up his place inside to her. I had the pleasure of her company as my neighbour all the way to Danesbury 'all along of' him," said Tom.

"That fat old woman would keep the window up on my side. I was sitting back, and it made me sick," growled Walter as he went out of the room looking annoyed.

"Oh! so that was the reason, was it? It was all an abominable piece of self-indulgence," shouted Tom after him.

"What kind of a woman was it?" said May, curiously, after he was gone.

"A sort of a kind of old maid-servant, I should think by her looks," answered her brother.

CHAPTER IV.

COMING HOME.

"So Lionel landed on Tuesday, I hear, from Brickwall," said Mrs. Dimsdale, one morning at breakfast as she opened a let-

ter from her sister. "I'm glad she's got her son back safe at last, after all these years."

"Yes, Clara and Amy have been in such a way about it," observed May; "they thought the ship must have gone down, they were so long without hearing from him."

"Stuff and nonsense," cried Tom; "why should that ship go down more than any other, I should like to know?"

"I'm glad it wasn't this one, however," answered his father, with a smile. "You'll write and ask him here, my dear?" he went on, turning to his wife. "I should like to hear a little about the Cape, and I used to like the lad, though he's been gone so long that one has nearly forgotten him."

"And tell the girls that he must make haste and come before my time at home is over," added Tom to his sister.

Lionel Wilmot was the son of a general officer of small estate, about thirty miles from Fernyhurst, who had married Mrs. Dimsdale's sister late in life, after seeing a great deal of service, and with a bullet knock on his head, which had sunk his later years into an uneventful invalid existence, leaving a very large scope to his wife's energies, which were great. He had lately died, and his soldier son, who had been away with his regiment, with but one short interval, for the last six or seven years, was now returning to put his father's affairs in order, and arrange matters for his mother and two young sisters. He had always shown himself an exceedingly good son and brother, and had done everything in his power for their comfort provisionally from a distance. His return was of course a great event to them; he had been away so long that he seemed almost like a stranger.

Brickwall, his patrimony, was the very pink of propriety—an old red-brick house, with stone quoins and bits of balustrade, in a proper little park, standing on a tidy little hill, with the church close behind on one side, and a capital square kitchen-garden wall on the other, girt in with a number of good trees, not, however, large enough to be fine, which would have been out of keeping.

May had always felt inclined to gape as soon as the first of its neat iron fences broke upon her view. As a child, her visits had been a terror to her aunt, for she led her two tidy little cousins into all sorts of iniquities; they dirtied and tore more frocks in the few days of her stay than in the whole course of the year besides. May was dreadfully inventive and active; out of doors she made dams and water-mills in the

stream, and indoors built up half the school-room furniture into "houses," to the horror of the governess. She was found one day declaiming to them the passionate love passages in *Romeo and Juliet*, of which the music and the images had struck her fancy, though the meaning was far beyond her. Another time it was "One more Unfortunate" which some one had read before her out of a magazine; whole cantos of Walter Scott, scraps of Spenser, with absurd bits from Charlie's songs and Tom's Pickwickian extracts, came pouring out in wonderful juxtaposition. Altogether, it was much more entertaining than Pinnock's Catechism and Cowper's Poems, which was the diet on which the girls were usually fed, and they worshipped her, to their mother's infinite disgust. Lionel had been away so long that May only remembered him as a tall boy, who used to tease her and insult her dignity by calling her a tomboy.

"How very good-looking Lionel is!" said Mrs. Dimsdale one evening a day or two after her nephew's arrival at Fernyhurst, when he had left the room to fetch some bulbs which he had brought home for her from the Cape.

"And he's got as good a head on his shoulders as I have met for some time," observed his uncle. "He's told me more about the difficulties of the Dutch and English law with the Kaffres and settlers than I ever knew before."

"And he shoots as straight as any man in England or out," went on Tom, with considerable respect for a tall cousin who had seen so much of the world.

"Good night, Lionel," said May, taking the candle which he had lighted for her, and shaking hands in very cousinly fashion at the door which he had opened.

"Did you generally do the civil in the wigwams at the Kaffre dinner-parties, Lionel?" Tom called out with a smile from the bottom of the arm-chair where he was ensconced.

As May went up-stairs she also observed to herself how agreeable he was; how much pleasanter than Walter Scrope; he never asked her, when she solved a question by some pretty poetic platitude, whether it was true or not; or declared that no amount of lofty sentiments could make two and two into five; he listened to her; he did not always by any means agree with her, but he gave her argument its very fullest value, and even sometimes put it into better shape for her.

"Whereas Mr. Scrope knocks people down and treads on them afterwards," she said musingly to herself. "I don't like talking to Walter, he's very overbearing," she went on, almost aloud, as the contrast came before her, and she stopped on the landing of the dark, polished old oak staircase in the energy of her distaste.

SPECTRUM OF THE FIRE-FLY.—MR. C. A. YOUNG has described in the *American Naturalist*, the spectrum given by the common fire-fly as being perfectly continuous, without trace of lines, either bright or dark, and extending a little above Fraunhofer's line C in the scarlet to about F in the blue, gradually fading out at the extremities. It will be observed that this portion of the spectrum contains the most luminous rays, the caloric and actinic rays not being brought materially into play. This insect, therefore, has the power of generating only those undulations whose velocities are such as to affect most powerfully the organ of vision, and in this respect is a remarkable adaptation of force to precisely the object to be attained. In all devices for illumination by artificial means, many waves moving both slower and faster than those required, are simultaneously generated, so that but a small portion of the radiant energy exerted is made available to human vision. Yet it may be doubted whether any strong and ser-

viceable light can be produced without a simultaneous generation of the whole range of undulations, from the slowest to the most rapid, as found in solar rays.

SALMON, it appears, are found in great abundance on the Pacific coast. The *San Francisco Bulletin* says, "From Mexico to Alaska every clear stream running into the ocean is frequented by salmon. These fish even ascend small streams which one can jump across, and the number which frequent large streams is wonderful. The size, quality, and shape vary considerably in the different streams, the largest being caught in the Sacramento river. While the salmon theoretically must have clear water, it is remarkable that it seems to thrive in the muddy waters of the Sacramento." Here is possibly some news for Mr. Frank Buckland.

From Temple Bar.
BEHIND THE SCENES.

Is the world sufficiently grateful to Mr. Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., for that little book which he wrote just 200 years ago? That "Diary" which he kept from day to day, for nine years, for his own behoof, in cipher, and which remained a hidden treasure for some century and a half—frozen up like the music in Baron Munchausen's horn—until the discovery of the cipher used suddenly dissolved the spell, and the long imprisoned story became audible by mortal ears?

It is a work which appears to me never enough appreciated, whether we regard it in either of its three-fold aspects: as a contribution to the history of an eventful period—or as a picture of the manners of the time—or as the anatomy of a human heart, full of vigorous pulsation, laid bare for our keenest examination. For, be it observed, it differs *toto cælo* from all histories of England with which we are acquainted; and, indeed, from all histories whatsoever. Those interesting and veracious works are commonly written either by some partisan—who writes, if not with malice aforethought, at least to demonstrate some foregone conclusion, and of course takes care to suppress all that makes against his theory—or else they are the much more valuable memoirs of some actor in the scenes described, but who chronicles them confessedly "to be seen of men," and never forgets to paint the picture in a light favourable to himself. But Mr. Pepys' pictures are entirely free from all suspicion of this fatal defect, inasmuch as they were not painted to lead, or mislead, others, but simply and only as a record for himself; and so soon as he found himself no longer able, from failing sight, to keep his diary in cipher, he very wisely ceased to keep it altogether.

So, as regards the other aspect of the book—the dissection of his own heart—it presents the greatest possible contrast to the so-called "Diaries" which vain and silly people inflict upon the world; and in which, under pretence of self-examination and self-condemnation, they contrive still to boast and vapour and belaud themselves; a class of books which drew from Hannah More the remark that, rather than not talk about themselves at all, people would even consent to abuse themselves. Mr. Pepys is entirely free, I think, from this charge; except, at least, in so far as poor human nature is apt to endeavour to deceive its very self as to its motives of action. But, generally, our diarist expounds his motives with the most delightful candour. Witness the

entry on his journey home from Brampton whither he had gone to bury his uncle. Stopping at Hatfield on his homeward ride he strayed into Lord Salisbury's great house, and was followed by "a pretty little dog, which I would fain have stolen, *but could not*, which did trouble me!" he adds, with exemplary truth. Most charming contrast with the class of maudlin diarists whom I have condemned! They would never talk of "stealing" the dog, not they! They would have declared that the poor little dog seemed lost, and looking for some kind owner, and they felt almost induced to take it home "out of charity," or some pretty little fiction of that sort.

The candour with which Pepys relates this, and other similar stories which tell so strongly against himself, gives us, I think, good reason to believe that the public events which he chronicles are stated with equal truth, and that the pictures he has left us of the notabilities of that day, and the manners of the time, are painted with a faithful brush. And, let me add, very few of those who "made the history" of that period were unseen or unnoticed by those observant eyes. Very many of the actors in the historic drama passed in review before him:

"Conquerors and kings—
Bards, sophists, statesmen—all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,"

were most of them seen by him, from the king upon his throne down to the poor starved sailors, whom that same king cheated out of their wages and left to die in the streets. During the time of Pepys' secretaryship to the navy, the Duke of York (James II.) was Lord High-Admiral, and, as he lived at Whitehall with his royal brother, Pepys was brought into constant communication with these two last Stuart kings. In those days a king *was* a king, and the loyal secretary observed the sovereign most anxiously; evidently in the hope of seeing some divine effulgence beaming forth from the royal presence. It is true that as he got to criticise the merry monarch more minutely, when his eyes had recovered from the dazzling effects of his first appearance, he began to suffer from troublesome doubts whether, after all, "conquerors and kings" were really made of less "penetrable stuff" than the rest of mankind. And how naively he confesses his disappointment on hearing these two Stuarts converse in the royal barge returning from Woolwich to London, when he had the supreme felicity of increasing the weight of that august freight by sitting close to the door of the cabin, or "coach," as I fancy it

was called in those days, and "of seeing and observing their manner of discourse," no doubt with the greatest possible interest. "And, God forgive me!" he adds, "though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men; though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits!" evidently trembling, as he says it, at his own audacity in presuming to see no such difference! "Curse not the king, no, not in thy chamber," says King Solomon; "for a bird of the air shall carry the matter," and Pepys seems to fear that the secret ciphered in his diary might escape like that once whispered to the reeds touching the length of King Midas' ears.

Yet I think he gave most convincing evidence of his loyalty and attachment not only to the Crown, but to the very person of royalty, when, on Shrove Tuesday, in 1668, he "did see by particular favour the body of Queen Catherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queen." This was Henry V.'s queen (Prince Hal's "Kate"), who had been buried 211 years before (in 1457), and her body, exposed by some accident in rebuilding a part of the abbey, was kept in a certain chest until 1776, when it was re-buried. Talk of attachment to the throne and person of a sovereign, this was devotion with a vengeance! What would the squeamish loyalty of 1870 say to such a test? Shakespeare makes Henry declare that there was "witchcraft" in his bride's lips, and surely it must have been so, if they retained their attractiveness for more than 200 years after death!

Nor was his belief in caste confined by any means to the throne, but it extended downwards through all the successive ranks; and nothing excited his indignation more violently than to see one of these ranks invading another. Thus when Creed, his junior in the service, proposed to marry Mrs. Betty Pickering, niece to his patron's wife Lady Sandwich, he records his horror at "his devilish presumption in aiming at a lady so near to my lord," and, in point of fact (for that is the head and front of his offending), so much above the rank of Pepys' own wife. Creed, however, appears to have shown no sign of penitence for his offence. He not only "aimed" at Mrs. Betty, but appears to have hit her and brought her down, and they were shortly afterwards married, though the lady affected

at the moment to turn up her nose at him. And this belief in caste was carried by Mr. Pepys into matters of graver moment; so that when the parson at Brampton Church, on seeing him enter, commenced the general exhortation with "Right worshipful and dearly beloved," he evidently thought it quite right and proper. Like Cassio, he had no objection that the ensign should be saved, "but not before the lieutenant," by any means!

I wonder what the servants of the present day would think of the manners and customs of the masters and mistresses of the seventeenth century? Although he was neither an ill-natured man, nor a severe master, Pepys seems to have thought nothing of inflicting corporal chastisement upon his household when he thought it was needed. Having been for some time troubled by the conduct of his boy Tom, he adjourns with the culprit and a rod into a room at the top of the house looking towards the garden, and there he "did soundly beat him," he says, "after first reckoning up his faults to him;" but, owing to the lightness of the rod, he adds, that he hurt himself much more than the boy: for, being unaccustomed to such athletics, his own right arm was so sore within fifteen minutes of the operation that he was unable to move it! A result which must have given Tom the liveliest satisfaction. Nor were such little attentions confined even to the baser sex in his household, for coming home one day and finding "the door left open by Luce, our cookmaid, it so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her: and was seen doing so by Sir Wm. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it." And on another occasion, discovering that his cookmaid had let in a "roguing Irish woman" to help her in cleaning, he made his wife beat her soundly, and then shut her down into the cellar all night, as a trifling reminder not to do it again! Fancy the domestics of 1870 being treated in this fashion! would not Mr. and Mrs. Pepys soon have found themselves in the cells of the nearest police-station, and would not the *Daily Blunderbuss* have crashed its thunderbolts on to their devoted heads? Thank God that it is so, that those good old times have passed away for ever!

Not that the domestic picture must be painted altogether in dark colours, for within two days of his onslaught upon Luce we find him taking his wife and two of his maids out a-pleasuring to the "Jamaica House," where "the girls did run for wa-

gers over the bowling-green;" and we find him often of an evening sitting in his kitchen, with his wife and her maids, cracking jokes and chaffing his servants with the most entire *abandon*. Nor need we forget that in his childless and wifeless old age, when his life-work was over, he retired to the seat of his old friend and servant, William Hewer, at Clapham, where he was treated with the utmost respect and kindness until his death, some three years afterwards. And we hear him, in the diary, speaking of the return of a former servant, who "comes by force away from her other place," to be again with her old master and mistress, in terms of almost caressing affection.

It seems to me that his skill in pen-and-ink portraiture has never been sufficiently admired. With what graphic force, in a few vigorous touches, he often puts the likeness on his canvas. Witness his photograph of Tom Bates, a "prating, bold counsellor, . . . noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best;" could Chaucer himself have painted the man of law in livelier colours? Do we not all know him — this prating, bold counsellor, whose jaws, between talking and eating, get no rest — nor his hearers either? Sergeant Buzfuz is more elaborate, but hardly more lifelike than "Tom Bates." Sir John Duncomb again, the newly-made minister, may hang as a pendant to the bar-rister: "To the Treasury Chamber. Here I saw Duncomb look as big, and take as much state upon him, *as if he had been born a lord*." Is not the new Lord of the Treasury present to our eyes, with all his blushing honours thick upon him, puffing himself out, like the fabled frog, to the full size of the political ox, giving himself all the airs of one born in the purple?

Vandyke's stately canvas shows us with what imperial dignity and grace the first Charles upheld his order, and Lely and Kneller, *longo intervallo*, present to us with sufficient fidelity the periwigged Mohocks and exuberant Magdalens in whom his son delighted. But Mr. Pepys tells us not only how they looked, but what they did. He tells us how, by Charles's early rising (at five A.M.), he tired out all the lords-in-waiting and people about him, — what an excellent tennis-player he was, beating his loyal subjects at that game, — how admirably he danced, much better than his brother James; — and how it was the etiquette of his court for every lady present at his great balls to stand up during the time that the King was dancing. On the other hand, the portrait of him, when at work, is not so

flattering; for at the Council Chamber, during their sitting, "all I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business, and what he said was mighty weak."* And, again, at Saxham, "the King was drunk with Sedley, Buckhurst, etc., the night that my Lord Arlington came thither, and would not give him audience, or could not."

So during some great political crisis he is found in Lady Castlemaine's apartments at midnight, surrounded by his usual *entourage* of Nymphs and Satyrs, all in hot pursuit of "a poor moth," which they are trying to get some sport out of; and during one of his royal progresses through the country, we read "how the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford to sing them all the obscene songs they could think of." How Pepys' mind must have reverted to the day of Charles's landing at Dover, when he took the Bible presented by the Mayor, "and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world!"

"A merciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles
swallow,"

sings Mr. Biglow; and certainly Charles seems to have swallowed his professed principles pretty effectually!

The chronicler's opinion of the King's character, as shadowed forth in the Bible scene, seems to have suffered some little shock in the *fracas* which occurred at his coronation, when he had no sooner reached the steps of his throne than his footmen seized upon the velvet and gold canopy of state which had been borne over his royal head by the barons of the Cinque Ports, and tried to "loot" it for their own personal benefit. The barons, however, held on nobly, the footmen continued their attack, by main force dragged their lordships down to the lower end of the Hall at Westminster, and would certainly have been victorious, had not one of the heralds present cleverly closed the door, and so prevented their egress with the spoil. What an edifying spectacle — in the very presence of the King, on the most solemn ceremonial occasion of his life — to have a mob of lords and footmen struggling and fighting all through Westminster Hall for one of the badges of his state! It is true that the turbulent serving-men were speedily dismissed

* Rochester's stinging quatrain must be confined to the "chaff" of his lighter hours. That he "never said a foolish thing" had no reference to his dicta at the Council Board.

from the royal service; but the poor barons, all blowed and hustled in the unequal combat — out of breath and out of temper — found, on their triumphant return with the canopy, that the banquet-table specially designed for them had been most unjustly seized by the "bishops, judges, &c.," and their discomfited lordships were forced to eat their dinner below the masters in chancery and barristers! —

"Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!"

What dark visions of revenge must have floated through their minds as they took their seats below the salt, re-adjusting, as they did so, the coronets knocked off in the scuffle, and the stars and garters which they had shed around them in their meteoric flight adown the hall! How bitterly they must have cursed John Thomas and all his works, and how devout must have been their hope that the dinner so shamelessly eaten by the bishops and judges might disagree with those dignitaries!

What would the Court Newsmen, I wonder, have said about this little scrimmage in his official account of the coronation? Luckily for Charles and his subjects that functionary was yet in embryo. There was no "walking on the slopes" in those days. The only slope which the king affected was the *facilis descensus Averni*, "the primrose path which leads to the everlasting bonfire;" and there was no need to tell the people that their lord and master had been taking his usual exercise upon that declivity the day before, as they were too well aware of the fact already. But Mr. Secretary Pepys is worth a thousand Court Circulars. Those records would have given but the dry bones of the statement, whereas he breathed into them the breath of life, and gave them colour, and warmth, and movement. When Charles dined in state with the Dutch ambassador (Feb. 1668) the official Yellow-plush would but merely have stated the bare fact — adding that "His Majesty was attended by Lords Rochester and Buckhurst, the lords in waiting, Sir Charles Sedley, and Mr. Thomas Killigrew, &c., &c.," but Mr. Pepys tells us something more than this, he informs us that "after dinner they drank and were pretty merry" (which appears very probable), and that Mr. Killigrew chaffed my lord of Rochester to such an extent that his lordship boxed the wit's ears "in the King's presence," His Majesty being graciously pleased to condone the slight indecorum. And this, be it observed, is not at a snug little supper in Mistress Eleanor Gwynne's lodgings, or at a gambling orgie in the gilded saloons of Lady

Castlemaine, but at a solemn banquet given to Charles by the ambassador of one of the great European powers, the weight of whose cannon the English fleet had often felt. How astonished must have been the sedate Mynheer Von Dunk to see two of His Majesty's attendants — one of them a belted earl — boxing each other's ears like two drunken sailors in a Dutch *lust-haus*! What a dispatch he must have written home of the whole affair! No wonder that Charles's ministers at foreign courts declared that they were respected much more in the grim Protector's time! On the other hand, the foreign ambassadors themselves don't seem to have been very particular. On some great ceremonial occasion the representatives of France and Spain had a little difficulty about precedence in their carriages of state, and proceeded to a free fight in the open streets, in which several men and horses were killed on both sides, the King wisely declining to interfere. Pepys praises the wisdom of the Spaniards in shooting down the horses in the French carriage, whereby Louis le Grand's minister was left high and dry in the street, framed and glazed, but bereft of all power of motion. The Spaniards had previously lined their traces with iron, to prevent severance, for the whole affair was very deliberate, and known to be impending.

Other great historical personages pass through our diarist's pages. The fiery Rupert, who was so "so severe in council," and so profligate in life and conversation, frequently appears; and George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, is presented to us with his "nasty wife and nasty dishes." The roughness of the Cromwellian's domestic *ménage* reminds one of the accounts of the households of some of Napoleon's marshals, with their baggage-waggon wives, whose resonant titles contrasted strangely with their *vivandière's* vocabulary — not the only parallel, by the way, between the Reign of the Saints and the First Empire.

But the historical value of the diary is eclipsed by its worth as a picture of the manners of the time, and by its curiosity as a psychological study. The way in which the diarist records not only the great events of his life, his various public offices, successes and disappointments, but all the thousand trifles which make up the sum of daily life, down to the combustion of his "perriwig," which caught fire behind, and frizzled so that "no one could tell what the noise was," and to the "washing of his ears" by one or other of his servant-maids, and the severe cold which he caught in consequence, make it a most elaborate record

of his own career; whilst the candour with which he confesses not only his peccadilloes, but lays bare even his minutest motives of action, and shows that the motive professed was not always precisely the actual reason, combine to render it almost unique as a study of "poor human nature." Some years ago the anatomists of the day had the chance of looking into a living stomach, and observing all its workings; part of the outer wall of the organ having been shot away, and the body healing with an orifice sufficient for the purpose. They were able to gauge its powers of digestion of different sorts of food, and to note how it "behaved"—as chemists say—under various circumstances; how stimulants, or mental emotions, turned the mucous membrane of a bright red colour, and so forth. In like manner, Mr. Pepys has with his pen removed a portion of the outer wall, not of his stomach but of his heart, and through the aperture so made we may see all its workings—its hopes and fears; its joys and sorrows; its pride and humiliation; its loves and hatreds; not the mere outward manifestations of those feelings, but their very existence in his heart of hearts.

One of the most humorous—yet one of the saddest—of these records is the history of his wife's jealousy and the trouble it occasioned him. Never, perhaps, was a picture of the working of that dread passion painted with more perfect skill—never was a demonstration of morbid anatomy more complete; and, as we read it, the whole drama unrolls itself before our eyes. He was, I believe, really very fond of his young and pretty wife; but I fear that he gave her some reason to doubt it, from the natural gallantry of his character, and his devotion to *le beau sexe*, one and all. Like Mr. Snevellicci, he "loved 'em all, sir;" but I think, on the whole, Mrs. Pepys paid him off pretty handsomely. She contrived to make his home so warm, that towards the end of the "Diary" we find him, after one of these little matrimonial tournaments, going "to bed, weeping to himself for grief;" and, a few pages on, he cries out in the anguish of his soul that he "can no longer endure this life."

Nor did his good lady always confine herself to the usual female armoury of snarls, and sulks, and sighs, and tears. Upon one occasion she declined to retire to rest at the usual hour, and he was obliged to leave her sitting up. But, happening to wake about 1 A.M., he found her approaching his side of the bed "with the tongs red-hot at the ends, as if she did design to punish me with them;" evidently intending to seize him by

the nose, as St. Dunstan did to his adversary! Upon this Mr. Pepys prudently skipped out of bed and induced the fair combatant to lay down her arms; but I think he must always have felt some little uneasiness afterwards when bedtime came. The method in which he carried himself throughout this campaign is admirably described. His mode of warfare seems to have been to soothe her at the time, and, some twenty-four hours afterwards, to pick a quarrel with her about something else, and then rap her well over the knuckles—a mode of procedure which I think I have observed elsewhere. But, altogether, she appears to have pretty much carried her point, and made him feel, if not see, the error of his ways. Sometimes, unhappily, when he had been chastised into repentance, and all was smooth, the actress, Mrs. Knipp, who was the chief apple of discord, would by evil fortune wink at him in the middle of the play, and as Mrs. Pepys sat watching him instead of the stage, his answering smile would be at once detected, and hostilities would recommence with redoubled violence.

By no means the least amusing part of the "Diary" consists of the chronicler's experiences of church-going; for however hard Mr. Secretary had been at work during the week, he very rarely missed attending his parish church, or some other, once or twice on the Sunday. He heard most of the preachers of his time from Stillingfleet and Calamy down to the Rev. Mr. Logge, whom we all know so well, and who like—

"Mr. Parker
Makes that darker
Which was dark enough without."

And whose "dull, idle sermon" he seldom fails to reprobate. But I am sorry to say that his own conduct in church was not entirely free from possible objection, for he constantly alludes to the "great store of fine women" in the church as one of its attractions, and sometimes even his constitutional gallantry appears to have broken out in rather an unseemly way. On one occasion, finding himself seated near a young lady of prepossessing appearance, he so far forgot the *genius loci* as to attempt to take her hand; but she modestly received this little advance "with a pin," which speedily cooled the ardour of her assailant—a method of reception which I would recommend to other maidens who are annoyed by unwelcome attentions from married men! Although of so gallant a temperament, Mr. Pepys appears to have been sometimes wanting in politeness, as when his pew, having

been entered on several Sundays by a lady who he thought had no right of entrée, he "did set his breech against the door," and in this unceremonious fashion prevented the threatened irruption. But, I think the flower of his church-going adventures was when upon a certain Sunday he attended some distant church (Battersea, I fancy), and being exhausted with his walk he dropped asleep during the sermon, and let his hat fall through a hole in the flooring of the building. This untoward accident compelled him to remain behind after the dispersal of the congregation; when the verger and himself, after many efforts with a long rod, fished out the recalcitrant beaver from under the boards. I should like to have seen his face during the operation; it would have made, I think, a charming picture.

It is curious to observe the change in manners since the diary was written. We scarcely realise now the fact that the House of Commons at that time sat at 7 A.M., and rose, for the day, at noon. The diarist's grand dinner party, when he entertained his patron, Lord Sandwich, and other nobles, took place at noon precisely, and his titled guests left at 7 P.M., tired enough. I should fancy, with a seven hours' *sederunt*. Again when he goes to call on Lady Batten, the wife of one of the commissioners of the navy—a vice-admiral and M.P.—he finds that lady in her bedroom at high jinks with some other ladies, "mighty merry," as he expresses it. After the usual interchange of compliments one of these "ladies" seizes upon the caller (the Secretary to the Admiralty!) and throws him down upon the hostess's bed, where she and the rest of the fair bevy proceed to roll upon him! Imagine the scene in a formal call upon a lady of position! Well, like Molière's doctor, we have changed all that! We may not be more moral in 1870, but we are certainly more decorous.

On another festive occasion—the anniversary, I think, of Charles's coronation—one of Pepys's female guests, at the banquet he gave, filled one of the empty pie-disks, which held fully a pint and a half, with sherry, or some white wine, and drained it at a draught to the health of His Majesty! If this be not *effusive* loyalty, I know not what is!

Nor must it be supposed that these were the doings of the lower orders. Mr. Secretary had by this time become a very considerable personage, and was living in very good style and with very good people. He kept his carriage, had a table-service

of plate, and luxurious meals, his portrait was painted by Kneller, and the walls of his room adorned in panel with four paintings, by Dankers, the king's landscape-painter, of the four royal palaces. He entertained a profound objection to "common people," and was especially careful, as he climbed the ladder, to avoid all possible association with them on a footing of equality, although he countenanced them *en grand seigneur*, and graced his servants' marriages with his respected presence.

Another feature of the time which strikes one is the frequent use of the stage for the indulgence of private pique or political satire; and the rapid vengeance with which the upper ten thousand avenged their wrongs by taking the law into their own hands. A leading actress was induced by one of the frail tenants of Charles's zenana to caricature her rival, and was immediately clapped into prison by my Lord Chamberlain, who happened to be a kinsman of the aggrieved lady. Sir Charles Sedley is imitated in his dress and manner by a favourite actor, and forthwith employs two ruffians to beat the audacious artist into a jelly, whereby the cast of the play is spoilt. And here the King comes upon the stage: for although Charles bore the distress of his subjects with great philosophy, he felt his own personal annoyances acutely enough; and so he flies into a violent passion at this untoward accident. *Le Roi s'amuse!* and let no one presume to interfere with his royal pastime! In like manner, although he scarcely listened to the words uttered by his ministers at the council board, his critical ear immediately detects the want of time kept by the "fiddlers" in his theatre, and he forthwith stops their performance. Straws such as these show, better than any history, the current of the royal life; and prove, spite of his apathy and carelessness about state affairs, how jealously he catered, not only for those coarser indulgences which we are apt to associate with his name, but even for the more cultivated and intellectual enjoyments of his free and easy life, and how loudly he cried out if he found any crumple in the rose-leaves of his voluptuous couch.

But to return to our diarist. If his private life partook somewhat of the fashion of the time, at least his public service was above all praise. At a time of unparalleled idleness and profligacy he was one of the most hard-working of men, sparing neither time nor labour nor eyesight (which was nearly destroyed) in protecting the interests of a sovereign who was too idle and too luxurious to give the matter a thought.

Early and late he was at his office, not only working hard himself, but, by his energy and example, making others, for very shame, work too. He has often been accused of cowardice, but during the panic of the Great Plague of 1666, when London was literally deserted, and the mortality of the then small city rose to 10,000 a week, he showed the greatest possible pluck, sending his wife and all his people down to Woolwich for safety, but sticking manfully to his own desk in the plague-stricken city, saying, with modest courage, that as the king's other servants took their share of danger in the wars of the period, he must not grudge to serve his master by the risk of his own death from pestilence; a much more trying test, by the way, than a mad charge in battle-field. "But every man," said some one noted for bravery, "would be a coward if he dare;" and courage seems, after all, to be somewhat a matter of education. Although Pepys, day after day, looked death calmly in the face at the plague-time, he would have made but an indifferent member of the Alpine Club; for, visiting the castle ruins at Rochester, he says: "But, Lord! to see what a dreadful thing it is to look upon the precipices, for it did fright me mightily!" And going down to Chatham with some colleagues to hold a court-martial, he listened to ghost-stories till he was afraid to go to bed alone, "only that he durst not, for shame, say so," he candidly adds.

I believe him to have been, in the main, a good man. He was a dutiful son and brother, a kind master, and not a bad husband. As a public servant he had few equals, or none. He lived a full and vigorous life; hard at work in the morning, he constantly attended the theatre afterwards;

he lived with all sorts of people, and saw all sorts of sights, from the execution of brave Sir Harry Vane on Tower Hill to the suffocation of a "kitling" by the Royal Society; from the picturesque coronation of his royal master, down to the performing monkeys at Bartlemy Fair and the exhibition of the fat giantess. Soldiers and sailors, artists, "virtuosoes," actors and doctors, ladies of all degrees, all in their turn pass through the panorama of his pages, and are painted, as they pass, with a ready, forcible pencil. John Leech himself never, with a few pen-and-ink strokes, seized the characteristics of each class and rendered them immortal, better than does Mr. Secretary Pepys; and, for myself, I feel deeply grateful to him for what he has done, and regret only that his failing sight compelled him to desist so soon from his work, and to leave his gallery of portraits incomplete.

But touching the most interesting portrait in the book, the picture of himself and the anatomy of his own heart, I would only suggest that when we look at the dark shades which he from time to time throws on to his canvas, it is well to remember that the likeness is not that painted of him by Kneller, *en grande tenue*, in flowing periwig and lace collar, sitting in state as Secretary to the Admiralty, Captain R.N., Justice of the Peace, and Member of Parliament, as he appeared to others' eyes; but only that of Samuel Pepys, sitting bare-headed, in his robe-de-chambre and easy-chair, by his own fire-side, seen only by his wife and maid-servants; or, rather, that yet more private exhibition of the interior of his heart seen only by himself and that Power "unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid."

THE extreme rarity of well-authenticated examples of the parasitism of the mistletoe on the oak has induced Dr. Bull, of Hereford, to collect the known instances, which he finds to be eight in number, viz., three in Herefordshire, one each in Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Devonshire, Hants, and Surrey. In the most recently-discovered instance, in the Forest of Deerfold in Herefordshire, the mistletoe was found on an oak of the variety *sessiliflora*, some fifty or sixty years old; it is a female plant, growing high up on the main stem, and forming a large spreading branch with a diameter of three-and-a-half feet, and springing from the oak in a single stem nearly four inches in circumference. The mistletoe also grows on a thorn close by, and

has probably sprung from a seed dropped by a bird from above.

A SOLUTION of tannin has been used in the treatment of cotton fabrics, as are hides in the manufacture of leather, and according to *Cosmos*, the cotton thereby acquires greater strength, and resists moisture and disintegrating effects better. No attempt is made to explain the chemical reaction which produces this important change, but it is believed that the change cannot be great, since it has escaped the notice of practical tanners.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MILLY'S FIRST LOVE.

WHEN Milly Hope was seventeen, being a dear, foolish little girl, she naturally thought that it was time to fall in love. Accordingly she worshipped Mr. Matthew Warburton. She had no young lady friend with whom to gossip and giggle, and her innocent passion grew in pure and sacred silence. A girl's first love is never so truly a poem as when it is a song without words; and such was Milly's for Mr. Warburton.

As to her choice I neither blame nor defend it, because it appears to me that she had none. Of course I do not mean that there was not another man in Drayford. There was Arthur Mannering, the Rector's son, a heavy, unwholesome-looking youth, whose University career had been cut disreputably short, and who was at home simply because his relations "didn't know where on earth to send him," as they candidly avowed. Little Milly could hardly fall in love with Mr. Arthur Mannering. There was Dr. Ford, but he was fifty-three and wore a chestnut wig. There was his assistant, a meek, little, pink-faced man, but he was engaged to a young lady in Birmingham. The curate was married, and so were both the lawyers. So was one of the three bank clerks, another was a mere boy, and a third was unconceivably ugly. (Milly was not acquainted with this trio: I mention them only to make my list more complete.) Therefore I maintain that she had no choice, and is not to be either commended or condemned for her worship of Mr. Matthew Warburton.

He was decidedly the leading man of the place. He was the second partner in the Drayford Bank; and Mr. Maitland, the senior, lived seven miles away at Langton Grove, and was a comparative stranger to the townspeople.

Mr. Warburton was a man of nine-and-thirty. Twelve or fourteen years before, his pretensions to good looks had been universally acknowledged, and they were very considerable at the time of which I write. Unfortunately he had grown somewhat stout, and his complexion was not as delicately pink and white as in old days, the former tint a little predominating. (Do not for one moment imagine him with a red face — the words I have used are the very utmost that could be said. The face was not coarse, though something in it somehow suggested the idea of possible coarseness.) He was a big and decidedly handsome man; whose hair, eyebrows, mustache, and whiskers were thick, strong,

and black; whose aspect was frank, easy, and good-tempered (though a keen observer might detect the under-current of violence and obstinacy); who swaggered in his walk and talk, and doubtless in his thoughts; who was vain of his good looks, of his undoubted ability as a man of business, and of his position at Drayford; and who rolled out his boastful but good-natured talk in a cheery bass voice. Not much that was heroic about him, and yet I think not at all an unlikely hero for a child of seventeen, whose experience of men was so remarkably restricted.

There was not a great deal of society in Drayford, and what there was was considerably flavoured with tea — a beverage and a style of entertainment which, it might be surmised, would find little favour in the eyes of a man like Mr. Warburton. But such was not the case. He was too practical a man to be more than partially blinded by his vanity. It was absolutely necessary to his happiness that he should be courted and caressed. He was morbidly aware that he was not as young as he had been. But among those dowagers, spinsters, old bachelors, and prosy married folks, he felt himself the very incarnation of youth, health, activity, and good looks. He had horrible misgivings that in a livelier and more brilliant circle he might meet with competitors who would rob him of his sovereignty, label him as middle-aged, make fun of him behind his back, and hand him over to the dowagers as a confirmed old bachelor. Although his fears were a little exaggerated there was considerable foundation for them, and the fact that they were entertained by him explains his contentment with the insipid calm of Drayford society. At least he was its leader; and a very gracious and condescending autocrat he made.

If Mr. Matthew Warburton may be likened to an amiable and gentle lion, roaring loudly but harmlessly in Drayford drawing-rooms, then might Milly Hope's aunt, Mrs. Rivers, be described as 1st jackal, helping the stately animal to the banquets of which he was pleased to partake. I mean no disrespect to the lady in question. Second in Drayford society to Mr. Warburton alone, her tea-parties outshone all other tea-parties in splendour, and she occasionally rose to the magnificence of a dinner. It had come to be an understood thing that Mr. Warburton should look in every Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Rivers always contrived to get up a rubber. In fact the Drayford lion was very much at home in that house, and came and went pretty much as he pleased. He liked the pretty, spacious drawing-room;

he liked Mrs. Rivers, a cheery handsome widow of fifty-five; he liked the universal attention he received, the talk, the music.

And little Milly Ilope? I am afraid for a long while Mr. Warburton never thought of her. Of course he was perfectly aware that there was an insignificant little girl, whom he called "Miss Milly" if he had to speak to her; to whom he nodded familiarly if he met her in the street (sending a thrill of pleasure through the bounding little heart); with whom he shook hands absently, as a matter of course, on entering and leaving the room (Milly would not have omitted that ceremony on any account): and that was all. No; if he came to Mrs. Rivers's parties for any young lady he came for Bella Mannering.

Bella was the Rector's daughter, tall, slight, with a keen, bold, handsome face. She was four-and-thirty, and for the last eight years had been laying snares for Mr. Matthew Warburton. Her great eyes were as bright and fearless as ever, but her face was a little worn. Kind Drayford critics remarked that though her cheeks were the least thought sunken, she always had the most becoming colour. Hers was a striking face, especially by candle-light, with her big brilliant eyes, her arched brows, her blooming cheeks, and her vividly scarlet lips. She could not fairly complain of Mr. Warburton, though the flirtation had lasted so long, and as yet had come to nothing. She had courted his attentions, and he had graciously responded — that was all.

Still it was an understood thing that Miss Mannering amused and pleased the Drayford despot, and liked the office. Also, it was an established fact that no one knew exactly how to turn over the leaves of Miss Mannering's music except Mr. Warburton; and her powerful contralto voice never rang out so triumphantly as when he was leaning over her, and looking at her with eyes which, if not quite as big or brilliant, were even more fearless than her own.

Bella Mannering believed that the hour of her triumph approached. She had never had a rival, and it seemed to her, from many slight signs, that the fortress she had so patiently besieged would surrender at last. She was not a bad girl. She did really care for Matthew Warburton. And she was grateful — she would have gone through fire and water for Mrs. Rivers, who had given her so many opportunities of meeting him.

It was not a Tuesday evening with its unvarying accompaniment of whist, but a larger and more general gathering. Mr. Warburton, Dr. Ford, the curate and his

wife, and Miss Mannering, had dined there and a few more had made their appearance in the evening. Bella's place at dinner had been next the banker, and his attention had never been so marked. Now that the three gentlemen had left Mrs. Rivers's excellent wine, and came steering their way through the sprinkling of ladies, it was very evident where Mr. Warburton intended to cast anchor. Bella carelessly swept aside her trailing skirt and revealed a low and hitherto partially hidden easy-chair. Into this he subsided with a broad contented smile, and resumed the talk they had so lately dropped.

Bella thought the time had come for a decisive stroke. Having mentally laid down the general rule that too complete submission courted contempt and defeated its own end, she proceeded to apply it to her own case. But such an application required the most delicate skill.

Miss Mannering commenced by being capricious. Assuming an air of cool independence, she was haughtily uncertain whether she would or would not sing when her admirer asked her. He was undoubtedly surprised, and for a moment hesitated what to do. Bella would have been content with the slightest homage on his part as a mere token of some power on hers; but she had mistaken him. She knew he was not deficient in common-sense, and she imagined that his common-sense must in some measure overrule and pierce through his vanity. In reality it only limited it. It taught him that out of Drayford he might be of small account. But among Drayford people he felt himself pre-eminent. Utter submission would have been Bella's safest weapon. She would never have been in such danger of his contempt as she was thus defying him. He would have seen in her servility only a proof of superior sense.

His indecision was so momentary that Bella did not even perceive it. His quick eyes roving round the room were attracted to little Milly, sitting lonely on a distant sofa. Had she been downright plain he would have used her to serve his purpose, but he was very well satisfied that his self-banishment from Bella's society, though probably wearisome, should not be so disagreeable as that. And thus it was that little Milly was destined to teach Miss Mannering how unwise it was to trifle with the great Mr. Warburton.

So, politely acquiescing in Bella's refusal to sing (no sooner uttered than repented), he rose slowly from the easy-chair and strolled across to the little exile on the sofa. Milly's heart leapt up to meet him, and she

could hardly believe her eyes. He was angry with Miss Mannerling, of course. And indeed it seemed to Milly, though Bella was so very superior and beautiful, and as nearly worthy of Mr. Warburton as any one could be, she had not behaved nicely that evening. But, the little girl reflected with a sigh, Mr. Warburton's coming and sitting down, as if he meant to talk, was no good—he would soon be tired of *her*. She was so silly; and then he would go back to Bella, and it would be worse than if he had never come, for he would always think what a stupid little idiot Milly Hope was.

Still she could not help being pleased in spite of her gloomy forebodings, and her little heart throbbed tumultuously, and the wild-rose colour came into her cheeks. There was a light in her soft grey eyes, and when she looked straight up into Mr. Warburton's face they were frightened, rejoicing, and beseeching all at once. He must have understood them had he been a duller man. He was flattered, and it was a new kind of flattery, and he said to himself, "By Jove, the child is pretty after all!"

"The child" was pretty—singularly so when she grew excited and lost her shrinking awkward look. She had put on a dainty white-and-green dress, and had a green ribbon in her golden hair. The colour, unlike poor Bella's unchanging bloom, came and went in her cheeks at almost every word, and she had a pretty unconscious trick of drooping her long lashes till a remark was made, and then suddenly raising her eyes, brimming with light, to the speaker's face. Mr. Warburton felt that his exile would not be intolerable.

It was necessary to get up an animated conversation lest any one should imagine him bored, so he set about his task. With Bella he tried to be brilliant, with little Milly he only wished to be gentle. And he succeeded admirably. He subdued his strong voice to its softest tones, he smiled his most encouraging smile, he listened kindly to every word she uttered, and she was soon chattering happily. But every now and then she flashed a quick shy glance of suspicion and inquiry into Mr. Warburton's face, like some slender little woodland creature, wild and timid, and newly caught. But she found nothing but what tended to reassure her, and that from no deep-laid scheme on her companion's part, but simply because he really was good-natured and genial if he were suffered to have his own way. Milly was likely to meet with pleasant looks when she was feeding his vanity so pleasantly, and offering the incense of

her admiration with so innocent a delight in her office.

Bella watched them with eyes at once sombre and brilliant. She was annoyed and disconcerted, slightly apprehensive, but not seriously so. She understood Mr. Warburton's tactics, and though in her inmost heart she resented the lesson, she fully intended to profit by it. For that evening she must endure in silence; it was impossible to pursue her prey to his new retreat. Bella, after the first shock of astonishment and disgust, remembered herself, and directed her glances elsewhere. Yet the discomfited huntress knew perfectly well how the lordly animal, who had shaken himself at any rate partially free from her toils, was ostentatiously displaying his liberty, as, superb and sleek, he sunned himself in Milly's tremulous but triumphant glances.

For that evening she must endure, but when next they met she would effect a prompt reconciliation, indulge in no more dangerous experiments, weave her bonds anew around Matthew, and triumph by submission.

She looked for some possible relenting in his face when he bade her good-night, though she hardly expected her punishment to be so quickly over. And it was not. If he had not met her glance, Bella would have taken it as a slightly favourable sign. But even that poor consolation was denied her. Warburton looked straight into the face which she tried to keep perfectly calm, with eyes at once keen and indifferent. It was their first passage of arms, and Bella owned to herself that her antagonist was too strong for her, armed with his cool assurance and cased in his invulnerable vanity. She bit her lip as she saw him bid Milly good-night with a gracious look and meaning smile, and what she was certain was a lingering pressure of the shyly responsive little hand.

It was long before either of the rivals slept that night. Bella was kept awake by vexation at her own folly, sudden stabs of jealousy and a cold terror lurking in her heart which she dared not clothe in words, and tried vainly to ignore. But Milly lay on her little white bed in a tumult of happiness, with throbbing pulses and bounding heart, pressing her soft hot cheek on the cool pillow, and, fretted by her tangled hair, pushing its great golden waves from her flushed face. With eager eyes she looked out, not into the dim night which surrounded her, but into a future which was a very fountain of sunlight. Nothing but the knowledge that only a very slight partition divided her from the head of Mrs. Rivers's

bed, kept her from breaking out in sweet, low, inarticulate singing like the warbling of a happy bird. "So kind, and oh how handsome! So handsome, and oh how kind!" — was the burden of her thoughts as she fell asleep, and she took up the glad refrain when the morning sunlight bathed her in its earliest radiance, as if there had never been a pause in it at all. The child was as bewildered in her happiness as if to one who had had day-dreams of diamonds were suddenly flung the Koh-i-Noor.

Milly and Bella alike looked eagerly forward to their next meeting with Mr. Warburton. Milly, in her happy hopefulness, was inclined to make it a final test. If he went back to his old allegiance, she would understand — how the little heart fluttered and sank at the mere idea! — that he had never really wavered in it. But if he came to her again — oh that sanguine, joyful "if!" — she would believe that he had cast the old bonds aside for ever. Naturally, therefore, she anticipated the great moment with a quivering intensity of expectation.

Bella, though anxious and excited, was more moderate alike in hope and fear. She did not undervalue the importance of the meeting, but she felt that it would not be absolutely decisive. If Matthew Warburton came back to her, she was fully determined that he should leave her side no more. She did not expect him to yield; all she wanted now was that he should give her an opportunity of yielding. If he went to Milly again without affording her the slightest chance of holding out the olive-branch, she would look upon the matter as serious, upon the gulf between them as dangerously wide; but she would not even then despair. She knew Matthew Warburton well enough to understand that, once offended, he would like to see the offender fairly in the dust at his feet before he granted his pardon. Bella would rather have liked the same thing herself. Could a sudden stroke of fortune have made her rich and independent, she would not have been thoroughly happy without Matthew Warburton. But she would dearly have liked to humble him first.

Tuesday evening came. Bella was superb in a flowing black silk — gleams of scarlet at her throat, and in her jet black hair. She swept the room, her queenly head thrown back, her great eyes flashing and dilated, her lips a little compressed. "Why, Bella, my dear, how magnificent you look to-night!" cried placid Mrs. Rivers. So thinks little Milly. *Her* fancies in the matter of dress are kept within proper bounds by her aunt, but she, too, has done

her best to look well, wearing a dress of pale blue, which, lacking the silken lustre of Miss Mannering's, yet falls in softer and more graceful folds.

"Mr. Warburton."

The Drayford hero advances, with his usual air of superb self-confidence, shakes hands with Mrs. Rivers, shakes hands with Bella and the others, and turns to Milly with a smile and a glance which seem to link this meeting with the parting of two or three days before.

Bella turns away with a heart brimming with bitterness. Mr. Warburton begins to talk to his hostess; but, from time to time, he appeals by word or look to happy Milly. Tea coming in makes matters rather worse. Milly is always her aunt's deputy at the urn, and Mr. Warburton proves himself the most devoted of squires. Through the whole of that weary tea-time, Bella, putting a strong constraint upon herself, sat in apparently smiling indifference, and keenly studied her faithless admirer all the time. Was he acting a part, or was he — was it possible he could be? — in earnest in his new devotion? She could glean nothing from his face. And indeed it was not likely. Had she arrived at any definite certainty she would have been more advanced than Mr. Warburton himself.

He was honestly not quite sure what he intended or wanted. He was fascinated with the innocent frankness of his new love. He was strongly inclined to throw Miss Mannering over altogether, and — well, why shouldn't he marry little Milly? He might do worse. He did not mean to live and die a bachelor, and it was time to think of bringing a wife home to the pompous red-brick house in the High Street. Why not little Milly? Only, you see, his long flirtation with Milly's rival had made a certain impression upon him. Well, there was no hurry. And, meanwhile, there was one thing he saw plainly, that it could do no harm, and would certainly be pleasant to him, if, with Miss Hope's assistance, he gave Miss Mannering another lesson in manners.

I think I hear a chorus of young ladies' voices denouncing him as a brute.

A brute? No doubt he was, as the term is often used. Yet, was it altogether Mr. Warburton's fault? For fifteen years he had been courted and worshipped in Drayford, and had he had a humble opinion of himself he must have had it all to himself. Had not Bella done much to foster the inordinate vanity and serene contempt which so humiliated her now?

He had received the worst possible train-

ing. It is true that no training, as far as one can see, could have made him an exalted specimen of humanity. His tastes were not refined—his feelings were not delicate. Not only had he no spark of the old chivalrous spirit, but I cannot conceive the power which could have him even understand its nature or believe that any man living could really be animated by it. Men were humbugs when they wrote or spoke in any different fashion to what he felt in his honesty. He had no reverence for women, nor, for that matter, much respect.

Yet, after a fashion, he was honourable. What he considered the most important thing on the face of the earth was Matthew Warburton's word. I cannot imagine the temptation which would have induced him to swerve from that. Had he pledged it to Bella Mannering, little Milly, though she had been ten times as innocently attractive, could not have made him unfaithful for one moment.

Unluckily it was only the absolute word, written or spoken, that he revered, and he did not in this case consider himself anything but a free man. Even Bella felt that she could hardly reproach him. A more delicate sense of honour might have felt something of a bond, but Mr. Matthew Warburton arose and shook himself like Samson, and like Samson found himself unfettered. So he pondered, tending ever towards one decision.

Bella waited for her chance till after tea. She was occasionally a whist-player—Milly never. She determined to be one of the quartette that night, and fortune favoured her, for she was Matthew Warburton's partner. But it was no use. Her glances, which of old could bring him from the other side of the room, now seemed to fall short even when darted across the card-table. She played well—he took it as a matter of course. She trumped his best card and he glanced indifferently at it, and then suffered his roving eyes to wander where Milly sat near the window, talking to the curate's wife, who hooked away at her crochet with a pleased smile on her faded face.

Mr. Warburton, bringing his eyes back rather suddenly, caught something of the stormy blackness of Bella's watchful glance. He bent his face a little over the cards he was sorting, and hid a half-smile. "Amiable—very," he said to himself; "a nice sort of look to meet a man when he comes home in the evening." And he tossed down his first card, and flashed one quick glance to the group by the window again.

He joined it when the card-playing was over. Bella lingered by the table, absently turning up card after card, as if in some mysterious way she hoped to find her fortune written there. She felt helpless and rather hopeless. If Mr. Warburton's glances had sought hers even in malicious triumph, she would have welcomed them as indications that at any rate he thought of her. But they never did. He was either acting or feeling the most complete indifference.

Bella reached out her hand to one card which lay a little apart from the rest, face downwards on the green cloth. She turned it up, and it was the Queen of Hearts. Was it an omen or a mockery? Bella looked fiercely at the painted simpering face, and the hand primly holding the invariable flower. "You are better off than I am," she thought. "At any rate, you've got the knave and king to play off against each other; I've only one, and I declare I don't know which he is; though I rather think—knave!"

She flung the fortunate queen down, and glancing after her saw that she lay among those already turned up, with the king at her feet. "Come," said Bella, bitterly, "there's Milly's fortune at any rate."

Miss Mannering had naturally had enough of the cards since she read them in this gloomy fashion. She went across to Mrs. Rivers, and joined in the conversation that lady was having with the curate.

Another evening of triumph for Milly. But when it was over, the little maiden was too tired to lie awake and think of her hero. She was rather ashamed of herself that her sleep was not even broken by any dreams of him.

Neither was the morrow without its share of happiness. Milly, going out for a walk, met Mr. Warburton near the Rectory. He sauntered some little distance by her side, and then regretted when he looked at his watch that he could not go any further. Milly regretted it too, as he parted from her with an unnecessarily lingering pressure of the hand. Nevertheless she went the rest of the way, feeling as if her heart and feet were so light that the one was in Paradise and the others scarcely touched the ground. Bella, gloomily looking from the Rectory window, thought the place of meeting had been purposely selected to torture her. She watched them in bitterness of heart. But I think her feelings would have been tenfold more bitter could she have known what was indeed the truth, that neither Matthew nor Milly had so much as remembered the fact of her existence.

Still there was to be one brief gleam of apparent sunshine for poor Bella. Sunday had come in the interval, bringing a fresh cup of humiliation for her reluctant lips. Mrs. Rivers and Milly were both at church in the morning, and Mr. Warburton was not. But in the afternoon Milly was alone in their pew, and Mr. Warburton was in his; and service being over, he joined her in the porch, and in the sight of all the congregation walked home with her, carrying her prayer-book.

Bella had taken the organist's duty during his temporary absence; and as she stood rolling up her music and putting on her gloves, a meek little Drayford spinster came, and, after shaking hands with her and inquiring after her mamma (Mrs. Mannering being an invalid), proceeded to inquire if there wasn't something between Mr. Warburton and Milly Hope.

"Mamma is much as usual, thank you," said Bella, with a grandly lowering face. "As to Mr. Warburton and Milly, I fear I cannot give you any information. It's not *my* business, and I am not their confidante. And I hardly think, Miss Wilkinson, that church is exactly the place —"

"Oh, my dear, no! My dear, I am very sorry — it was exceedingly thoughtless of me. I'm sure I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said Bella, with undiminished stateliness. But the little spinster went away in a very unhappy frame of mind, and ready to burst out crying. To have been rebuked by the Rector's daughter for talking about such things *there* — it was dreadful — it was like incurring the censure of the Church! To think that Bella should have taken it *so*! But when poor little Miss Wilkinson came somewhat to herself, she drew her inferences pretty correctly from the fact that Bella had taken it *so*; and it was speedily the common talk of Drayford how "Mr. Warburton had jilted Bella Mannering, and she was so mad about it she was ready to poison him and Milly Hope together."

Bella solemnly determined she would not go to Mrs. Rivers's house again; but when the time came she could not stay away. Accordingly she went. Mr. Warburton came late, and whether anything of the rumours had reached him, and he wished to stop the flood of Drayford gossip a little, or whether Milly looked rather too triumphantly confident that he was coming to her, and he who had emancipated himself from Miss Mannering's tyranny did not choose to be paraded as a captive by "that child," as he had called her, certain it is that, his greetings over, he resumed his old place by

Bella's side. Milly saw it with a sudden incredulous despair. He had not meant anything, then — he had liked Bella best all the time; she had been foolish, and he would laugh at her if he knew; and she hated him, — no, she loved him, and her dream was over, and her heart would break! She did not take her lesson even with Bella's fortitude. The very utmost she could do was to refrain from bursting into a flood of childish tears.

Bella was too doubtful to dare to be triumphant. She distrusted this tardy return, which had no warmth of reconciliation in it. She did her best, however, to welcome the truant. She tried to talk as in old times (only a fortnight before, but it seemed ages), still it was with a heart which sank lower and lower every minute. Formerly she had felt that he liked to talk to her, that he was amused and pleased: now, say what she would, she instinctively felt that she had not awakened his interest. She fought with the valour of a forlorn-hope, but with the conviction that it was useless. She was not surprised when he answered absently, and his eyes went with a sort of pitying amusement to drooping little Milly.

It was very hard, Bella thought. She had loved Matthew so long, so very long. It was her last hope; and Milly had her life before her. And knowing nothing of the child's foolish secret worship, Miss Mannering supposed she had never thought of Mr. Warburton till the evening he went across and sat by her side on the sofa. "Her vanity is flattered; she does not really love him," she thought; "the game is not utterly lost perhaps even now."

But I think she would have thrown up her cards could she have looked into Mr. Warburton's heart, and understood the meaning of his serenely gracious smile. He had not known what he felt or wished at first. He had almost fancied that he cared for Bella, when really it was only that he was used to her. Her doom was sealed, and his heart pierced to the core, when Milly looked up into his face with her glad beseeching smile. He was dull in matters of feeling, and had not understood then, but he knew what he wanted clearly enough now; and meant to have it without more delay.

"Well, we may as well have our rubber," said Mrs. Rivers, "Dr. Ford?" The Doctor bowed assent. "And," she glanced irresolutely at Bella and Miss Wilkinson, "Bella, will you play?"

"I shall be very happy." (Miss Wilkinson was rather sorry. She liked playing whist with Doctor Ford.)

"And Mr. Warburton — that will be —"

"Thank you, no," said Matthew. "I've been busy all day. I'm rather tired, and," he glanced at his watch, "I fear I must go early."

Bella was thunderstruck. The idea of such a calamity had never entered her head. However, there was no help for it. Miss Wilkinson took the vacant place readily enough. Bella could have cried with vexation and spite, but she controlled herself with a violent effort, and the game began.

Milly had heard Mr. Warburton's refusal to play, and the woe-begone little face had brightened. But it clouded again when he lingered watching the first hand. Perhaps he would stay there looking at them a little while and then go. She was in an agony of hope and fear.

Card after card fell — would he *never* come away? Yes! yes! yes! he was coming, lounging across the room in his own superb style. The low chair by Milly's side creaked as he dropped into it, and she was in Paradise once more.

"You look very melancholy to-night," said the gentleman.

"No," and the little lady shook her head. "No — indeed."

Mr. Warburton only smiled.

"Shall you have to go away very early?" she asked. It was the subject uppermost in her mind, and she could think of nothing else to say.

"Not very; unless I go for a moonlight walk."

"Oh — are you going?"

"Not that I know of."

Another "Oh!" and "What made you talk about it, then?"

"Because it's just the night for it if any one felt inclined."

"It's moonlight, then?" said Milly, looking across at the windows.

Mr. Warburton laughed. "Why, of course it's moonlight — a splendid moon. I say," lowering his voice, "what do you say, Milly — will you come out on the balcony and see, eh?"

Bella, wearily whist-playing, saw them cross the room and disappear behind the curtain. She would have cheerfully given ten years of her life to have been able to see beyond it. And if she had paid the price, and followed them, I think she would have cried out in utter bitterness of soul, "Take all the rest, and let me lie down at once!"

For the safe shelter scarcely reached, she would have seen a strong arm round a slender waist, a slight form which, swaying,

yielded as it was drawn, and a proud head bent to whisper what, for manner, might have been a royal declaration of love. Milly answered it neither by word nor look, only drew a little closer to her lover's side. But when, in answer to his pleadings, the golden-haired head was raised a little, the delicate flower-like lips and cheeks were pressed to the handsome black-whiskered face which was stooping over her.

It soon went back, leaning on Mr. Warburton's elaborate shirt-front as if that were its natural resting-place. And then Milly whispered . . . No; I won't tell you what she said. It's no business of yours. And if she talked nonsense Mr. Warburton set her the example, and he was old enough to know better. So if you like to blame him you may, though I shall not join even in that, for I think Mr. Matthew Warburton never did a wiser thing in his life than he did in that five minutes on the balcony.

(By the way, there was something I wanted to say about that moon, for I like to be accurate. Milly thought it was "lovely," and Mr. Warburton, as we know, described it as "splendid." But I do not myself think it was very remarkable; in fact I should have said not full, and certainly a little misty. We have all seen the moon shedding such a flood of keen radiance that the landscape seems to wear a veil of transparent snow. But on this occasion there was nothing of the kind. I really think the utmost that could be said for it would be that it was like Mr. Bird-fredum Sawin's star, "a middlin' shiny one." But then I did not view it from that balcony.)

Mrs. Rivers's gilt clock ticked steadily, totally ignoring the fact that outside the window the minutes, marked by fond whispers and beating hearts, were going like lightning; while within, measured by the monotonous fall of the cards on the cloth, they dragged wearily on.

Matthew was stroking Milly's rippling hair, and with all the soul he possessed looking into her eyes. She drew her face a little away, and laid her soft cheek against his hand in a mute caress.

"I must go now, Milly," he said.

And Milly said, "Please — please." Can you wonder that after so eloquent and convincing a speech Mr. Warburton should have remained at least ten minutes longer?

But at last he did go. Parting from her with a long embrace, kissing the soft lips and the tremulous eyelids and the little hands, he withdrew the curtain for a moment, stepped into the drawing-room, and walked coolly up to the card-players.

"Good-night, Mrs. Rivers—I'm off," he said. She took her eyes from the king of trumps for a moment, and returned his "Good-night:—" "Good-night, Ford—you won't walk home with me, I suppose?"

"Thank you, no," said the gaunt serious doctor; "I must finish my game."

"Yours takes some time to play," said Matthew; "Good-night, Miss Wilkinson." Then he looked over Bella's hand: "Well, Miss Mannering, and are *you* playing your cards pretty successfully?"

Seeing that Mr. Matthew Warburton knew perfectly well that for his sake, and for his only, Bella had joined the game, and while she was thus cruelly trapped, he had been making love to her rival a few yards away, it was a mean and ungenerous speech. The man who loved Milly, and whom Milly loved, *ought* to have been incapable of finding pleasure in pricking sensitive Bella with a taunting little jest. But he was not. I am more angry with him for that, I think, than for anything else.

"I don't know," the girl replied, with a flash in her lowering eyes; "some games are only played for amusement, and one does not trouble one's self about the end."

"Oh, is that it?" said Matthew; "well, so much the better if you are losing—it sounds rather like a loser's speech;" and he held out his hand, which she just touched with the tips of her reluctant fingers—and so he departed.

Little Milly watched her opportunity, stole across from the window, and went silently to her own room. When they had finished their game, the whist-players heard that Miss Hope was tired, and had gone to bed.

The truth was, she did not want to talk that night. She even made up her mind to pretend to be sound asleep when her aunt should come in to kiss her. The dreadful hypocrite rehearsed a little beforehand, and did it very well—so naturally, indeed, that she had done the real thing long before Mrs. Rivers came in with her carefully-shaded candle.

All this happened in May, and it was now nearly the end of September. Every one in Drayford knew the result of that evening's inspection of the moon. The Mannerings had been ten weeks at Brighton, and were just home again. "Bella looked better for her change," the gossips said. She was statelier than ever, but had a tired look about her eyes, and her temper was a little uncertain,—sometimes very gentle, so that its sad humility seemed out of harmony with her queenly bearing—sometimes fretful and sullen.

Mrs. Rivers was sorry for the disappointed girl, and Bella seemed to bear no malice, but came and went as of old. To Milly she was less variable than to others, almost always kind, but with a certain coldness, keeping her, and, still more, Matthew, at arm's-length.

Mrs. Rivers might be sorry for Bella, but she could not help feeling glad that her niece was provided for. She could leave the child something when she died, but the larger part of her income would revert to her husband's family, and Milly was her sister's daughter. So, apart from her liking for Mr. Warburton, she was naturally pleased that her little girl should have secured the best match in Drayford.

Nevertheless she had at first objected to a positive engagement. She hoped Milly knew her own mind, and would not change; still she had a feeling that the helpless motherless girl ought to have a certain amount of freedom secured to her. "She is too young," urged Mrs. Rivers to the imperious and impatient wooer—"only seventeen last February—she is too young to be married—too young to pledge herself finally. You must give her time."

Mr. Warburton did not see that, and tried to put Mrs. Rivers down with a strong hand. But the placid lady proved surprisingly obstinate. Then he changed his tactics, and made concessions with an immense amount of fuss and parade. Mrs. Rivers accepted them gratefully, and discovered, too late, that he had hardly yielded anything at all.

Milly's birthday was the 19th. Mr. Warburton suggested that there could be no possible objection to their marriage then. "Lent," said Mrs. Rivers. Matthew gulped down a strong word about Lent. "Well, then," he said, "as soon after Easter as could be managed." After a prolonged debate, Mrs. Rivers yielded. If, when the New Year came, Milly had not changed her mind, it might be considered a settled thing. "And if she does, I'm to grin, and bear it, eh?" said Mr. Warburton. "Yes," said Mrs. Rivers, looking up with a smile at the jolly handsome face; "you must grin, and bear it." Matthew said it was very hard.

Milly thought it was extremely absurd when she was told of it, and was rather indignant on Matthew's account. "As if I could ever change," she had whispered—"as if I could ever change!"

And Mr. Warburton tossed his head slightly back, with a broad smile of pleasure at her words, and amusement at Mrs. Rivers's folly. "My dear girl, do you

suppose I was afraid?" "I never will," she persisted; "Matthew, I never will!" And that was how they settled the question of Milly's freedom.

Mrs. Rivers had gathered up all her energy for one protest, and that being made, she drifted on in her usually placid passive way. As she sincerely wished for the match, and as she thought her niece really did seem to be sure of herself, she only faintly remonstrated when Mr. Warburton altogether ignored their covenant, and behaved on every occasion as if it were already a settled and positive thing. Indeed, after a few weeks the original treaty was almost totally forgotten. Bella perhaps remembered it. And Milly used merrily to threaten her big lover now and then, that if he wasn't very good she would change her mind before New Year's Day. At which capital joke they both invariably laughed.

As I have said, the summer was ebbing fast. It was the end of September, and stray leaves began to flicker softly from the trees, the freshness of all verdure was gone, and the fields were grey stubble which had been golden corn. When next the summer came round, Milly thought, as she looked out at the warm, rich, yet mournful autumn landscape — when next the leaves came out and the flowers bloomed, she would be married. Before the little copses were blue with hyacinths — but she would have time to go and pick some primroses as Milly Hope, and then — did married ladies ever go out and pick primroses, she wondered? She rather thought not. And of course she would go out for walks with Matthew then, and she did not think he ever picked wild flowers. Well, she would have a last scramble in the Drayford woods, get a last nosegay from the hedgerows, and from the height of her approaching dignity and happiness look back with that mixture of scorn and pity and yearning to the simple childhood which had passed away for ever. Milly thought of it as if it were some little old-fashioned frock or ornament, once dearly prized, now altogether outgrown, absurd, impossible to put on, yet regarded a little sadly and tenderly by the young fashionably-dressed lady, who felt with a curious kind of pain that, though the world was before her and a thousand changes might come, there was one that could never be. Never could she change again into the simple artless little creature who knew no passion either of joy or sorrow, who loved her aunt and her nursemaid, and later, her governess, and liked to have bread and treacle for her tea. No, Milly reflected, half smiling, half sighing, all that was over for ever.

She had been very happy through the past summer — passionately, triumphantly, excitedly happy. Mr. Warburton's future wife was an important personage in Drayford. Milly had been caressed and made much of where of old she had been ignored. And Matthew's good temper had been unvarying. Never had she seen the faintest flash of displeasure in his eyes except once, when he took it into his obstinate head that some one had slighted her. Then indeed he had raged, and Milly had had to soothe him with many innocent little artifices. But a woman delights in a lion-like fierceness, if to her the lion is a lamb.

But — I verily believe that word "but" was made to come in at the end of descriptions of felicity — there was one tiny flaw in Milly's great happiness. She had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Matthew Warburton was the first and highest of men. Indeed she considered him an absolutely perfect man. But she wished men in general could be altered in one or two little things.

Matthew Warburton since that moonlight night petted her, fondled her, loaded her with presents, but did not see that he was bound to be *polite* to her. He had no natural courtesy; his politeness was donned for company; it was irksome and chilling to him, so that of course it was flung aside when he was with his future wife. Milly could not have defined what it was pained her, but something jarred upon her finer feelings. It was a pleasure to wait on her lord and master in little ways, and yet she was angry with herself because of a certain irritation which she felt in so waiting. Mr. Warburton took such attentions as a matter of course, and saved his politeness for other young ladies, while he gave his love to Milly.

After all, do not we see a good many husbands who do exactly the same? Unreasonable little Milly, to want both love and courtesy.

I remember hearing once how the principle was thoroughly carried out at a young mechanic's wedding. The bride came with one bridesmaid, both decked out in what finery they could manage. The ceremony being over, and the names duly signed in the vestry, the bridegroom, with the greatest politeness, offered his arm, not to the bride, but to the bridesmaid, and conducted her out of church. Of course he preferred his wife, who came meekly at the couple's heels, but then she *was* his wife, and the other was a strange young lady, and as such entitled to the benefit of his company manners.

Matthew Warburton was guided by the

same feeling, though it was hardly probable he would follow it out so logically. Milly supposed it was natural to all men, and that Dr. Ford's prim little pink-faced assistant was free and easy with the young lady at Birmingham.

The last Tuesday in that September Bella Mannering made her appearance in Mrs. Rivers's drawing-room. And following Bella Mannering came a young man.

A grave, quiet young man, who had a pale face and a thoughtful manner, and who stood silently by Miss Mannering while she explained that they had met Mr. Eversley at Brighton, and he was staying with them for a few days, and they were sure Mrs. Rivers wouldn't mind. . . . And Mrs. Rivers hastened to assure her that not only did she not mind, but that she was charmed to make Mr. Eversley's acquaintance, and the pair shook hands. A general introduction followed, and everybody looked curiously at Mr. Eversley, and Mr. Eversley looked at every one a little absently. He was not shy, only very quiet. He talked readily enough, in a voice which, though very pleasant, was extremely low. After a while he found himself near Milly as she sat at the tea-table. Mr. Warburton had not yet arrived, and the little tea-maker was rather solitary. Perhaps even dull Drayford folks had discovered that young ladies who are waiting for their lovers are not the liveliest of company. It would have been unreasonable to expect a sparkling flow of small talk from Hero, for instance, when with straining eyes she looked out across the waves.

But Mr. Eversley was not aware of any tie between Milly and Mr. Warburton, nor indeed of that gentleman's existence; so, bravely approaching her where she sat intrenched behind the big tray, he offered his services if he could be of any use.

Six months earlier Milly would have been confused and bewildered, but the engaged young lady was rather more self-possessed. "Oh, thank you," she said, "you might give me those cups."

He did. Then he filled up the teapot for her. "Aunt Rivers will not have the tea brought into the room and handed round; she likes to see it made," said Milly.

"Don't you?" said Mr. Eversley, as he tried to see through the steam whether the teapot was full. "I think it is much nicer."

"Only no one does it now," said Milly.

"Which makes you appreciate your kindness the more. Why are you so anxious to be exactly like everybody else?"

Under her directions he fetched and carried several cups for the assembled spinsters

and dowagers. But after a time, the demand for tea and cake and thin bread-and-butter having subsided, he sat down by Milly and began to talk.

Seeing him more closely, she presently made the discovery that Mr. Eversley was by no means so young as she had imagined from her first glance at his beardless face. Probably the candle-light had helped the brief illusion. Now that he was so near her, Milly saw that he was somewhat worn—that there were faint suggestions of hollows in cheek and temple, and "a lot of tiny little wrinkles," as she said to herself, at the corners of the bright gentle eyes. But he had a quantity of soft brown hair, which he wore rather too long to be fashionable, and the smooth silken waves looked very youthful indeed.

Mr. John Eversley had a pleasant though rather a melancholy face. He seemed marked out by nature as a sort of amateur father confessor. You felt a curious impulse to tell him all your secrets when you looked at the soft inquiring eyes, the mouth formed for gentlest speech if speech were needed, if not, for kindly silence, and whose lips seemed incapable of laugh or sneer.

He was the son of a clergyman named Lisle. He had gone out to India as a young man, and had come back after two years, so ill he was hardly expected to live. Wandering to and fro in his aimless, gentle way on the parade at Ventnor, the young fellow had attracted the attention of a solitary old officer who was also wintering there. Colonel Eversley made inquiries about John Lisle; found he had known his uncle in old times; introduced himself to the young man; was fascinated by him, as every one was who knew him; made John move from his lodgings to the house where he had established himself; planned tours in which his new friend was to be his companion; and finally, when the spring-time came, Lisle began to talk about going away, and, since his health was a little re-established, seeking something to do, it appeared that Colonel Eversley could not part with him. "I'm all alone in the world," he said. "I buried my boy seventeen years ago, and he was the last of all. You had better stay with me, John, and take his place. No one has any claim on me. What do you say? Can you put up with a fretful, fidgety old fellow, eh?"

John thought he could. Mr. Lisle, who was anything but a rich man, and who had mourned over his boy's dark prospects, looked upon the wealthy Colonel Eversley as a messenger sent by Providence to rescue John from his perplexities. It was not like

waiting for dead men's shoes, either. Young Lisle stepped at once into the pleasant position of the Colonel's son. The old man took every opportunity of making it clearly understood among his acquaintance that his young friend would inherit every shilling he had to leave — no inconsiderable fortune.

So the two had roamed about in France and Italy. John almost worshipped the grand old Colonel, and felt a son's sorrow when he laid his adopted father in the grave. Perhaps no clause in the will gave him more pleasure than that which bound him to assume the name of Eversley.

He had met the Mannerings at Brighton, and had made friends with the Rector. When they asked him down to Drayford, being an idle man, he came. But he hesitated a little before he accepted the invitation. He wished to please Mr. Mannering, who was evidently anxious he should come. He had never been at Drayford, but he had an unpleasant remembrance of its name.

Before he went to India a situation had been found for his only brother in the Drayford Bank. Owing to some negligence on the part of one of his superiors, the young man, who was terribly in debt, had been sorely tempted and had fallen. Of course he intended to make all right. Equally of course, he could not. His ruin was imminent, nay, inevitable. But a friend to whom he confessed his madness contrived to save him from its darkest consequences. His generous help and strenuous exertions were in a great measure successful. The matter was hushed up, and young Lisle went away. People knew there was something mysterious about his sudden departure; but though there were many rumours there was no certainty, and the talk died out in time.

It was all over when John came home ill. George had gone to Canada, the generous friend had been repaid — only Mr. Lisle knew at what cost, for he buried the secret of his younger son's misdeeds in even more than his accustomed silence. John knew that something had gone very wrong during George's stay at Drayford, but had never chosen to ask for particulars which must be as painful for him to hear as for his father to relate.

It was the remembrance of this old trouble which had made John hesitate about accepting Mr. Mannering's urgent invitation. But he did not hesitate long. "I can do no harm," he reflected; "the whole thing is gone by — *was* gone by before ever the Mannerings went there. Nothing about me can in any way recall my brother to peo-

ple's minds — we are not a bit alike," — his thoughts flashed from his melancholy reflection in the mirror to a bright fair florid face; "and as to names, no one will have the least reason for supposing Mr. John Eversley to be related to Mr. George Lisle. I'll go." And thus it came to pass that he found himself by Milly's tea-table that September evening.

He talked softly and fluently about books and music, and after a time slid into a description of some of his travels; but it was curious to note, whatever the subject, how rarely he said "I," — it was always "a friend of mine," or "the people at such a place." Milly listened, well pleased, but as she listened she looked from time to time at the door. It opened at last and her lover appeared. John stopped in the middle of a sentence to follow the direction of her eager eyes. His own rested on the big handsome man who was replying in a great jovial voice to a buzz of greetings. They lingered on Mr. Warburton's face for a moment, and then were turned away full of a faint but decided antipathy.

Mrs. Rivers, probably doubting whether her niece would ever make her old and new friends properly known to each other, came to the tea-table with the banker, and a formal introduction ensued — Mr. Eversley — Mr. Warburton. The two men bowed and exchanged greetings and glances. Mr. Warburton was loftily indifferent, Mr. Eversley was reserved and chilling.

Milly looked radiantly up into Matthew's face, "You are very late." He smiled and whispered something John did not hear. "Sit down," Miss Hope continued, "and let me pour you out some nice weak tepid tea."

"Thanks," said Mr. Warburton; "I think I won't have any if it's cold."

"Oh, but it isn't really — at least I hope not. I shall give you a cup — you needn't drink it if you don't like it."

"Trust me for that," said he.

So it was duly poured out, and Mr. Warburton, who was leaning lazily back in his chair by Milly's side, had it handed to him, and was particular about the amount of cream, and fanciful as to the exact strength of the tea. Then there arose a discussion on the subject of sugar. Mr. Warburton averred that he had watched the proceedings from the beginning, and she hadn't given him a morsel. The little tea-maker as stanchly asserted, with an astonished "Oh, Matthew!" that she had. "You won't like it if you get too much," she said. "Taste it and see."

"Not a bit," said Mr. Warburton con-

fidently, after going through that ceremony; "not the least taste of it." And then he informed the company in general that Milly was putting him on an allowance of sugar already, and wasn't it a hard case?

"Oh, Matthew! Oh, what nonsense!" cried Milly, but stopped abruptly, for she encountered Mr. John Eversley's brown eyes fixed on her with an expression of cold gentle wonder. The colour rushed painfully to her cheeks, and with a sudden feeling of humiliation she caught the cup out of Matthew Warburton's hand, and tumbled two or three lumps of sugar into it in breathless haste. For about a minute she hated Mr. Eversley.

"Come," said Mr. Warburton, as his cup was restored to him by his flushed unwilling Hebe, almost as hurriedly as it had been snatched away, "let's see what it's like now." He sipped it and looked up with an amused smile: "Well, Milly, when you *do* make concessions it's in a liberal spirit, and no mistake. Thank you, my dear girl," holding out the cup for her to set down, "I've had plenty."

Then she was distressed. She wanted him to have some more, but he would not. Repenting of her haste, she said, in an anxious whisper, "You're not vexed with me, are you, Matthew?" To which he returned a loftily good-humoured smile and shake of the head, and after a minute went across to Mrs. Rivers.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"Why, that's Mr. Eversley."

"Thank you very much; only you told me as much as that when you introduced us."

"Bella Mannering brought him. He is staying at the Rectory. Very well off, I believe. They met him at Brighton."

Warburton looked very knowingly from Bella to John Eversley, and when Mrs. Rivers left him he mused for a moment with a well-pleased smile.

"I looked some one else, has she? Well better luck to you this time, Miss Bella. I hope you'll land him. I don't particularly admire your taste"—he glanced at the slim, melancholy gentleman by the tea-table—"at least not your *present* taste. Still, that's your look-out, not mine." He had been sorry for Bella, and though he had repeatedly assured himself, and indeed believed, that he was in no wise guilty of any faithlessness towards her, he was sincerely glad to see a prospect of happiness for her in this new direction. "We must make Drayford pleasant for Mr. Eversley, and give the girl as good a chance as we can," Mr. Warburton.

kindness. "The Rectory must be awfully dull. Old Mannering is a prosy old bore, if ever there was one, and Mrs. Mannering's worse, with her continual ailments. And this fellow doesn't look the sort to get on much with young Arthur. No—we must see what we can do, for Bella's sake. Poor Bella!"

Poor Bella, indeed! I verily believe that, could she have known of the amiable schemes he was meditating, she would have assaulted him then and there, as he stood on the hearth-rug, big, handsome, and absolutely beaming with patronizing benevolence. That he of all men should plan her happiness with another! However, she knew nothing, and only watched him from a distance, as she often watched him now, with none of the old bitterness, but a sort of grey hopeless calm, a very treacherous calm. And after a minute or two Mr. Warburton walked back to the tea-table to put his good resolutions into practice at once.

The couple he had left there had been considerably embarrassed during his absence. Milly was painfully conscious of the look of wondering incredulity with which Mr. Eversley had seen the bond between herself and Matthew. She was ashamed that it should have made any impression on her. John perceived that he had betrayed himself, and was uneasily trying to divine Milly's thoughts, and very much vexed at the remembrance of his unguarded glance. They were drifting into a laborious and disjointed conversation, most unlike their former one, when Mr. Warburton returned, radiantly affable.

He set to work to make himself agreeable to the new-comer in his most genial manner. His overtures were received very courteously by Mr. Eversley, who could not be uncivil, but with a gentle coldness, which made Milly say to herself, "He does not like him. *Why* does he not like him?" What did it signify? And yet she was pained.

When the rubber was made up that evening, Mr. Warburton volunteered to play. He did so purely out of kindness. He would far rather have lounged on the sofa or on the balcony with Milly. But then probably Mr. Eversley would have been pressed into the service, and Bella would have been left disconsolate; so he went away to the card-table, and Bella Mannering came across to the two whom he had left. And while the seniors played whist, these three young people talked. Bella, who was in good spirits that night, was very droll about some of their adventures

at Brighton, and especially about an accident to Mr. Mannering's hat, which had been the occasion of their first speaking to Mr. Eversley, and had led to the discovery that he was the paragon, of whom the Colonel had written so enthusiastically to his old friend the Rector of Drayford. "It ought to have been yours," he said; "it would have been much more romantic."

"Like a novel," said Milly; and she thought to herself that her new acquaintance would have done for one of the characters in a novel. Not the handsome, muscular hero, of course (Milly looked across at the group round the card-table), but one of the pensive, poetical people, who are always grave and gentle, and have secret sorrows gnawing at their hearts. Had Mr. Eversley a secret sorrow gnawing at his heart? Milly was forced to allow that if he had he concealed it fairly well; for, seconded by Bella, he was in a quiet way making himself extremely amusing. There was not much in John Eversley perhaps. He floated lazily on the surface of life — was observant, though not keenly so — fairly well read in the literature of the day (though rather as a clever woman is well read) — but was not very remarkable for anything, except a courtesy which with him was almost a religion, and which, perhaps, was the more easily practised because he had no crotchets or theories. Milly was so unaccustomed to anything like his chivalrous deference that it perplexed and fascinated her. She liked Mr. Eversley, but she felt angry with him when the whist was over, and Matthew came and sat down by her side. But why should that make her feel out of temper with Mr. Eversley? It was unreasonable.

When everybody went away Milly looked after him as he stood aside for Bella to pass, and followed her down-stairs. Then she turned and found Mr. Warburton looking at her as he lay back in an arm-chair with his hands clasped above his head.

"What a clever child it is!" he said; "she has positively found it out!"

"Positively found what out?" said Milly, wondering.

Matthew sat up and burst out laughing. "Why, she positively hasn't! Mrs. Rivers, do you hear? Come here, child, and let me enlighten you. Come here."

Milly came, but with a novel sense of reluctance. Did Mr. Warburton usually speak in such a loud imperious tone?

"Why, Milly, where are your eyes? Don't you know what Mr. John Eversley has come for?"

"No," said Milly; "what?"

"Well, do you want Bella for your bridesmaid? Because if you have set your heart on it just tell your aunt you're dying to be married, and get her to give in. I am so naturally amiable that I shan't mind obliging you by making my appearance in church whenever you like. A couple of days' notice, Milly, to get the licence, that's all I ask, and then we'll be off to Paris for our honeymoon — eh, Mrs. Warburton?"

She put her hand over his mouth — "Don't — what do you mean? Is Bella going to marry Mr. Eversley?"

"She has literally and absolutely found it out. Yes, my dear Milly, you've exactly hit it," he said, with a meaning look. "Bella is going to marry Mr. Eversley. Her intentions are remarkably evident."

Milly sat musing.

"Don't you think his are too?" said Mrs. Rivers. "How devoted he looked as he squirmed her down-stairs!"

"Oh yes, I think he's caught," Mr. Warburton replied, with his broad smile. "A spoony sort of fellow, I should say."

"But a nice gentlemanly young man, I thought," urged kindly Mrs. Rivers, "though he does seem rather shy and quiet."

"Oh yes, gentlemanly enough, I daresay. Bella will have her own way, you may be sure; and as she is particularly fond of that, she'll be particularly fond of him, I've no doubt."

"Don't you be hard on Bella," said Mrs. Rivers. "We know some one who is very fond of his own way — don't we, Milly?"

The girl was a little startled by the sudden appeal, and hesitated a moment before she nodded a laughing assent.

"Milly was in a brown study. Now, Milly, since you've given me a character for having my own way, I'll deserve it. I insist on knowing what you are thinking about."

"I don't know."

"But I want to know. Was it deep grief at the idea of losing Bella?"

"No," said Milly, with a smile; "I think I shall get over that."

"Then you've fallen in love with Mr. Eversley and want him yourself, Milly;" (in a tragic voice,) "confess the truth."

Milly laughed. "What would you do?"

"Shoot him and commit suicide of course. Could I do less?"

"And I shall be left with neither of you," said Milly, pensively. "Well, if you will be so unkind and inconsiderate," she looked up into the bold eyes and florid handsome face, "I think I will keep you."

The sentence was finished in his ear, for Matthew drew her down to him. "I *know* I will keep you, Milly, for ever and ever." He was not a man to be trifled with — this Mr. Warburton. If he were angry one would fancy that some savage animal looked out of his eyes. He was not angry now, but the mere idea of any one's robbing him of little Milly gave him a menacing look.

It vanished as Milly laid her soft cheek on his shoulder and began to play with his watch-guard. There was silence for some minutes.

"Time for you to be off, Milly," Mrs. Rivers said at last.

"For 'Milly' read 'Matthew,' and it will apply equally well," said the banker.

"Don't go yet — it isn't late," was the whispered remonstrance.

"I must. Why, you're half asleep already. Come down and see me off."

She did so. And as he struggled into his big rough coat — for although it was but the end of September the nights were chilly — he bade her make haste and get to bed as soon as he should be gone. "And don't go and dream of Eversley, Milly, for my sake and Bella's."

She laughed. "I'm not likely."

He stooped and kissed her in his superbly patronizing fashion. "Good child," he said. Then as she held the door open for him and peeped out into the starry night, he lingered on the threshold.

"This time next year, Milly, you won't be turning me out in this style, eh?"

"No," said Milly.

"Why, we shall be old married folks by then! Milly, I should like to catch you up and carry you off. What a good-natured fellow I must be not to do something violent to your aunt for not letting us have our own way — don't you think so? You'd come pretty soon if she'd let you, I know — wouldn't you, my darling?"

"Ask me next New-Year's Day," said Milly. "Good night." And with a laugh he went.

Half an hour earlier Mr. John Eversley had walked down the silent street along which the banker was striding now, and he had said to Bella Mannering, "Miss Hope is engaged to Mr. Warburton."

"Yes," said Bella. "I suppose Mrs. Rivers has consented to it now. She said at first it was not to be a positive engagement — thought Milly too young, I believe."

"I should think so," said John Eversley, with the same soft coldness in his voice. "Surely she is quite a child?"

"Nearly eighteen."

"Probably she has lived in Drayford all her life," said John.

"Since she was six or seven years old — her father died then."

"And her mother?"

"Died when she was a baby."

"Poor child!" said John. "An orphan — never having seen or known anything beyond this little town, and deciding her destiny before she understands it. Poor child!"

"Every one thinks it is a good match, I believe."

John's silence was very full of meaning.

"And she is very fond of him," Bella continued.

"And that is just it," said he. "Fond of him — yes, of course she is fond of him. If she has seen no one else, of course she makes him her standard. Suppose she gets her eyes opened any time during the next five years and finds herself bound to that man and Drayford for ever!"

"You don't like Mr. Warburton?"

"Not much," said John; "but," with a start and a glance at Bella, "perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"Well, yes," said Miss Mannering, frankly. "But it was my fault; I should not have asked the question, only just then I was thinking more of Milly."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Eversley. "Had I remembered he might be your friend, I would never have said a word."

"No matter," said Bella. "As you would have thought the same, it is just as well to say it, isn't it?"

"I could hardly agree to that," was John's reply; "and it does not bear on this question, for I should not have thought the same."

"What difference could it make?"

"If I had remembered he might be your friend, I should have doubted my hasty judgment. If I had known it, I should have been sure I was wrong."

(John meant what he said, only when he talked of "a friend of yours," he was thinking more of Mr. Mannering than of Bella. If the shrewd gentlemanly old Rector liked Mr. Warburton, no doubt there was good in Mr. Warburton. But, as it happened, the Rector did not share his daughter's liking, but thought him a noisy conceited fellow, and quietly avoided him if it were possible.)

"I suppose, then," said Bella, "you are reconciled to Milly's fate?"

"By no means," was his quick rejoinder.

"I am willing to allow — or rather I'm sure — that his faults are on the surface. But they are not suited to each other. He is

too domineering; he will crush all individuality out of her. He treats her like a baby: she is his plaything — nothing more."

"That's true," said Bella.

"His wife should be a woman who would not be afraid of him."

"I think so too," his companion assented.

"Miss Hope is not clever, perhaps," he went on, "but I am sure she could appreciate; — a talent about as useful to her if she marries Mr. Warburton as a latent love of the fine arts to an Esquimaux."

Bella smiled. "Well, she may change her mind before Easter."

"Easter! Is she to be married at Easter?"

"I believe so," — and the subject was dropped.

I am perfectly certain that any moderately-experienced novel-reader knows the occurrences of the next few days as well as I do. I have brought Milly's little story to a point at which it may be suffered to drift on for a little space. Let us suppose rather more than three weeks to have passed, and then take up the threads of these four or five lives again.

They are terribly knotted and perplexed, almost as if some malicious elf had got at the loom in which our little girl's fate was being woven with the others, in and out in a nice, neat, symmetrical pattern, and tossed and twisted them all in the maddest confusion. What is this? Milly's thread of glistening whiteness tangled with the soft, sad-coloured line which marks Mr. John Eversley's fate? This will never do. But who is to unravel this perplexity, so that it may neither be roughly broken nor its brightness soiled? I think it needs more penetrating eyes, and fingers more gently skilful than those of Mr. Matthew Warburton.

That gentleman and Mrs. Rivers, anxious to be kind to Miss Mannering, had made Mr. Eversley cordially welcome. The banker was seldom with Milly during the daytime; and Mrs. Rivers, who daily expected the announcement of John and Bella's engagement, was very glad to leave the three young people to amuse themselves together as often as Miss Mannering liked to call, bringing her devoted squire. This she seemed very pleased to do, and the trio were together almost every day, either in Mrs. Rivers's drawing-room practising singing (they suddenly discovered that their voices went charmingly together), or else they fetched Milly away for a ramble in the fields, or to play croquet in the Rectory garden.

The end of which was, that John Eversley, in spite of resolutions and the stings of an uneasy conscience, fell madly in love with Milly Hope.

And Milly innocently thought that he belonged to Bella, and was always afraid she might be in the way. She liked him very much indeed. She thought him a miracle of kindness and cleverness, and was often haunted when she was alone by the memory of those bright, gentle, brown eyes. Yet she could not understand why the knowledge of John Eversley had brought with it a novel feeling of doubt and unrest; why was she so uncertain and troubled — now unreasonably gay, then as unreasonably depressed?

You have seen a child asleep, half awakened by some one bending over it, lamp in hand. It stirs uneasily, murmurs confusedly, reaches out its hands, almost lifts the drooping lashes. There is a moment's suspense, ending either with a start and full consciousness, or the hands fall again, the cheek is pressed anew on the pillow, and the slumber, if anything, is deeper than before.

John Eversley had let in a gleam of light from the outer world on Milly's dream of love for Warburton. As yet she was not awakened; she still believed that her heart was as entirely given to Matthew as when Eversley's eyes first met her own. But it seemed barely possible that the catastrophe could be much longer delayed, almost miraculous that it had not already occurred. A word or a glance, and Milly must surely wake to a sense of the coarse and common nature of her idol, and see the difference between his violent yet half-contemptuous love, and John's simple devotion.

Bella Mannering had seen it all. At first she stood aside, and suffered events to take their course. If Mr. Eversley was always wanting to be at Mrs. Rivers's house on some pretext or other, she would not hinder him. He and Milly might do as they pleased. She would never betray them to Mr. Warburton, but it was not her duty to guard his interests. If Milly was free, Bella supposed she might flirt with Mr. Eversley; if not, Mr. Warburton had better come and look after her.

But as the days slipped by, Bella grew fonder and fonder of the innocent rival who had robbed her of her prize. She had begun by being a contemptuous spectator; she ended by feeling a purer and sweeter interest in John's hopes and fears than in her own bygone desires. She would not seek Milly's confidence lest she should involve the girl in any difficulty. Neither did Eversley absolutely tell her the story of his

love, but she understood and sympathized with him, and he knew it. I will not say that she was utterly unconscious that his victory might prove hers also, but I do say that such a thought was not her principal motive.

Eversley felt that his stay at Drayford could not be indefinitely prolonged, and had been for a considerable time talking of departure. But every suggestion had been met by the Rector with eager remonstrances. Again and again had his visitor yielded, but he felt none the less that when a visit of a day or two had lasted a month, it must be drawing to a close.

Breakfast was over at the Rectory, and Mr. Mannering had gone to his study. John leant against the window, looking out.

"Was that Arthur went by?" asked Bella.

"Yes—in a hurry apparently."

"Papa spoke to him last night, so I suppose he is out of temper, and we shan't see any more of him to-day." She gave a quick little sigh: "What are you going to do?"

"Rather—what are you going to do? Are we to have a walk this morning?"

"I should like it very much, but I can't go yet. I have these lists to copy out for papa."

"Can I help you?" turning round quickly.

"No, I don't think you can. I shan't be very long. Suppose you go and fetch Milly: if we go to the wood, it will be all out of our way to go to Mrs. Rivers's first."

John's face, which was turned to the window again, brightened suddenly, and he went off on his errand as light-hearted as a schoolboy who has just got an unexpected holiday; and being shown up into the drawing-room, he found Milly alone.

"I am Miss Mannering's ambassador," he hastened to say. "We are going to see that remarkably beautiful wood you were talking about a day or two since, and she wants to know if you will come with us."

Milly's face fell. "Oh, I should like, but I can't. Aunt Harriet has promised to lunch and spend the day at Mrs. Thorne's."

John's disappointment was manifest. "What time must you go?"

"It's seven miles. We start at twelve, and it's twenty minutes to eleven now, and I dress first."

It was very evident Milly could not go with him to the Rectory, start for a long country walk, and get back and dress, in an hour and twenty minutes.

"I'm very sorry," said John.

"So am I. Well, you will be going somewhere else another day, and you must let me go with you then," said Milly; and added, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I hate Mrs. Thorne."

"So do I," was the fervent rejoinder. "You can't get off, I suppose?"

Milly made a despondent little face, and shook her head.

"I'm very sorry," he said again. "I didn't want to miss one of our walks, especially when my visit is coming to an end."

"Is it?" said Milly—"already?"

"Why, I've been here a month. Yes, I must be off soon now."

"But I suppose you will be back again before very long, won't you?"

John looked surprised. "Why? No; I'm afraid there's not much chance of that at present. I hope I may see Drayford again some day, but I'm sure I don't know."

It was Milly's turn to wonder. "But, Mr. Eversley, I thought—I mean, surely Bella——" and she stopped, scarlet with confusion.

He took his elbow off the chimney-piece, and came a step or two nearer, with a startled, inquiring look.

"Miss Hope, will you tell me what you do mean? Pray do—don't be afraid," he added, seeing the hot colour in her cheeks. "I will promise not to mind, whatever it is. Do tell me," he urged her gently; "I really want to know. Why were you so sure I should be staying in Drayford again?"

She hung her head. "Are not you engaged to Bella, Mr. Eversley? They said you were."

His pale face was a shade paler. He was thunderstruck. "Who said so? Good heavens! you have thought that all the time!"

"Isn't it true?" said Milly.

"No," he cried. "Miss Hope, how could you fancy it—how could you? Why, we never dreamed of such a thing!"

"I don't know," she began; "but——"

"Hush, here's some one coming—confound them!" said John the courteous; but he added a hurried "Pardon," just before the door opened and Mrs. Rivers came in.

He briefly contrived to explain how Bella had sent him to fetch Miss Hope for a walk, and how sorry he was to find she was unable to join them.

"No; I can't spare her this morning," she said. "We're going out for the day; aren't we, Milly?"

Milly assented.

"To-morrow, perhaps?" Mr. Eversley suggested. "Miss Mannering will be disappointed, I know, when I return alone. I should like to be able to tell her our expedition is only postponed."

"To-morrow by all means, if Bella likes. You have nothing to do to-morrow morning, have you, Milly?"

She was stooping to play with the great tabby cat which was curled on the hearth-rug. "No; I should like to go."

"We will come for you, then," said John. "At the same time?"

"Please. Give my love to Bella. I hope you will have a pleasant walk."

"We will save the wood for to-morrow," he said, and with that he took his leave. Milly did not dare to look up when she shook hands with him. John Eversley not engaged to Bella—a free man. She hardly understood why, but the news came upon her with a shock of painful surprise.

As she drove home late that evening with Mrs. Rivers, the latter said, "My dear child, have you lost your tongue? You haven't said a word for the last half-hour. I think I must tell Matthew how silent and absent we are when we miss seeing him one day."

"Please don't," said Milly, and she went on musing. The wood to-morrow, and John Eversley was not going to marry Bella. Why did he look at her so strangely that morning? What did it matter to him what she thought?—he knew she was going to marry Matthew. He did not like Matthew, she knew from the way he looked at him. But then, what did that signify to her? She had always loved him, always should. She wished Mr. Eversley had never come down to Drayford, looking in that cold, surprised way at people. And yet she was sorry to think she should never see him any more.

Our little Milly was dangerously near her waking.

John Eversley found a letter by his plate when he came down to breakfast the next morning. "Oh, from my brother—he's in England again, then," he said. He opened it and began to read. Presently he looked at the envelope with a puzzled expression. The writer evidently supposed him to be in London, yet had directed the letter correctly enough to Drayford Rectory. He turned the last leaf, and read—

"P.S.—Just got a line from the governor, saying you are at Drayford, of all places in the world. I don't suppose you have let the fact of our relationship be suspected; be careful it doesn't slip out by accident,—there's a good fellow. People may have forgotten all about it;

but, on the other hand, they may not. I'm a different fellow now, I hope, and I don't want to have anything more to do with that miserable, disgraceful time. So don't say a syllable about me, not even to Warburton. Is he at Drayford still, by the way? How does he look, and how is he getting on? He is a good fellow, if ever there was one. I don't like to think where or what I might have been if it hadn't been for him."

John read this postscript through twice very slowly. At the end of the second reading, his thoughts, if not remarkably coherent, were clear and to the purpose.

"Matthew Warburton saved my brother from utter ruin. I must leave Drayford in time to catch the 1.25 train."

Suddenly he became aware that Mr. Mannering was saying for the second time, "I hope you haven't any bad news, Eversley?"

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "Yes, I have some news which certainly is bad, because it makes it absolutely necessary for me to be in town to-day."

"To-day!" was the general chorus.

"I'm very sorry," said Eversley, with his eyes fixed on his plate; "though I must have gone in a day or two. Indeed, as it is, I have trespassed on your hospitality—"

"No, you have not," said the Rector.

"Well," said the young man, "I don't like running away in this style. However, it can't be helped."

Bella took the earliest opportunity of saying to John Eversley, "I hope it was not very bad news in your brother's letter?"

"No," said John, absently.

"We must let Milly know that we can't go for our walk—our unlucky walk. Perhaps I had better write a note."

"No—send me. I want to say good-bye to Miss Hope."

"You will come down to Drayford again soon, I hope," said Bella; "so perhaps it will only be good-bye for a little while."

"No," said John, calmly, "it will be good-bye for ever." And he looked straight at her as he spoke, with his grave eyes.

"Mr. Eversley! What do you mean? I don't understand. Has Milly—"

"Milly has done nothing, and knows nothing," said John, with a curious, sorrowful smile. "No, I have been wrong all the time, I think. I only hope—" He stopped abruptly, and then resumed: "I know you think that letter was only a pretext, and that something else sends me away from Drayford. But it isn't so. I am going solely on account of the letter."

"Then why not come back to us?" said Bella.

"Perhaps we may meet again — at Brighton — who knows?" said John. "I hope so."

"Not here?"

"No. This letter must be a barrier between me and Drayford."

"You are very mysterious."

"Believe me, I cannot help it. You will forgive my mystery, won't you?"

"Yes," said Bella; and added suddenly, "and respect it."

"Ah, that is like you!" said John, gratefully, holding out his hand. He detained hers for a moment. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," he said.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said Bella. The words were cold, but she looked almost wistfully into his face.

John went to the window and looked out.

"Will you go to Milly now, please?" said Bella, after a pause. "She will wonder why we don't make our appearance." And without a word he went.

It was a crisp, clear October day; there were but a few leaves on the trees, and every branch stood out sharply against the pale blue sky. Eversley, as he walked, looked sadly at the pathetic beauty of the autumn scenery. He hardly knew what he looked at, but he remembered afterwards. And as he went, he said, half bewildered, to himself, "Good heavens! That man saved my brother. Yes, saved him from shame worse than death, and I was within an ace of requiting him by trying to steal Milly away from him! Here have I been thinking him a noisy conceited snob, and the generous fellow has been doing good in a thousand secret ways, no doubt, as he did that once. God help me! carping and cavilling at faults of manner, and never able to see the true and sterling manhood underneath. Well, that good deed of his has borne fruit at last. My sister could not be dearer to me, nor more sacred than Milly henceforth, nor could I be more loyal to a brother than I will be to Matthew Warburton."

He walked on a little, vaguely musing. Then his thoughts, though still confused, flowed on once more.

"Next post and it might have been too late! Now that's what I call providential. I was on the brink of a deed I should have repented all my life — nothing to stop me — an hour or two more and it might have been accomplished! God grant I've not done any harm already! And I was vexed and angry because she had misunderstood me!"

He went on a little further, still like one in a dream. But when he was but a hundred yards from Mrs. Rivers's door he came to himself with a shock, and summed all up in a passionate silent cry from the very bottom of his heart.

"My little Milly — my little sister! My brother's wife! It's bitter, but how merciful! Thank God!" And walked the brief remainder of his way bracing himself for the work he had to do. He was at Mrs. Rivers's door. He had resolved that if he should not find Milly alone he would ask her to come to the Rectory with him, and say what he had to say on the road. But Fortune, who had just overwhelmed him and laid him low, gave him this pitiful little mark of favour, to find Milly waiting for him, and Mrs. Rivers gone out. Like the little indulgences they grant to men condemned to die, thought he as he crossed the threshold.

She came forward to meet him with happy shining eyes. "I'm ready *this* morning, Mr. Eversley."

"And I am not," said John, abruptly.

"Not ready? Why? Is anything the matter? Can't Bella go?"

"I must be in town this afternoon. I have had a letter, and I'm going away in an hour or two." He hurried the words out, answering her questions and yet seeming somehow to put them by. He felt as if he had kept his eyes averted from the first, and yet he knew that she was very white. "So you see," he went on, "there won't be time for our walk — in fact I've come to say good-bye."

She was stunned. "And you are not coming back?"

"Not for some time at any rate," said John, with what he intended for a remarkably cheerful smile. "I don't suppose I shall ever see *Miss Hope* again; you will be a married lady long before I return, and I shall come and call on you in a dignified manner."

"Perhaps," said little Milly. So John Eversley had only been startled at her thinking he was engaged to Bella the day before. He had not meant what for a moment she had almost fancied he must mean. She reddened at the mere thought of her incredible folly. She was honestly glad, she was very glad, she felt as if she were delivered from some nightmare of perplexity, and yet her heart was aching with a sudden and most bitter sense of loneliness.

"Well, I suppose, in a way, everything is a 'perhaps,'" said John. "But I should like when I am far away and recalling my Drayford friends, to think of your marriage

as something more. Mayn't I congratulate you now, Miss Hope, as I may not be in England when the time comes?"

"Thank you," said Milly, looking earnestly at the toes of his boots.

"I have been very happy here," said John, after a pause. "There is something I should like to say, if you would not mind. I have always wished I had had a sister — an idle, indefinite sort of a wish, you understand. Now I know what I should have liked — a sister like you, Milly."

It slipped out unawares. She flashed back a glistering glance which went straight to his heart. Yes, she would have liked that — John for her brother, and Matthew — ah, if he had liked Matthew!

"Well, I ought to be content," he resumed, after a moment. "Had you been my sister, I could not have left you in better keeping." (He meant it, the man who could secretly show such noble generosity to a comparative stranger might well be trusted to be true and loving to his wife.)

Little Milly looked up surprised. "Mr. Eversley!"

"Well?"

"I thought you didn't like Mr. Warburton?"

"But I do," said John, earnestly. "I am ashamed to say I did not at first. I did not understand him. I did not get below the surface — and, after all, that is of very little importance. I know now that he is very good and generous, though, if you will pardon my saying so, I think he rather hides his better nature. I know that he is capable of very unselfish and noble deeds, and that he does them in secret. You may well be proud of your future husband, Milly, as I dare say you are."

"Yes, yes, I am proud," she said, confusedly. But she looked at John Eversley with different eyes; she was not thinking about him any longer. They were the eyes of the girl who had loved Matthew Warburton from first to last. She honestly believed she had, while in truth it was a new passion rising on the ruins of the old. She had loved Matthew first in ignorance of his faults, and now was suddenly justified in loving him in spite of them. John Eversley was a dear, dear friend, but never had been, never could be, anything more.

He looked at her and saw that he had in one moment killed the newly springing flower of love he would have given all he possessed to cherish. He had tried to do it — he was honestly glad he had done it — but he would ten times rather have killed himself.

"Remember me very kindly to Warbur-

ton, Milly," he said. "Tell him I congratulate him — as sincerely as I congratulate you. But don't tell him what I have said of him — he might not be pleased at our chattering. And now I must say good-bye."

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Eversley. But do come back again. Please."

"One day, perhaps," said John, smiling. "I shall hear of you sometimes, from Bella. God bless you, little sister, and good-bye."

He lifted her little hand to his lips and was gone.

From London he wrote to his brother: —

"I left Drayford the very day your letter came. I never heard your name mentioned, and no one imagined for a moment that I was connected with any Lisles."

"I am just off to the Continent for a little while, but I will certainly manage to see you before you go back to Canada. Your friend Warburton is doing well; the Drayford people seem to think a great deal of him. I believe he is going to be married in the spring."

John Eversley was away for some months. There was a slim, melancholy gentleman at a hotel in Paris, pacing wearily to and fro, on New-Year's night, when Milly sat with Matthew by Mrs. Rivers's fireside, happy in the possession of a new watch and chain, and, above all, happy in the possession of her lover.

But he had crossed the Channel and was in London on an important day which had been named in a hurried note in Bella's large handwriting — a day when Drayford bells rang merrily, and the sweetest and shyest of brides, with a dear little childish April face, came down a flower-strewn path with her big, beaming, handsome bridegroom by her side. Of course the latter made a great speech at the breakfast, eliciting burst after burst of laughter and applause, while little Milly hung her head, and blushed at every complimentary allusion to herself. Of course there were plenty of good wishes, of champagne-drinking, of hand-shaking and kissing — Mr. Warburton getting quite his fair share of the last, I believe, — and a perfect hail-storm of white shoes as the carriage drove off. And John Eversley, who, thanks to Miss Mannering's note, knew the train by which the happy pair were to start, pictured the jubilant departure, and said softly to himself, "God bless her! God bless them both!"

He waited in town till he got a letter the next morning, just a single hasty line;

then he hurried home to see his brother, who was going away in a few days.

It was afternoon. John was leaning with his back against the chimney-piece in the dingy room which was called his father's study. Through the window he could see the dark tangled little plot, ironically supposed to be a flower-garden, and further off the grey church-tower among the clustered elms. His hands were in his pocket and he was absently staring at the trees and sky, and listening to the birds which twittered among the budding boughs.

George Lisle sat on a low chair with his legs across a rather higher one, smoking a short pipe. He was a fine young fellow, a little rough and sunburnt perhaps, but much handsomer than John. The brothers had been apart for years—in fact they had never been together for any time since they were lads; and George, looking at the melancholy man of five-and-thirty who stood by the fireplace, could hardly believe that this dignified Mr. Eversley of Brooklynn Hall could be the "old Jack" of by-gone days. They had been delighted to meet—had grasped each other's hands—looked, with eyes glistening with brotherly affection, each into the other's face, and then had discovered that they had nothing to say. A happy remark set them recalling boyish adventures. These being in some degree exhausted, each had begun to ask about the other's more recent doings. But George was a man of few and practical words, and his more fluent brother was curiously reserved. So they had been silent for some minutes, and then the elder broke the silence.

"You needn't have been afraid, George: no one seems to remember you at Drayford."

"So much the better," said the younger.

"Of course I kept the secret. Your friend Warburton is well."

"That's all right. Oh, by the way, you said something about his being married?"

"Yes," said John, in his slow, gentle voice; "he was married yesterday."

"Yesterday! Well, I'm sure I wish him all happiness, and I hope he's got a good wife."

"Indeed he has," said John, with shining eyes.

George was lighting his pipe again. After a puff or two, he said, "Well, if ever man deserved a good one he did. Dear old Geoff!"

John drew his breath sharply as if he had been stabbed. "What!" he exclaimed.

His brother looked up in some astonish-

ment. "I only said he deserved a good wife, if ever man did."

"But you called him—*what* did you call him?"

"Oh, Geoff. I always called him by his Christian name."

"But his is not—Geoff," said John, bringing the last word out with a gasp.

George stared. "I should like to know what it is, then?"

"Matthew!"

"Not unless he's changed it. Matthew! What are you talking about? It was Geoffrey when I knew him."

"No, no," said John, who was awfully white. "It's a long time ago, you must have forgotten."

"What's the matter?" said George, tumbling his long legs off the chair and sitting bolt upright. "Nonsense about forgetting. I know his name as well as my own. Oh, well, you needn't believe me unless you like: just you get the governor's Clergy List—I see it on the bottom shelf there—and you'll find him sure enough, the Rev. Geoffrey Lionel War. . . . Jack, old fellow—Jack, what is it?"

For John, quiet courteous John, suddenly burst out with an oath, and then with a queer laugh turned away from his brother.

"You had better a thousand times over have stabbed me or poisoned me than sent me that cursed letter," he said at last.

"What is it? what have I done?" cried the bewildered George. "Tell me Jack,—I'm very sorry."

But John gave him no answer. George tried to see his face, but could not. "Matthew," said Lisle, half to himself, "Matthew—why, that was some sort of cousin of his at the Bank. Mat Warburton the fellows called him, I remember now. He had a fever or something very soon after I got there, and went away for a holiday afterwards. I never knew anything of him. I say, Jack, is it he that is married, and not old Geoff? Tell me what mischief I've done—there's a good fellow. I'm sure I never meant—"

But John suddenly turned a white menacing face towards him, and George understood that, for the moment, his brother's mysterious agony was too deep for explanatory words.

The Folkestone boat slid pleasantly through a softly-whispering sea. There was just a faint breeze, as if April drew a glad breath of wonder at the freshly unfolding beauty of the world. The ocean was a floor of burnished silver under a sapphire roof.

A big gentleman is pacing to and fro,

smoking a big cigar, but he stops pretty frequently to speak to a little lady, who, carefully cloaked and sheltered, sits on one of the benches, rejoicing in what is almost her first sight of the sea. But her eyes, delighted as she is with the glittering grey waves, leave them from time to time to follow her handsome husband. And when he speaks, she answers with glad uplifted face and happy smiles. For is not everything new and wonderful? and was there ever any one so kind and noble as her husband? and is not Mrs. Matthew Warburton going to spend her honeymoon in Paris?

My story ends with April 1869. A word or two concerning these friends of ours at the present time and I have done.

John Eversley has neither gone mad, nor shot himself, nor died of a broken heart. He has given up wandering, and lives on his estate. If anything, he is rather more gentle and silent than before, but that is all: he is not like King Henry—he smiles sometimes; only unfortunately it is just then that you understand how sad his face can look.

Bella has known bitter sorrow during the past year. Mr. Mannering died suddenly, and the shock was too much for his ailing wife. Their parting was only for a month. Much wonder was expressed as to what Miss Mannering would do, but she turned it into surprise by announcing that she was going with her brother to Australia. "I hope, my dear, you have considered it well," said Mrs. Rivers, agtast, across the luncheon-table.

"Yes," said Bella, calmly, "I've considered a good deal. I think it is the only chance for Arthur, and I've no one else left now. He has promised to make a home for me."

"And if he ruins himself?"

"Why, I suppose he'll ruin me, and that is just what makes me hopeful. If I were safe, I could not help him. At any rate I'll risk it."

She looked so quietly resolute that little more was said. I am not altogether sorry for Bella. Her upward path is toilsome, but it is something to be rising higher day by day. Bella, in her sombre crape, with cheeks that have lost their damask bloom, and are more like rain-washed Christmas roses, and with clear eyes looking out to the home across the sea, is better, and, I will believe, happier than had she been Mr. Warburton's wife. She bade him good-bye with a sort of wistful seriousness. "I shall often think of you and Milly," she said, "and hope you are happy."

Matthew Warburton was touched. "Good-

bye, Bella, and God bless you!" he said. She had enough of the old tenderness remaining to value the benediction.

Any good wishes which she may bestow on Matthew are likely to be fulfilled. He is happy, and I am glad to be able to write it. He is good enough for me to rejoice in his prosperity, especially as I doubt if he is good enough for sorrow to make him better. He has the desire of his heart, and his satisfaction is written legibly on his face.

And Milly? She is happy too. I will not say that nothing in her husband's words or manner ever jars upon her, but such jarring gives her little pain. She acknowledges frankly to herself that there is something loud and coarse in the outward man. So be it. She is content to worship the generous nature which it masks.

She is the brightest, yet the most anxious of little housekeepers.

She impresses upon her servants, in her clear bird-like voice, that "Mr. Warburton likes this," or "Mr. Warburton does not like that," and generally that "Mr. Warburton is very particular." She thinks she is very dignified and capable. The servants know that their master's eyes are keen, which comes to the same thing.

Her manners, in the opinion of Drayford society, are immensely improved. She does not blush so readily, or look up with quite such an ingenuous desire to please into the eyes of any one she may talk with. But there is not any real difference. In the evening when they are alone she sits on Matthew's knee (if he is inclined to be frivolous), twists her soft little fingers in his big whiskers, and talks her pretty childish nonsense. He is good-humouredly amused.

"Tell you what, Milly," he would say, "I daresay you think you look like a married lady. I wonder people don't ask you to the children's parties."

"It would be great fun," said Milly. "I like blind-man's buff, and sandwiches, and custards, and orange wine."

Matthew made a wry face.

"You could come and fetch me home at eight o'clock," Milly continued. "It's your own fault. What did you marry me for? Why didn't you have aunt, if you wanted somebody dignified!"

"Thanks," said Mr. Warburton; "but I know somebody, not a hundred miles away, who wouldn't have liked that. Somebody who looked uncommonly melancholy, I can tell you, when she thought I *did* care for somebody else."

Milly had to raise her head and show a

glowing face. "Oh, what a lot of somebodies!" she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Warburton, with his great happy laugh, "but only one somebody for me."

Yes, Milly is happy, and I don't know why she should be otherwise. But I cannot as cordially rejoice in her happiness.

Yet is it not best? Suppose she had opened her eyes, and loved John Eversley, and they had gone away to live their lives together, would that have been a perfect ending? Would little Milly have been quite as childishly sweet and pure, if she had broken what she considered a sacred bond, and been faithless when she thought her faith was pledged? I think not.

Or, on the other hand, could I have been so well content had I left her worshipping the Matthew Warburton who was known to all the world? It was to be regretted when

she knew no one better, it would have been degrading when she did.

Why then, after all, is not this the best ending of all? To have her first love ennobled and idealized so that she was able to be true to herself in being true to it, to have even that coarseness and vulgarity which might have kined love turned into lessons of a yet higher love looking beyond the ignoble husk to find the noble heart—why am I not resigned to my little heroine's fate? She fell in love unwisely—many girls do; she is sheltered from some of the saddest results of her folly—many are not. She is not degraded by her dream, and there is no fear of a dreary waking.

I look back at what I have just written. I cannot deny it, I cannot say how I would have had it otherwise; I cannot be angry with Milly for her first mistake. "But the pity of it! oh the pity of it!"

F. MULHAUSEN, civil engineer of Brunswick, has invented, according to the *British Medical Journal*, a new freezing and ventilating machine of remarkable ingenuity. The cold is produced by the mechanical expansion of atmospheric air. It produces, when in operation, any desired degree of cold, freezes water without the use of any chemical agents, and will effectually cool and ventilate any apartment or building, on whatever scale, large or small. In hospitals, especially in tropical climates, where the productions of ice and the cooling of the air are often matters of great urgency, and always of great value, in theatres and workshops, and in our new Indian barracks, such a machine will be of infinite value. The London theatres can hardly afford to be without it. The labour of one man, with a small 5-horse motor power machine, will produce 100lb. of ice an hour, and cool 15,000 cubic feet of air from 80 deg. to 50 deg. below Reaumur (*sic* in *B. M. J.*). The production of pure ice, for the purpose of cooling our drinking-water and furnishing a cheap mode of replenishing our domestic refrigerating safes during the hot season, will be a great addition to the sum of comfort in London life. Cheap ice will be especially a great boon to the hospital and sick-room; nothing is so refreshing for the parched lips of the sick man. If it were not so costly as it is now, ice would be very largely used in all hospitals, and would be an infinite boon to the sick.

conducted in sharp Christian countries. With the commercial reports from her Majesty's Consuls in Japan which have just been issued are printed "some scattered remarks on commerce by Kato Sukeicki," in which he says:—

In trading with the foreigners there are many things which ought to be attended to. The first thing to be noted is that foreigners are skilful in trade, and know how to artificially glut the market. Say, for example, that the price of silk is 800 rios a picul. First of all they buy some at 1,000 or even 1,500 rios a picul. Our merchants hear this and compete with one another in bringing their silk to market. The foreign merchants watch the time when the market is fully supplied, and then, all at once, they purposely abstain from buying altogether. Some of our merchants have brought their goods a long distance, and others have goods purchased with money which has been obtained at ruinous rates. They can neither sell them nor return to their provinces without selling them, so they are obliged to let them go at a sacrifice. The foreign merchants wait for this, and buy the goods for almost nothing. The high prices offered at first are nothing but ground-bait, then they watch till the fish are gathered together and throw the great net. These schemes of theirs redound to the benefit of their country, and we should not grudge them their success, but what a loss to Japan! Of course, every merchant thinks only of his own losses, but the country in general suffers along with him. In such cases if we had companies they could buy up all the goods, and thus prevent them being sold at a sacrifice. If they then held them back foreigners would naturally be obliged to come forward by-and-by, and offer a proper price. There would be no difficulty in buying up goods in this way. If there is a company of 1,000 merchants, they have only to subscribe 100 rios in order to purchase 100,000 rios worth of goods. In Osaka especially, where so many wealthy merchants are congregated together, there would not be the slightest difficulty in raising 100,000 or even 1,000,000 rios if this joint-stock company system were properly established.

The Japanese seem to be acquiring a very fair knowledge of the principles on which trade is

Fall Mall Gazette.

From The Spectator.
BARBARIANS AND BRUTES.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S remarkable address at Liverpool on the "social and religious condition of the lower races of man," contains certainly the most complete conceivable proof that in all human communities of which we can trace the history, the tendency has been upwards, and not downwards,—a history of progress, and not a history of degradation. But we wish Sir John Lubbock had added to his lecture something which he, of all others, is best qualified to add, on the widely different results of the observations of the naturalist who watches and describes the habits and instincts of animals, and the observations of the student of the earliest stages of human history, who watches and describes the habits and customs of barbarous men. Curiously enough, every feature Sir John Lubbock has contributed to the history of barbarism,—and no one has so good a right as he to be called in some sense the historian of barbarism,—is a feature tending to distinguish man from the brutes, or, at least, to distinguish essentially the characteristic brutality of man from the brutality of brutes. Take any one of Sir John Lubbock's curious list of savageries, and you will find that, intellectually speaking, it constitutes not a link between civilized man and the lower animals, but a chasm between them. He quotes, for instance, at the very outset a celebrated saying of a negro to Captain Burton. "What? Am I to starve while my sister has children whom she can sell?" Now, is not the feeling of civilization about the claims of children on their parents far more nearly an intellectual reflection of the instincts exhibited by almost all the lower animals in relation to their young, than a development of this savage sentiment? Where is the bird that will cast one of its young to the hawk to save itself, or the doe that will not fight far more fiercely for its fawn than for itself? The self-assertion of this savage selfishness represents a gap between civilized man and the lower animals, not a link. Then take the practice,—of the great prevalence of which among savages Sir John Lubbock produces curious evidence,—of the father's going to bed with a new-born child, while the mother gets up and does all the work of the household. Is not this, again, a case of a capricious break in the chain between animal instinct and civilized sense? Or take Sir John Lubbock's account of the extravagant passion of the savage for not only artificial, but positively inconvenient and painful orna-

ment, such as bones stuck through the nose, studs in the cheeks, and so forth. Without saying that civilized man, or at least woman, has entirely abandoned all these savage practices, is it not evident that the tendency of civilization has been to abolish the inconvenient ornamentations of savage vanity, and to return towards the simplicity of the unconscious creature? Again, consider Sir John Lubbock's remarks on the laws of savage tribes. It is often supposed, he says, that savages are personally more free than civilized men, but "there cannot be a greater mistake. The savage is nowhere free. All over the world his life is regulated by a complicated set of rules and customs as forcible as laws, of general prohibitions, and unjust privileges." "The Australians," for example, "instead of enjoying perfect personal freedom, as would at first appear, are governed by a code of rules and a set of customs which form one of the most cruel tyrannies that has ever perhaps existed on the face of the earth, subjecting not only the will, but the property and life of the weak to the dominion of the strong." Of this, again, there is no trace among gregarious animals; for though one tribe will prey upon another, creatures of the same kind, like bees or beavers, live for the most part in instinctive peace and order. And here again, the great aim of civilization is to strike off the alien yoke of tyrannic law and custom which barbarism imposes.

Again, in the relation between the sexes, the most marked distinction of savage life is the violence with which woman is habitually treated, being carried off at first by violence, and reduced to the position of a kind of slave afterwards. Here, again we find nothing parallel in the life of the lower animals, and we do find much more trace of fidelity. A Kandyan, expressing his scorn for a rather exceptional savage, a Veddah, cited in proof of the contemptible character of the Veddahs that they remain true to one wife till death, which, said the Kandyan, was *exactly like the practice of monkeys*. What Sir John Lubbock thinks the most common rule of marriage in the lowest savage tribes, the system of communal marriage, is certainly not an improvement on, but a deterioration from, the habits of the higher brutes. Of religion of course there can be no trace in the brutes, and the mere power of fancying and speculating, however rudely, on the unseen, is, of course, a great advance in *faculty*; but the first *result* of that power, as in the lower religions described by Sir John Lubbock,—for instance, the worship of the serpent,

because of its deadly venom,—is to start man off again on the track of mutilation of nature, instead of conformity to it, such as we see in the animal world. Any one who follows Sir John Lubbock carefully through his description of savage customs and habits, will see, in almost every one, not a link, but a chasm, between the life of what is called instinct, and the life of what is called educated reason. Formulated selfishness and caprice are the very essence of savage customs. Unselfish and orderly instincts, which produce many of the effects of the highest intelligent organization, are of the very essence of the animal life in the stage beneath. The more we learn of the lowest types of barbarism, the more clear it seems that the first stirrings of human character were not “improvements by the method of natural selection” on the habits of the brutes, but in most cases absolute *deteriorations* on those habits, due to the disturbing power of self-will and caprice. Men instead of gaining an advantage over the brutes by their rude attempts at laws, and by the suggestions of their superstitious fears, distinctly lose by them. In the struggle for existence with the lower animals, savages are weighted, handicapped, by their chief social and religious rites, and only their superior cunning as foes enables them to win the battle in spite of these disadvantages. The principle of “natural selection” might, of course, explain how the cunninger creature gets the victory over the less cunning, but it will not explain why cunning, once developed, rushes into so many pure insanities of artificial custom, law, ornament, and incantation,—insanities positively prejudicial to the race, and which are extinguished one by one as civilization begins to study and apprehend the limits of existence.

It seems to us that the new investigations of the facts of savage life all go to show quite as wide a *natural* distinction between man and the lower animals as the old assumptions of the deteriorationists. There must be a distinctive sense of self-guiding capacity and of inchoate desire to use it effectually, in those random gropings after better rules of living than the inexorable power of habit had imposed on the lower animals. The fruits of a past eternity of slowly improved habits,—supposing that to be the Darwinian history assigned to the ancestors of man,—could not result in this burst of wild caprice, in these haphazard attempts to make his lot happier, and to beautify his person, by arbitrary and mischievous rules. You can only account for those wild lashings-out *against* nature, which

are observable in the first moral and social experiments of barbarous man, by his dim consciousness of possessing a power of ruling himself and ruling the world around him, which is neither observable in any other animal, nor yet justified by its first tentative efforts even in man himself. If the *savage* is more loaded physically with ugly ornaments, and morally with still uglier laws, than any civilized being, is it not clear that his blind sense of power was not, in its initial state, an advantage to him, but a disadvantage, and yet that it was so strong within him that it would image itself in all sorts of arbitrary whims in spite of that disadvantage? Now, what is utterly incompatible with all the laws of nature, including those of animal life, is any thing arbitrary or capricious. Mr. Darwin shows that the moment any variety of type develops itself which is disadvantageous to the race to which it belongs, in the circumstances in which it is placed, there is an immediate tendency to extinguish it. How, then, could a variety arise and prosper whose distinctive characteristic was an arbitrary self-will,—a disposition to cast about in the world for a larger measure of happiness than the average of that species could enjoy, and to adopt the most injudicious methods for securing that happiness? Surely, unless such a characteristic were accompanied by some great and critical rise in the dead level of his intelligence above that of other animals, such a creature would be immediately extinguished in the struggle for existence. You can in no way imagine the gradual rise of self-will, and vanity, and superstition, and the other distinctive forms of savage life, as animal tendencies simply engrafted upon the ordinary animal cunning,—for they would be so adverse to the existence of the creatures in whom they sprang up as to cause their extinction. An elephant impeded by a bit of wood stuck through his trunk by way of ornament, or a baboon subject to the superstition that particular stones had the power to kill it, would clearly have a very bad chance with other elephants and baboons. What we seem to see in Sir John Lubbock's investigations is the proof that man is a species raised a whole stratum of intelligence above the animals next in intelligence to him, or he would not survive the enormous disadvantage of the growth of an imagination and of social passions, the *first* stirrings of which are not advantageous, but dangerous and anarchical. To our minds, the new lights we are getting upon savage life go a great way towards proving that the human race cannot be a variety produced by the Darwinian law from lower races, simply be-

cause the varieties of living introduced into the universe by the germinal human faculties are so distinctly unfavourable varieties of living, varieties which have all to be cleared away as reason takes its fuller development, and the imagination begins to understand the limits within which it works under the divine law.

From The Saturday Review.
SHORT-SIGHT.

IN the præ-scientific days of Aryan mythology, before Creuzer, Bopp, or Grimm had supplied the key which eventually laid open the true meaning of so many ancient myths, an interpretation of some ingenuity, to say the least, was suggested by an imaginative critic for the well-known fable of Medusa. In those uncritical days, when no one dreamt as yet of a meteorological basis for the graceful or direful myths and legends of the Greek Pantheon, there seemed no great liberty in conceiving the *μυθοποιός*, the poetic allegorist or legend-maker, to have impersonated in such or such a form some prominent type of human life or class of character, some exceptional trait of age or nature, be it on the physical, the moral, or the æsthetic side. Apollo chasing the flying nymphs, instead of the sun dispersing morning mists, might be understood as youth in its warmth and vigour chasing the fleeting pleasures and graces of life's dawn. The terrible Gorgo, the mortal one of the three sisters of whom such wondrous stuff is discoursed by Anthon and Lemprière, whose glance turned all who looked upon her into stone, was simply — prosaic as the thought may be — the short-sighted girl. The same idea was implied in the three Gorgones having no more than one eye between them. Having provoked Minerva — in modern phrase, having turned blue, gone in for woman's rights in learning, and so forth — Medusa had been stricken blear-eyed, her locks unkempt and snaky, and her whole aspect such a fright as to petrify every beholder. We are not going to uphold this theory in the face of Mr. Cox, but we would invite attention to what there may yet be discerned in it of psychological or social truth. The stony stare, the lack-lustre eye — which seems somehow never in focus with the eye that looks into it, and suggests the soulless gaze of a photograph, especially where the sitter is blue-eyed — are not these well known to all people of normal if not exceptionally long vision who associate much

with short-sighted folks? People of long sight are for ever taking offence, or being chilled in their friendship, because their distant salute is not returned by the unweening semi-blind over the way. Your friend with the glance of a hawk, who descries you half a mile off, and expects a return in kind for his nods and becks and wreathed smiles, receives incredulously the next time you meet your deprecations of intentional disrespect, and your meek suggestion that on him who enjoys the proud prerogative of perfect vision — not the poor victim of nature's unkindness — rests by right the blame of the seeming cut direct. Upstart persons of defective breeding, struggling with painful jealousy up the steps of social rank or prestige — and such are invariably the very keenest-sighted of persons — are constitutionally the most touchy upon this point, and are always on the look-out for what they regard as studied and intentional slights. Upon people better bred, or by nature less crabbed and suspicious, the effect of being perpetually ignored, passed by, or seemingly slighted can hardly be other than to estrange or to discourage them in their friendly or social advances. You make an acquaintance, say, at dinner, get on famously together, swear eternal friendship, and next day your new friend gives you a deliberate go-by in the street, or stares you in the face across the drawing-room at your club, without a sign of recognition. Who can well help feeling, under that fixed and glassy gaze, the kindliness of his nature rapidly turn to ice? Who has not felt, at a dinner-table even, the numbing, freezing influence where a single gorgon or spectre, if not more, sits, so to say, statue-like, the soul to all appearance drawn into itself, dull to the nervous efforts of host or hostess, turning away just as you think you have caught a look to open a conversation withal? The very lover "sighing his soul into his lady's face" fails, with all his conscious glow of rapture and all his beseeching looks, to kindle one glance of intelligence, or to catch one responsive or sympathetic sign. He feels himself gradually, but almost inevitably, turned to stone.

But if short-sighted people are a source of perpetual misery and depression to others, who can express half the suffering or privation to which they are themselves a prey? The aids of science are of course, it will be said, at hand to mitigate much of what nature has so cruelly inflicted upon them. But there must have been myopes in ages when lenses were unknown, nor is it at any time in the power of science or

art to provide a full equivalent for what is lost by the naturally dim-sighted. The use of the convex lens as a burning-glass, referred to by Aristophanes, leads us, indeed, to believe that its optical value—and, if so, possibly that of the concave lens also—can scarcely have passed unknown. Nero is said to have looked on at the games through an emerald, and there have been lenses of crystal found, at Nineveh and elsewhere, which make it not unlikely that short-sight had its artificial aids at times very remote from our own. But the luxury must have been at all events a rare one. To those who, from whatever cause, are not in the habit of using glasses, the defect must be perpetually bringing itself home. We would not dwell over much upon the amount of charm they must lose in nature or every-day life. Nature has manifold compensations, and much that they lose may be made up by much that they are spared. The softened and misty beauty which the landscape presents to near sight, reflected as it is in the art of Turner, is not perhaps inferior to the crisp and clear definition of form which nature assumes upon the canvas of the eagle-eyed *præ* Raffaellite. Short-sight involves untold nervous suffering. It has its correlatives in diffidence of gait and hesitancy of address. There is a painful sense of awkwardness in entering a room where ten to one you walk up to anybody rather than the right person. And there is an unfair strain upon the memory as you come in the street upon keen-sighted friends who have minutes before them to call to mind who and what you are, and who burst upon you without your having a second to think of their names and all about them. Such, moreover, is the close correlation between all organ and function that the very talk will be found to have a defective quality due in a measure to shortness of sight. Speech is largely founded upon mere imitation, the action of the lips being formed by following the motions which the eye beholds in others. From vague and indistinct perception of such motions there grows a tendency to clipping the speech, to muffled, ill-formed, or mumbling sounds. For the public speaker the eye, it is well known, is an organ of scarcely less magic than the tongue. With it he holds the audience in his grasp. Unless he can make out singly the very eyeballs before him, many an orator has declared, his whole art seems to him useless. For merely pitching the voice, and adapting it to the room or space, the estimate of sight is of high importance. And for chaining or entrancing even a single

listener, who does not call to mind the spell which the Ancient Mariner was able to throw into his "glittering eye"?

Apart, however, from either the psychological or the social bearings of short-sight, there is a view of the matter in which it rises to political importance. At a time when nothing can get a hearing which is not somehow connected with war, and everything must be looked at, so to say, through blood-red spectacles, we may trust perhaps to this consideration as in some sort promising us a claim upon the attention of our readers. In a recent number of the *Paris Revue des Cours scientifiques* we have met with some very curious statistics furnished by M. Giraud-Teulon to the *Gazette hebdomadaire*. These facts and figures go into the relative prevalence of short-sight in the various nations of Europe, with its consequent effect upon fitness for military service. Twelve years ago it was made clear by the statistical researches of Donders of Utrecht that this defect was peculiar to the wealthy and educated classes. Half a century back, indeed, Ware had announced in this country much the same result. Inquiring of three surgeons of the Foot Guards the number of cases of this kind among 10,000 men, he learnt that short-sight was all but unknown in the British Army. Not half a dozen cases had been returned in twenty years. Nor had more than a dozen recruits been rejected for this cause. At the Military School, Chelsea, only three instances have been found among 1,300 boys. At Oxford there were as many as 32 out of 127. In France M. Giraud-Teulon ascertained that not above 4 or 5 in 1,000 recruits were set aside as myopes in the country. In the towns the figures were considerably higher. Dr. Hermann Cöhn, of Breslau, having with infinite pains examined the eyes of 10,000 students in the different Universities of his country, met with no less than 1,004 myopes, more than a tenth. His principal results are embodied in the following propositions:—

1. There are no schools absolutely free from short-sight.
2. Short-sight is relatively less prevalent in village schools.
3. There are eight times more short-sighted pupils in town schools (1·4 in 100).
4. In "primary" town schools the short-sighted are four or five times more numerous than in rural schools (11·4 in 100.)
5. In urban schools the degree of short-sight increases with the grade of the school. "Primary schools, 6·7; middle schools, 10·3; normal schools, 19·7; gymnasiums, universities, 26·2." At a recent examination

of the French Ecole Polytechnique the number was returned as 35 in 100. In town schools the failing of short-sight was traced in a most regular way two years at a time. None were found myope who had not been a half-year at school. Short-sight is essentially artificial. It is the penalty of learning. It follows very closely upon the amount of education by books. The Germans have the shortest sight of all nations, aggravated as the defect is by the small thin type and coarse paper in popular use. Convexity of the lens of the eye is induced by the habitual adjustment to a near focus. Amongst sailors, on the contrary, whose eyes are directed so much towards the horizon, sight is generally found the longest. Is then, asks the writer of *La Myopie au point de vue militaire*, the French rule to be followed which makes short-sight a ground of rejection from the army? Or is the German economy more to be commended which observes no such principle of exclusion? For the staff service the rule has been relaxed by the French military authorities. The flower of the Polytechnic School would otherwise have been thrown aside. "L'école ne pouvait fournir des savants sans fabriquer en même temps des myopes." In book-taught Germany the relaxation had of necessity to be even wider. There was no other way of filling the ranks. "Le chiffre de myopes exempts eût quasi forcé de prendre les boiteux et les manchots." A pair of spectacles in the ranks causes no greater surprise with the Germans than a pipe does. And how much more does the rule apply to the reserves or civilian forces — the Landwehr and Landsturm — whose masses supplement the hosts of the regular army? But for the spectacle rank and file where would have been the million of men whom Moltke undertook to place within a fortnight upon the Rhine? M. Giraud-Teulon has more than one suggestion to make towards utilizing the short-sighted material excluded by the existing rule of the French service. The limit of

vision fixed by the old *régime* is that of No. 5 of the optician's scale. This figure seems to him dangerously lax, if artificial aids are excluded from the ranks. A sentinel or vedette with a sight even as short as 1.8 would, he considers, be exposed to perilous surprises, &c. Were the German example followed by the admission of lunettes, a myope armed with No. 8 would be of very efficient service; still more those of less defective sight. A better instructed class of recruits would also be made available. Nor would this French writer restrict such material to services of the auxiliary or non-combative kind, such as writing, keeping accounts, &c. Such a rule would, he believes, be not less cruel than wasteful. He is full of hope as well as of pity for the poor purblind. Put him to active outside work instead of indoor clerical duty, and the focus of his sight will by degrees gain distance. His power of vision will improve. This is a comfort of the same nature as that which is proverbially held out to all short-sighted persons — namely, the fact, not only that short sight is usually strong sight, but that the convexity of the cornea diminishes with age. We are not very confident of its working fast enough to affect the usefulness of the soldier within the military age. Nor are we prepared to move the wrath of adjutants or martinets by advocating the admission of spectacles among our rank and file on parade. In our own service efficiency of sight is one of the manifold qualifications in the recruit which have to be attested, in every branch alike, by the medical inspector. As regards the officers, a rule which would have set aside Sir Charles Napier amongst ourselves, no less than General Moltke amongst the Germans, is of course simply out of the question. With the spread of education by book to lower and lower strata of the social mass we may have, however, some day to face in real earnest some such practical solution of the problem how to utilize short-sight in war as the necessity of the case has forced upon the Germans.

Mr. GEORGE M. BAKER, of America, proposes to add another to the reputations rescued from the malignant obloquy of history. He is lecturing before audiences of his countrywomen and countrymen in vindication of Xantippe. The reporters differ as to his theory, one party inferring it to be that the representative virago was originally of a sweet disposition, which was soured by the brutal conduct of Socrates; the

others that she was never soured at all, but was altogether amiable and estimable. But all our American cousins are not engaged with the whitewash brush. Mr. Pollard, a Virginian, attacks the reputation of the famous Virginian orator of revolutionary times, Patrick Henry, and declares (in the *Galaxy*) that his (Henry's) orations were really William Wirt's.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HOW TO FIGHT THE PRUSSIANS.

AFTER the Italian war of 1859, when the French military power was at its height, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the same who is now investing Bazaine's army in Metz, wrote a pamphlet, "How to Fight the French." At the present day, when the immense military strength of Germany, organized upon the Prussian system, is carrying everything before it, people begin to ask themselves who is in future, and how, to fight the Prussians. And when a war in which Germany, at the beginning, merely defended her own against French *chauvinisme*, appears to be changing gradually, but surely, into a war in the interests of a new German *chauvinisme*, it is worth while to consider that question.

"Providence is always on the side of the big battalions," was a favorite way of the Napoleon's to explain how battles were won and lost. It is upon this principle that Prussia has acted. She took care to have the "big battalions." When, in 1807, Napoleon forbade her to have an army of more than 40,000 men, she dismissed her recruits after six months' drill, and put fresh men in their places; and in 1813 she was able to field 250,000 soldiers out of a population of four-and-a-half millions. Afterwards, this same principle of short service with the regiment and long liability for service in the reserve was more fully developed, and, besides, brought into harmony with the necessities of an absolute monarchy. The men were kept from two to three years with the regiment, so as to not only drill them well, but also to break them in completely to habits of unconditional obedience.

Now here is the weak point in the Prussian system. It has to reconcile two different and finally incompatible objects. On the one hand it pretends to make every able-bodied man a soldier; to have a standing army for no other object than to be a school in which the citizens learn the use of arms, and a nucleus round which they rally in time of attack from abroad. So far the system is purely defensive. But, on the other hand, this same army is to be the armed support, the mainstay, of a quasi-absolute Government; and for this purpose the school of arms for the citizens has to be changed into a school of absolute obedience to superiors, and of royalist sentiments. This can be done by length of service only. Here the incompatibility comes out. Foreign defensive policy requires the drilling of many men for a short period, so as to have in the reserve large numbers in case of foreign attack; and home policy requires

the breaking in of a limited number of men for a longer period, so as to have a trustworthy army in case of internal revolt. The quasi-absolute monarchy chose an intermediate way. It kept the men full three years under arms, and limited the number of recruits according to its financial means. The boasted universal liability to military service does not in reality exist. It is changed into a conscription distinguished from that of other countries merely by being more oppressive. It costs more money, it takes more men, and it extends their liability to be called out to a far longer period than is the case anywhere else. And, at the same time, what originally was a people armed for their own defence now becomes changed into a ready and handy army of attack, into an instrument of Cabinet policy.

In 1861 Prussia had a population of rather more than eighteen millions, and every year 227,000 young men became liable to military service by attaining the age of twenty. Out of these, fully one-half were bodily fit for service — if not there and then, at least a couple of years afterwards. Well, instead of 114,000 recruits, not more than 63,000 were annually placed in the ranks; so that very near one-half of the able-bodied male population were excluded from instruction in the use of arms. Whoever has been in Prussia during a war must have been struck by the enormous number of strong hearty fellows between twenty and thirty-two who remained quietly at home. The state of "suspended animation" which special correspondents have noticed in Prussia during the war exists in their own imagination only.

Since 1866 the number of annual recruits in the North-German Confederation has not exceeded 93,000, on a population of 30,000,000. If the full complement of able-bodied young men — even after the strictest medical scrutiny — were taken, it would amount to at least 170,000. Dynastic necessities on the one side, financial necessities on the other, determined this limitation of the number of recruits. The army remained a handy instrument for absolutist purpose at home for Cabinet wars abroad; but as to the full strength of the nation for defence, that was not nearly made available.

Still this system maintained an immense superiority over the old-fashioned cadre system of the other great continental armies. As compared to them, Prussia drew twice the number of soldiers from the same number of population. And she has managed to make them good soldiers too, thanks to

a system which exhausted her resources, and which would never have been endured by the people had it not been for Louis Napoleon's constant feelers for the Rhine frontier, and for the aspirations towards German unity of which this army was instinctively felt to be the necessary instrument. The Rhine and the unity of Germany once secure, that army system must become intolerable.

Here we have the answer to the question, How to fight the Prussians. If a nation equally populous, equally intelligent, equally brave, equally civilized, were to carry out in reality that which in Prussia is done on paper only, to make a soldier of every able-bodied citizen; if that nation limited the actual time of service in peace and for drill to what is really required for the purpose and no more; if it kept up the organization for the war establishment in the same effective way as Prussia has lately done — then, we say, that nation would possess the same immense advantage over Prussianized Germany that Prussianized Germany has proved herself to possess over France in this present war. According to first-rate Prussian authorities (including General Von Roon, the Minister of War) two years' service is quite sufficient to turn a lout into a good soldier. With the permission of her Majesty's martinets, we should even be inclined to say that for the mass of the recruits eighteen months — two summers and one winter — would suffice. But the exact length of service is a secondary question. The Prussians, as we have seen, obtained excellent results after six months' service, and with men who had but just ceased to be serfs. The main point is, that the principle of universal liability to service be really carried out.

And if the war be continued to that bitter end for which the German Philistines are now shouting, the dismemberment of France, we may depend upon it that the French *will* adopt that principle. They have been so far a warlike but not a military nation. They have hated service in that army of theirs which was established on the cadre system, with long service and few drilled reserves. They will be quite willing to serve in an army with short service and long liability on the reserve, and they will do even more, if that will enable them to wipe out the insult and restore the integrity of France. And then, the "big battalions" will be on the side of France, and the effect they produce will be the same as in this war, unless Germany adopt the same system. But there will be this difference. As the Prussian landwehr system was progress com-

pared with the French cadre system, because it reduced the time of service and increased the number of men capable to defend their country, so will this new system of really universal liability to serve be an advance upon the Prussian system. Armaments for war will become more colossal, but peace-armies will become smaller; the citizens of a country will, every one of them, have to fight out the quarrels of their rulers in person and no longer by substitute; defence will become stronger, and attack will become more difficult; and the very extension of armies will finally turn out to be a reduction of expense and a guarantee of peace.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
ROME AND ALSACE.

By the occupation of the territory composing the Roman State the political consolidation of Italy is completed. It would be idle to assert that all the steps by which this great achievement has been carried through have been in harmony with morality as understood between Government and Government; yet the self-respect of the Italian people has been preserved by their strong sense of a higher right entitling those who have acted in their name to do all they have done. The consciousness of a unity in the Italian people has produced a conviction of their moral right to form one political aggregate, and to give to it such constitutional forms as the majority of Italians should prefer. No inquiry can be more important for various reasons at this moment than an inquiry into the source of this overpowering consciousness of unity. It has assuredly not grown out of common political history, for, not to speak of modern times, there never was a period at which Italy was a country with Rome for her capital, for Rome was always the capital either of less or more of Italy. Nor has this remarkable feeling arisen from unity of race. Nothing is more certain than that the Italians are not of the same race. Many of them are doubtless descended from races akin to the citizens of the city which conquered the world, but vast numbers could only trace their pedigree to the great gangs of slaves swept together from the corners of the earth, who filled the households or tilled the gigantic estates of the wealthy Romans. The population of the North of Italy is mainly Celtic, that of the extreme south has in it Greek, Arabian, and Norman ingredients; and everywhere at the top there must

be a thick stratum of German origin. The true unity of Italy is the result of the unity of language; it is comparatively modern and consists in a common mental history. Italian learning, Italian science, Italian poetry, Italian painting, Italian music, and Italian architecture have been practically common for many centuries to all the countries now forming the kingdom, and out of these has been shaped the unity of the Italian people.

It is worth taking the real origin of Italian unity into consideration when we are asked to assent to that German claim to Alsace and Lorraine, which is at this moment being settled in one sense or the other. That, too, is a claim alleged to be morally founded on unity. The unity is not of language, which is allowed to have degenerated into a patois in these provinces; it is a unity of race, supposed to be shown by a former common tongue. What is really meant by unity of race beyond a certain community of language is not the less indistinctly understood because the words are now-a-days common in men's mouths; those who talk with emphasis about races and nationalities would probably hesitate to lay down that all whom they include under a particular name have sprung from the loins of the same savage patriarch. What really is important is the question whether unity of race or language has produced community of mental history. Now, it is certain that Alsace and Lorraine have had no part or share in the intellectual development of Germany. The Reformation was the great intellectual achievement of Germany, but Alsace and Lorraine have long been fervently Catholic. German literature only came into existence when they were French, and not long before the events occurred which made them intensely and fanatically proud of being French. The mental history of these provinces is in fact French, and it is now too late to make it otherwise. They have already given several great names to French art and literature, and their admiration is commanded exclusively by French models. As for the political history of the population, it is of even later origin than their intellectual history, for it began in 1789. Their power of speaking a broken German does not produce sympathy with a single German idea.

Considering what the exploits of German generals have been, it would be highly presumptuous to question their opinion that the annexation of these provinces would give them a nearly impregnable military frontier; and we are not satisfied that M. Renan is right in asserting that France, if she retained Alsace and Lorraine, would

easily reconcile herself to Germany, while she would never forgive their loss. But there is one aspect of the subject on which English authority is better than any other. Englishmen may claim to be heard by Germans when they say that the possession of these provinces would be a very serious misfortune to those liberties which Germany appears to be now sure of obtaining. The Germans seem to have persuaded themselves that they can re-Germanize Alsace and Lorraine by careful administration. Yet this process has been going on for long years in the Austrian States, and the present dangers of the Austrian Empire arise from the fact that the attempts of the German bureaucracy to produce a uniform political whole have failed miserably even in those Slavonic provinces which have no mental history at all and little more than a pretence of political history. Not even the political institutions of Hungary seem to us likely to prove material so stubborn and unmanageable as the French structure of society in Alsace and Lorraine. We cannot doubt that the new provinces would have to be governed as Posen is governed, only under vastly greater difficulties. Now we Englishmen have a world of experience on this subject from our connection with Ireland. We shall never give it up so long as we exist as a nation, and, indeed, we should cease to be a nation if we lost it. But at the same time we cannot help feeling pity for the political rashness of a nation which should take to itself a sort of Ireland, save under pressure of overwhelming political necessity. It is not that nowadays we find it difficult to be just or generous to Ireland; the misfortune which it entails upon us is loss of confidence in our own political, social, and economical ideas. But a nation like ours, old in freedom, can find its most cherished principles falsified in a part of its territory, and yet not suffer half the injury which a similar miscarriage would occasion to a community which is taking its first steps in political liberty.

Nor need we hesitate to say that those difficulties which we trust we have nearly overcome in our government of Ireland would be aggravated tenfold in the case of the new German provinces. The great obstacle to success in administering Alsace and Lorraine, if they remained (as we think they would) permanently discontented, would be the proximity of France. France may be immensely weakened and impoverished; but nothing will make Frenchmen cease to be a great literary people. You may no longer fear her armies, and yet her wit and her passion may be to the last de-

gree formidable. It is hard to govern a thoroughly discontented dependency under any circumstances, but infinitely harder to govern it under the eyes of a bitterly critical neighbour who has the ear of the world. However much we may recognize the great qualities of the German people, we cannot but see that there are many German peculiarities which a thoroughly unfriendly censor may succeed in so describing as to make them contemptible or hateful. Neither the kings nor the nobles nor the bureaucracy nor the literary men nor the middle class are exempt from weaknesses which it would cost little to French criticism to make the sport of the world. But the great weapon of French literature would be the aggravation of actually existing discontent. In these days of universal publicity there is no nation which does not suffer extreme discomfort from the knowledge that she is suspected of oppressing a province or a dependency. Great Britain is singularly callous to foreign opinion, and yet the approval of the "intelligent foreigner" was promised us as the chief reward of recent Irish legislation of which a good deal was not to our national taste. Russia takes manifest pains to seem unconcerned as to what Europe may think of her administration of Poland; yet the signs of *malaise* may be clearly read in the affected nationalism of her literature and her press. But discontents which are merely an annoyance to a despotically governed country, or to a country of assured freedom, may prove the cruellest of trials in the infancy of free government.

From The Anglo-American Times.

WHAT THE GERMANS LOSE.

THE Berlin *Börzen Zeitung* says "the present war has shown anew how great is the advantage which the German army possesses above all others by means of the volunteers who serve for one year, as not only does the presence of some 40,000 or 50,000 young men of high culture tend to raise the tone of the army, but they furnish an inexhaustible supply of officers. Besides these, there are at least 100,000 young men in the army who have received a liberal education, although they have been unable to pass the examination which would have entitled them to serve only for one year, and they form the cement which binds Prussian and North German troops together." The officers, although indistinguishable by dress from the men, have suffered enor-

mously in proportion, which simply shows the freedom with which they exposed themselves in leading. Were the losses in the ranks analyzed, it would be found that they were heavy in proportion to education and intelligence, those excelling in these qualifications most closely following the officers. Hence the argument that among the best men of Germany the loss has been heaviest, and the sequence is clear that the country in the future must feel it severely. To understand the full effect, the Prussian system should be known, which freely uses in all grades men occupying civil posts requiring training, taken from enterprises, firms, and industrial occupations necessitating a finished apprenticeship and education; and these are the men who have been buried in thousands around Metz and Sedan. But let us go down, and glance at what Prussia's loss is in the rest. There is to be found not only her intellect, her education, her high professional and mechanical training, but her bone and sinew. The men sent to the front are physically the most powerful, and in the flower of their age. The mode adopted is not to marry until they have served their military term; and in the ranks may be seen thousands of the lately married. In their loss Germany will be struck a severe blow, and, after the Fatherland, the loss will fall on the United States. We may never ascertain accurately — indeed, never can — the blow thus dealt to Germany, but it will be very severe, and felt for many years to come. It has become a saying in other countries, more especially the Anglo-Saxon nations, that their *mauvais sujets* are food for powder. The Germans, however, have grouped the best in the land, physically, morally, and mentally, as their food for powder; nor have they confined themselves to this sacrifice of the flower of the nation, but have added to the sacrifice through other means. The higher the mental training, the more careful the nurture, the less is the individual fitted for the physical exercise of marching with heavy packs, for sustaining that strain on bad and insufficient food, and enduring the hardship of sleeping on the bare ground in heavy rain. The agricultural labourer will survive, while he who studied for years the most abstruse sciences will succumb; and it is probable that Germany will lose intellects which would have added to her fame, and thrown a light to lighten the world, by a bullet through the brain, or succumbing under dysentery and disease. There is something in such a warfare as is waged by Germany most painful in its consequences to the nation. But the shades are lost in

the glare of this wonderfully successful war, to come out all the darker when the national eyes cease to be dazzled, and become accustomed to the unusual glitter. Then the truth will come home that the price has been heavy, not merely in the family ties rent asunder, in the prosperous thousands consigned to indigence, in the mourning and the tears, which, for years, will continue to be shed, but in the marked check to the material and scientific progress of the country. The most intricate of all machinery is the working of the great community we call a nation. Derangements, even the most trivial, scatter ruin, and are not easily repaired. Of all derangements war is the worst, not only to the invaded, but to the invaders, more especially when organized as is the army of Germany. The national life is temporarily stopped; the Germans imagine to go on as before when again set in motion; but, unless we mistake, they will not find it so. There are rising manufactures which will never recover the blow; there are trades diverted which may, if the war be prolonged, never get back

into the old channel; there are enterprises, all the clues, to which were in hands now buried in the soil of France; and the aggregate of these private failures caused by the war will make up a great national loss. It will be on the return of the victorious army that Germany will begin to realize what the cost has been. Thousands will come back to find their business gone, and hundreds of enterprises will languish, or fail, for lack of the directing brain. In every land the rush of Germans to the war has left a void in the places made by years of toil, to fill up as a sinking ship is filled by the sea, and those places may know the Germans no more. Painful as this is to contemplate, it is not without its bright side; for it will impress all its bitterness on the most thinking of nations, and give them a horror of war. While teaching France what a vanity military glory is, by the very act of acquiring that military glory herself, Germany will learn that it is only gained by drops wrung from the heart of a nation — that, next to the vanquished, the field of Victory is the saddest sight to the conqueror.

It was well said by Lord Russell that a proverb was "the experience of many and the wit of one." His lordship might have added that the wit of one often adds to the sad experience of the many, for proverbs are too often exaggerated to laws and made the excuses of the most heinous crimes. The *Times*, for instance, speaking of the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Bavarians at the village of Bazeilles, says: — "We may as well hope that wars will altogether cease to be made as that they will ever be made with rose-water." We all know that wars are not made with rose-water; nor was chivalry thus manufactured, yet it would not have roasted women and children alive and pushed them back into the fire with bayonets, or tied the hands of women and shot them; and these are the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Bavarian troops. The allegation may be untrue, but still it has been made, and should either be contradicted or those who perpetrated these barbarities should receive the punishment which is their due. War is and must be horrible, but the rose-water saying should be used with extreme caution. There is a passage in the "Reflector," published in the year 1750, well worth attention at the present moment. "The ancients," says the "Reflector," "made as unjust wars as the moderns, the differences consisting in the manner of conducting them. The ancients bluntly entered upon their unjust wars without pretext, pre-

amble, or colour assigned; but the politer moderns first give notice by manifesto, protest their own innocence, and show the necessity which, against their will, compels them to arms. Nay, we sometimes beg the Divine permission to ravage a country. This appears by the days set apart to implore success to our arms, and the numerous modern declarations of war, wherein the Almighty is called to witness that force is used unwillingly, and that the contending Powers are heartily sorry they are obliged to disturb the public peace. If Alexander the Great had thus called Jupiter to witness how unwilling his pacific temper was to disturb the peace of the world, and declared his hearty sorrow to be forced to take up arms against his brother Darius, what would the philosophers of those times — what would Aristotle have thought of such a manifesto?

Pall Mall Gazette.

THERE is good report of the progress of ipecacuanha cultivation in India, where it is found so valuable in that prevalent disease, dysentery. Since Dr. John Murray obtained for it the notice of the Indian Government, it has been successfully planted in the Neilgherries and other of our hill settlements, and in the plains. It has done well even in Calcutta. Nature.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1378.—October 29, 1870.

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TO THEE.

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once-opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee.
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Sunday Magazine.

SONNET.

My life was like a tranquil stream that flowed,
Shielded by shel't'ring boughs from storm and
heat,
Between low banks, sloping from meadows
sweet,
Where sheep-bells clinked and idle cattle lowed;
While on its surface morning's pure light
showed
No movement harsher than the eddying curl
Round some weed-tangled stone, or dancing
whirl
Where rushes thickened; till above me glowed
The fierce light of thy love, which fiercer grew,
Till at high noon there gathered all around
A lurid storm-glare, and the scene I knew
Changed all its aspect. With a restless sound
The troubled stream, rising, o'erawpt the lea;
Then a mad torrent thundered to the sea.

Tinsley's Magazine.

BINDING SHEAVES.

BY JEAN INGELW.

HARK! a lover binding sheaves
To his maiden sings;
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,
Larks drop their wings.
Little brooks for all their mirth
Are not blithe as he.
"Give me what the love is worth
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne,
Tells the story through:
I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew.
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet,
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest.
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth,
Love's worth is love.' "

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

BY JEAN INGELW.

As I came round the harbour buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-looked harbour stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candlelight
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
O sweetly my love sings;
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs,
As the shining water leaped of old
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbour lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof,
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low,
By the flickering candle's gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

From The London Quarterly Review.
ALBERT DURER.*

IN the architectural aspect of cities, as in other things, "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and doubtless, on the whole, the change is right and lawful. But even to those who can acknowledge the advantage of wide and healthy streets, of increased facilities for locomotion—who recognize that each succeeding generation has the first claim to the accommodation which the world affords—even to those there is something often inexpressibly sad in the rapid disappearance of the relics of the past. There are cities—Paris in chief—whose topography occupies a place in the history of mankind, and whose memories are hardly disturbed by wholesale demolition, and the substitution of those rectilinear streets that "are rather monotonous in an art point of view," as M. Thiers once said. There are others, like Rouen, where the stucco and plate-glass of to-day harmonize ill with the grey tones and quaint diversity of former times; and others again, like Florence, which are suffering from the influx of a new population and the erection of suburban villas. Much of the change is inevitable; some of it, as we said, is right. But still it is impossible to watch without regret the parting of the visible links that bind us to the past, the transformation of the scenes among which our forefathers played their part in life's drama.

Fortunately, however, in the case of the great German artist of the Reformation, we are not reduced to a painful conjecturing of the outward influences by which he was surrounded. What Nuremberg was when Albert Dürer occupied the house in the Zieselstrasse that still bears his name, it still is in its essential features:—a town picturesque and irregular, huddled within its fortifications at the foot of a sand-stone rock which is surmounted by a castle, the

rock itself being set in the midst of a dry but fertile plain. It is a town of narrow streets and unsymmetrical houses—houses with high-pitched red roofs, and overhanging "dormer" windows; a town breathing of thrift and industry, whose peculiar character Mr. Ruskin has defined as a "self-restrained, contented, quaint domesticity." In one respect, indeed, the place has changed since the fifteenth century. Then it was a busy manufacturing and commercial centre.

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

was the proud saying of the citizens. Its wares were sent to every market in Christendom. Now its manufactures are quite unimportant, and commerce flows through other channels. But, even with this deduction, there are still enough of the old elements to enable us to picture to ourselves the free imperial city of those days, to people it with its busy burghers and comely house-wives, to conjure up its paternal government of Rath (or Council) and its many guilds.

And the account which Albert Dürer himself has left of his parentage and earlier years comes to us fraught with the spirit that dwelt in those old walls. There is a pathos in its homeliness and simplicity; and, moreover, it throws so gentle a light upon the artist's own mind, and contains so succinct and yet so real a record, that we shall not venture to weaken it, as Mrs. Heaton has done, by a paraphrase. It will be observed that he never mentions his father without some expression of endearment or respect. The "family history," drawn up in 1524, when the writer was fifty-three, runs as follows:—

"I, Albrecht Dürer, the younger, have sought out, from among my father's papers, these particulars of him, where he came from, and how he lived and died holily. God rest his soul! Amen.

"Albrecht Dürer, the elder, was born in the kingdom of Hungary . . . at a village called Eytas, where his family occupied themselves with oxen and horses. My grandfather was called Anthony, and he betook himself to the town when still a young man, and learned the goldsmith's art. He married a maiden called Elizabeth, and they had four children, one girl,

* 1. *The History of the Life of Albrecht Dürer of Nuremberg*, with a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works. By Mrs. CHARLES HEATON. Macmillan and Co. London. 1870.

2 *Albert Dürer: his Life and Works, including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues*. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT. Author of *Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts*. Longmans, Green, and Co. London. 1890.

Catherine, and three sons. The eldest son was Albrecht, my dear father, who became also a goldsmith, and was a skilful and truthful man. . . . My dear father travelled into Germany, and also lived long in the Netherlands, knowing there many great artists. He at last came here to Nuremberg in 1454, on St. Louis' Day* (August 25th), the very day on which Philip Pirkheimer held his wedding, and there was a great dance under the lime trees. Then my dear father entered himself with Joseph Haller, who became my grandfather; for, after a long service, up to the year 1467, my father having asked him for his daughter Barbara, then a fair and handy maiden of fifteen, they were married eight days before St. Vitus. . . . My dear parents had between them all these children that follow, as I have copied them from the book word for word."

After this follow no less than eighteen entries, of which the *third* is as follows:—

"At six o'clock on St. Prudentia's Day, the Friday in Holy Week,† 1471, my house-wife bore another son, to whom Anthony Koberger was godfather, and named him after me, Albert."

The eighteen entries copied from the record kept by his father being ended, the narrative continues:—

"All these, my dear father's children, are now dead, some very young, some living a little longer, except three; and those who still live, as long as God pleases, are Andrew, Hans, and myself Albert.

"My father's life was passed in great struggles, and in continuous hard work. With my dear mother bearing so many children, he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honourable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. He indulged himself in few pleasures, spoke little, shunned society, and was, in truth, a God-fearing man.

"My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honour of

God. He made us know what was agreeable to others as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbours; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life. For me, I think, he had a particular affection, and, as he saw me diligent in learning, he sent me to school. When I had learned to write and read he took me home again, with the intention of teaching me goldsmith's work. In this I began to do very well. But my love was towards painting, much more than towards the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned painter. But he let me have my will; and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men. And when the three years were out, my father sent me away. I remained abroad four years, when he recalled me; and as I had left just after Easter in 1490, I returned home in 1494, just after Whitsuntide. And now, when my *Wanderjahre* was over, Hans Frey treated with my father, and gave me his daughter, by name the *jungfrau* Agnes, with a dowry of 200 guldens. Our wedding was held on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day in the year 1494."

So far speaks Dürer; and in order to set his narrative in its true frame, and to realize the precise period of history to which belong the twenty-three years that elapsed between his birth and his settling down as an artist in Nuremberg, it is only necessary to remember that the year 1471 carries us back to the reign of our own Edward IV., to the Wars of the Roses, to a date anterior to the murder of the Princes in the Tower; that when Dürer was about twelve, Luther was born; that when he was twenty-two, Columbus brought back to Ferdinand and Isabella the wondrous news of the lands lying beyond the western sea. As regards the arts, never has there been, before or since, a quarter of a century so prolific of genius. Within its span were born Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Sebastian del Piombo, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, and Holbein, to name but the greatest. In short, these three-and-twenty years coincided with the setting of the Middle Ages, with the dawn of the Renaissance, the seed-time of the Reformation, the com-

* This is the date given by Mr. Scott. The *Edinburgh Review*, for July, 1861, says St. Aloysius. Mrs. Heaton says St. Eligius' Day (25th June), 1456. The German, as given by Campe, is St. Eloye, and we hold the right translation to be Eligius, or in French Eloi, a saint well known in French nursery rhymes.

† There is considerable doubt respecting the exact date meant.

ment of a wonderful series of maritime discoveries and commercial enterprises — a period big with great things and crowded with great men.

Of Dürer's life during these years scarcely anything is known beyond what he himself has told us; and the ingenious conjectures that have been made respecting the precise localities which he visited during his student years are idle in the extreme. One record of his childhood, however, should not be passed over. It is a portrait, now in the Albert collection at Vienna, and of which there is a copy among the Dürer drawings in the British Museum, — a portrait of the lad as he was at the age of thirteen, and bearing this inscription, added in subsequent years: "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass in the year 1484, when I was still a child." The face, notwithstanding the relative imperfection of the drawing, is interesting and thoughtful, almost melancholy. The eyes are large and intelligent; the nose long, delicate, and slightly aquiline; the mouth small but full; the forehead hidden by the hair, which is cut across it in mediæval fashion. Nor was the promise of physical beauty, to which this portrait bears witness, belied in after life. All his subsequent portraits confirm it. And he was very proud of this beauty, and took great pains to preserve it, and to set it off to the best advantage, not apparently from any foppish feeling, but simply from an artist's delight in what was pleasant to the eye.

We have said that there is little to be added to Dürer's account of his early years. There is little also to be gathered respecting his training as a painter. Of the extent to which he was influenced, whether for good or evil, by the master to whom he was apprenticed by his father, it is difficult to form a very accurate estimate. For though pictures attributed to Wohlgemuth are not rare in German galleries, yet few are well authenticated, and we do not recollect having come across any in this country. So far as we can gather, however, he seems to have been a painter of no particular originality or feeling, executing his work in a dry and archaic manner. Tradition asserts that Dürer also studied under Martin Schongauer, usually called in admiration

Martin Schön, but of this there is no direct evidence; and, as the older master is supposed to have died between the years 1486 and 1488, any prolonged intercourse must have been impossible. The negative testimony of Dürer's silence is also very strong. But he is known to have been received with affection by Schön's brothers; and though Schön himself may never have taught him anything by word of mouth or direct personal example, there can be no doubt of the influence of his works. In the case of one or two early engravings, indeed, Dürer did not disdain to copy his predecessor, the difference of the monogram showing, however, that no deception was intended. But, even apart from direct imitation, there is great similarity of spirit and workmanship between the two men. Schön had certainly less genius and versatility, less grasp of thought and power of hand. He is more rugged and ungraceful. Nevertheless, there are those among his works which remind us forcibly of Dürer, and which the latter need not have been ashamed to sign. The "Christ Bearing the Cross" is one of them.

In estimating the works which Dürer produced during the thirty-four years that elapsed between the date of his settling down in Nuremberg and his death — in trying to appreciate the value of his legacy to the world — it is necessary to bear in mind the form of art to which those works belong. Raphael, with whom he had corresponded and exchanged drawings,* said of him, "Truly this one would surpass us all had he, as we have, the masterpieces of art always under his eyes." It was a generous exclamation — we should expect no less from such a speaker — and yet only the expression of a half truth. The antique would have done little for Dürer; it would not have been to him what it was to the great Italian artists of the Renaissance, the food on which their genius was nurtured and fed. He belonged to a different art family, to one equally prolific of great

* There is a sketch in red chalk in the Albert Collection at Vienna bearing this inscription in Dürer's handwriting: "Raphael di Urbino, who is so highly esteemed by the Pope, has drawn this study from the nude, and has sent it to Albrecht Dürer, at Nuremberg, to show him his hand," i.e. mode of execution.

things, and equally entitled to recognition and honour. For if to the one family we are indebted for the architecture and the poetry of Greece and Rome, for the painting of the Renaissance, for the drama of Racine, Corneille and Molière — these are, of course, but flying illustrations — to the other we owe all that is mere poetry in Isaiah and the Psalms, Gothic architecture and the plays of Shakespeare. This is an old question, of course, It was contested fiercely in France by the generation of 1830, which divided itself into two hostile camps, that blazoned the words "classical" and "romantic" on their banners. But a settlement by ordeal of battle proved impracticable. Passions have now grown cooler. It is gradually being discovered that the world of art is large enough to include both ideals. The efforts of later writers have been directed rather to defining the limits of the influence of both schools — not, however, very successfully. For the spirit which animated them has embodied itself so fitfully in various races, periods, and individuals, as to elude any very exact classification — whether it be that of M. Taine, who regards the difference as inherent to the Teutonic and Latin races, or of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who would have us consider it as distinctive of the Hebrew and the Greek.

It is not our intention to attempt any exhaustive analysis of the principles by which the two schools are animated. Suffice it to say, generally, that while the "classical" artist, be he poet, painter, architect or sculptor, regards art as the setting in order and presentation of what is beautiful and dignified in Nature, to the exclusion of all that is inharmonious, ungraceful, or obscure, the "romantic" artist looks upon art rather as the mirror of nature, seeking less to order and arrange than to grasp and give form to its shifting multitudinous details, its contrasts, and even its uglinesses. This is susceptible of a great variety of illustration. It will be enough for our purpose, however, to show the immense difference that separates the designs and engravings of Dürer from those of his great Italian contemporary, Marc Antonio, whose best works were executed from Raphael's drawings, and in his studio under his immediate eye. In the latter the engraver's object had evidently been beauty, beauty not of texture and technical detail — in this we judge that he did not approach his German rival — but beauty of form, grace of line, and harmony of composition. There is no crowding, no triviality, no physical ugliness — though sometimes, be it said, moral deformity.

But if we turn to Dürer's works we find ourselves in a different world. The sublime, the beautiful, and pathetic, the homely, the grotesque — though never, be it said to his honour, the impure — all are inextricably mingled. In the most solemn scenes of the Passion he does not hesitate to introduce his favourite dog, a funny little animal, something between a French poodle and a Skye terrier. In one of his Madonnas a chained monkey sits complacently in the foreground. In another two or three rabbits frisk gaily. The pigs in the engraving of the "Prodigal Son" have evidently been touched with a loving hand. The figures who crowd the scenes of Our Lord's life wear the features and quaint garb of the burghers of Nuremberg, in the fifteenth century. Gossips sit tasting the caudle in the lying-in chamber at the birth of the Virgin. In two of the woodcuts of the *Apocalypse* the doleful faces given to the Sun and Moon produce a very strange effect. Vasari says, that when Dürer "had to design from the nude form, for want of better models, he took one or other of his apprentices, and these must have had very ill-formed figures; as, indeed," adds the Italian, "the Germans generally have when they are undressed, although one sees many in those countries who appear to be fine men when they are dressed." Fine or not fine, dressed or undressed, Dürer drew the world as he saw it, and hence his work has in it a most attractive element of life.

His first important work — the woodcuts of the *Apocalypse*, published in 1498 — may be described as a great attempt to grapple with the impossible; for the imagery of what Milton described, in his majestic prose, as a "high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" — that imagery is unpaintable. Barely can words, which are a far vaguer vehicle than drawing, convey to the mind any adequate idea of the sights witnessed by St. John at Patmos when he was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. The pencil is powerless to deal with forms that are unfamiliar, or bear no analogy to those we habitually see. We may, for instance, by a vigorous exercise of the imagination, conceive the grandeur, rather than the definite appearance, of a Being whose "head and whose hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace," and who had "in his right hand seven stars," and out of whose "mouth went a two-edged sword, and whose countenance was as the sun shining in his

strength." But, evidently, any endeavour to paint such a being could only result in something grotesque and almost monstrous. And this is only one instance among many of the pictorial difficulties of the Book of the Revelation. Still, in Dürer's case, the old adage, that it is "great to fail in great attempts," holds good. There is a single-minded realism and literalness in his designs, an evident desire to draw what St. John saw, which — to say nothing of the passages of quiet beauty in the underlying landscapes, and the quaint power of the conceptions — give a great charm to these works. Mrs. Heaton — and the extract may serve as a specimen of her style at its best — says of the fourth cut : —

"What other artist than Albrecht Dürer could have rendered with such fierce breathing life that awful figure of Death on the pale horse treading down in avenging wrath the fourth part of the earth? Unlike the other riders, who appear urged on by some mighty impulse to fulfil God's judgments on mankind, Death seems driven by fierce demoniac rage. Hell, indeed, follows close behind him in the shape of the wide-opened jaws of a monster into which a king-crowned head is sinking. Even the horse he bestrides betrays a feeling of devilish spite that is quite different to the noble anger of the animal ridden by the rider who swings the balance aloft with mighty outstretched arm."

This is partly true; and yet, with all their malice, there is something of decrepitude, both in the steed and the grisly spectre who bestrides him, that harmonizes ill with our conception of the mighty conqueror to whom, and to whose terrible train, was given "power over the fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." Another very fine cut is that in which Michael is thrusting his spear with both hands into the dragon, who sinks in the air beneath him. The face, which is that of a man in middle age, is stern and set; and, though Satan and his angels are defeated, it is not without effort. And here again it is impossible not to contrast this design, crowded with the tumult of conflict, and that picture of the same subject by Raphael, now in the hall of masterpieces at the Louvre, in which the young conqueror, radiant and irresistible, springs on to the shoulder of his prostrate foe, and spears him as he passes.

These woodcuts of the *Apocalypse*, which are most vigorously executed, and created a revolution in the art of wood engraving, raise a very interesting question, viz., whether Dürer cut his own blocks, or contented himself with drawing his designs on

the wood. Mrs. Heaton thinks that, as regards this first work, he did so cut them. She thinks so partly on technical grounds, and partly because he could not probably at that date have been able to pay any one to do the work for him. Indeed, looking at the previous condition of the art, it seems unlikely that he could then have found any one qualified for the task. But, as regards his subsequent woodcuts, the case is different; and the arguments advanced by Jackson, in his *History of Wood Engraving*, tend to show that, in all probability, the mechanical part of the work was not done by Dürer.

The most important of these subsequent woodcuts are the three series entitled the *Life of the Virgin**, the *Great Passion*, and the *Little Passion*, all published in 1511. They consist, in all, of some sixty-nine prints, which are of the most varied character — homely, for the most part, in the scenes from the Virgin, and often grand and pathetic in those from the life of our Lord. Perhaps the most purely beautiful — we do not forget the fine figure of Adam in the descent into hell — is that of the Madonna sitting with her child in the crescent moon. But her betrothal is also very graceful and idyllic, and her crowning in heaven a grand conception. As regards the *Passion*, no artist, with whom we are acquainted, has more thoroughly realised the idea of Our Lord as the Man of Sorrows, bowed down by the weight of the sins of the world.† Some of the other prints are marred, like too many pictures of similar subjects, by the exaggerated cruelty of Christ's tormentors, and the needless barbarity to which He is subjected. Still, here it should be remembered that these illustrated histories were addressed to a strong, coarse age, that possessed but few books, and but a slight knowledge of reading. They were the literature of the people. And there is something in their evident sincerity and bold realism which, apart from the artistic excellences lurking in their quaint and antiquated forms, contrasts very strongly with the flashy designs, so evidently aiming at mere scenic display, of a popular draughtsman who has just illustrated the Bible.

* Bernard Palissy incidentally mentions this series in giving expression to a grievance: — "Hast thou not seen also what injury the engravers have done to the scientific painters? I remember to have seen the stories from the life of Our Lady boldly engraved after the designs of a German named Albert, which stories had come into such contempt owing to the great numbers printed, that each was sold for two farthings, notwithstanding that the designs were of a good invention."

† The subject was a favourite one with Dürer. The print to which we here refer forms the title-page to the *Great Passion*.

And this leads us to examine a question raised by Mr. Ruskin in a very striking chapter of the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*. In that chapter he describes, with his accustomed and perhaps too hasty eloquence, the sorrow and doubt that fell upon the world when the old faith was shrivelled up in the fires of the Reformation, and "the heavens themselves seemed to have deceived those who had trusted in them." Then men cried:—

"We had prayed with tears; we had loved with our hearts. There was no choice of way open to us; no guidance from God or man, other than this, and behold it was a lie. 'When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth.' And He has guided us into no truth. There can be no such Spirit. There is no Advocate, no Comforter. Has there been no Resurrection? And then came the Resurrection of Death. Never since man first saw him, face to face, had his terror been so great. 'Swallowed up in victory!' Alas! no; but king over all the earth. All faith, hope and fond belief were betrayed. Nothing of futurity was now sure but the grave."

And Mr. Ruskin proceeds to consider the effect which this horror of great darkness produced upon two artists very different in themselves and very differently circumstanced, Albert Dürer and the Neapolitan whom Michelet has called, not unjustly, *ce damné Salvator*.

It seems unnecessary very seriously to consider whether such were generally the fruits of the Reformation; at any rate, for those who accepted and hailed it. It may, however, have borne only such a Dead Sea apple for Dürer. But, before examining this, it is as well to note that the engraving of the "Melancholia," which Mr. Ruskin regards as Dürer's comment on this sorrowful state of things, was published in 1514; and as Luther's Theses were posted on the doors of the church at Wittemberg only three years afterwards, the comment must, at any rate, be deemed premature. Still, it might, of course, be possible, quite apart from this particular point, that, with the decay of the old faith, Dürer should become a practical Sadducee, looking upon Death as the unconquered king of terrors, and upon the grave as bounding the horizon of our hopes and fears. It might be possible certainly; who can measure the effect that such an upheaval as the Reformation would produce upon each individual mind? But is there any evidence to this effect? We confess that we know of none. The works on which we have already commented, the *Apocalypse*, the *Life of the Virgin*, the *Great and Little Passion*, breathe, as we

think, a spirit of practical, real devotion, untinged, and this is very noteworthy in the woodcuts of the *Life of the Virgin*, with any excessive superstition. These, however, are early productions. But is there any change in those that came later, any hopelessness or denial of the life to come in what is left of his writings? The "family history" was drawn up in 1524, when Luther's blows against the Papal edifice had resounded through Germany; it does not express the feelings of a man whose beloved father was lost to him for ever. The journal of the voyage to the Netherlands, which contains so eloquent a testimony to Dürer's admiration for the great Reformer, seems clouded by no such doubts. And if we turn to the works in which the artist threw his whole soul, to his engravings, and drawings, and paintings, we shall find, indeed, many things hard to understand, many riddles difficult to read, thoughts of sorrow and death, such as oftentimes haunt the darker imaginations of the north; but the desolation of utter scepticism, so far as we can perceive, never. It was no jaded and disappointed inquirer who, in bequeathing his latest works, the large panel pictures of St. Peter and St. John, St. Mark and St. Paul, to his native city of Nuremberg, affixed to them an inscription warning all Christian kings and rulers not to add or to take from the blessed Word, or to mistake man's wisdom for God's decrees.

We have said that the mystery of Dürer's works is sometimes difficult to unravel. There are several of his engravings that might be instanced in corroboration of what we hold to be truth, viz., it is vain to express, by means of one art, what can more naturally and completely be expressed by means of another. Detailed word painting of visible objects is, at best, even in the hands of the greatest masters, only a sorry substitute for the painting of the brush. And similarly some of Dürer's deepest thoughts regarding things invisible come to us veiled and uncertain, because he clothed them in form rather than in words. Many of the prints are exceedingly rare, and without the aid of illustrations it is difficult to show this by any great variety of instances. But, fortunately for our purpose, two of the best known are also the most subtle in intention, and have given rise to the greatest variety of interpretation. All are acquainted with that grand engraving—very grand in all technical qualities—of "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," which, falling into congenial soil, bore fruit in Fouqué's graceful romance of *Sintram*. How variously this design has been com-

mented upon! To some, to the greater number, the old knight has seemed the type of the Christian warrior. He has left Satan behind him, baffled, but still dogging his course, he does not heed the grisly phantom who holds an hour-glass before him, and from whose horse's neck rings the sound of a passing bell. For all his terrible attendants, he does not even hasten his charger's steady steps through the valley of the shadow of death towards the heavenly city of which he towers gleam in the distance. Others again, and this view is strongly advocated by Mr. Scott, hold that the "Christian Warrior" is simply some robber knight—the letter S on the design would point, if this theory were accepted, to a certain Sparnecker executed at Nuremberg in Dürer's time—some robber-knight bound on a mission of wrong and cruelty. Death and the Devil naturally accompany him on his ride. His carelessness of their presence is the contempt of familiarity. So much for the inculcation of a philosophical or religious truth through the pencil. And so again of the "Melancholia." To some that strange winged figure, crowned with laurel, and sitting surrounded by the instruments of science, theoretical and applied, is but an embodiment of the sorrowful futility of all knowledge, but an illustration of the bitter words of the "preacher who was king over Israel in Jerusalem, and gave his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven," and declared as the result of his experience that, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Mrs. Heaton holds rather that the "Melancholia" figure is "a glorious devil, large in heart and brain;" and that the old Eve-craving for the forbidden fruit of knowledge is strong in her breast, and, as may be inferred from the objects by which she is surrounded, she has sought it both by legitimate and unbalanced channels." But this is to forget that, in Dürer's time, and, indeed, for some generations afterwards, the line of demarcation, which seems so natural to us now, between strict science and the "black art" had not been drawn. The *Edinburgh Review** considers that the key to the design is to be found in the fact that it was produced in 1514, the year of his mother's death. It would thus be an autobiographical record of the sorrow that had fallen upon him, and of the spiritual perplexity of the time, which his studies had aggravated rather than dispelled. But if

the "Melancholia" was intended to be such a record, it seems unaccountable that the objects surrounding the figure should be so exclusively scientific and mechanical. Dürer was a mathematician and engineer, and his purpose here may have been to show that his knowledge could do little for him. Still, if he wished the figure to typify his own soul, he would, we should imagine, have shown by some of the accessories that he remembered he was an artist. Another and very different interpretation has been given of the print, and has been urged strongly on ourselves by an ingenious friend, viz., that as the bat-like creature, who bears the scroll with the inscription of "Melancholia," is flying away, Dürer meant us to understand that one of the most effective cures for melancholy is study and hard work.

We have said, so much for teaching by the pencil. And yet, even as we write the words, we almost regret them. For if these engravings and their fellows of the same class fail to lay any distinct truth or proposition palpably before us, if they fail even to express their own meaning in an unmistakable manner at any rate they are a strong stimulus to thought. In literature it is not always the clearest writer or reasoner who is the most valuable. There are many men who find better food for their minds, more pregnant and suggestive ideas in the works of Coleridge, Carlyle, or Ruskin, than in those of Mill or Newman. And similarly, in the very process of hunting for the recondite meanings that lurk in several of Dürer's works, there is something refreshing and invigorating.

The same reason that induces us to pass without detailed criticism the great mass of the engravings—the marvellous "St. Jerome" with its play of chequered sunlight, the "St. Hubert" with its fine study of dogs, the "Christ before the High Priest," the "Adam and Eve," the splendid etched landscape with the cannon in the foreground, and so many more—the same reason, we say, will preclude us from entering at any length into the subject of Dürer's paintings and drawings. Indeed, as regards the paintings, it is very much more difficult to appeal to the reader's reminiscences than in the case of the engravings, for they are not very numerous, and are scattered all over Europe. Speaking generally, however, so far as our knowledge extends, we will only say that it does not seem to us that Dürer ever attained to a perfect command over colour. He is nearly always wanting in softness and harmony. The accusation is not a new one.

* Article on Durer, July, 1861.

It was freely made in his own time. In one of his letters from Venice he tells his friend Pirkheimer that the Italian painters "abused his works, and said they were not according to ancient art, and, therefore, not good;" and, again, when he had completed his great picture of the "Feast of the Rose Garlands" for the German guild in the same city, he writes:—"I have silenced all the painters who said I was good in engraving, but that in painting I did not know how to use my colours." He adds, "Now everybody says they never saw more beautiful colouring." We have not seen this work, so that we cannot offer any opinion whether this praise was, or was not, deserved. It would certainly be misapplied to the pictures we have seen. The design of the "Rose Garlands," though beautiful, is not, we think, equal to that of the "Adoration of the Trinity."

Of Dürer's drawings there is only unequalled admiration to express. There is a collection of them at the British Museum which is quite priceless.* It contains sketches of every variety of subject, from carrots, bullrushes, and birds'-wings to landscapes and portraits. All are drawn with a firm and masterly hand that knows no fumbling or hesitation, but does its work with a precision most strong and yet most delicate. In this, as also in a marked individuality, the heads resemble the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci. But they miss that look of mystery and distinction, that subtle complexity of expression, which give an appearance so strangely modern to many of the faces drawn by the Italian.

The incidents of Dürer's life are not numerous. The two most important are his journeys to Venice and to the Netherlands. Before the former, however, his father died. He relates, in the same narrative from which we have already quoted, how, "After a time my father fell ill with a kind of dysentery no one could cure. Soon he clearly saw death before him, and with great patience waited to go, recommending my mother to me, and a godly life to all of us. He received the Sacrament, and died a true

* By-the-by, would it not be possible to exhibit publicly some, at any rate, of the art treasures in the print department of the Museum? At present they are hidden from all, except a few students; and though the authorities are ready to admit any qualified lovers of art, and are most courteous to them when once admitted, yet this is not the same thing as placing great drawings and engravings within reach of all. There is no question in this of the risk of injuring the works themselves. They would be as safe in glass-cases as they are in portfolios. All that we should wish—if it could be done—would be an extension of the arrangement already made for the exhibition of some of the engravings from the Bladé bequest.

Christian on the Eve of St. Matthew, midnight, in 1502, as I have written me at length in another book." Curious enough, the only page of this "other book" which the hand of Time has spared is precisely the one containing the passage which Dürer refers. It tells us how, when the old man lay back on his pillow in throes of death, an aged nurse "trimmed the lamp and set herself to read aloud Bernard's dying song, but she only reached the third verse, and behold his soul had gone to God be good to him! Amen. Then the little maid, when she saw that he was dying, ran quickly up to my chamber and waked me, and went down fast, but he was gone, and I grieved much that I had not been found worthy to be beside him at his end. After that my brother Hans came to live with me, but Andrew we sent away; and two years later my mother came to me, having nothing to live upon. With me she remained the rest of her life."

It was rather more than a year after this towards the end of 1505, that he undertook his journey to Venice. Of the reasons that led to this step nothing is known, and consequently conjectures have been rife. The point, indeed, is not very material. The only explanation deserving of notice is that of Vasari, who says that Dürer went to Venice to obtain protection against the practices of Italian engravers, and especially of Marc Antonio. That his works were not shamefully imitated by other hands, German as well as Italian, is very true—Marc Antonio's share in the business takes away from the regret we might otherwise feel at the loss of his property on the sacking of Rome by the Spaniards in 1527—but the imitations were not made till after the date of the journey to Venice. And besides, such had been Dürer's object in leaving his native town, it seems reasonable to suppose that some mention of the steps he had taken in the matter, and of his success or failure would have crept into his letters to Wilhelm Pirkheimer. These letters are eighteen in number, and furnish a pleasant glimpse into the artist's life at Venice. They are moreover, pleasant in themselves, cheerful and bantering in tone, and exhibiting the writer to us in a very genial light. The personage to whom they were addressed was a merchant prince of Nuremberg, scholar, a diplomatist, a collector of works of art and of curiosities, towards whom we think both Mrs. Heaton and Mr. Scott a needlessly severe. Perhaps he was a little pedantic, and possibly a little too patronising in his dealings with his poorer friends, though there is not much evidence on either

point. But as Dürer overlooked these defects, if they existed, and as a friendship, apparently very strong and real, existed between the two—a friendship on very equal terms, if we may judge from the tone of these letters—it seems useless, at this time of day, to air a belated grievance against the richer man. It is quite idle to talk of the “trumpery gems” which he requested Dürer to purchase for him. We certainly begrudge the space they occupy in the letters. But really this was not a consideration which Pirkheimer was bound to entertain. And here we may fitly express the opinion we have formed respecting the rival Lives of which the titles are prefixed to this article. Both have evidently been a labour of love; both show evidences of great industry and research. The fault of Mrs. Heaton’s is prolixity. When facts fail her she is too fond of conjecture; and her comments on the facts might sometimes be spared. Indeed, she occasionally patronizes her hero in a way that we are sure poor Pirkheimer never did. Mr. Scott does not fall into the same errors. Except in one passage of not very deep social philosophy respecting marriage, he moralizes little, and the only fault we will find with his narrative is a want of fulness and flow. Both books are readable and interesting, and both are well illustrated—Mrs. Heaton’s sumptuously with photographs taken by the admirable autotype process, and Mr. Scott’s with etchings of his own.

To return to Dürer’s stay in Venice. He seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. There were drawbacks, of course, as when his friends warned him not to eat and drink (apparently for fear of poison) with the Italian painters, “many of whom,” he says, “are my enemies, and copy my picture in the church, and others of mine wherever they meet with them;” and again, when he says, “the painters here are very ungracious towards me; they have summoned me three times before the magistrates, and I have been obliged to pay four florins to their school.” So also his dealings in the gems did not always turn out satisfactory. “I bought at first an amethyst,” he tells Pirkheimer, “from a so-called friend, for twelve ducats, but he cheated me in the matter, for it was not worth seven. However, some good fellows arranged the matter between us, so that in the end I gave him back his stone, and only paid for a fish dinner. I was very joyful at this, and took the money back again very quickly.” The last trait is worthy of Pepys. But, notwithstanding these disagreeables, his stay in the beautiful sea city was a season of pleasure. The

genial manners of the south pleased one who was himself an excellent companion. “How I shall freeze after this sunshine,” he writes in the letter announcing his return to Germany; “here I am a gentleman, at home only a parasite.” “I wish you were here, in Venice,” he had before written to Pirkheimer. “There are so many pleasant companions amongst the Italians, with whom I am becoming more and more intimate, so that it does one’s heart good. There are learned men amongst them, good lute-players, pipers, some having a knowledge of painting; right honest people, who give me their friendship with the greatest kindness.” And if the rank and file of the Venetian artists treated him ungraciously, he was well repaid by the courtesy and admiration of the great and venerable John Bellini, “who,” he says, “praised me highly before several gentlemen, and wishes to have something of my painting. He came himself and asked me to do something for him, saying that he would pay me well for it. And all the people here tell me what a good man he is, so that I also am greatly inclined to him. He is very old; but yet he is the best painter of them all.”

It must, too, we fear, be added, that the absence of the painter’s wife—she had been left behind at Nuremberg—contributed not a little to his happiness. The stories of his conjugal infelicity are very numerous, and have been widely disseminated through Leopold Scheffer’s clever story, entitled, “The Artist’s Married Life.” As an old writer quaintly remarks, for the two hundred florins of her dowry Dürer suffered “at least two thousand unhappy days—a pound of silver and a hundred-weight of misfortune.” Not that she was unfaithful to him, or profligate. She was only, so far as the meagre *original* testimony enables us to judge, a woman singularly uncongenial, of a narrow, jealous, and avaricious spirit, and quite unable to enter into the artist’s higher thoughts and feelings. He never expresses any complaints in his letters or writings; but there is a want of any affectionate reference such as we might have expected, if all had been well between the two, from one who was so loving and tender to his parents. Their union was never blessed with children, and this may have helped to sour her temper. Pirkheimer’s description of the woman, written after her husband’s death, is so damaging that it is, perhaps, scarcely fair to quote it in the absence of distinct corroborative testimony. For he may have been biassed. Still it is the evidence of a man who had been inti-

mate with Dürer all his life, and who had been employed by him in several delicate matters. No one, therefore, ought to have known the truth better than he. This is what he says:—

"After the providence of God, I can ascribe his death to no one but his wife, who so gnawed at his heart, and worried him to such a degree, that he departed from this world sooner than he would otherwise have done. He was dried up like a bundle of straw, and never dared to be in good spirits or to go out into society. For this bad woman was always anxious, although really she had no cause to be so; and she urged him on day and night, and forced him to hard work only for this—that he might earn money and leave it to her when he died. For she always feared ruin, and she does still, notwithstanding that Albert has left her property worth about six thousand gulden. But nothing ever satisfied her, and, in short, she alone was the cause of his death."

After a good deal more in the same strain the exasperated philosopher adds:—

"She and her sister are not loose characters, but, as I do not doubt, honourable, pious, and very God-fearing women; but one would rather have to do with a light woman, who behaved in a friendly manner, than with such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman, with whom a man can have no peace night or day."

Such as she was she accompanied her husband on his next great journey to the Netherlands in 1520. Respecting the reasons that led to this expedition conjectures have again been numerous. The probability appears to be that it was, at any rate partly, undertaken to obtain from Charles V. the ratification, or rather renewal, of an annual grant of one hundred florins. This grant had been made by the Emperor Maximilian, who, so far as his means would allow, was a great patron of learning and the arts, and who wished thus to reward the artist's labours in connection with the enormous woodcuts that were to commemorate the imperial grandeur. By a decree, dated the 6th September, 1515, this pension, or salary, was made payable out of the annual tax due to the Emperor by the town of Nuremberg; but when he died, in 1519, the town council, with burgher-like prudence, refused to continue their payments, or even to pay certain extra sums for which the artist held the imperial bond, until the appointment had been confirmed by Maximilian's successor. And though Dürer promised to pledge his house in case the debt were repudiated, he could obtain no redress; and so started for the Netherlands.

The journal of his tour is a quaint, but

very interesting production. It rises once, evidently under the influence of very strong feeling, into a passage of stirring eloquence. But, for the most part, it is a record of receipts and expenditure, and of such incidents in the writer's daily life as he wished to remember. He tells us with whom he dines; how much he owes his landlord at various dates; what sums he has "received for art," meaning his works; what sums he has spent in curiosities, of which he seems very fond; what portraits he has taken, or commissions executed; what presents he has made or received; what objects of interest he sees; whom he visits; and how he prospers. The whole forms a most quaintly vivid picture of the busy, joyous burgher-life of the Netherlands at the eve of the Reformation, just a few months before the first victims of the Inquisition were burned at Brussels (July 1st, 1523), and ere the dark cloud of an oppressive war, fraught with a whole century of wrong and ruin, had settled upon the land.

Dürer evidently carried with him a determination to be pleased with what he saw. Though his native town must have accustomed him to the sight of opulence, he was probably unprepared for the wealth of the Low Countries, into which the treasures of America had just begun to pour. One of the first things he visited was the house of the Burgomaster at Antwerp—this city was Dürer's head-quarters. Such a splendid house, he says, he had never seen in all Germany. The cathedral, too—not the present structure, but one shortly afterwards destroyed by fire—excited his admiration. So also did a procession, half civic and half religious, consisting of all the guilds and trades of the city bearing the insignia of their craft. And even in this degenerate nineteenth century the sight is very picturesque. "King Charles's house at Brussels, with its fountains, labyrinth, and park," gave him the greatest pleasure. "A more delightful thing, and one more like a paradise," he had never before seen. But the sight of sights, which gratified his heart more than all, was the collection of treasures brought to the king from the new Golden Land:—

"A sun entirely of gold, a whole fathom broad; likewise a silver moon just as big; likewise all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bad gear, and all kinds of most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at 100,000 gulden, and I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these

things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle skill of men in foreign lands, and I do not know how to express the thing that I think about them."

There is something in this attitude of mind, at once so genial and so ready to receive fresh impressions, that is to us very touching and beautiful. It is in this that genius is child-like.

The Low Country artists treated Dürer very differently from their brethren of the South. Within a few days after his arrival —

"The painters," he says, "invited me to their chamber, with my wife and maid, and everything there was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also all their wives there, and when I was conducted to the table all the people stood up on each side as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure; and as I sat at table there came in the messenger of the R^uth of Antwerp, who presented me with four tankards of wine in the name of the R^uth-herrn (town-councillors), and he said that they desired to honour me with this, and that I should have their good-will. Then I said that I gave them my humble thanks, and offered them my humble service. After that came Meister Peter, the town carpenter, and presented me with two tankards of wine, with the expression of his willing service. And for a long time we were very merry together until quite late in the night; then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honourable manner, and they begged me to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me. Then I thanked them, and went to bed. Also I have been to Meister Quintine's house." *

Nor was this only a transitory display of enthusiasm. Wherever he went he was received with honour by the men of his own craft. At Brussels, he says, Bernard Van Orley, Court painter to the Regent Margaret, "invited me, and gave me such a costly meal, that I do not believe it could be paid for with ten florins." Nor was the company, which appears to have included Erasmus, unworthy of the feast. "Master Lucas," "a little man," "born at Leyden," "who engraves on copper," also entertained him hospitably. The two great engravers seem to have exchanged works. Both at Bruges and at Ghent the painters

made much of him, and took him round in triumph to see the great works of the Van Eycks, of Memling, and of Roger Van der Weyden the Elder, in those cities.

In the Netherlands, however, as before in Venice, it was not all sunshine, and several of the entries in the journal are very rueful. Thus he tells us how, "on St. Martin's Day, at Antwerp, in the cathedral, my wife had her purse cut; there were two florins in it. And the purse itself, and what more was in it, was also worth another florin, and there were some keys in it." So also he says, "I have again and again done sketches and many other things in the service of different persons, and for the most part of my work I have received nothing at all." Even the entry which records the success of his endeavours to obtain a ratification of the pension, and payment of the sums due by the late Emperor, is not altogether joyous. It runs thus: — "On the Monday after Martinmas (November 4th), 1520, I obtained my *Confirmatia* from the Emperor through my Lords of Nuremberg with great trouble and labour." But the most pitiful memorandum of all, made nearly at the end of the journal, when Dürer was about to return to Nuremberg, apparently not much richer than when he started, is the following: — "In all my transactions in the Netherlands with people both of high and low degree, and in all my doings, expenses, sales and other trafficking, I have always had the disadvantage; and particularly the Lady Margaret for all that I have given her, and done for her, has given me nothing in return."

If Dürer's worldly affairs had not prospered, it seems, however, possible that during his stay in the Netherlands he had found a pearl of great price. In one place he mentions, "I have bought a tract of Luther's for five white pfenning, moreover, one pfenning for the condemnation of Luther the pious man." And though there is a subsequent record of a payment made to a confessor, yet it is evident from the following noble burst of eloquence that the doctrines of the Reformation, so new, and yet so old, had found some entrance into his heart. The passage, as will immediately be perceived, relates to Luther's abduction when on his way back from the Diet of Worms, and to his imprisonment in the Castle of Wartburg — of which the translation of the New Testament was to be the fruit.

Dürer was not, of course, aware, any more than his contemporaries, that this abduction had been carried out by Frederick

* Meister Quintine was Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith painter.

Elector of Saxony in Luther's interest. He begins :—

"Item : On the Friday before Whitsuntide, in the year 1521, the report reached me at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously taken prisoner, for the herald of the Emperor Charles, to whose care he was committed under the Imperial safe-conduct, on arriving at an unfriendly place near Eisenach, rode off, saying that he dared stay no longer with him. Immediately ten horsemen appeared, who treacherously carried off the pious man sold into their hands. He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and a follower of the true Christian faith. Whether he lives still, or whether his enemies have murdered him, I know not, but he has suffered much for Christ's truth, and because he has rebuked the unchristian Papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ, with its heavy burdens of human laws, and for this we are robbed of the price of our blood and sweat, that it may be expended shamefully by idle, lascivious people, whilst thirsty and sick men perish of hunger; and, above all, this is most grievous to me, that God will perhaps suffer us to remain under their false, blind teaching, which the men, whom they call the Fathers, have invented and set down, whereby the precious Word is in many places falsely explained, or not set forth at all.

"O God of heaven, have mercy on us! O Lord Jesus Christ, pray for Thy people, redeem us in Thy right time, keep us in the true Christian faith, collect Thy far-separated sheep by Thy voice, heard in Thy Holy Word; help us to recognize Thy voice, so that we may not follow any device of man's invention. And, in order that we may not turn away from Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, call together again the sheep of Thy fold, of whom part are still to be found in the Roman Church, with others amongst the Indians, Muscovites, Russians, and Greeks, who, through the burdens and avarice of the Papacy, have been separated from us. O God, redeem Thy poor people who are constrained by means of great torments to follow men's ordinances, none of which they would willingly observe, and thus constantly sin against their consciences by embracing them! Never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish See; we who, redeemed by Thy blood, ought to be free Christians.

"O Almighty, heavenly Father, pour into our hearts, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, such light that we may recognize that messenger whom we ought to obey, so that we may put aside the burdens of the others with a safe conscience, and serve Thee, the eternal Father, with happy, joyful hearts; and in place of this man, who has written clearer than any other has done for one hundred and forty years, and to whom Thou hast given such a large amount of Thy Holy Spirit, we pray Thee, O heavenly Father, that Thou wilt again give Thy Holy Spirit to one who will assemble Thy Christian Church from all parts of the world, so that we may live

again in a Christian manner; and that Turks, heathens, and Hindoos, and all unbelievers, seeing our good works, may be converted, and accept the Christian faith. But, Lord, remember Thou judgest how Thy Son Jesus Christ was made to suffer death of the priests, and rose again from the dead, and afterwards ascended into heaven; and this fate has also in like manner overtaken Thy follower, Martin Luther, whom the Pope treacherously betrayed and took away his life, whom Thou wilt quicken. And as, after my Lord was crucified, Jerusalem was destroyed, so wilt Thou now, after this one has been taken, destroy the power of the Pope's Chair. O Lord, give unto us that New Jerusalem that shall come down from heaven, whereof the Apocalypse writes; the holy clear Gospel that is not darkened by human doctrine. This may every one see who reads Martin Luther's books, how his teaching sets forth clearly and transparently the holy Gospels; therefore, his books are to be held in much honour, and not to be burnt. It would be better, indeed, to cast his adversaries into the fire, with all their opinions, who would make gods of men, and always oppose the truth.

"O God, is Luther dead? Who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the holy Gospel? Alas! what might he not still have written for us during the next ten or twenty years? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray to God to send us another enlightened teacher! O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where dost thou remain? Behold how the unjust tyranny of this world's might and the powers of darkness prevail! Hear, thou knight of Christ; ride forth in the name of the Lord, defend the truth, attain the martyr's crown; thou art already an old man, and I have heard thee say that thou givest thyself only two years longer in which thou wilt still be fit for work. Employ these well, then, in the cause of the Gospel, and the true Christian faith. Lift up thy voice, and so shall not the gates of hell (the See of Rome), as Christ saith, prevail against thee. And although, like thy Master Christ, thou hast to suffer shame on earth, and even die a short time sooner than thou otherwise mightest, yet wilt thou pass the sooner from death unto life and be glorified through Christ. For if thou drinkest of the cup which He drank, so wilt thou reign with Him, and judge justly those who have not acted righteously. O Erasmus, hold to this, and put thy boast in the Lord, as it stands written in David, for thou canst do this, and in truth thou mayest prevail to fells this Goliath for God will uphold His holy Christian Church according to His Divine will. May He give us eternal bliss, who is God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one eternal God. Amen.

"Oh, all ye Christian men, pray to God for help, for His judgment draws nigh, and His righteousness shall be made plain. Then we shall see the blood of the innocent, which popes, bishops, and monks have spilt, rise up in judgment, and condemn them. And these are the souls of the slain, that lie under the altar of

God, and cry for vengeance, to which the voice of God replies, 'Fill up the measure of the innocent who are slain, then will I judge.'"

But Erasmus, the witty worldling, the elegant scholar and man of culture, had no thought of answering to this or any similar appeal however stirring. "I am not of a mind," he said, "to venture my life for the truth's sake; all men have not strength to endure the martyr's death. For myself, if it came to the point, I should do no better than Simon Peter." Indeed, from the constitution of his mind, he entertained but little sympathy for the rough, strong work that had to be done at the commencement of the Reformation. Dürer began painting his portrait at Brussels, and possibly the philosopher's lukewarmness in the good cause may have been the reason why it was never finished. For, in a letter to Pirckheimer, Erasmus says, "Dürer began to paint me at Brussels, and it is to be wished that he had accomplished a painting, but from trivial causes we were not at that time very well agreed." The engraved portrait was executed after Dürer's return to Nuremberg, from a sketch taken in the Netherlands. It is that of an old man standing at a desk. Humour and learning are written in every wrinkle of the face. Two or three folios and a vase of flowers — lilies of the valley apparently — are on the table at his side. This portrait raises a very curious question, for it is unlike those drawn very shortly afterwards by Holbein, all very similar, and of one of which Erasmus wrote to Sir Thomas More that "it was much more like him than the one by the famous Albert Dürer." And so again, he wrote to a friend in 1528, "Dürer painted me a few years ago, but not at all like." Arguing from this, Mr. Worrum, in his *Life of Holbein*, is "strongly induced to doubt Albert Dürer's power of seeing what was before him." This is a hard saying — for if an artist have not this power, what is the value of his art? — but the evidence in its favour is too strong to be set aside contemptuously. For though Erasmus may not have liked Dürer,* and certainly did like Holbein, and wished to befriend him in his correspondence with More, and though also many persons are not good judges of their own likenesses, yet his testimony must go for something. We have nothing to check it by but the relative verisimilitude of the portraits by the two men, the appear-

ance which their works present, that they did —

"After poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance find the man
Behind it, and so paint him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

And in the gift of embodiment Holbein is unsurpassed. Perhaps the judgment on his own art, which Dürer in the latter years of his life expressed to Melanchthon, may help us to understand how he might suffer in such a comparison.

"I remember," says Melanchthon, "that Albert Dürer the painter, a man excelling in talent as in virtue, used to say that when a youth he liked bright and varied composition, and that he could not but rejoice in his own works when he saw them again. But that after he attained to mature years, and could see better, and more truly understood the significance of the face of nature, he knew that simplicity was the greatest glory of art. However, as he could not altogether attain to that simplicity, he said he no longer admired his own works as he formerly did, but rather groaned over his early pictures, thinking of his own weakness."

Applying this most interesting criticism to portraiture, we should gather — and this is amply confirmed by his works — that what Dürer set himself to paint in any face was what we may term its picturesqueness and complexity. Beauty, for him, did not lie, as it does for most artists, in regularity of feature, sweetness of expression, and purity of complexion. It lay in character, in the thousand marks which thought, or time, or passion, or the accidents of life grave upon the countenance, making it sometimes, indeed, "a human face divine," a witness of high communion with God, and sometimes a tell-tale record of baseness and impurity. And as for some painters, the allurements of what is usually regarded as beauty prove too strong, and they pay their sitters the poor compliment of flattery, so Dürer may have been led to exaggerate the marks and lines he loved so well, thus erring from truth on the other side and falling also into what, from his point of view, was flattery. Holbein more nearly hit the mean between the two extremes, and was a very great artist besides. Still it is hard to compare an engraving from a hasty sketch with a finished painting. The portraits of Melanchthon would furnish a more just term of comparison. But, unfortunately, it is very doubtful whether the drawing of the beautifully sweet and refined head in the Holbein collection at

* These are his words on hearing of Dürer's death: — "What is the use of mourning over Dürer's death? Are we not all mortal? I have prepared an epitaph for him in my little book."

Windsor — a head which we should be glad to associate in our thoughts with the gentle Reformer — is really a portrait of Melanchthon, though it bears his name.

In the autumn of 1521, Dürer returned to his native town, which was now strongly impregnated with the new heresy. How far he openly sided with the Reformers is unknown. But we do know what were his feelings prior to this; and when, in 1526, Melanchthon established a Protestant school in Nuremberg, the scholar and the artist lived in a daily and loving intercourse, which implies, at least, some harmony of view. As Mrs Heaton says, "It is pleasant to think of Dürer's last years being cheered and upheld by such a friendship as this." Those last years were spent in work. He wrought at his engravings, put forth his whole strength in the two large life-size panel paintings of Saints Peter and John, Saints Mark and Paul, which he presented to the city. He wrote three treatises, one on Geometry, one on Fortification, and another, not published till after his death, on Human Proportion. And so, his labours being ended, but not their influence, he died on the 6th of April, 1528, at the age of fifty-seven. "I grieve," said Melanchthon, when sorrowfully compelled to believe that the news was true, "I grieve for Germany, deprived of such a man and such an artist." . . . "His art, great as it was, was his least merit."

There is one aspect in which the career of Albert Dürer seems to us to possess great significance, especially at the present time. We do not now allude to his readiness to undertake any work, however apparently inferior — such as designing a goldsmith's cup, or a coat-of-arms, or a pattern for lace — though the example might not be without its lesson for those who prate of the dignity of art, and despise, forsooth, even the painting of portraits. We wish to say a word now respecting that school whose cant word is *Philistinism*, and who regard everything English, all that relates to the life of England, as unworthy of art, and

would call upon our writers to imitate the literature of other lands, and upon our artists to pursue foreign methods, and to imbue themselves with the spirit of different times or countries. Now, let us look at Dürer in this matter. A German burgher, the citizen of a busy commercial town, he loved the place in which he was born, and accepted unhesitatingly the influences that surrounded him there. Even the art of Venice at its zenith was powerless to lead him from his German habits of thought, and German practice. Had it been otherwise, had he suffered himself to be carried away by the example of Titian and Giorgione and Bellini, had he eclectically sought to imitate what was best in their work — why, the world would have had one great German painter the less, and have gained but a very indifferent Italian painter in exchange. His art was great because it was the natural outgrowth of his own genius, race and time. Let us not be misunderstood. Far be it from us, as Englishmen, to refuse the highest honour to foreign literature and foreign art. Both have achieved many things that we have not achieved, and — for this is the point — shall never achieve. In so far as we refuse to acknowledge their excellence we are bad critics, and injure ourselves only. But it is foolish to argue from this that we should despise what is characteristic of our own national genius, and do our clumsy best to imitate what others can do very much better. The world of art is wide; in a civilization so varied as our own, it will always happen that there are men whose thoughts flow naturally in a foreign channel. Let them follow their bent, not arrogating to themselves, however, any superiority over their fellows. But, as regards the immense majority of artists, they will only do anything permanent or great by embodying the thoughts and the spirit — though not by any means necessarily the scenes — of their own land and line. If they cannot do that without vulgarity, it is useless for them to seek after an exotic refinement.

THE library of Strasburg, just destroyed by the bombs and shells launched by the Badeners, contained no less than 150,000 volumes. On its shelves were to be found the incurables (!) formerly belonging to the ancient Commandery of St. John of Jerusalem. Amongst the treasures

there preserved was the MS. of Herrade de Landsperg, Abbess of Saint Odile, entitled "*Hortus Deliciarum*," which dated from the twelfth century, and the miniatures of which furnished the most useful information to the history of art and costumes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KEZIA PLAYS THE SPY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that Dorothy had said to Josiah at their recent interview, he felt it impossible for him to abandon all hope. Might she not yet overcome this fancy which was never to be gratified, and then after a time get to like him? She had been so kind and gentle to him since their meeting in the summer-house, that such a supposition did not seem to be entirely chimerical.

Aunt Abigail had written to say that she would expect her niece on the day mentioned, and the day had now arrived. Josiah, to save Dorothy annoyance, had offered to tell his sisters that she wanted to return home sooner than she had at first intended, and wishing to spend as much time as possible with her aunt, she thought it best to shorten her visit to them.

"Oh, certainly, by all means," said Jemima; "as she did not come here on our account, we have no wish to detain her: although it is paying thee a very poor compliment, Josiah."

"It's quite what I expected," said Kezia, with the smile of infallible intuition. "Ours is no house for the frivolous and worldly; it is a pity that Dorothy came here at all."

"It is a *great* pity," replied Josiah, feeling himself getting more angry than he cared to show them. "Thou and Jemima seem to forget how young Dorothy is. As to her being frivolous and worldly, she is nothing of the kind; she is cheerful and gay, as a girl should be. When she is old as either of you she will be sedate enough."

Now, few women can bear to be told they are old in comparison with other women whom they know to be young. They may own their age, even boast of it, but they never care about being reminded of it by other people. Therefore, though the Miss Crewdsons were quite innocent of trying to make themselves appear more juvenile than they really were, Josiah could not have cut his sisters more surely, or raised their indignation more speedily than he did by this taunt, which was all the worse to bear as each of them would have died before she would have acknowledged her annoyance.

"The train leaves at 2.40," added Josiah, "and I will meet Dorothy at the station. I must see Stephenson this morning, so I shall walk into Leeds, and Dorothy can have the carriage."

"Certainly," returned Jemima: "hast thou any further orders to leave? for I

suppose it has come to thy considering it to be our place to obey thee."

"Nonsense, Jemima, don't take such fancies," said Josiah, fearing that unless he tried to mollify them a little, his sisters might vent their vexation on Dorothy. "She cannot walk, and I thought it would save a cab."

Waiting for no further argument, Josiah went out through the back way into the garden, at the end of which, according to appointment, he met Dorothy.

"Hast thou told them? What did they say?" she asked excitedly.

"Nothing; but I see they are a little vexed; so if they speak somewhat sharply, thou must not mind it. They do not mean ill."

"Thou only saidst that I was going?" said Dorothy timidly.

"Yes, that was all. Need I say more at present, Dorothy? Perhaps some day thou mayest get to like me a little; that is, if thou art sure that thou dost not intend marrying — the — the other one," he blurted out.

Dorothy shook her head: "I will not deceive thee again; and thou wouldst not wish to marry me if I had no love for thee, Josiah?"

"No: only sometimes, after many years perhaps, when people don't meet they forget their love."

"But not what love is like," she said sadly.

"Dorothy, forgive me — only one more question. Art thou quite sure thou hast no intention to marry him?"

"Quite sure."

"And dost thou think thy strength is sufficient for thee to say No?"

"I think strength will be given to me," she answered: "for I am trying very hard to do my duty."

Josiah took her hand in both of his, and looking at her, — his honest every-day face lit up by love — he said, "God bless and help thee, Dorothy?" and Dorothy's voice failing, she tightened her grasp, and tried to smile on him through her tears.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and still the Miss Crewdsons sat puzzling over and speculating about the cause of this sudden departure. They were certain that there was something more in it than met the eye; but what that something could be they failed to discover. Dorothy had been in and out several times during the morning, but meeting with no other response to her remarks than "yes" or "no," she had betaken herself to her own room, where she was sitting lonely and dispirited.

For the twentieth time had Kezia asked Jemima, "What can it be?"—for the twentieth time she had received from her sister the answer, that time would show, when a loud peal at the bell startled them both. Before they had run through their category of probable visitors, the maid opened the door, walked up to Jemima, and put a card into her hand, saying, "He's asked for Dorothy Fox, and please, he's waiting." Jemima looked at the card and read aloud, "Captain Charles Egerton Verschoye, 17th Lancers."

Jemima Crewdson boasted that she was "never taken aback." Seldom had she had greater reason to pride herself on this than when, without any exclamation or comment, she said, "Take this to her, and tell her he is waiting to see her."

The girl took the card to Dorothy, who breathlessly demanded where the visitor was, and whether any one was with him? Concluding from Dorothy's excitement that the good-looking young man was her real sweetheart, and not being devoted to the house of Crewdson, the servant smiled grimly as she descended the stairs, saying, "And I for one shouldn't be sorry neither."

How Dorothy managed to fly down-stairs, pass the dining-room door, and get into the room where Charles Verschoye stood waiting for her, she did not know; it seemed to her as if one minute she were reading his name, and the next she was sobbing sweet and bitter tears in his arms. The joy she felt at seeing the man whom she now knew to be far dearer to her than she had hitherto dreamt of, the conflicts she had gone through for his sake, and the misery she had endured for the last few weeks, broke down all her firm resolutions, and drove from her mind everything but the glad thought that "*he*" was with her, and nothing now could harm her.

Captain Verschoye was at a loss to understand the meaning of this outburst. He only saw that something had gone wrong and distressed "*his darling*," as he now called her, and that the sight of her tears made him feel more pitiful and tender than the griefs of all the women he had ever known before. He soothed and caressed her, and called her every endearing name which falls so sweetly from the mouth of a lover, until Dorothy's tears ceased falling, and she began to awaken to the realities of her position.

"How didst thou know that I was here?" she asked. "They will be so angry. Oh! thou oughtest not to have come."

"Why not? and who are *they* who will

be angry?" he said. "Are these people your relations?"

"No."

"Well, then, there can be nothing so very extraordinary in my calling to see you. Say I am a friend of your sister's, and wanted to know if you had any message to send to her; that I went to your aunt's, and not finding you I came here. No one *could* be angry about that."

"But thou art a soldier," said Dorothy, shaking her head in dissent to his arguments.

"Suppose I am, I am not going to fight them; but tell me, dear, why were you so distressed at seeing me?"

"Because I have been so miserable of late."

Feeling that he was probably the cause of her misery, Captain Verschoye should have looked less pleased, as he put his arm again round her and tried to draw her towards him. But Dorothy had recovered herself, so she turned from him and sat down in a chair, while he stood looking at her. "I have been so unhappy," she continued, "because I ought not to have spoken as I did to thee in the garden."

"Why not?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Was it not true? Dorothy, tell me, do you love me?" He was kneeling by her side, with his face close to hers, so that she looked into his eyes with her own full of truth and love.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I love thee with all my heart; but I ought never to have shown it to thee."

"And why?"

"Because I knew it was wrong. When I began to think so much of thee, I ought to have gone home."

"Oh! don't say that, darling."

Matters were beginning to look a little brighter now, and Captain Verschoye almost smiled as he remembered the sharp pain he felt when he thought Dorothy was going to say she did not care for him.

"But it is true," she continued: "all this time I have been disobeying father, and deceiving Josiah Crewdson."

"Josiah Crewdson! What has he to do with it?"

Dorothy looked down abashed. "Josiah wanted me to marry him, and I promised father I would try to like him, and I told Josiah the same, and now —"

"Well!"

"Of course, I cannot."

Captain Verschoye was silent; not because he did not love the girl, but he was suspicious, — and not without cause, for the world had taught him two or three rather

bitter lessons. Was she trying to entangle him into making her an offer of marriage? Perhaps her sister had prompted her to do it. Well, if she had told the Hanburys there was no backing out of it, and, after all, he should have to marry a shop-keeper's daughter. So he said very coldly, "Why? Is it your intention to marry some one else?"

Dorothy looked up; his voice grated upon her ear, but in a moment she dismissed the suspicion. Her love told her — knowing as she did that they could not marry — what his pain must be. Her heart seemed to give a great surge, and, laying her head on his shoulder, she hid her face and cried, "Oh! Charles, if thou hadst been the poorest man in all the world I would never have ceased to entreat father; but I know if I disobeyed him and forsook my principles, we could expect no blessing and no happiness."

"What do you mean, child?" exclaimed Captain Verschoyle, puzzled by Dorothy's words, certain of her love however, and at rest regarding her duplicity. "You say you will not marry this Crewdson, but surely if I ask your father for you, you will marry me?"

"No. Thou art a soldier, and for that reason father would never give his consent. It would be against our principles, and though I feel that were I called upon I could willingly die for thee, I could not disobey my parents when I know they are acting rightly."

"Such love as this is not worth having," he said, pushing her from him. "I am offering for your sake" — and he thought he was speaking the truth — "to give up my friends, position, and all hope of advancement in life; and you tell me that you love me very much, but if your father says 'No,' you could not think of disobeying him. Do you suppose that I expect my mother ever to give her consent? Very likely neither she nor my sister would ever speak to me again. But if I had determined to marry you I would not be deterred though every relation I have turned their backs upon me."

"But I feel that God's face would be turned from me."

Captain Verschoyle gave an impatient shrug. "I know nothing of such bigotry," he said contemptuously. "If you think me such a Pariah, why did you lead me to suppose that you cared for me?"

Dorothy sat with her face in her hands rocking herself to and fro in hopeless misery — such a picture of heart-broken despair, that all Charles Verschoyle's anger gave

way, and kneeling down before her he said, — "Dorothy, my own, my darling, don't listen to me. I am a brute to say such things, but I did not know how I loved you; look at me, dear, I'll give up everything in the world for you. I'll sell out, and we'll go and live in the country. That's right, smile at me again, dearest. I'll turn Quaker, and then my Dolly won't say No. Will she?"

But Dorothy had no power then to reply, and when she had, Captain Verschoyle jumped up suddenly, exclaiming, "Confound that woman!" and walking to the window called out, "Do you wish to come in this way, madam?"

To Dorothy's unspeakable horror, the figure which turned away was Kezia Crewdson.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVING AND LOSING.

WHEN young Love has been suddenly put to flight, he is very shy of settling down again. Therefore, although it was nearly half an hour before Captain Verschoyle left Holberton Hall, the interval was taken up by a comparatively sober and business-like conversation.

Dorothy was in a great state of trepidation about Kezia Crewdson. Captain Verschoyle declared, however, that she could not have been at the window two minutes before he saw her, although, had she stood for two hours, he said, she could not have seen them. He said this, not really believing it, being certain that Miss Crewdson's curiosity had been gratified by a very romantic tableau. But then, it was not likely she would say anything about it, as that would be telling upon herself. However, the thing was done, and they must make the best of it, and carry it off as circumstances demanded.

He was delighted to hear that Dorothy was leaving for York; and began to speculate if they could not travel in the same carriage.

"Josiah is going with me to the station, and Aunt Abigail will meet me at York," said Dorothy.

"Oh, that is just the thing. I want to be introduced to your aunt, so that I can call and see you. You want to see me again, soon, Dorothy, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we shall meet at the station. I shall look out for you. 2.40 you said? All right, and don't fidget about that old Tabbyskins, dear; whatever she accuses you of, deny it."

"Oh, Charles! but I could not."

"Oh, Dolly! yes, you could," he whispered, laughing at her grave face. Then giving her a most courteous bow in case they should be watched, he walked away, and Dorothy shut the door, her heart sinking with every retreating step he took.

Try as she would, she could not persuade herself that Kezia had not seen them. If she had — all Dorothy's senses seemed to forsake her at the thought. What might she not do? Write to her father perhaps; and then — she should die of shame. While she was striving to convince herself that they had been unseen, Ann came to announce that luncheon was ready. Dorothy, unable to look at any one, and feeling it required all her resolution to keep her teeth from chattering, found herself in the dining-room before the sisters, who, by practising the feminine habit of ignoring an offender, and finding an immense deal to say to each other, gave Dorothy time to recover herself. She felt it was needful for her to say something about a visit to her in a house where they were mistresses and she was a guest. So, when she was able to command her voice sufficiently, she took an opportunity of saying, "It was Charles Verschoyle who came here this morning; no other knows him, and he is a friend of Grace's."

"So I should think," replied Jemima, but without more sharpness in her voice than usual.

"He had been to Aunt Abigail's, and they told him I was here," Dorothy went on to say. "He is going back to London soon, and will tell Grace he has seen me."

"It was very fortunate that thou hadst not gone," said Kezia, "but perhaps he knew the hour when thou wert going. I suppose thou expected him?"

"No, I did not," and Dorothy found courage to look up and meet Kezia's eyes. They looked at her as they usually did; there was no terrible light in them as if they had witnessed an awful secret, which would soon be communicated to all whom it might and might not concern. Indeed, Kezia was particularly gracious in pressing her to eat more, fearing that she had lost her appetite, and reminding her that she had a journey before her. So Dorothy drew breath, and began to think that Charles Verschoyle was right, and that Kezia had seen nothing. So great a calamity being averted, caused her spirits to rise at once, and she left Holberton Hall smiling and gracious, and thanking the sisters for the kindness they had shown to her.

Josiah was at the station waiting for her, smiling that she might see no trace of his

flagging spirits and heavy heart. They were in good time, but Josiah was restless and kept going backward and forward to see if the luggage was labelled, or if the ticket office was open. Dorothy wished he would sit quiet for a few minutes, as she wanted to tell him that Charles Verschoyle had been to see her. But whenever she was about to begin, Josiah started off; and now, unless she made haste, she feared the subject of her communication would arrive before she could announce his advent.

When Josiah sat down again, Dorothy said, quickly, "I had a visitor this morning; Charles Verschoyle came to see me."

Josiah only grasped his umbrella tighter, and answered, — "Oh! did he?"

Then there was a pause until he was sufficiently calm to ask, "Are you going to see him again?"

"Yes, he said he was going to York by this train, and he would see me at the station."

Here Josiah jumped up in a great hurry, saying he was quite sure the ticket office must be open by this time; and without another word he went off. When he returned, some five or six minutes later, he found that Captain Verschoyle had joined Dorothy, and was carrying on a most animated conversation with her.

The captain condescended to remember that he had met Mr. Crewdson before, and to bestow on him a formal shake of the hand. He then announced that, thinking Miss Fox might have some parcel or message for Mrs. Hanbury, he had taken the liberty of calling upon her at Holberton Hall. To which Josiah replied, "Thank thee." Why he should be thankful he did not know however, for never had he felt greater animosity towards any one than towards this man, whose soldier-like appearance, handsome face, and easy manner, made him feel his own defects a hundred-fold more keenly than ever.

"I think we may well as take our seats, Miss Fox," said Captain Verschoyle, relieving Dorothy of her cloak and travelling-bag. Josiah, thus excluded, walked after them up the platform, watched Captain Verschoyle make all the arrangements for Dorothy's comfort, and then stood uncomfortable and ill at ease at the carriage door. Here he was unceremoniously pushed aside by an old gentleman, who jumped in in a great hurry, and, regardless of the cloak and umbrellas ostentatiously spread out to guard it, took the seat opposite Dorothy, shut the door, and then looked out of the window and said, "Ah! how d'y'e do, Crewdson! This young lady a friend of yours? Going

to York? Very wrong to send her alone — might meet some impertinent fellow on the way. I'll take care of her. Introduce me."

Josiah, taken aback by this unusual familiarity in a bowing acquaintance, stammered out, "Thou art very good. Dorothy Fox —"

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, interrupting him. Then taking off his hat, he repeated, "Dorothy Fox, and my name, for our journey entirely at your service, is Harry Egerton. Now, Miss Fox, society permits us after this to be as polite or as rude as we please to each other."

"I hope I shall not be rude, and I do not think that such is thy intention," said Dorothy, laughing.

"You are ignoring me altogether, sir," said Captain Verschoyle, touching him on the arm.

"No, I am not," answered the old man gruffly, turning round; "but I've seen *you* before this morning; I came up in the same train with you." Though he intended to be very severe, at the sight of the expression on his godson's face Mr. Egerton could not refrain from winking his eye.

"Thou wilt let us know of thy safe arrival, Dorothy? and perhaps while thou art at thy aunt's I shall be at York on business, and come and see thee," said Josiah.

"Oh! yes, do," said Dorothy. Then seeing a frown on Captain Verschoyle's face, she added, "that is, if I am there; but I shall not stay long. Farewell, Josiah! Do be careful; don't stand on the step — the train is moving, thou might be thrown down."

As the train went off, Josiah, in the bitterness of his heart, wished he *had* been thrown down, and that it had gone over him. In spite of what he told Dorothy about being glad they had met even if she could never care for him, he asked himself now why he had ever seen her, if seeing her was only to make him hopeless and wretched. Had his father only brought him up differently — taught him to say what he thought like other men — made him feel certain that the thing he was doing was the right thing to do, matters might have been different. But what chance had he with a man like Charles Verschoyle? None. Telling his clerks that he was particularly engaged and could see no one, Josiah went into his office, flung himself down upon his chair, and declared to himself that he did not care what became of him.

In the meantime his sisters were anxiously awaiting his return, full of the importance of the awful disclosure which Kezia

had to make. She had no intention of pre-facing her revelation with — "Happening to be passing the window," or, "Not having an idea that any one was in the room."

No, Miss Crewdson gave her unvarnished testimony to the truth. Considering it was her duty to know what her brother's future wife could have to do with a man belonging to a profession abominable in the sight of a peace-loving community, she had walked into the garden, and stood at the window of the room, looking at them until she had attracted their attention. If what had passed before her eyes did not stagger Josiah and make the scales which blinded him fall from his eyes, the sisters considered it would be their duty to lay the matter before the Society. And here they were only acting according to what their consciences dictated. No malice or dislike to Dorothy in any way impelled them. For had she been entirely "after their own hearts," the last few hours would have lowered her so much in their estimation as to make them think her unworthy to be the wife of any man bearing an honest name.

Josiah at length arrived, hot and breathless, having walked very quickly, to prevent his being more than half-an-hour late for dinner. He expected to be met with black looks and angry faces, instead of which, Kezia only remarked that he looked very warm, and Jemima reproached him mildly for hurrying when there was no occasion to do so.

Had Josiah been quick-witted and sharp, he would have been certain that something was about to happen. The sisters had agreed that he should have his dinner in peace; and during the meal they made themselves so unusually pleasant and agreeable, that even Josiah wondered what could be the reason of this sudden change. "I daresay," thought he, "they want to show me how glad they are that she is gone;" and he heaved a sigh so deep that Jemima remarked, "One would think that thy mind was ill at ease, Josiah."

Josiah denied the assertion most emphatically; whereupon Kezia exclaimed mournfully, that she wished his sisters could say the same; but it was best to prepare himself, for they had a blow in store for him, a blow dealt him by a human hand, and a hand too that they had once thought to see joined with his own. Josiah being somewhat obtuse as to metaphorical allusions, did not grasp Kezia's meaning, and sat silently staring first at one and then at the other, hoping to get some explanation. Jemima, who was in all her dealings essentially practical, said,—

"Kezia, Josiah doth not understand thee; thou hadst best be plain with him, and in as few words as possible tell him what thou hast discovered."

So urged, Kezia commenced, and soon the plain truth was made known to Josiah, who listened with an unmoved countenance.

"Thou art quite positive that thou saw all this? Thou fancied nothing?" he said.

Kezia allowed this imputation on her veracity to pass unnoticed. She merely restated that she stood looking in at the window until the man walked up to her and asked if she wanted to come in.

"And did Dorothy know that it was thou?"

"Certainly she did."

"And she made no remark upon it afterwards?"

"No."

Josiah relapsed into silence until *Jemima* could bear it no longer: so she said rather sharply, "Thou art taking it very coolly, Josiah."

"Am I? What am I to do?"

"What art thou to do?" she echoed; "I should not require to be told what I should do, when the woman engaged to be my wife had been seen—in the arms of another," and *Miss Crewdson* felt as if her maidenly estate had been offended by naming such a situation.

"Perhaps not," said Josiah slowly, "but Dorothy Fox is not, and never was, engaged to be my wife. I have nothing, therefore, to say about it, and, of course, neither of you will ever speak of it to any one."

"Dear Josiah!" exclaimed both the *Miss Crewdsons* in a breath, "thou hast taken a load off our minds."

"I always thought," said Kezia, "that our brother had more sense than to marry Dorothy Fox. She is a bad, forward girl, Josiah, and mark my words——"

But at the moment it seemed much more likely that he would mark her body, for jumping up suddenly he exclaimed, "Hold thy tongue, she is nothing of the sort; though she will not marry me, I love her better than anybody in the world, and I won't let any one speak against her."

Now, how is it that men will make such blunders? In one moment Josiah had undone all that he most desired to compass. His two sisters would not have spoken had he said nothing; but now—nothing would prevent them "letting justice have its course." *Jemima* therefore said coldly, "Kezia, I do not know that thou and I are called upon to listen to the vain ravings of a senseless boy; we will leave him, trust-

ing that a better spirit will be given to him. But, Josiah, remember we are not going to screen faults which we ought to expose. We shall speak to some elder, and ask him to inform Nathaniel Fox that his daughter, during her stay here, and while we believed her to be the engaged wife of our brother, was seen in the embrace of a strange man, and he a soldier."

"It's false!" roared Josiah, "and Nathaniel Fox knows of it already."

"Knows of what?" cried both the sisters.

Josiah, with a great gulp at the final extinguishing of all his hopes, said, like a brave, true-hearted man as he was, "The man was Charles Verschoyle, her accepted husband."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EXPLANATION AND RECONCILIATION.

SATURDAY had come round, Lady Laura had returned from Beauwood, and Audrey had determined that she would see Geoffrey Dynecourt again. If possible, she would go to *Miss Bingham's* afternoon party; and all her energies were now applied to obtain her mother's aid in accomplishing this. She had resolved to keep Mr. Ford's offer a secret from Lady Laura. She did not repent her refusal of him, but felt great comfort in knowing that she had settled her fate so far. If she had the slightest hope that Geoffrey Dynecourt still loved her, she believed she would be happy; but though sometimes she indulged in delicious dreams of forgiveness and renewed love, they generally ended in tears and despair.

Lady Laura was in excellent spirits. Her visit to Beauwood had been a success. Lady Spencer had made herself very agreeable to her, and she had been pressed to visit them again at Christmas.

"Considering all things, I am very glad I went," she said.

"I am glad too," said Audrey; "I think it has done you good, mamma; you are looking much better."

"And how did you get on without me, dear? I thought of you constantly."

"Oh! I managed very well. I went out in the mornings with Marshall, and yesterday afternoon Mr. Ford came to see me."

Lady Laura started up from the sofa and exclaimed, "Mr. Ford! Audrey, you don't say so. Why, what did you do?"

"Oh! I told him I was not well enough to go with you, but that I was gradually getting better, though not quite strong yet."

"And he—he did not enter into anything personal?"

"He said he was in town for a day or two, and he wanted to see how I was."

"And you were quite cordial to him?"

"Yes, quite; I told him I was very glad to see him. He is coming again to go to an afternoon party which Mr. Marjoribanks, Miss Bingham's uncle, is to give at Ealing; and he brought us an invitation. He said he told Mrs. Winterton he knew you intended calling upon her, and as they were very anxious that we should come, he offered to bring the card. I thought you would accept, and told Mr. Ford so, and I sent a little note to Miss Bingham."

"That was quite right, my love," said Lady Laura, whose hopes now began to revive with all their old force. "Did he say that he had heard from me?"

"No."

"And his manner was the same as ever?"

"Quite the same."

"How very strange that he should have come the day I was away! but everything seems to have turned out well," and she looked sharply at her daughter, but Audrey's face was unreadable. "Then there was nothing unpleasant during the interview, and you parted friends?" she added.

"Yes."

Lady Laura went over with the intention of kissing Audrey, but finding her daughter apparently unprepared for this unusual demonstration, she quietly patted her head instead, saying, "Good girl, you have acted as I knew you would, and very much lightened your mother's heart."

"Shall we go to this party?" asked Audrey, not looking up.

"Of course, my dear. I shall call upon Mrs. Winterton to-day."

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Oh, how the days dragged; how long the hours seemed; how wearily they passed! And yet when Thursday came, Audrey would fain have had them all to go through again, so nervous and anxious did she feel. She had no hope; only the certainty of future bitterness, and fruitless longing, seemed to stare her in the face. Still suspense was unendurable, and she knew herself well enough to be assured that nothing could try her so severely.

"Marshall, do make me look my best, to-day," she said.

"Why, Miss Audrey, you don't want my help. I never saw you looking better. Your eyes are as bright as when you were a little girl, and you've got quite a colour."

I'm sure it's a treat to hear you speak in your old way again, for you have not cared what you looked like lately."

So that afternoon, notwithstanding there were girls there in the first bloom of their youth, fresh as the flowers they sat among,—beauties whose conquests and triumphs were only beginning,—none of them attracted more attention than did Audrey Verschoyle, with her well-dressed elegant figure, her intellectual face, and her thorough-bred, unconscious, self-possessed manner. As she entered the room all eyes were turned towards her, and among others those of a man who felt his heart give quick heavy beats, and his vision become dimmed until all was blotted out, except that face blanched white and upturned to his; a man who strained his ears to catch the sound of a voice which haunted him day and night, and yet who strove to command himself sufficiently to bend his head towards his companion and answer,—

"Yes, unusually cold for this time of year."

"Warm, I said," laughed the lady with whom he was conversing.

"Yes, I meant warm," answered Mr. Dynecourt.

In another moment he had touched Audrey's hand, had expressed to Lady Laura his pleasure at seeing her look so well, and his regret at hearing that her daughter had been an invalid, and made several other polite commonplace speeches. But not once had he turned his eyes upon Audrey, or addressed her in any way. As they moved on he looked at her, thinking,— "Her face looks as if it were chiselled out of marble—like her heart." And yet he could have flung himself at her feet and implored her to cheat him again. He longed for one of the old loving looks, and wished he could again feel the soft pressure of her hand, and hear the low-toned whispers that had lured him to misery, even were he then to be cast away, a prey to bitterness and despair.

And poor Audrey, how did it fare with her? She seemed suddenly benumbed; she was surprised she did not feel more. At home she had pictured their meeting, and how she would strive to look unconscious, and restrain the tears that would be ready to flow freely if he were cold and distant, as she feared he might be. Now all her fears were realized. He had, as much as he could without attracting notice, utterly ignored her, and yet she did not seem to care—did not seem to care for anything that might happen to herself, or to anybody.

Miss Bingham and Mrs. Winterton wondered why Mr. Ford had not come. Lady Laura, too, was surprised, although she did not worry herself much, being satisfied that her daughter had got over her fit of refusing him, and was now quite ready to be Mrs. Richard Ford when asked. Her ladyship thought this happy result entirely owing to her own diplomacy, and prided herself greatly on her skill in leaving Audrey at home, moping by herself. She considered this to be the final touch which had brought about the desired end. So she lent a ready ear to a story told by Mr. Marjoribanks, of how he had been fascinated in days gone by with a portrait of herself in the "Book of Beauty," and that by it he should have recognized her anywhere. In recounting her past triumphs, and the homage which had been paid to a beauty of which, she said, she might now safely speak without being accused of vanity, her daughter was forgotten.

Audrey was sitting for a few minutes alone, having asked Colonel Grant, with whom she had been talking, to get her some tea. Lifting her eyes suddenly, she met a look of passionate longing, that made every nerve tingle, and in an instant, without pausing to consider, she made a sign to Geoffrey Dynecourt to join her. He came to her at once, but with such sternness in his face that Audrey could hardly steady her voice to say, "I—I wanted to speak to you; could you find some place where we should not be overheard?"

Just then Colonel Grant returned with the tea, making many excuses for being delayed; and Mr. Dynecourt said, "I will look for the plant I was speaking of, Miss Verschoyle, and then perhaps you will permit me to show it to you."

He left her, and did not return until many of the company were moving about, looking at the ferns and rare plants, so that their being together was not likely to attract notice. "Near to this," he said, "there is a small room thrown open to the guests; no one was in it a few minutes since, and we are less likely to be interrupted there than anywhere else."

Audrey bowed her head; to speak seemed impossible.

A short glass-covered passage led to the room, the door of which Mr. Dynecourt opened, but immediately closed, finding it already occupied by a lady and gentleman engaged in conversation. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "You must take a turn with me in the garden. You have your bonnet and cloak on, it will not harm

you;" and before Audrey had time to question the propriety of this course she was walking by Geoffrey Dynecourt's side, and feeling that she would have given the whole world to have been anywhere else. Why had she brought him there? She had nothing to say, her strength seemed to be forsaking her, and she was overcome with shame at the thought that she was forcing her love upon him, and that he saw it. This nerved her to make a great effort and say, "Mr. Dynecourt, perhaps you may think me strangely inconsistent in wanting to speak to you alone. But Mr. Ford told me that you were thinking of going abroad for many years, and I—I could not bear that you should have a bad opinion of me all your life."

"A bad opinion," he said; "who told you that I had a bad opinion of you?"

"No one told me so in words; but the message you asked Mr. Ford to give me was no arrow shot at random. You knew it would wound where it was aimed."

"Pardon me, Miss Verschoyle, if I say I had no idea that you *could* be wounded."

Audrey did not answer; but turned with defiant eyes and looked straight at him as she said—

"Mr. Dynecourt, you are very hard upon me; but perhaps it is best, for your pity would be unbearable, and for a moment I feared that I might have incurred it. I see now that I was wrong to intrude myself upon you, and take you from pleasant society to listen to the woman who has taught you to show a want of courtesy to her sex. I came, in the weakness of my nature, to ask you to forgive the pain I have caused you, and not to think because I seemed to you false and hard-hearted, that truth and love had ceased to exist among us. I hope there is yet much happiness in store for you."

"Oh yes," he said, "I am certain of happiness. Exiled from my country, a homeless man without hope, without a creature to care for me, I cannot but be happy. If at any time a gloomy moment should come, I have but to recall the picture of my old home, the smell of whose very earth is dear to me. I have only to remember that it is in the hands of strangers; that the people who loved me and served me, as their fathers did my fathers, are serving other masters; and that the woman I would have died for, is mistress of Dyne Court, rejoicing in the lovely face which lured a weak fool to his destruction, and the arts which caught the old man who could give her the only thing her soul longed for—money, fine clothes, and jewels."

"It is false," she said; "I shall never be the wife of Richard Ford!"

"You tell me so, when not an hour since I heard your mother receiving congratulations on your approaching marriage? How am I to believe you?"

"Because I tell you."

"You tell me what?"

"That he has already asked me, and I have refused to marry him."

Geoffrey Dynecourt staggered and turned pale as death.

"And, sir," she continued haughtily, "now that I have added to my other sins in showing you how easily I can betray a confidence which noble-minded women consider sacred, it is time we parted," and she turned to leave him.

But Mr. Dynecourt grasped her arm and drawing her towards him, said, in a voice choked with emotion, —

"Audrey, for the sake of God who sees both our hearts, don't let us part like this. Have mercy upon me. Show me some pity, or I shall go mad. Have you nothing, nothing more to say to me?"

She lifted up her face, white to the lips, and looking for an instant into the eager, passionate eyes whose gaze seemed intense enough to read her thoughts, answered slowly,

"Yes — that — I — love — you with all my heart!" and then cold, undemonstrative Audrey threw her arms round this man's neck, and her tears rained upon his breast. He did not attempt to hush her, or to still her sobs, he only held her as if defying the whole world to tear her from him.

"Audrey," he whispered hoarsely, "you are not deceiving yourself and me? It is love, not pity, that you are giving me?"

The tightening of her arms was her only answer.

"You know I am poor, and that I never expect to be otherwise; that I can give you nothing but the necessities of life; that I ask you to share cares, anxieties, and perhaps troubles of which you have known nothing hitherto. What do you say?"

She no longer hid her face, but looking at him answered, "That if you will take me, I

will be your wife;" and in the kiss that sealed this bond "their hearts leaped to their lips," and vowed a constancy that death alone could sever. . . .

Have they been hours together, or has time stood still, that the light looks only a shade dimmer than it did when they entered this garden of paradise? Around nothing is changed, all is the very same except the two who are walking towards the house. Can this soft April expression, and these liquid, loving eyes belong to the cold, haughty-looking woman, whose face seemed chiselled out of marble? Is it possible that Geoffrey Dynecourt has ever looked stern and relentless, with hard lines about a mouth where now you could almost see dimples?

"And you are sure you never really ceased to love me?"

"Never; I used to hate myself, because I could not help loving you so madly."

"And I have lain and cried myself to sleep, thinking of our bitter parting, and that you had forgotten me."

"Oh, Audrey, how could I, how could any man who had ever loved you, cease to love you? My darling, night after night I have watched your window, and as I passed the house I have rested my hand against the wall, because inside was the treasure whose image filled my heart."

"We have both suffered!" she said.

"We have indeed, dearest, but how small it seems to the joy that I feel now! Oh! Audrey, I could ask you every moment if you love me, for the ecstasy of hearing you say you do."

"And I could listen to the question for ever, so sweet is it to know that you want my love."

"We must go in," he said; "I dare not keep you out longer, and yet to meet other people now seems more than I can bear."

"We only part until to-morrow, and my thoughts will not leave you for one moment;" then with her old gaiety she added, "Now let us gather up all our energies to meet the attack with boldness; for it falls me to think where the people imagine we can be."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: — "Before the mitrailleuse or mitrailleur becomes domesticated among us, would it not be well to give it a name pronounceable by the rank and file? At the Tower on Saturday I heard a beefeater call the nine-shell mortar standing in the yard 'a

good-sized miter-you,' which is about as near a shot as we can expect from men who do not happen to know French. Why not call it a revolver, or cannon-revolver?"

Pall Mall Gazette.

From Fraser's Magazine.
FASHIONS IN HAIR AND HEAD-
DRESSES.*

THERE are three facts which the advocates of the Rights of Women, so far as these are based upon an alleged equality of the sexes, will find it extremely difficult to get over: 1. The peculiar functions of the fair sex touching the continuation of the species: 2. That no woman has ever manifested the highest order of genius in any walk of literature or art: 3. That woman have never been able to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of fashion, however absurd, ridiculous, destructive to beauty, or ruinous to health. Without entering on the main question, or seeking to break a lance with Mr. Mill, we wish to call attention to the third of these social phenomena and point the concomitant or resulting moral.

The history of masculine costumes is undoubtedly a stinging satire on the male sex. It comprises every variety of vestment or device by which the human form could be disguised, disfigured, or distorted. But if not more becoming, it has gradually become more rational; ease and comfort are pursued with even an undue disregard of appearances; and the movements of the most consummate exquisite are free and unfettered, except when he occasionally indulges in tight boots.

The greatest improvement is in the head; i.e. the outside; especially in the general abandonment of the peruke. Wigs, meant to pass for the natural hair of the wearer, are still to be detected by a critical observer, though daily getting rarer; but the formal and avowed peruke, a costly and inconvenient article, has been permanently laid aside except by the judicial body and the bar. Even the bishops have succeeded in discarding it after a prolonged struggle; in the course of which one of them (Pelham, Bishop of Chichester) is reported to have knelt in vain to George III. for permission to begin the innovation.

Immediately prior to the French Revolution, which introduced crops *à la Brutus*, the wigs commonly worn by gentlemen in the streets of London cost from thirty to forty guineas; "and (adds a distinguished contemporary) Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small dog in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig

was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off."*

Whilst this custom lasted, the being wigged was as marked a step in the adolescent's approach to manhood as being breeched, and was postponed as long as possible by prudent parents with a view to economy. The second wife of Racine wrote thus to Jean-Baptiste, his son by his first; who, on becoming secretary of embassy in Holland, was obliged to conform to the fashion: "Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Marguery to make you such a one as you require. Madame la Comtesse de Gramont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you."

Two curious facts are recorded by M. Feuillet de Conches, showing the value and importance of the wig. The one, that Kant's wig, immediately on his death, was sold for thirty thousand florins, equivalent to nearly three thousand pounds sterling, and on being put up to auction some years afterwards fetched twelve thousand thalers, or rather more than half. The other, for which no authority is given, that when, after the battle of Ramillies, Marshal Villeroi's *perruque à nœud espagnol*, found amongst his baggage, was brought to Marlborough, the Duke put it on exultingly as the crowning triumph of the day. Lord Macaulay, who insists that avarice was the master passion of Marlborough's life, would probably have contended that he thus appropriated Villeroi's wig from motives of economy.

A curious instance of the utility of a wig is related in a modern book of travels. An emigrant on his way to the back settlements of North America was pursued by a savage bent on scalping him. He was overtaken, and the pursuer's grasp was on his head, preparatory to the operation. But he wore a wig, which came off; and the savage was so startled by the incident that he abandoned the meditated victim and ran away.

The best part of a century has elapsed since we, of the masculine gender, have emancipated ourselves from this tyrant custom, whilst women were never more completely subjected to it than now. They are not content with one phase of the folly: they insist not merely on making them-

* *Les Femmes blondes selon les peintres de l'école de Venise. Par deux Vénitiens [M. Feuillet de Conches].* Paris, 1866.

* *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1866.

selves top-heavy by chignons or masses of false tresses, but on changing the natural colour of their hair, however suited to their complexion, for any artificial tint which may happen to have been brought into temporary vogue by an Anonyma or notorious member of the *demi-monde*. It is an undoubted fact that the fashion for golden, yellow, and light-auburn hair was imported into this country from Paris, where it was set by ladies of a class whose very existence would have been ignored not only by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but by the bevy of beauties who attended the first drawing-room of Queen Victoria.* And yet it might be traced far back to a classic, romantic, pictorial, or poetic source: it was equally irresistible in Rome when Rome was the mistress of the world, and in Venice when Venice was the recognized Queen of the Adriatic: we find it illustrated or recorded by the pens of Ovid and Catullus and the pencils of Titian and Giorgione. The Chloes, Pyrrhas, and Cynthias, as well as the Lauras, Lucretias, and Leonoras, were *blondes*; and the manner in which they acquired or increased their indispensable attractiveness in this respect has supplied materials for many a curious chapter in the history of morals and manners.

When the Abbé de Bernis arrived at Venice to fulfil his functions as ambassador, he immediately set about looking and enquiring for the famous *blondes*, so warmly and variously tinted, of the Venetian school of painters from Carpaccio downwards, a type differing widely from what passes under the designation of "fair" in this country. Judging from the portraits and historical masterpieces of this school, he expected to find Venice a vast paradise of *blondes* from the lightest shades of gold or flaxen to those little removed from auburn, chestnut, or red. To his ineffable disappointment and surprise, he found living *blondes* as rare as gardens and flowers at Venice; and instead of them he was everywhere encountered by *brunettes* with glossy

ebon tresses and complexions embrowned and enriched by their sun.

"These" (continues M. Feuillet de Conches) "no doubt had their price: no one knew this better than the Abbé. But after all he was in search of those splendid and voluptuous creatures crowned with gold by the illustrious painters; and perhaps in such a disposition the beautiful Corbeau Noir* of the Regent would only have excited his disdain. He knew by heart his Voiture and his Sarraasin; but he longed for something better than Paulet la Lionne;† and all his poetry was out of joint. He required at least the Lavinia of the Louvre Titian, or the original of the female figure in Giorgione's Astrologer of the Manfrini Gallery, or that fine personification of Venice, with eyes of limpid blue, on the ceiling of the Doge's Palace by Paul Veronese — Venice crowned and triumphant, displaying a superb form where nothing is out of harmony:—

Et qui laisse à demi, sur son front orgueilleux,
En longues tresses d'or, tomber ses blondes che-
veux.

But all bloomed around him in the usual order of nature, scattering as at all times the divers shades of beauty, regardless of the caprices of art and the exclusive vanities of the world. In a word, the *brunette* predominated — the decided, pronounced *brunette*, with her prompt, rapid glance of sovereignty or sensibility, imperious or subdued. In vain did he frequent the popular fairs of the parishes; in vain did he attend with the discriminating glance of a connoisseur those exciting religious solemnities, those fêtes, which roused the whole population, and brought forth from the old quarters of Castello and Canareggio these types, preserved as it were under glass, of antique Venice — no Lavinia, neither in the churches, nor in the circles, nor under the mysteries of the gondola, nor in the Place St.-Marc, where beauty manifested itself in the good old times as a traditional product of the sun. Hardly anywhere a living sample of those ancient masses of yellow hair (*flavescentes*) with which every one of the women of the Supper of Paul Veronese (now in the Louvre)

* "Une Anglaise longtemps nommée Miss Anonyma, qui dompte les plus fougueux chevaux comme une écuyère de cirque, qui se mêle sans scrupules aux groupes des amazones du grand monde, aux matrones, aux misses de la *Nobility* et de la *Genie* à Hyde Park, qui fait piaffer ses fins courriers à de grandes chasses aristocratiques —

With such arrav Harpalycée bestrode
Her Thracian courser —

c'est elle qui la première s'est doré les cheveux au moyen de drogues, et qui rayonne sous la crière le même blond l'hebés. Une autre, une Anglaise encore, qui s'est décorée du nom le plus digne des perles d'Orient, jadis si fort prisées à Venise: qui le dispute de blancheur et de blond factice avec sa compatriote de Hyde Park, éclabousse Paris de son luxe." — *Les Femmes blondes*, p. 129.

* This name (Black Crow) was given by the Regent to one of his favourites, the Marquise de Parabere.

† An *habituée* of the Hotel de Rambouillet, celebrated by Voiture and Sarraasin, so called from the tawny colour of her hair.

Reine des animaux, adorable Lionne
Dont la douce fureur ne fait mourir personne,
Si ce n'est que l'amour se serve de vos yeux.

was adorned, as well as the other feminine creations of the master."

The same lively writer, whom we have rather paraphrased than translated, goes on to ask whether this seeming change or transformation was owing to an exceptional caprice of nature? "No, assuredly: the cause must be sought in the variations of fashion in which women delight, in their levity and mutability—'Varium et mutabile semper.' In the sixteenth century, those who were not naturally *blondes* became so artificially. The Venetian painters of the period did no more than reproduce what they had constantly before their eyes." The general agreement amongst them to paint only *blondes* is a sufficient proof that in this country of *brunettes* there were no longer *brunettes*. To be blonde had become an art; and what at first, under Carpaccio, at the end of the fifteenth century, was still but a caprice of coquetry, had become later, under Titian and Paul Veronese, the dream and the necessity of the generality of Venetian women. "Every traveller learned in art, arriving for the first time at Venice, must have felt the same surprise as the Abbé de Bernis. We ourselves, Venetians, in order to explain for you the past in comparison with the present, were naturally led to the study of the origin, the means, and the results of this episode in our manners; and the documents, the evidences of all sorts that we then collected on this subject, are calculated, we think, especially at this time, to interest public curiosity in France"—and he might well add in England, where the fashion has been revived in its most extravagant and mischievous form, to the terror of husbands and fathers, whose purses are laid under heavy contribution to pay for what offends their notions of propriety and their taste.

A single extract from the many curious books cited to throw light on this topic will suffice to show how the dames of Venice set to work to acquire the coveted attraction, and what dangers they incurred, what privations they endured, in the attainment of it. The Strasburg goose, fastened to the floor before a fire to enlarge its liver, affords the closest parallel to the fair, or would be fair, Venetian, with her dripping head exposed to the sun, as Cesare Vecellio, writing in 1589, pictures her:

"The houses of Venice are commonly crowned with little constructions in wood, resembling a turret without a roof. On the ground these lodges or boxes are formed of masonry, floored like what are called terrazzi at Florence and Naples, and

covered with a cement of sand and lime to protect them from the rain. It is in these that the Venetian women may be seen as often and indeed oftener than in their chambers; it is there that, with their heads exposed to the full ardour of the sun during whole days, they strain every nerve to augment their charms, as if they needed it, as if the constant use of so many methods known to all did not expose their natural beauty to pass for no better than artificial. During the hours when the sun darts its most vertical and scorching rays they repair to these boxes and condemn themselves to broil in them unattended. Seated there, they keep on wetting their hair with a sponge dipped in some elixir of youth prepared with their own hands or purchased. They moisten their hair afresh as fast as it is dried by the sun, and it is by the unceasing renewal of this operation that they become what you see them, *blondes*. When engaged in it they throw over their ordinary dress a *peignoir* or dressing-gown, of the finest white silk, which they call *schiavonetto*. They wear on their heads a straw hat without a crown, so that the hair drawn through the opening may be spread upon the borders. This hat, doing double duty as a drying-line for the hair and a parasol to protect the neck and face, was called *salana*." In winter, or when the sun failed, they wetted and dried their hair before a fire.

The precise duration of this practice is left in doubt. The fashion that led to it certainly lasted long enough to exercise a marked influence on art, and we learn from the same authority that it spread rapidly, "invading all Italy, if not all Europe." He traces it at Rome, Naples, and Paris, and shows how the provinces were inoculated with it by the provincial great ladies, the wives of the governors and presidents, who uniformly appeared with *coiffures blondes*, natural or artificial, interwoven with pearls and jewels. Pearls were especially in request, although we nowhere read of the ropes of pearls on which Mr. Disraeli expatiates in *Lothair*. "Look here," exclaimed the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI., opening a casket full of pearls, and displaying them to the envoy of Hercules of Ferrara, whose son was a suitor for the hand of Lucretia—"Look here. All this is for my Lucretia! I wish her to be the princess of all Italy who has the finest and the greatest number of pearls."

There still flourishes at Paris, unaffected by politics or war, a man milliner, who exercises an almost unlimited authority over the female world of fashion. If we are

not misinformed, he is by birth an Irishman and began life as an artist. He takes measure at a glance of the figure, form, age, height, complexion and expression of a customer, and dictates the resulting decision without appeal. Such or such a costume is best suited to her as regards cut, colour, and materials, and such only will he condescend to make. It is not her fancy or vanity, but a thing of infinitely more importance to himself and society, his own reputation, that is at stake. It is this confidence or insolence that has made his fortune. He is as difficult of approach as a lord chamberlain or a prime minister. On the eve of a grand reception at the Tuileries or a fancy ball, a long line of coroneted carriages fills his street, and his ante-chamber is crowded with clients in full attire, each of whom undergoes the most careful inspection in her turn, lest the effect anticipated by the master should be marred by the maladroitness of the maid.

We learn from Vecellio that the Venice of his day could boast of more than one artist in costume who was held in equal honour and authority. Speaking of the rich stuffs and brocades for which Venice was famous, he says that the inventor was a certain Bartolomeo da Calice, a Venetian of wonderful ingenuity, a perfect gentleman in manner and behaviour, greatly cherished by the nobility. "Princes sought to be personally acquainted with him, and to be supplied with his commodities. He was held in singular honour by the most serene and magnificent Duke of Mantua, and he supplied even the establishment of the Grand Turk. Along with this excellent man there were other tyrants of fashion, illustrious composers, patricians of the needle and scissors. There was, for example, one Messer Giovanni, who kept an establishment near the church of San Lio, and scattered precious stones and pearls in robes and tunics. Language had not expression sublime enough to exalt to the clouds this miracle of creation, this artist of such richness of ideas, of such profundity in the art of embellishing, of so much science, as the phrase went. He was the *rarisimo*, the incomparable, to enrich fashion with his inventions. The finest goddesses swarmed about his temple, to such extent that the Council of Ten took alarm, forbade the usage of pearls, and scattered consternation through the camp of female worshippers."

It stands to reason that the charlatans and the quacks of the period vied with one another in specifics and recipes for bestowing beauty or restoring youth. So long as

medical knowledge was almost exclusively empirical and rarely attained to the dignity of science, the most celebrated physicians did not disdain to minister to female vanity, and grow rich on female credulity. Dr. Marinello, of Modena, after establishing his reputation by his *Luminare Majus* or "Light of Apothecaries and Treasure of Herborists," published in 1562 a treatise on the adornment of woman, *Gli Ornamenti delle Donne*, which became their gospel. He thus concludes his chapter of Recipes:—

Permit me to remind you, honoured and honourable ladies, that the application of so many colours to your hair may strike a chill into the head like the shock of a shower bath; that it affects and penetrates, and, what is worse, may entail divers grave maladies and infirmities. Therefore I should advise you to take all possible precautions. For example, mix cloves, musk, amber, and other heating or stimulating ingredients with your unguents and elixirs. What may not otherwise happen even as regards the colour? Your hair may turn out rough, coarse, and altogether changed for the worse, a disaster which you will avoid if you take care to add to your compositions things fit to soften them—things which I have enumerated in another place. We frequently see the hair, affected in its essentials or at its roots, grow weak and fall off, and the complexion destroyed, through the use of so many injurious liquids and decoctions. Recur, for the first case, to oil of violet, and for the second to olive oil warm; your complexion will immediately recover its most becoming tints. In all and each of these little things and ways, sweet and honourable ladies, have infinite prudence, so as to avoid the self-reproach of the terrible evils that may ensue.

There is one penalty which no amount of prudence can avert or mitigate:—

The first step in error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall.

The woman who has once taken to painting and colouring must go on painting and colouring; rarely, if ever, does the complexion regain its bloom, the skin its smoothness, or the hair its gloss. In most cases the operator must go on deepening the hue, and in no case can he or she be sure of the shade or tint which successive applications will produce. A lady who wishes to continue golden or flaxen may come out red or brown in her own despite. One popular novelist (Mr. Warren, in *Ten Thousand a Year*) has recorded what befel an ambitious youth who, having made an abundant and confiding use of a celebrated tincture, awoke one fine morning in a condition that elicited from his house-keeper the by no means flattering comparison to a monkey, his hair having turned

purple, his whiskers green, and his eyebrows white. Another (Theodore Hook) tells the true story of a major who, finding his hair getting thin and grey, was advised to rub his head with an infallible specific, and not take off his nightcap for twenty-four hours. On taking his nightcap off at the end of the time specified, he was struck by its close resemblance to a crow's nest, the whole of his hair having come off with it.

The *Compendio di Secreti Razionali*, by the Cavaliere Fioravanti, is described as less rich in recipes than its predecessor, inasmuch as it contains only twenty-seven; yet they are marked by refinements and delicate distinctions of their own, as indicated by the headings: "How to turn the hair *blonde à la napolitaine*;" "How *à la vénitienne*." The manner in which the recipe *à la napolitaine* became known to the author is related in his book:

Signora Giovannella, wife of Don Philip della Rocca, Treasurer of the Kingdom of Sicily, used this recipe, and her example was followed by all the ladies who were smitten by the love of display. When I went to the kingdom (1548-1549) and attended this lady in the cruel malady with which she was afflicted, her first words after her recovery were, "What sort of *eau blonde*, what mixtures, do the Venetian ladies use?" I told her I did not know; for young as I was at that time I had hardly turned my mind to such sorts of things. It was then that she gave me her own recipe in writing, as well as those of several other divine beauties—precious secrets which I shall transcribe in their fitting places, and certainly I will not fail to give them as her personal secrets, considering that in my letters I stand formally pledged to give her the credit of them, thus keeping faith towards so generous, so amiable, so distinguished a lady.

Some thirty years since a celebrated English beauty excited the envy and admiration of many a fair rival, by the art with which her ringlets were made to undulate in a compressed shape down the cheek and expand into rich clustering curls upon the neck and shoulders. Vowing that no human consideration should induce her to reveal the secret in her lifetime, she held out a faltering expectation of bequeathing it to a friend; but she could not endure the thought of even a posthumous eclipse or equality: self-love prevailed over friendship: she died and made no sign; and the secret is lost forever to the world.

The grains of irony and mockery scattered amongst Fioravanti's recipes may justify an occasional doubt whether he seriously believed in their efficacy. Thus *Del modo di far parere una donna bellissima*,

per bruta che ella sia (How to make a woman beautiful, however ugly): the prescription is simple and intelligible enough; only, unluckily, the drugs are not to be found in the *Materia Medica*, and the patient would search in vain for an apothecary to make it up. It is "to be rich, to be gay, to be happy, to have neither anxious thoughts nor causes for giving way to them."

Considering the multiform risks and inconveniences involved in the use of colouring preparations or expedients, perhaps the wisest course was to shave the head and wear a wig, like our own Queen Elizabeth, of whom a German traveller, Paul Hentzner, states, "She wore false hair, and that red;" or like la Reine Margot, the first wife of Henry IV., who had her fair-haired pages shaved to supply materials for her wigs. That Mary Queen of Scots had a complete assortment of wigs and wore one at her execution, is recorded on the most unimpeachable evidence.

The wonder is where all the false hair comes from at times like the present, when the demand is seemingly out of all proportion to the supply. Speaking of the seventeenth century, M. Feuillet de Conches says: "The young women of the lower class then bartered their hair as they do still in some provinces in France. At Nérès, for example, there is an annual fair where the country girls come to barter their hair for trifling articles of dress, and thereby enrich the traders who encourage them to this base trade." But the comparatively small number of cropped heads which are to be found in any class or country do not bear out the theory that this system of barter is widely extended, and we suspect that the market is mainly supplied by contributions surreptitiously levied on the dead. If anything could check the fashion, it would be the impossibility of dissociating it from thoughts of disease, putrefaction, and decay.

The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in reference to the geese which saved the Capitol, made a collection of all the passages in Latin and Greek authors, in prose and verse, alluding to the watchfulness of geese; and the result may be read in two learned communications addressed by him to *Notes and Queries* whilst he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. How exultingly, had the thought occurred to him, would he have anticipated or co-operated with M. Feuillet de Conches in bringing together the passages in the same authors which prove, or are supposed to prove, the preference awarded by classical antiquity to the blondes! As it is, the number cited by the

accomplished Frenchman do high credit to his learning and research. The most striking are the most familiar, as in the famous Ode to Pyrrha :

Cui *flavam* religas comam,
Simplex munditiis ?

Or in the metrical quarrel and reconciliation with Lydia :

Si *flava* excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ.

Or in this reference to Phyllis :

Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis *flavæ* decorant parentes.

So the Cynthia of Propertius, to whom *Fulva coma est* : and the Delia of Tibullus, *flavis nostra puella comis* ; and the favourites of Ovid of whom

Forma placet, niveusque color flavique capilli.

Then there are the Dido and the Lavinia of Virgil tearing their yellow hair ; and the Cassandra of Euripides ; and Phryne who corrupted her judges by standing before them with no covering but her golden or yellow hair ; and Minerva, and Venus, and Aurora, and Flora, and Pomona. The list might be indefinitely extended ; but so, on the other hand, might the list of brown or dark-haired and dark-eyed beauties and objects of worship, historical, fanciful, or mythological. If the Graces were fair, the Muses were dark ; so were Juno, Andromeda, Sappho, and Cleopatra —

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes

Brow-bound with burning gold.*

Descending to modern times we find the dark-haired competing very nearly if not quite on equal terms with the light or fair ; and that, excluding a brief exceptional period, the rival tints or complexions were equally popular is proved by the fashion of wearing differently coloured hair by turns :

Est-elle brune ? est-elle blonde ?
Rien ne l'égale dans ce monde,
Rien n'égale aussi mon amour,
Et sans être inconstant, j'ai la bonne fortune
D'être amant en un même jour
Et d'une belle Blonde et d'une belle Brune.

Agnes Sorel, Diane de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estrées, almost all the female celebrities of the Fronde (including the Duchess of

* Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. He uses *fair* in the sense of beautiful or handsome, and we have unluckily no English words corresponding with *blond*, *brun*, and *brunette*. The term *black*, as formerly used to describe a dark-complexioned man, has become obsolete.

Longueville), Ninon de l'Enclos, and La Vallière, were *blondes*. So was Paule de Toulouse, who was followed by so tumultuous a crowd of admirers whenever she went abroad as to compel the interference of the magistrates to keep them off. " But these sagacious magistrates knew the human heart too well not to solicit and obtain by way of compensation from the complacency of the idol that she should submit to the soft compulsion of appearing in public twice a week." Marie Mancini, the first serious love of Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon, the last, were dark. Modern poets and romance writers have made their heroines light and dark, according to the exigencies of fiction as requiring either gay or grave characters, or have aimed at effect by contrasts, like Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate*, Flora M'Ivor and Rose Bradwardine in *Waverley*, or Corinne and Lucile in Madame de Staël's masterpiece.

" Some one, I forget who," remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, " was foolish enough to say that a brown woman is but a softened or effeminate boy. He must have been in a bad humour when he gave utterance to so gratuitous an affront." The practice of tinting statues, as revived by Mr. Gibson, if it really prevailed among the ancients, may be cited as a strong proof of their preference for fair, yellow, or *blonde*.

Fashion has run riot in form still more mischievously than in colour. One of Addison's best papers in the *Spectator* (No. 98) is directed against the head-dress of his day :

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it to rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such enormous stature that men appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind that shall be entirely new, or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizable is still a secret, though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than

before. For my own part I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself. I admire the sex more in their present humiliation which has reduced them to their natural dimensions than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. . . .

One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads, and indeed I very much admire that these female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew up by several orders and stories, as he has humorously described it :

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus
altum

Ædificat caput : Andromachen a fronte videbis ;
Post minor est : aliam credas.

He then goes on to commemorate the strenuous efforts made by a monk in the fourteenth century to abate a similar nuisance. "This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode, and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit." But the ladies put

more faith in their head-dresses as sources of power and influence than the magicians in their books. "Notwithstanding this prodigy vanished whilst the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure;" or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "The women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again so soon as the danger was over."

In the course of the eighteenth century it successively became the fashion in France for women of rank to wear mimic frigates (*à la Belle Poule*) and bunches of artificial fruit or vegetables, by way of head-dress.

The manner in which this mental and moral disease (for it is such), inherited from the remotest ages, is periodically breaking out anew, justifies a strong presumption of incurability. The utmost we venture to hope is some slight mitigation of the symptoms; that, for example, the fair sex would be satisfied with either colouring or enlarging their heads, and would not insist on both tinting their natural hair and wearing a mass of artificial hair into the bargain. If the present fashion should not abate, it will be for the grave consideration of artists, both sculptors and painters, whether they will hand down such misshapen subjects to posterity, and perhaps the most effective remedy would be their refusal by common agreement to draw or chisel a head which is artificially out of keeping with the modesty of nature or disfigured by a head-dress glaringly disproportioned to the form.

At the present moment, when the treaties of 1815, or at least the questions which these treaties were meant to settle, are again turning up, the following passages from a pamphlet on "England and the Italian Question," written by Mr. Matthew Arnold in 1859, is singularly apposite :—

For the treaties of Vienna the English aristocracy is mainly answerable, so overwhelming was the preponderance at the end of the war of the country whose influence they wielded. The race of politicians who regard those treaties as the venerable product of wisdom is nearly extinct. Their great object was to erect barriers against France. To accomplish this object, instead of creating a strong Germany, they created the impotent German Confederation; placing on the frontiers of France the Duchy of Baden and an outlying province of Bavaria, and splitting the action of Germany so that her two chief powers * will always be beaten by France.

* The Prussia here spoken of is the isolated ante-Bismarckian Prussia of eight millions.

They created the incoherent kingdom of Holland and the insufficient kingdom of Sardinia; they strengthened Austria against France by adding to Austria provinces which have ever been a source of weakness to her. They left to France Alsace and German Lorraine, which unity of race and language might with time have solidly reattached to Germany. In compensation they took from France provinces which the same unity may one day enable her to reabsorb. The treaties of Vienna were eminently treaties of force, treaties which took no account of popular ideas; and they were unintelligent and capricious treaties of force.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE Federal Government of the United States of Columbia has paid a debt to the state of Panama by the transfer of house property in Panama, which is to be converted into a college for that city.

Nature.

CHAPTER V.

VERY CROSS.

LIONEL WILMOT had been six or seven years out of England, and he had come back once more to its society with extreme zest; everything and everybody was interesting to him after his long fast, and his uncle's house especially so.

May had been only a child when he went away, and it was very piquant to make acquaintance with the young lady so pretty and so clever, with a brother's advantages and yet without a brother's familiarity, to be able to say "brotherly things in a very unbrotherly way." There was a sort of unwritten law in the family by which cousin marriages were forbidden as wrong and undesirable, and May took him very simply on the footing of her brothers. She was so accustomed to men's society that she was neither shy nor prudish nor forward with them. If men and women meet naturally and constantly with common occupations, and not only in dress coats and evening gowns with wreaths on their heads manner between them settles itself easily enough.

Lionel had been in command of a large district up country at the Cape; he had seen a good deal of hard service against the Kaffirs, and his uncle and Tom were always calling upon him for hairbreadth escapes and bits of fighting experience; and such things to hear do Desdemonas often seriously incline.

"The Kaffirs had burned a farm belonging to a Boer," he was telling one day, "and we were sent in pursuit. We scoured the whole neighbourhood, but there was not a black skin to be found within miles. At last we had made a fire, and were sitting down to get some food, when suddenly a naked savage came out on the bare plain, though you'd have sworn the scrub wasn't high enough to hide a hare, and grinned as he aimed his gun at me; I was only just in time for him."

"And you killed him!" said May, rather reproachfully.

"Why that's what they were there for. It was neck or nothing," put in Tom, rather scornfully.

"It's very horrid, though, to think of killing even savage men in that way, like beasts," mused May. "After all, they were only defending their country against you."

Lionel turned quickly to her. "It's very true; but when you see a naked savage ramping along the ground like a serpent, you come at last to look upon him merely as a dangerous beast of preternatural sagacity, not at all as a man. But I don't

defend it," he added with a smile. "One's Christianity wants rubbing up as well as one's manners when one gets home."

"I dare say the Romans hunted and improved us off the face of the earth much after the same fashion, and were quite proud of it afterwards," said the Squire, thoughtfully.

"And then the soldiers sometimes grew perfectly furious and couldn't be held in. One day five of our men had been sent across a track, so bare even of grass that it seemed as if a partridge couldn't have hidden. They could find nothing, and came back the way they went, when three or four hundred Kaffirs sprang up, through the midst of whom they must have passed. They were five to many hundred, and were cut to pieces. We came up just too late, and you may fancy there wasn't much mercy shown."

"Well, when Macaulay's New Zealander comes to write history, there'll be some queer things told by the other side, I fancy," said May.

"No, I haven't read it, and I don't know about the New Zealander," answered Lionel with a smile, shaking his head.

"Very few books got up the pass to — I'm terribly ignorant, May, I'm afraid, about such things. Give me the book; I'll do my best to read and understand it now, at all events, but you'll all think me very stupid."

There was a manly humility about the young soldier, which was very engaging in a man who had done and seen so much in life.

It was his second visit, and one morning before luncheon they were all busily engaged in the old library, the round table covered with plans and sketches, at which May sat making drawings, according to orders, for a new cottage which he wished to build at Brickwall. Her father stood over her on one side, giving his experience and his hints with the utmost interest; while Lionel on the other was doing his best to answer his uncle's difficult questions, and to be up to the mark in his new position of landed proprietor. "Price of bricks? I'm afraid I can't tell. Carpenters' wages? I must write and inquire." And Tom, lounging over the *Times*, contributed his valuable assistance from time to time in an undertone, not intended for his father — "Say a pound a day; he must be worth ten corporals, Lionel." "I'm sure May's left out the staircase, you'd better look well after her," and so on; when on this group so occupied Walter Scrope was suddenly introduced. He had

been asked to come to Fernyhurst by Tom in the course of a walking tour, but there was a sort of blank when he entered the room, which even those who are really welcome always occasion when they interrupt a good morning's work.

After the first greetings Mr. Dimsdale retired into the shelter of his own room, with a formidable-looking Blue Book under his arm.

"Philanthropy in her very best pelisse and pantoufles," said Walter, rather superciliously, as he stood with his hands in his pockets watching May, who had returned to her drawing, and was discussing the cottage once more with Lionel.

"Shall I put a finial on the gable or not, in spite of the estimate?" said she.

"Æsthetic with a vengeance," observed Walter. "Will all those smartnesses make the kitchen a bit more comfortable for the people?"

"But there isn't any particular virtue in ugliness, surely," remonstrated Lionel; "the finials and all will not make it cost five pounds more, and the cottage will be seen all round."

"Seen!" said Walter. "What does it signify how it looks?"

"And why on earth shouldn't it look pretty if it can, I should like to know, you contradictory old cynic?" put in Tom. "There's the gong sounding, luckily, and I hear my mother on the stairs—luncheon has charms to soothe the savage soul."

But even the mollifying influence of food seemed lost upon Walter in his present mood, and in a few minutes he broke out in a fresh place.

"Where is your father, May? isn't he coming in?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale, who was being waited upon diligently by the whole party, including Walter.

"He must go over to Bereton almost directly, he says, mamma, for this Poor-Law meeting," answered May.

"It's so strange to hear all these troubles about able-bodied paupers when one's just been listening to the clamour for labourers out at the Cape," said Lionel. "Why don't they give some lectures to the working-classes about the colonies?"

"I wonder what people mean by the working-classes," grumbled Walter from the other end of the table. "I'm one of them, I hope. All this preaching and teaching is very fine, I dare say, and we're no doubt much obliged, but I fancy we'd as lief be left alone."

"Surely there's no harm for anybody in learning about emigration or anything else; we can't all brew our own wisdom at home,"

said Lionel, smiling good-naturedly as he poured himself out carelessly a glass of his uncle's home-brewed.

Walter muttered something about "how any one could spoil good beer in that fashion," as he frothed his own portion scientifically.

"What will you do this afternoon, Scrope?" interposed Tom. "My father said he would ride with Lionel; will you have a horse too?"

"I've got two good legs given me by nature to walk with, and I wasn't born to four horses," growled he.

"Humble toddler!" said Tom with much pathos, "but I didn't offer Diogenes four horses, only an old pony."

Walter smiled grimly at himself. "I'll take a walk with you if you'll come with me," said he, more graciously; and they went off, Tom murmuring, "That sweet passage from Shakespeare, Scrope, about the two lions roaring upon Afric's torrid shore, and you remember that 'the first lion thought the next a bore.'"

The visit was by no means a success. Walter was annoyed at Lionel's presence; it disarranged all his habits. Tom's allegiance belonged to him, as it were, by rights of old school days; and although he and May always quarrelled, yet her undivided attention had generally been his, if only to defend the fortress of her opinion. Now another seemed to rule in his stead in his old haunts, and he was hurt in his affections, though it looked a little as if it were only in his temper, and he was exceedingly cross.

Lionel was a good deal puzzled at the way in which his attempts at friendliness were taken, and the short answers he received. In truth, Walter's behaviour was not at all "pretty," and on the second day he went away, rather to the relief of all; making some excuse about the necessity of finishing his reading.

"Mr. Scrope was quite savage. I can't think what was the matter with him; he always looked as if he were going to bite," said Lionel.

"A guisa de leon quando si posa," said May, who was reading Dante.

"Like the yard-dog when he wants to fly at you," muttered Tom, who was not poetical. "Cynic, from *kun, kunos*, 'a dog,'" he added, with so good an imitation of Walter's manner that they both burst out laughing.

"Ah, but he's worth twenty of you put together, for all that," said the good Tom, staunch in his allegiance. He would let no one laugh at his friend but himself.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.

WALTER came back again in the autumn, and had apparently recovered his temper. He had begun to read law very diligently in London, where he lived upon the small fellowship which he had just obtained, and was only too glad to come down as often as he could to Fernyhurst, which new railroads had now made more accessible.

They were arguing again as diligently as ever the next morning. It had been raining fast, and he and Tom were waiting till it was fine enough to go out shooting, lingering round the breakfast table, with the snowy whiteness of its "napery," the bright china, the silver embossed coffee and tea services, all the pretty, gay-looking accompaniments of that pleasantest of English meals, set out in the bow of the south room, cheerful even in the dullest weather.

"Too democratic!" cried Walter. "Every man, if he's decently educated, has as great a right to govern himself as you have, of whatever rank; and he'll get his right too, you'll see, in very little time."

"You'd better go and live in America," said conservative Tom. "I declare you are only fit for over the water."

"And why shouldn't I, I want to know? It must be a fine thing to live in a country where there are no poor except by their own faults. I mean to go there before I die."

"To settle?" said May, sarcastically.

"When everything else fails in England," he answered, a little bitterly. "It'll hurt nobody. Nobody'll care. Why shouldn't I?"

"They're so cocksure they're wiser than the whole old world put together. As if nobody'd ever known anything before they were born. I can't bear 'em," cried Tom.

"Oh, you go in for the wisdom of our ancestors? It makes me savage to hear you. I'm sure the world has been wasting its time horribly if it isn't wiser now than it ever was before. What has it been doing all this while, I should like to know?"

"The mere act of doing a thing often, teaches a man or a nation a great deal," replied Tom.

"Not a bit. A man has put on his stockings every morning, let us say; that's twenty-five thousand times by the time he's near seventy, leaving out the days when he was too sick or too little to put them on for himself; then he thinks there can't be any better stockings than his, and prosed on to anybody who wants to improve them about

the wisdom of his ancestors! I'm all for the wisdom of posterity — putting the golden age in the future, and forgetting the past as quick as possible."

"Would you pull down the foundation to build the house better? Perhaps both's best. 'Si jeunesse savait, et si vieillesse pouvait,' says the old French peasant," observed the Squire quietly, as he went out of the room to his business.

"Just look at those Italian and French democrats, always pulling down!" said Tom scornfully. "I caught May crying over 'Silvio Pellico' yesterday. I can't think how you could be taken by such a book."

"The Italian liberals weren't democrats, Tom, a bit, anyhow."

"The Italians haven't succeeded because they didn't deserve success. They were romantic, and had no common sense about their revolutions," went on Tom, without attending, and with an Englishman's proper contempt for "foreigners."

"I hate to hear people talk so," cried May. "Success is such a low gauge."

"A cause always succeeds if it's a really good cause, you may depend on that," replied Tom dogmatically.

"Treason, they say, ne'er prospers. More's the reason;
For when it does, no man dares call it treason,"

said Walter.

"You must have common sense about revolutions as about everything else; you'll allow that, Scrope, I suppose?"

"Uncommon sense perhaps is what's wanted," retorted Walter. "I believe that clever men do succeed if they care enough about a thing to take all the means necessary; but sometimes they're dirty ones, and there are often things dearer to them than success; their conscience, or their independence, or their opinion, and then they don't succeed," said he, thinking only half of the Italians. "Very fine fellows fail sometimes," he added with something like a sigh.

"I don't understand what you mean," argued Tom stubbornly. "Our revolution came right because we knew what we wanted and fought till we got it. The Italians go mooning on, singing about liberty."

May understood perfectly; she did not like assistance from Walter Scrope's quarter, but she could not help herself in the energy of her interest.

"The Reformation in Spain and Italy, for instance. Would you say purity of doctrine was good in England, for it suc-

ceeded, and bad with them because it failed?"

"Nothing succeeds like success in the world," May could not help putting in.

"Job the just might have dled on his dunghill (and often does, for that matter), and you'd hardly say that he wasn't just. Why, there would never be a great deed done in the world if you were always to weigh what you do by common sense — neither martyrs nor heroes — men from Socrates downwards risk all that common sense holds dear. Would common sense send you up a forlorn hope, I wonder?"

"Or make Sir John Eliot die in a dungeon? Why, he had his children and estate to look after."

"What do you say to Hannibal?" said Walter. "Was Carthage wrong because she came to a bad end?"

"Or the Maccabees, or John Huss?" followed up May eagerly.

"Little things and big too. Suppose Sir Robert Peel saw a child fall into the river, and nobody near, common sense would say, 'Your life is very valuable, and there are heaps more dirty children in the world; you can't swim well, and you'll certainly catch cold.' But if he stood on the shore and stretched out his umbrella, and let the child drown, Tom would say it was very sensible; but he'd add a very uncomfortable epithet, I fancy."

"What a hailstorm!" said Tom, who was lying back in his chair with his eyes shut, and now just opened the corner of one. "I'm quite dead; don't kill me any more! I'll agree to everything you have said, will say, or can say, 'in secula seculorum.'"

"Tom's a Sadducee, and doesn't believe in heroes," observed Walter, with a smile.

"I'm not so sure of that, old fellow," answered he, looking affectionately at him. "And now let's go out shooting; it's done raining; and there's the keeper. My father says he won't go with us to-day."

Towards evening, May, having been busy all day, was taking her pastime sitting on the floor, reading by the firelight in the drawing-room. Great logs had just been heaped on, and the flickering flame was glancing on the folds of red curtain, the panelled ceiling, and the Sir Joshua on the wall opposite, making all look very warm, genial, and pleasant. She had just got the last number of Dickens, which then supplied the place of the five-and-twenty periodical stories which we are now confounding in our heads, with a desperate uncertainty whether Miss Y — 's most virtuous lady is breaking her heart for Miss B — 's

exceedingly disreputable gentleman, or who is the lady that you 'can' or cannot 'forgive.'"

May had fully made herself comfortable in her favourite position when she heard the parting guns of the shooters firing away their last charges as they came near the house, and presently Walter, in his "stocking-feet" — for Mrs. Dimsdale was known to be stern in her regard for her carpets — came into the room.

"Tom's slipped into the Deep Dene pool, going after a wild duck, and is wet through, so he's gone up to dress," said he, approaching the fire.

"What have you done? have you had a nice day?" said she, looking up. She felt bound to show some interest, but was in a great hurry to get back to her book, and perhaps secretly a little wished that he had been wet through as well as her brother.

"Only a teal — the duck got away after all — two snipe, and some odds and ends," said he indifferently, as he leant his head against the mantelpiece, and looked down on the fire and the half-lit figure, in its careless grace, which knelt beside it.

May's head was full of her story, and she was considering how soon politeness would allow her to return to the woes of Florence Dombey, when Walter, in a changed voice, began —

"May — Miss Dimsdale — I want to ask you a question."

She was startled at his tone, and looked up a little anxiously, but without any idea of what he was intending.

"May, I want you to come and help me in London; there's a great deal of grand work to be done there among the people, work which I can't do without a wife," he said, shortly. "Things you would understand about them, which only a woman knows. We could work together, I'm sure, very usefully, and" (as if it were rather an extra in the compact) "you must know what an affection I have for you."

She sprang from the ground very much frightened. "Oh no," she said hurriedly, "I don't think we're suited one bit; it wouldn't answer at all, I'm sure. Such a thing never even came into my head," she added, ruefully. "You're not serious?"

He did not answer.

"I'm so grieved," she said sorrowfully; "I hadn't the least idea that you could misunderstand. I thought we were always quarrelling, as Tom said."

"No, I didn't misunderstand you, I misunderstood myself. I never looked before my nose to see what the quarrelling meant, that it was because I couldn't bear you to

be of a different opinion from me about anything."

And he crossed his arms on the mantelpiece, and laid his head upon them as he looked into the fire again dismally.

"Miss Dimsdale," he suddenly blurted out, "wouldn't it be possible — should you mind — couldn't we go on as before, without saying anything of this mistake to anybody?" Not that I care who knows, but things are so much easier, and if you didn't mind my coming on here — I shan't trouble you, and I care for you all very much," said he, with a break in his voice, cynic as Tom called him.

"I was just thinking so," answered May, thoughtfully; "I'm sure I don't see why anybody should know. It would pain Tom very much, and do no good, and my dear father hates that sort of talk, you know; he's always bored and annoyed about such things. We might go on quarrelling again, just the same as of old," she said with a laugh, as she glanced up at him. It was evident not only was she heartwhole herself, but that she did not believe in his hurt being great.

He left the room as suddenly as he had come in, but she could not go on with her book.

"He's very excellent, and very clever, and all that," she said to herself, as she sat with her hands over her eyes, "but *that* isn't love a bit." She had not troubled her head much about such matters, but she had an ideal, like other folk, on the subject, and neither the man nor the wooing fulfilled it in any way. How could he make such a blunder? It was very tiresome and stupid of him, and must, more or less, spoil the ease of their intercourse; but still, there could be no farther misunderstanding now about the matter, which was perhaps a good thing, and she was only too glad to put the whole question aside in her mind as settled and done for, and best forgotten altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

A DANCING TEA.

CHARLIE had just been appointed a lieutenant, and having been given leave for a run home, appeared at Fernyhurst a few days after, not full of the glories of advancement, as the uninitiated would imagine, but beset with grievances, to which he was a good deal addicted, in spite of his high spirits; it is the normal state, indeed, of the British sailor; it is almost a point of honour with him not to be satisfied; he "cannot get his promotion," or if he has, he does not "get a ship," or it is the wrong

ship, not so big or not so fast as somebody else's, and his woes are a perennial fountain of bitterness. He was now recounting these at the utmost length to May, as he lay in a great chair very comfortably one morning, in her sanctum of the nursery, while she was doing the house accounts for her mother.

"It's quite abominable of the Admiral," he repeated, for at least the twentieth time; "he hasn't said a word about taking me as his flag lieutenant, and if one's own uncle won't do anything for one! and there's papa won't ask the First Lord for anything — why he ought to sit on the Admiralty steps till they give me a ship!" which, as the Admiral had at present no command, and his father had worked every possible engine to get him his promotion, was perhaps a little unjust.

Presently the door opened, and three of their eldest sister's children, who were staying in the house, came rushing in.

"Aunt May, grandmamma says she doesn't want us any more, and we're to come to you to do our lessons, and that you are to go down directly and speak to the schoolmistress about the darning, who is waiting in the lobby," shouted Hugh, peremptorily, greatly enjoying his contradictory messages.

When May at last returned, she found Charlie lying on the ground whistling a hornpipe, while his nephews and niece tumbled over him as lawful prize.

"It's exceedingly hard that I never get any dancing at home," said he, dolefully, as she came in.

"Another grievance," observed May, smiling.

"Well, it is a shame; everybody else has balls at home excepting us; it's a great deal too bad. Now don't you laugh, May; you'd like a dance as well as anybody."

"Yes," answered she, "it would be very pleasant, but I don't believe mamma would stand the fuss, and then there are no girls about here. There never was such a bad neighbourhood as ours;" and she ran over on her fingers, "Tracy's, no children at all; Evans', two boys; Johnson's, one aged eight; Aslett's, two married."

"My dear May, what are you talking about? no girls!" and in the interest of the question he rose bolt upright, scattering the babies like chaff, the youngest of whom began to howl. "No girls!" he went on excitedly, without attending to the wounded in the action, while May took the sufferer on her knee, and began to soothe the injured elbow and feelings. "Why there are six of the Hounslows at the very least."

"They're ten miles off, and we don't visit them."

"They won't mind that, they'll come fast enough. Cissy, come to me again," he said, holding out his arms to that young lady; "the elbow is quite well now, isn't it?" and the ungrateful baby forsook the steady friendship of her aunt, and went over to Charlie's uncertain mercies, unmindful of his crimes, and remembering only delightful tosses in the air.

"Incipient good taste, — likes gentlemen best already," observed he as he took her up.

"Stronger arms, that's all," said May, smiling.

"But I'm not going to be driven off the scent in that way. There are heaps of girls; Cissy, give me your fat pud," and he began to count up his list on the little fingers, which Cissy solemnly considered as a new and interesting game. "Six Hounslows; two Barlows —"

"If you call them girls, they're forty at least," said she, rather disdainfully.

"Girls or not girls, they were dancing merrily at Winmouth in June, for I saw them. The Longmores —"

"The Longmores don't think it right to go to balls, you know."

"My dear May, how innocent you are! Don't you know there are balls and balls? They don't think it right to dance at Mrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinsons', but they do at Lady St. Maur's. I know a man who met them there. A countess is different from a Brown, my dear young sister."

"But papa is not a count," laughed May.

"No, but he's king at Fernyhurst, which is nearly as good. Don't call it a ball, but a children's party, or a dancing tea, or a garden supper," ("In December," suggested May), "and you'll see if they don't come, and dance all the evening too; 'old friendship,' you know, 'don't like to distress,' you understand. Besides, a children's party will be earlier, and that'd suit my mother, and it's much better fun too, people are much jollier. And as to the trouble, Tom and I can turn up the carpet in the dining-room, and you can play, and we'll have the two girls from the dockyard, and Lionel will bring Amy and Clara, and Tom's good for a half a dozen of his men, I'm sure, and I can get any number of mids."

"Oh, I'm not afraid about you boys," said May irreverently, "there'll be plenty of you."

"I'll run down directly and manage my mother, and you must persuade papa. We

must have it before my leave's up — say Thursday week."

Mrs. Dimsdale was sick, and she was indolent, while it would have required the strength of a horse and the courage of a lion to withstand Charlie. The Squire made a wry face, but ended by giving in with a better grace than his wife.

"But there must be some music, Charlie; I won't have May fastened to the piano all night. If there's to be dancing," he said, with a deep sigh, "she shall dance too."

Everybody seemed to accept. Mr. Drayton declared, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, that he feared a sacrifice was in prospect, as his sister and his niece had announced a visit to him in the course of the next week, when their "duty," he said, would compel them probably . . .

May was terror-stricken at the quantity of notes which Charlie compelled her to write, for everybody under a hundred voted themselves children on the occasion. Parties at Fernyhurst had become rare of late, and were the more valuable.

A large instalment of cousins arrived to help before the great fray began, Lionel and his sisters came early, and two little daughters of the unlucky Admiral Raby, the object of Charlie's oburgations, who was the husband of Mr. Dimsdale's sister.

Mrs. Raby was a very gentle, affectionate woman, who had followed her husband lovingly about to most of his stations, and the names of their children were a perfect lesson in geography — Lawrence and Christopher; Lusitania, ignominiously shortened into Lucy; Melita into Milly — according as the captain or the admiral's ship had been at Halifax or the West Indies, Lisbon or the Mediterranean. She was a good deal like a hen with a couple of ducklings, for her two extremely pretty little girls, spoilt by their father to the utmost, did very nearly as they pleased without much reference to the maternal clucking. Lucy was still a child; but Milly was as promising a little flirt of her years as could be found within the four seas, and her presence did not at all tend to assist May in her efforts to keep matters as quiet as possible.

The whole house was in confusion, in spite of all she could do; her mother was cross, her father was put out, but there was no withstanding the whirlpool; everybody wanted some new thing, and it was rather dreary work to her, vainly trying to resist the impossible, to stave off the flood, with the sort of anxious conscientiousness which makes a girl take to heart all her little duties as matters of life and death.

"Surely it's a pity to give all the trouble

of wreaths in the dining-room, Tom," said she, as she saw a whole shrubbery of green boughs being dragged into the house; "nobody'll dance a bit the better, and it vexes papa to have the walls pulled about, and the Vandyke moved."

"The carpenter's to hang them; and if his beloved John Deeds does it, he'll not mind; besides, he's afraid of the dust of the dancing for the Vandyke, and he gave me leave, so don't you torment about it," cried Tom loudly. "Clara and Milly are going to help me, and Charlie's got Amy and Lucy for the other half. I'm so sorry Walter Scrope wasn't able to come," he went on, dolefully.

"And I'm sure I'm very glad," cried Milly, contemptuously, from the top of the rival ladder; "I can't think what you can find in that great, awkward, ugly man, who looks as if he never knew whether one was in the room or not."

"Heigh ho! *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* he might be as ugly and as awkward as he pleased, if only he'd bow down before our sovereign lady, Queen Coquette!"

"I ain't Queen Coquette. You're very ill-natured, Tom," replied Milly, between laughing and crying, and not quite sure whether it was not a compliment after all.

"Bring me some more pink calico, that's a good girl, May," cried Charlie.

"More silver paper, May, and white tape."

"There's none left," answered she.

"Then send a man and horse to fetch some more. I'm sure papa won't mind," shouted Tom from somewhere near the ceiling.

"It's quite too late, dear, and everybody's busy."

Still, every time she looked in, there was a fresh relay of requests.

"It's long past six," said she at last, "and people are to be here at seven."

"Oh, do you fasten up these roses, May, that's a darling. I *must* go and dress; there's only just time to do my hair!" cried Milly, fluttering down anxiously from her lofty perch.

"Halloo! there are the mids!" called Charlie, as a loud ring was heard, and three little sailors came into the room. "You'll finish this bit round the mantlepiece, May, that's a ducky. I must take them up-stairs directly." And he carried them off in a whirlwind almost before they had time to make their devoirs.

"Let me stay and help you May," cried Amy, affectionately.

"No, dear, we can't dress all together.

It'll really help most if you will go directly," she answered, with rather a sigh.

"How tired you will be, May, before we even begin!" said Lionel, coming in as his sister went out, still in his shooting-coat. He had been sitting in the study with his uncle, the only quiet place left in the house. He looked compassionately into her weary face as he helped her off the chair on which she was standing to complete the last of Charlie's mottoes. "You ought to have a cup of tea, or something, and to go and lie down. Let me fetch you one. It's too bad of the boys to drive you so; you won't enjoy the dancing a bit."

It was a comfort to get a word of sympathy in the turmoil, and May smiled gratefully, though there was no time to accept the offer. As she came down-stairs again ready equipped she met old Nursey, who had been busy helping in the regions below, and was now coming up to inspect her beloved child "in her grandeurs." She clung to the privilege of calling her still, like a child, by her name.

"Well, you do look just nice, my dear May! I will say that for you—there ain't one of 'um, I'll be bound, as'll look half so pretty as my child!" said the old woman proudly, as, with her candle in her hand, she walked round her on the landing, and examined her critically from top to toe. "Let me set your sash straight, dearie."

As she spoke, Lionel, who had just finished dressing, came suddenly out of his own door. May was standing at the top of the dark oak staircase, backed by the dim passage, with its carved cabinets and blue japan china. The light of a hanging lamp shone down upon the red camellia in her brown hair and the long eyelashes, which threw a shadow on her cheek, like the ripe side of a peach. She blushed and turned away as he said, smiling, "Let me look too, Nursey."

"Stay, Miss May, there's a pin loose," said the old woman, holding her by the gown.

"I like all that cloudy haze of white drapery; it's like a mist. What is it called? They didn't have such in the Kaffir wigwags, you know; so I'm improving my mind," he said with a laugh as they turned down-stairs together.

"What, have they begun already?" cried she, as the sound of the piano in the dining-room reached their ears.

"Only a preliminary canter, I suppose, before any one comes," replied Lionel.

All the young ones in the house had collected, and the fun was growing fast and

furious; much more so, indeed, than it would be later in the evening.

"May, come here!" cried Charlie. "Milly can't make out the steps of the 'Tempête.'"

"And Amy's forgotten the last half of the tune," followed up Tom.

"I'll find the music; but, Tom, we must go in and help in the drawing-room. There's another ring! And papa and mamma will be quite vexed if we all keep away like this, and don't do any duty. Do come."

But nobody paid the least attention, or indeed heard her; there was a furious gallop going on, and the noise drowned everything else.

"I'll come in and welcome, if that would be any use," said Lionel, following her into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Dimsdale, in rather lugubrious state, sat, looking much bored and rather repellant, and the Squire standing by the fire, shy and reserved, were receiving their guests with very unfestive solemnity. Two or three of those miserable early comers, who always arrive everywhere too soon, were there, like the first drops of a thunder shower; an awkward young curate, who had ridden ten miles; and a fat old woman, with a scraggy niece, who had chartered a fly, and wanted to be home early. Mrs. Dimsdale called up Lionel to her side, however, and her rigid brows relaxed; and when May came near her father a smile passed over his face, even in the midst of his troubles. It was extremely tiresome and slow for some time, but at length the folk arrived, the move was made, and business began in earnest.

May was a little too anxious about everything to enjoy herself thoroughly, for the brunt of the entertaining fell upon her. Her mother retreated early into the empty drawing-room—"out of the noise," she said—with a disengaged matron or two; Mr. Dimsdale, although he did his best to be kind to his guests, disappeared several times in the course of the evening; Charlie and Tom were far too intent on amusing themselves with the prettiest girls and the best dancers to be of any use; and, if it had not been for Lionel, she would hardly have known how to get through. He danced, at her request, with the plain young ladies, who ought not to be neglected, was civil to the old ones, who wanted to carry off their broods too soon, and his handsome, soldier look and manner made him very popular, while his unselfish courtesy to everybody was a godsend to poor May.

"You are keeping that dance before sup-

per for me, May," he said, coming back to her side, looking rather weary as he deposited the "young lady of forty," who was an insatiable waltzer, by her chaperon, considerably younger than herself.

"Oh, Lionel, how good you are! We never should have managed without you I'm sure. Charlie is too bad, he doesn't help a bit—he hasn't danced one duty dance all night."

"I was aide-de-camp to General Benyon for three months when poor Amyot died, you know," he answered, with a smile, "so I'm up to the work. Never mind Charlie; let him enjoy himself."

It was the third time she had danced with him; for while he was doing both her brothers' duty, she could hardly refuse anything he asked of her.

"Charlie, you really ought to dance with Sophia Longmore. You've neither of you been near her the whole evening; it's quite rude; and she's Mr. Drayton's niece after all."

"Here's metal more attractive," said Charlie, with a profound bow to Milly of the Dockyard, quoting not from Hamlet, however, but a burlesque; "Sophia is such a prig, and so affected. Make Tom do it."

"But I have asked him, and he won't go."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm engaged ten deep. Tell her I'll come after that. I believe that I am to have the honour of dancing this dance with you?" he said, taking hold of his exceedingly pretty little cousin.

Milly was in great spirits, but, having reached the mature age of fifteen, was torn in sunder by the desire of being grand and womanly and wearing long gowns, and the temptation to be mad and merry with the child privileges of short ones.

"How funny it is to see Charlie here!" said she to May, coming up out of breath after "such a jolly galop." "But you can't waltz a bit, and you know I like Tom best to dance with," she added, with a sidelong glance over her shoulder away from her partner.

"Because he's the tallest man in the room," retorted Charlie, "and you're the shortest girl, by a long chalk."

"You shouldn't be so rude to a lady!" replied Milly with dignity. "You've no notion how proper he is at the Dockyard dinners, May; he says nothing but, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to papa, hardly, and very quietly too."

It was quite true; the Admiral kept his officers, if not his daughters, in excellent

order, and held Master Charlie at arm's length whenever he appeared in the house.

"Lionel," she called out as she prepared to whisk off again, but throwing out another grappler for future operations, "you haven't danced with me yet, remember."

"I'm not so tall as Tom," replied Lionel, smiling lazily, "and I'm too old and stiff for such a particular little dainty lady."

"I'm not particular, and I'm not dainty," pouted Milly.

"Then I am," replied he, with hard-hearted composure.

"The dancing was much more graceful in my day, and the girls were prettier," said Mrs. Dimsdale to an old lady, at whose request she had come to look once more into the dining-room. She looked very stately in her silver grey, and a profusion of black lace, as she stood in the doorway. "I call the dancing nowadays great romping."

"I'm sure Miss May doesn't romp or flirt either," said the lady, watching May's rather anxious face as she moved about the room, having just danced with the curate, and standing up now again with Charlie's youngest mid.

"No," answered her mother rather absently; "but she can't dance like Cecilia, and her father doesn't like her to waltz. Lucy, why don't you go to bed? I never allowed my children to sit up in this way; but the Admiral spoils those two girls so dreadfully." She was growing very tired and rather cross.

"It's curious how plaintive that waltz music is. I can't think why," said Mr. Drayton, who was looking benignantly on the dancers once more before he went away, after doing his best to console the Squire under his afflictions. "Don't look so careworn, my Mayflower; it's part of your duty, remember, to enjoy yourself," was his parting greeting.

At this moment Mrs. Longmore came ambling up to her hostess. "Ah, dear Mrs. Dimsdale, I am afraid all this noise and bustle is very trying to you! but we must all make sacrifices for our children! I myself . . . not exactly the scene . . . dear girl. As the dear Bishop once said . . ." It was more convenient to generalize her sentences and veil her hints, and the end was lost as she moved forwards.

"May," whispered Charlie, who was within earshot, "didn't I tell you? 'Sac-rifice.' 'dear girl,' it's all there! only we had the dear Bishop instead of the Canon, in honour of the greatness of the occasion!"

"Miss Dimsdale," interrupted the little mid, who always came to her at the end of every dance for a fresh partner. "I've asked all those ladies you introduced me to a second time, and they're all engaged, they say; I want a new one. Oh! not those children!" he said with disgust as she was taking him up to some pretty little girls.

Altogether, it was rather hard work, and she was glad when the evening was at length at an end. At night, when she thought the whole over, she was sorry for the three dances with Lionel. Having been very much troubled at what she called her "misfortunes" with Walter, she wished to be most particularly on her guard. "However, I'm sure he couldn't mistake anyhow," she comforted herself. "I treat him just like Tom and Charlie."

Breakfast next morning in the bright sunny south room was late for those who had not gone off by early trains and coaches; and the discussions on past glorious deeds lively and long.

"What a shame it was of you, Charlie! You waltzed half the night with Isabel Forster!"

"Because she waltzed better than any one else in the room," said he undauntedly.

"Didn't you admire Miss Trower's wig, with a rose stitched into the side, and its splendid coronet of false hair?" laughed Milly. "Such fun!"

"Wasn't she a stunner!" burst out the little mid, only half hearing, with tremendous earnestness, and amidst a shout of laughter. He had very much admired her as the biggest woman there.

"Milly was the prettiest creature in the room by far," whispered May at her end of the table, not meaning to be heard; but Milly's ears were as quick as her eyes in such matters, and her little person smiled all over.

"It was the jolliest dance I have had for some time," said Charlie, rubbing his hands. He found that he was much more considered as his father's son in his father's house than as an accidental mid at a dockyard ball, and enjoyed his consequence accordingly.

"I think I like better dancing at other people's balls," said May.

"You're so abominably conscientious. Why can't you let the ugly old maids take care of themselves?"

"Perhaps if you were one, you mightn't think so; you'd be glad to see May come up to you. I'm sure I should," observed his father, looking down the long table at her. "May, will you remember to look

after me when I am an ugly old maid, please, and not after Charlie?"

"No, papa: that's not fair. I wasn't depreciating May's attentions a bit. I thought them only too good for Miss Trower. But we must really be off, Brand," said he, turning to the mids. "I say, Lionel, do you really mean that you'll lend me that pistol?"

And they all left the room except May, who remained behind to give her father another cup of tea.

"To be sure, it is a queer pleasure," said he. "I went out at the garden door last night to see that all was going on right outside, and I looked in at the dining-room window, where I couldn't hear, and stopped my ears to the music, and to see you all bobbing about like a parcel of mad grasshoppers, without rhyme or reason, was more absurd than you can fancy," said the Squire, cynically.

"Yes, papa, dear," said May, coming behind him with his cup of tea, and kissing the top of his bald head. "But you know you used to like dancing too when you were a grasshopper yourself."

"More fool I," answered he.

"No, pappy: there's a time to dance and a time to be still, and he's a nicer papa than he would have been if he had not gone through each in its season," said she, affectionately.

"And then it's such trouble to the servants! There have been three breakfasts, at least, this very morning, for the early starts, before this one, and all the horses and grooms for ten miles round eating their heads off last night in the stable-yard."

"Yes, papa; but it's only for once. I believe the servants like it for once, and Charlie isn't often at home, and so many people enjoyed it. It was a very kind thing to do for them all, and everybody felt it to be so. It wasn't to please yourself—everybody knew that; and you gave such a quantity of pleasure;" and she put her two arms round his neck, and her father's features relaxed, if he did not absolutely smile.

It was harder work to soothe her mother, who had been bored and neglected, she declared, all the evening, and wearied with the noise and the lights.

"And I didn't know half the people in the room! I'm sure everybody must have brought all their cousins—it was too bad! and people whom I've avoided visiting all these years, that Charlie has brought down upon us in this way, and I must begin seeing now!"

"Dear mother, I'm sure you needn't call

on any of them. Everbody understood that the party was for your children's pleasure, not yours."

But Mrs. Dimsdale refused to be comforted; she was always rather more querulous than usual when "poor Charlie" went away. In spite of his crimes, he was her favourite son, and she expended an immense amount of very unnecessary pity on that most prosperous young gentleman.

"And there's Charlie. I'm sure I don't know when I shall see him again," she was beginning, almost in tears, when Lionel came to the rescue. His aunt was exceedingly fond of him; she was by no means insensible to the *caprice des yeux*; she had been a beauty herself, and valued the quality in others. The plainness of her sons was a trial to her, and she fell back on her nephew. And as he assisted her progress into the drawing-room, looked after her paraphernalia of bags and baskets, fetched and carried for her, he smoothed down the old lady into good humour again, and greatly facilitated May's task during that somewhat dreary time—the day after a ball; when all the litter and damage are full in view, and the pleasure is over, and the excitement has run down like a clock.

They sat in the drawing-room that evening trying to keep awake; while Milly sang the most desperately sentimental songs in her rather sensational repertory.

"Why don't you practise that accompaniment, Milly? That song would be very pretty, if you could play it better," said her aunt, half asleep.

"Some people think it very pretty as it is," whispered she, audaciously.

"I don't like all that sugar and water, Milly," said Lionel, at last. "I wish you'd sing something wholesome and settling, instead of all that rubbish about endearing young charms, and 'cherish wreaths for ever,' and the rest of it."

"You'd like this better, I suppose," replied Milly disdainfully, beginning a nigger melody.

Lionel never would flirt with her, and she therefore unconsciously, in her half-childish desire for empire, like larger coquettes, bestowed a greater share of attention on him than upon anybody else in the house.

"There's a capital chorus to that; let's have it," cried Tom, joining in with the sort of roar which he considered singing.

"What was that pretty German song, May, you were playing the other day?" put in Lionel. "There was a chorus to that, too."

Milly, rather ostentatiously, made way for her cousin.

"No, dear; you'll play it much better than I can," replied May, pressing her down again on the music stool.

"What are you all about, you children? Are you going to sing all night? Go to bed. Do you know what o'clock it is?" said the Squire, waking suddenly out of a doze.

"Oh, papa, let us have one more song."

"Only one more, Uncle Dimsdale," sounded on all sides.

"And it shall be such a respectable and proper one for Lionel!" said Milly, looking up into his face, as she began "For Auld Lang Syne;" "and it shall have a chorus for Tom," she went on, with a glance at the other side.

The old rich melody rang through the large room with a certain pathos in the contrast of its words with the fresh young voices which were singing it, and the Squire paused

on his way to the door, turned, and stood listening until the end. There is a sort of complex feeling in all emotions late in life; they do not stand alone in the experience of the man, with whom a whole chord of associations and recollections is often awakened by a single tone. Young things always believe that what they are doing and thinking is quite new and peculiar to themselves. There is no background to their lives or their thoughts, which is probably the reason of the general absence of sympathy amongst them with all sorrow and trouble not exactly like their own.

Still, real sympathy, either in the old or the young, is among the rarest of qualities. What is usually given as such is merely a reflected compassion of our own selves or our own sorrows in the person of another.

FOSSIL BIRDS AND REPTILES OF AMERICA. — PROF O. C. MARSH, of Yale College, Connecticut, contributed to the March No. of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, a notice of some fossil birds from the cretaceous and tertiary formations of the United States. Since the threetoed footprints in the Connecticut river sandstone have been shewn to be those of Dinosaurian reptiles, no species of birds has been included in the fossil fauna of America. Prof. Marsh is now able to describe five species of birds from the cretaceous beds (chiefly the greensand) of New Jersey; and a few remains also from the tertiary beds of the United States, the latter not differing generically from existing birds of the puffin, guillemot, and crane tribes. The Saurian remains, also from the cretaceous strata, belong to the Mosasauroids, a group comparatively rare in the Old World and affording a striking contrast to the *Irthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, the prevalent forms in Europe. The same geologist also describes a new and gigantic fossil serpent, the *Dinophis grandis*, from the tertiary greensand of New Jersey, the largest specimen of any known class of fossil Ophidians, and not surpassed by the largest of modern serpents.

REMAINS OF MAN IN CALIFORNIA. — IN the *Transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences*, vol. i., p. 2, Dr. J. W. Foster claims for the human skull discovered last summer in the gold-drift of California, a greater antiquity than that of any of the human remains which have

hitherto come to light in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens, in the valley of the Somme, or in the loess of the Rhine. It was found in a shaft 150 feet deep, 2 miles from Angelos, in Calaveras Co., California, and is now in the possession of the State Geological Survey. The shaft passes through five beds of lava and volcanic tuff, and four deposits of auriferous gravel. The upper bed of tuff was homogeneous, and without any crack through which a skull could have been introduced from above. The date of these gravels is referred to the Pliocene, i.e. the age before the volcanic eruptions took place which cover a great part of the state, an age preceding the mastodon, the elephant, and other pachyderms. Since the appearance of man, therefore, in that region, the physical features have undergone mighty changes. The volcanic peaks of the Sierra have been lifted up, the glaciers have descended into the valleys, freighted with gravels, and the great canons themselves have been excavated in the solid rock.

Good government, like most other things, can be bought; but it is very seldom that the governed people have been willing to pay the actual money value for good government. They are parsimonious in the only outlay which can secure a judicious national parsimony. If there ever was anything to which the common proverb "Penny-wise and pound foolish" may be applied, it is in the small savings gained by inadequate payment for services rendered to the State.

Arthur Helps.

From the Cornhill Magazine.
THE SUN'S CORONA.

ONE after another the mysterious problems presented by the sun to man's contemplation have been solved by astronomers. We have learned what are the substances which compose his giant bulk. We know much respecting the condition in which those substances exist. The strange red prominences which are seen round the black disc of the moon in total eclipse, "like garnets round a brooch of jet," have not only been interpreted, but our astronomers, calling in to their aid the subtle powers of the most wonderful instrument of research yet devised by man, have been enabled to discern these objects when the sun is shining with full splendour in the heavens—nay, even to measure their motion, and to gauge the pressure exerted by the gases which compose their substance. But one great problem yet remains unsolved. When the sun's orb is hidden in total eclipse there bursts suddenly into view a crown or glory of light, resembling the *nimbus* which painters place around the heads of saints. Sometimes presenting the appearance of a uniform circular halo, at others radiated and even irregular in aspect, this striking phenomenon had long attracted the attention and invited the curiosity of astronomers. But recently, owing to the nature of the information obtained respecting the sun's substance and the coloured flames which play over his surface, the corona has been regarded with a new and much greater interest. There is, perhaps, at this moment, no problem in astronomy which attracts so much attention, or whose solution would be hailed more eagerly. It is not concealed, that though the expedition which is to set forth to view the eclipse of next December will be provided with the means of renewing, and probably improving upon, the researches made into the other phenomena of total eclipses, yet its main object is to determine, if possible, what is the nature of the corona. If no new information shall have been obtained, during the coming eclipse, respecting this singular solar appendage, it will be admitted by astronomers that the primary object of the expedition has remained unachieved.

It may interest our readers, therefore, to have some account of the observations which have been already made upon the corona, and to consider, though but briefly, the chief theories which have been put forward in explanation of the phenomenon.

The corona was known to astronomers long before those coloured prominences

which have recently received so much attention. It has even been supposed that Philostratus refers to the appearance of this object where he remarks, in his *Life of Appollonius*, that "there appeared in the heavens"—shortly before the death of Domitian "a prodigy of the following nature—a certain *corona*, resembling the iris, surrounded the orb of the sun and obscured his light." One might conceive that there was no reference here to a total eclipse of the sun; but Philostratus remarks farther on, that the darkness was like that of night, a circumstance which leaves little doubt that a solar eclipse had taken place.

It is, in fact, worthy of remark, that the light of the corona often misled the observers of total eclipses to suppose that, in reality, a portion of the sun had remained uncovered. Kepler was at the pains to write a treatise to prove that certain eclipses, supposed to be only annular, had, in reality, been total. A year after he had published this treatise, he himself had an opportunity of witnessing the total eclipse at Naples in 1605, respecting which he remarks, that "the whole body of the sun was completely covered for a short time, but around it there shone a brilliant light of a reddish hue and uniform breadth, which occupied a considerable part of the heavens."

From this time scarcely a single total eclipse has occurred, during which the aspect and dimensions of the corona have not been noted. It would be easy to fill a volume with the various observations which indicate the most important peculiarities of the corona, and especially those which may help us to ascertain the real nature of the object.

One of the earliest accounts of this nature is that given by Dr. Wyberd of the total eclipse of March 29, 1652. "When the sun was reduced to a narrow crescent of light," he remarks, "the moon all at once threw herself within the margin of the solar disc"—(a peculiarity which has been observed under favourable circumstances by others, and is, of course, only apparent)—"with such agility, that she seemed to revolve like an upper millstone, affording a pleasant spectacle of rotary motion. In reality, however, the sun was totally eclipsed, and the appearance was due to a corona of light round the moon, arising from some unknown cause. It had a uniform breadth of half a digit or a third of a digit at least; it emitted a bright and radiating light, and appeared concentric with the sun and moon" when the centres of the two discs were at their nearest.

It will presently be seen that the extent of the corona on this occasion was far less than during many modern eclipses; in fact, Dr. Wyberd's account would seem to indicate that he only noticed the brighter part of the corona which lies close by the black disc of the moon. Otherwise the extent of the corona on this occasion was exceptionally small. Strangely enough, the next account we have to refer to assigns to the corona an exceptionally large extension from the sun.

During the eclipse of May 12, 1706, M.M. Plantade and Capiés saw a very bright ring of white light surrounding the eclipsed sun, and extending to a distance equal to about a tenth of the moon's apparent diameter. This was, in all probability, that brighter portion of the corona which Dr. Wyberd saw. Outside this brilliant ring of light a fainter light was seen, which faded off insensibly until — at a distance from the sun equal to about eight times his apparent diameter — the light was lost in the obscure background of the sky.

This observation serves very well to indicate the interest and importance attaching to the solution of the problem presented by the corona. We shall see presently that a question exists whether the corona is, on the one hand, a solar appendage, or, on the other, a phenomenon due merely to the passage of the sun's rays through our atmosphere. The observation just described, would in the one case indicate that the object has a real extension enormously exceeding that of any known celestial object — save perhaps the tails of certain comets — while in the other case, the corona would have no more scientific importance than those long radial beams formed by the light of the sun shining through a bank of clouds. Enormous as is the bulk of the sun — so enormous that the earth on which we live sinks into utter nothingness by comparison — the actual extent of space filled by the coronal light on the former supposition, could exceed the volume of the sun more than two thousand times!

It is not without some little shame that astronomers refer to the great total eclipse of 1715. Although this eclipse was visible in England, and though it occurred in the time of so great an astronomer as Halley, no adequate preparations were made for observing it. Coates, indeed — a practical astronomer, whose observations would have had a high value — was "oppressed with too much company," Halley tells us, to pay special attention to the eclipse. Halley himself made a few common-place notes on the phenomena presented by the totally

eclipsed sun, but we learn nothing new from them respecting the corona.

Nor were the French astronomers more energetic in 1724. But one observation made by Maraldi is worth noticing. He perceived that at the beginning of the eclipse the corona was clearly broader on the side towards which the moon was advancing than on the opposite side, while at the end of the eclipse the reverse was the case. This would seem to show that the corona is a solar appendage, since the moon thus seemed to traverse the corona precisely as she traversed the sun.

The observation made by Maraldi was confirmed by several who observed the total eclipse of 1733 in Sweden. A special interest attaches to this eclipse, because instead of being observed only by astronomers, it was watched by a large number of persons invited to the work by the Royal Society of Sweden. As many of those who propose to join the expedition to view the eclipse of next December have decided to direct their attention to the general aspect of the corona, it is interesting to inquire how far such observations are likely to add to our knowledge. In this respect the Swedish narrative is most encouraging. At Catherinesholm, the pastor of Forshem noticed that the ring of light which appeared round the black disc of the moon was of a reddish colour, an observation confirmed by Vallerius, another pastor, who noticed, however, that at a considerable distance from the sun the ring appeared of a greenish hue. The pastor of Smoland states that "during the total obscuration the edge of the moon's disc resembled gilded brass, and that the faint ring around it emitted rays in an upward as well as in a downward direction, similar to those seen beneath the sun when a shower of rain is impending." The mathematical lecturer in the Academy of Charlestadt, M. Edstrom, observed these rays with special attention, and remarks respecting them that "they plainly maintained the same position until they vanished along with the ring upon the reappearance of the sun." On the other hand, the ring as seen at Lincopia seemed to have no rays.

It is important to inquire whether this difference in the aspect of the corona, as seen at different stations, is due to the condition of the air, the eyesight of the observer, or other such causes. For clearly, if the observer at Lincopia saw an object really different from that seen by Edstrom, it would follow that the corona is a phenomenon of our own atmosphere and not a solar appendage. On other occasions a like difference has been recorded in the aspect

of the corona as seen at different stations; but we do not remember any observations which seem calculated to resolve the question just suggested, until the great total eclipse observed last year in America. It is easy to see that, whatever theory of the corona we adopt, the condition of the atmosphere might be expected to affect the aspect of the ring. For obviously this would happen if the coronal light is merely due to the illumination of our atmosphere; while, if the light comes from beyond our atmosphere, it would still be brighter or fainter according as the air was more or less clear. The only convincing form of evidence would be such as showed that some peculiarity of figure, noticed when the ring was seen under unfavourable atmospheric conditions, remained recognizable notwithstanding a great increase in the apparent extent of the ring, when seen at some distant station, under more favourable circumstances.

Now during the great eclipse of last year, very remarkable evidence was given, fulfilling these very conditions.

In the first place, all the astronomers who observed the eclipse along the whole path of the shadow, from where it first fell upon America far in the North-west to the point where it left the American continent and fell upon the Atlantic, noticed the singularly quadrilateral aspect of the corona. This was not only observed with the naked eye, but by telescopists; and in one instance photography recorded the peculiarity most satisfactorily. But this four-cornered aspect belonged only to a portion of the coronal light lying relatively close to the sun. The most distant corner of the four lay at a distance from the moon's disc scarcely exceeding half the moon's apparent diameter. Outside the cornered figure lay a faint glare of light which seemed to most observers to merge uniformly and gradually into the dark tints of the sky far away from the eclipsed sun.

But there was one party of observers who were stationed above those lower and denser regions of the atmosphere which are most effective in obstructing the passage of light, and especially of light so faint as that which comes from the outer parts of the corona. General Myer, Colonel Winthrop, and others ascended to the summit of White Top Mountain, near Abingdon in Virginia, and thence, at a height of some 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and immersed so much more deeply in the shadow of the moon than the observers at lower levels, they had an opportunity of witnessing the imposing phenomena presented during a total eclipse of

the sun. The account they give of the corona becomes, under these circumstances, most instructive. "To the unaided eye," says General Myer, "the eclipse presented, during the total obscuration, a vision magnificent beyond description. As a centre stood the full and intensely black disc of the moon, surrounded by an aureola of soft bright light, through which shot out, as if from the circumference of the moon, straight massive silvery rays, seeming distinct and separate from each other, to a distance of two or three diameters of the lunar disc; the whole spectacle showing as upon a background of diffused rose-coloured light. . . . The silvery rays were longest and most prominent at four points of the circumference — two upon the upper, and two upon the lower portion, apparently equidistant from each other. . . . giving the spectacle a quadrilateral form. The angles of the quadrangle were about opposite the north-eastern, north-western, south-eastern, and south-western points of the disc" (an arrangement corresponding precisely with the observations made at lower levels). "There was no motion of the rays — they seemed concentric."

Nothing, as it should seem, could be more convincing than the evidence given by this observation. The radial extensions which, to the observer near the sea-level, reached only to a distance from the moon's edge equalling about half the moon's diameter, were recognized at the higher station as rays four times as long. The influence of the atmosphere in blotting out, so to speak, the fainter portions of the corona is thus made manifest, — and so far the evidence strongly favours (to say the least) the supposition that the corona is something lying much farther from us than the limits of the earth's atmosphere.

Let us return, however, to the records of earlier eclipses. Strangely enough the next we have to deal with corresponds very closely with the American eclipse of last year as respects the appearance presented by the corona. "The most remarkable feature exhibited by the corona," remarks Professor Grant, speaking of the eclipse of February 1766, "consisted of four luminous expansions, separated from each other by equal intervals."

The Spanish admiral, Don Antonio d'Alloa, gives an interesting account of the appearance presented by the corona during the total eclipse of 1778. He states that "five or six seconds after the commencement of the total obscuration, a brilliant luminous circle was seen surrounding the moon, which became more vivid as the cen-

tre of that body continued to approach the centre of the sun. About the middle of the eclipse, its breadth was equal to one-sixth of the moon's diameter. There appeared issuing from it a great number of rays of unequal length, which could be discerned to a distance equal to a lunar diameter. It seemed to be indued with a rapid rotatory motion, which caused it to resemble a fire-work turning round its centre. The colour of the light was not uniform throughout the whole breadth of the ring. Towards the margin of the lunar disc it appeared of a reddish hue; then it changed to a pale yellow, and from the middle to the outer border the yellow gradually became fainter until at length it seemed almost quite white."

Passing over several intermediate eclipses, we come to the great eclipse of 1842, remarkable on account of the number of eminent astronomers of all nations who took part in observing it.

The most noteworthy feature in the records of this eclipse, is the very wide range of difference in the estimates of the extent attained by the coronal ring. M. Petit, at Montpellier, estimated the width of the corona at barely one-fourth of the moon's diameter. Francis Baily—it was during this eclipse, by the way, that the phenomenon known as "Baily's Beads" was first observed with attention—considered that the corona was about twice as wide. To Otto Struve, the eminent Prussian observer, the corona seemed yet wider, falling little short of the moon's apparent diameter in extension.

It is interesting to notice these discrepancies between the observations of modern astronomers of repute for accuracy and observing skill. It shows that the differences recorded in the aspect of the corona are not due to such errors as unpractised observers might be expected to make. We shall presently see the importance of thus separating truthful from untrustworthy observations.

Arago made a similar observation during the progress of this eclipse. He remarked in one of the brighter portions of the corona, "a luminous spot composed of jets entwined in each other, and resembling in appearance a hank of threads in disorder." It is difficult to understand what this may have been. It would almost seem to give evidence in favour of a view recently put forward, that the light of the corona comes from innumerable streams of meteors in the neighbourhood of the sun.

Some of the rays of the corona during this eclipse were estimated by the younger

Struve as nearly eight times the moon's apparent diameter in length, the first instance, be it noted, in which a modern observation has confirmed the account given by M.M. Plantade and Capiés in 1706.

In 1851 the Astronomer Royal had a second opportunity of observing the solar corona. It affords interesting evidence of the variability in the appearance of this object according to the circumstances under which it is observed, that Mr. Airy recognized a distinct difference not merely in the extent but in the figure of the corona on this occasion. He says, "The corona was far broader than that which I saw in 1842. Roughly speaking, its breadth was little less than the moon's diameter, but its outline was very irregular. I did not notice any beams projecting from it which deserved notice as much more conspicuous than the others, but the whole was beamy, radiated in structure, and terminated—though very indefinitely—in a way which reminded me of the ornament frequently placed round a mariner's compass. Its colour was white, or resembling that of Venus. I saw no flickering or unsteadiness of light. It was not separated from the moon by any dark ring, nor had it any annular structure. It looked like a radiated luminous cloud behind the moon."

In 1860 the Astronomer Royal again witnessed the phenomenon which accompany a total eclipse of the sun; and again, his evidence respecting the corona assigns to it a figure resembling, "with some irregularities, the ornament round a compass-card."

And now we are approaching, or, rather, we have already reached the era when other modes of research than mere telescopic observation were to be applied to this perplexing phenomenon. In 1860, Mr. De la Rue and the Padre Secchi succeeded in photographing the eclipsed sun; and though but a small portion of the corona is discernible in their photographs, yet it is quite evident, on a careful comparison of pictures taken at stations widely separated, that at least the brighter portion of the corona belongs to the sun. Where the coronal radiance is brightest or extends farthest in Mr. De la Rue's pictures, there also in F. Secchi's can be recognized corresponding peculiarities.

Then, after a considerable interval, came the great eclipse of August, 1868, when an effort was made to apply the powers of the spectroscope to the interpretation of the corona. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, by-the-by, that the results of so important an observation as Major Ten-

nant's spectroscopic study of the corona should be quite commonly misquoted — but so it is. We have before us, as we write, his own statement, in which are the words (*italicized*), "What I saw was undoubtedly a continuous spectrum, and I saw no lines;" followed by the remark, "there may have been dark lines, of course, but with so faint a spectrum. . . . they might escape notice." Yet in Roscoe's most valuable treatise on spectrum analysis there occur the words, "Major Tennant states that the spectrum of the corona is the ordinary solar spectrum;" and the American astronomers who observed the eclipse of last year repeat the statement, commenting with surprise on the fact that *they* could see no dark lines in the coronal spectrum.

The distinction between what Major Tennant actually saw and what he is supposed to have seen is most important. If the corona gave a spectrum resembling the sun's, it would be reasonable to conclude that the light of the corona was simply reflected sunlight. But if the spectrum of the corona shows no dark lines we can no longer suppose this. A burning solid gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum of this sort, without dark lines; and though it would not be proved it would at least be rendered probable, were this the nature of the coronal spectrum, that the light of the corona comes from actually incandescent substances.

It was hoped that the American astronomers would have obtained decisive results; but a new source of perplexity was introduced by their observations. They satisfied themselves that the coronal spectrum really is continuous, for they observed it under conditions which removed all the doubts referred to by Major Tennant. But superposed upon the faint rainbow-tinted streak they saw bright lines. Professor Harkness saw one line only, but Professor Young saw three.

Now, it is only necessary to know what is the interpretation of a spectral bright line to understand the strange significance of this new observation. A glowing vapour gives a spectrum of bright lines. But surprising as the conclusion would be that the corona consists, either wholly or in part, of glowing vapour, it is when we consider the nature of the vapour indicated by the coronal bright lines that the most startling result of all is suggested. One of the bright lines corresponds in place with a line belonging to the spectrum of the glowing vapour of *iron*. This metal, which requires so intense a heat for its liquefaction, and, therefore, a yet more tremendous heat to

vaporize it, would actually seem (from the evidence) to be present in the form of glowing vapour in the sun's corona. Here are the words of Professor Harkness — who is thoroughly familiar with the laws of spectroscopic analysis — announcing his acceptance of a conclusion as probable, which is so startling that we could not venture to leave it on record without such confirmation, lest haply the reader should regard it as simply arising from a misinterpretation of the evidence: — "I consider the conclusion highly probable, if not actually proved, that the corona is a very rarefied self-luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and, perhaps, principally composed of the incandescent vapour of iron." And what renders the conclusion so much the more remarkable is that Professor Harkness has adduced evidence to show that the heat of the summits of the coloured prominences is such as would be sufficient to vaporize iron. The corona would be less heated, one would suppose, than the prominences which lie so much nearer to the sun.

Such are the observations which astronomers and physicists have made upon the corona. We have indicated in passing some of the theories suggested by special observations, but we have now to inquire what are the general results to which this series of researches, regarded as a whole, appears to tend.

The theories which have been put forward by astronomers in explanation of the solar corona are not many in number, and some of them need not occupy us for any length of time, as modern researches have practically disposed of them.

The theory that the corona is due to a lunar atmosphere is associated with the names of the eminent astronomers Kepler and Halley. It is probable that the latter would have been even more confident of its truth than he actually was, had it not been that the opinion of his great friend Newton was opposed to his theory. Such, at least, has been the interpretation placed upon Halley's remark that "the contrary sentiments of one whose judgment he should always revere" caused him to feel doubtful as to Kepler's theory.

We now know quite certainly that the moon has no atmosphere which could account for the appearance of the corona. It is doubtful whether the moon has any atmosphere at all; but most assuredly if she have any it must be very limited in extent. When the moon passes over a star, the disappearance of the star is quite sudden; there is no sign whatever of that gradual diminution of the star's light which would undoubtedly be

recognized if the moon had an atmosphere of appreciable extent.

The French astronomers La Hire and De Lisle put forward two theories, which may also be dismissed as untenable in the presence of recent researches. According to each theory, the appearance of the corona is caused by an action on the sun's rays, that action taking place at the edge of the moon's disc — the difference between the two theories being that La Hire ascribed the action to the inequalities of the moon's surface and their power of reflecting the solar rays, while De Lisle supposed that the sun's rays were diffracted at the moon's edge. We owe to Baden Powell and Sir David Brewster the disproof of De Lisle's theory, De Lisle himself having disposed of La Hire's.

There remain, then, only those two theories to consider, which, at the present time, divide the attention of astronomers. According to one the corona is a true solar appendage, and one of the most remarkable features in the universe; according to the other the corona is simply a terrestrial phenomenon, due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The latter theory is that advanced by M. Faye, and is supported by M. Lockyer, the skilful solar spectroscopist; the former is the opinion entertained by Sir John Herschel and the astronomer Royal, and has recently been advocated somewhat earnestly in papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. It is hoped that the observations to be made during the eclipse of next December will set the question finally at rest. In the meantime let us briefly consider the arguments adduced for and against the rival theories.

We owe to the researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer one of the most effective arguments against the theory that the corona is a solar atmosphere. It will be obvious that if the corona be such an atmosphere, it will exert a pressure upon the sun's surface corresponding to that pressure which our own atmosphere exerts upon the surface of the earth. But then the pressure exerted by the coronal atmosphere would be incalculably greater. Our own atmosphere we have reason to believe, does not extend much more than 100 miles above the sea-level. Now the corona is visible under favourable circumstances, at a distance from the sun equal to his own diameter — setting aside all considerations of the radial projections. In other words it certainly does not extend less than 850,000 miles from his surface. Regarded as an atmosphere, therefore, the corona is cer-

tainly not less than 8,000 times as deep as our own. On this account alone the pressure it would exert would be enormously greater. For it is to be noted that the pressure exerted by our air would not be merely doubled were the height of the atmosphere doubled, trebled were that height trebled, and so on, but would increase at a much more rapid rate. If a mine were sunk into the earth in order to measure the increase of atmospheric pressure with depth, instead of a depth of 100 miles being required in order to have a double pressure, only 3 1-2 miles would be needed. At the bottom of a mine 7 miles deep the pressure would be four times as great as at the sea-level; 10 1-2 miles deep the pressure would be eight times as great; 14 miles deep the pressure would be sixteen times as great, and so on, like the expense of the miser's grave, "doubling as we descend" for every 3 1-2 miles. It requires no great knowledge of arithmetic to see that the pressure at a depth of 100 miles or so would be millions of times greater than that at the sea-level.* It will be seen, therefore, how inconceivably great the pressure exerted by a solar atmosphere some 8,000 times as deep as ours would necessarily be, let the nature of the gases composing it be what it may.

But this is not all. We have hitherto only compared the height of the supposed solar atmosphere with that of the earth's. We must not forget that the sun's attractive energy so enormously exceeds the earth's that even though his atmosphere were no deeper than ours (and similarly constituted) the pressure exerted on his surface would be enormously increased. If a man could be placed on the solar surface his own weight would crush him as effectually as though while on the earth a weight of a couple of tons were heaped upon him. In precisely the same way the pressure of the solar atmosphere is increased by the enormous force with which the sun drags towards himself every particle composing that atmosphere.

Now it happens that we know quite well that the pressure exerted by the real solar atmosphere even close by the bright surface which forms the visible globe of the sun, is nothing like so great as it would be if the corona formed part of that atmosphere. The bright lines constituting the spectrum of the coloured prominences would be many times thicker than they are if the pressure were so great; for spectroscopists have found, by means of experiments made in

* The actual number representing the proportionate pressure would consist of no less than nine figures, being very nearly two hundred millions.

the laboratory, that with increase of pressure the spectral bright lines of a gas increase in thickness.

Here, then, we have the most conclusive proof possible that the corona is not a solar atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, those who argue that the corona is a solar appendage, ask how it happens, if the phenomenon is due to the illumination of our own atmosphere, that the moon looks black in the very heart of this illumination. If our air were illuminated, its light would extend over the moon also — since the moon lies so far beyond its limits; whereas the moon is as a dark disc on the background of the coronal light. This very word background, obviously applicable to the corona as actually seen, indicates that the source of the coronal light is beyond the moon.

Here, then (to mention no other considerations), we have the most conclusive evidence that the corona is not a phenomenon of our own atmosphere.

But then the corona is clearly *somewhere*

and *something*. If its light comes from beyond the moon, we need not doubt that it comes from the sun's neighbourhood; and again, if the corona is not a solar atmosphere, we can scarcely doubt that it is a solar appendage. It would seem to follow that the corona is due to bodies of some sort travelling around the sun, and by their motion preserved either from falling towards him (in which case the corona would quickly disappear) or from producing any pressure upon his surface, as an atmosphere would.

Whatever the corona may be, it is clear that regarding it as a solar appendage — a conclusion which seems forced upon us by the evidence — it is presented to us as one of the most striking and imposing of all the phenomena of the solar system. It is a fitting crown of glory for that orb which sways the planets by its attraction, warms them by its fires, illuminates them by the splendour of its light, and pours forth on all of them the electric and chemic influences which are as necessary as light and heat for the welfare of their inhabitants.

No man can doubt that government is becoming more and more difficult in the present age. The criticism, therefore, of governmental action becomes more and more important. There is a possibility of its rising to such a pitch as to enervate the action of Government.

A Government is placed in especial difficulty as regards hostile criticism; and for this reason — because it cannot always explain. In questions of art or literature, although the person criticized will not (as I have said above) be wise to reply directly to his critic, yet he has the power of addressing his own little public, and pointing out to them that the criticism is harsh or unjust. The same thing applies as regards family criticism. But it often happens that a Government must bear silently all kinds of hostile criticism, being restrained from reply by sound reasons of State policy. Every one who has been versed in matters of government knows this, and must have often felt that a single sentence, which, however, cannot *then* be spoken, would amply answer the hostile criticism which the Government has to endure.

There is one thing which is often forgotten in criticizing the action of Government. It is that very few persons are concerned in this action — sometimes only two or three. It is true that those two or three frequently know more about the subject than all the world besides. But it is a hard thing for them to meet and reply to

the criticism of the whole world. If people in general saw this matter in its true light, they would, from their love of fairness, and from their anxiety to protect the weaker side (*weaker numerically*), beware of giving too much weight to hostile criticism when directed against any one of the various departments into which Government is, necessarily, divided.

Arthur Helps.

SELFISHNESS, when it is punished by the world, is mostly punished because it is connected with egotism. A man may help himself to an exorbitant portion of the good things of this life, if he will only keep quiet about it, and not obtrude himself upon people's notice. The cat takes the best place in the room, and nobody grudges it to her, because her purring satisfaction is not loudly obtruded on the company. But to bask like a cat in the warmest place, and scream like a parrot, will never do.

It is not by any means of necessity that selfishness and egotism are combined: they are two distinct qualities. But frequently they run into one another; and then selfishness is liable to be punished for the faults of its noisy mate.

Arthur Helps.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ON FICTION AS AN EDUCATOR.

WE believe that every one who reads at all, every one to whom books were anything in childhood — and it may be taken for granted that all readers in manhood were readers in childhood — every man who ever took up a book for his diversion, can look back to some particular book as an event in his inner history; can trace to it a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind in channels unknown before, but since familiar and part of his very being. He perhaps wonders how the book, being such as it is, should have wrought such marvels, but of the fact he cannot doubt: he was different after reading it from what he was before; his mind was opened by it, his interests widened, his views extended, his sense of life quickened. And he will surely find that the book thus influential came to him by a sort of chance, through no act of authority or intention. He seemed to find it for himself: it was a discovery. His teachers had surrounded him with books, whether of instruction or amusement, suited to his dawning faculties; but to these, however well adapted to their purpose, he can trace no conscious signal obligation. No doubt he owes much to them, but the methods and processes are lost. As far as his mind is stored and cultivated they have an important share in the work; but his memory is treacherous as to individual services. They are associated with the routine of duty, when the fancy is hard to enlist. Because they were suited there was nothing to startle.

Books are founders of families as well as men — not meaning the great books, the folios that overshadow the world of thought and teach ages and generations to write and think with a family likeness — the Aristotles, Augustines, Bacons, and so forth; but books of infinitely less weight, composed under certain conditions of fervour and vivacity. For we take it that no book gives the start we mean, let who will be the author, which was not composed in heat of spirit to satisfy a necessity for expression, and with a vigour of execution.

It may be granted that of all reading, novel-reading, as usually performed, is the slightest of intellectual exercises — one that may be discontinued with least perceptible loss to the understanding. As we view the enormous amount of novels issuing from the press, it can be said of few that any of the readers for whom they are expressly written are materially the better for them. A chat with a neighbour, or a nap, or a game at bezique, would fulfil every pur-

pose they effect on the jaded, hackneyed attention. Any one of the three modes of passing an hour would leave as lasting an impression as the average serial manufactured for the monthly demand by even fairly skilful hands — that is, on the mind familiar with such productions. Yet to judge by the autobiography of genius, the novel plays a part second to none — we might almost say, the foremost part in the awakening of its powers. It is a point on which memory and present observation are not only not agreed, but strangely and absolutely at odds. There is no comparison between the novel of recollection and the novel of to-day. We do not mean in literary merit, but in the sway and telling power on the reader. Who can forget his first novel? the tale that entranced his childhood, introducing him to those supreme ideas of hero and heroine; opening a new world to him — not the nursery, school-room, play-ground world, but a veritable field of cloth-of-gold, of beauty, achievement, adventure, great deeds, success! He reads the story now, and wonders where its power lay — that is, unless his lucky star threw some masterpiece in his way, such as "Ivanhoe," entrancing to childhood, and still delightful at every age. But this is a chance. The exquisite vision of life may have come in the shape of a classical story — the action is stilted to his mature taste, the language turgid. Or in a tale of chivalry, he can only laugh now at impossible feats of heroism. It may have been an historical romance, such as Thaddeus of Warsaw, which Thackeray harps upon: the whole thing strikes him as at once false and dull. It may have been a tale of passion, flimsy to his mature judgment, though the author's heart was in it. His mind can scarcely, by an effort, revive even a faint echo of the old absorbing excitement; but not the less, is he sensible of a lasting influence — a permanent impression following upon the first enchantment.

Who that has felt it but will class such hours among the marked ones of his life? What a passionate necessity to unravel the plot, to pursue the hero in his course; what a craving for the next volume, stronger than any bodily appetite; what exultation in success; what suspense when the crisis nears; what pity and tears in the tragic moments; what shame in these tears — the shame that attends all strong emotions — as they are detected by unsympathizing, quizzing observers: shame leading to indignant, protesting, pertinacious denials, haunting the conscience still, and deceiving

no one! What a blank when the last leaf is turned, and all is over!

Who cannot contrast the weariness with which he now tosses the last novel aside, with the eager devices of his childhood to elude pursuit and discovery, to get out of earshot, or to turn a deaf ear, when the delightful book is in his grasp which is to usher him into another world? What ingenuity in hiding, behind hedges, in out-houses and garrets—nay, amongst the beams and rafters of the roof, to which neither nurse nor governess, nor mamma herself, has ever penetrated. Even the appearance of the book devoured under these circumstances lives a vivid memory—torn page, thumb-marks, and all. But it is the way of such things to disappear when their mission is accomplished—to elude all search; though for some we would willingly give as much as ever book-hunter did for a rare pamphlet.

If it were possible, as has been more than once attempted, by a system of rigorous and vigilant exclusion, to confine an intelligent child's education within certain exactly defined limits—to impart what is called an admirable grounding in all exact knowledge, and at the same time to shut out every form of fiction from the mind—to allow it to receive no impressions through the fancy—to compel its powers of thought and perception into one prescribed direction,—to suffer it to read and hear nothing but fact, to imbibe nothing but what is called useful knowledge, to receive its history purified of all legend, its grammar without illustration, its arithmetic without supposed cases, its religion through direct precept only—and to compare it with another child of equal age and powers, which had learnt nothing laboriously, nothing but through unrestricted observation and the free use of its senses—knowing nothing that lessons teach, reading, if it could read, only for amusement,—but familiar from infancy with legendary lore, fairy tales, and the floating romances of social life,—some interesting conclusions might be drawn. As the first case is an impossible one, we can only surmise which mind would be most developed, which would be possessed of the truest, because most clearly and largely apprehended knowledge. Either system is mischievous followed out at its full length: these victims of experiment or neglect would each be wanting, perhaps permanently, in supremely important elements of intellectual power: but there is no doubt what would be the voice of experience as to the extent of loss where the higher faculties are in question.

All the men of genius who tell us anything of themselves give it—whether intentionally or not—in favour of feeding and exciting the imagination from the first dawn of thought, as a condition of quickening that faculty in time, and sustaining the human race at a due elevation.* There are indeed dry men, who are satisfied with the restrictive system which made them what they are, by stopping some of the mind's outlets for good and all; while Fancy's child, on the contrary, is often, painfully conscious of something missing, some strength needed to carry out the brain's conceptions: but satisfaction with an intellectual status is no warrant for its justice. The poet has both types in his thought when he pictures the model child, the growth of the system of his day, as

“A miracle of scientific lore.

Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
All things are put to question; he must live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;”

and contrasts the little prig with the child expatiating, all unconscious of self, in the free range of fiction and fairy-land. It is thus Wordsworth congratulates Coleridge on their mutual escape:—

“Oh! where had been the man? the poet
where?—

Where had we been, we two, beloved friend,
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched, and
noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk;
Stringed, like a poor man's heifer, at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather, like a stalled ox, debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may not
taste

A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe?”

* Bearing upon our subject is a well-considered lecture recently delivered and since published by Lord Neaves on “Fiction as a means of Popular Teaching.” The line of thought leads him chiefly to dwell on the value of parable and fable as moral teachers for all time and every age. His numerous examples in prose and spirited verse are not only apt and varied, but show a familiar acquaintance with the literature, both European and Oriental, of the subject.

It is common, however, for men of genius to complain in their own case of a defective intermittent education in a tone which gives it for elaborate training: it is their grievance against their special belongings or against society generally. They assume their imagination a giant no chains could have bound; while exacter, more varied, and deeper knowledge would have added strength and power to their crowning faculty. We discover this querulous humility in men who have acquired distinction; to whom, therefore, the world allows the privilege of talking about themselves. They are aware of inequalities, and perhaps feel themselves pulled back by deficiencies which would not have disturbed them had their education been more regular and systematic at some early period when they were left to themselves, and allowed to follow their own devices. Under the desired circumstances their powers would have been more on a level. This is probable, but the level might be attained through the checked exuberance of their highest and most distinguishing faculty; a sacrifice they would be little prepared for, though the average of capability might be raised.

Mr. Galton, in his work on hereditary genius, asserts genius to be irrepressible. To us it seems, like all other kindling matter, to need a spark; and whatever is not inherent, but imparted, may be wanting. It may be wanting either through abject circumstances, or effectual repression in childhood, the period when the divine touch is given — given in some moment of careless leisure, through the medium of delight, using fancy for its ministrant. There is a critical moment in childhood when it is open to impressions with a keener apprehension than at any other period of existence. Scenes and images strike on the dawning mind, and elicit a flash of recognition, which later on in life, and taken in through gradual processes, would effect no such marvel. It is perhaps when the first glimpse of the possibilities of life falls on a just-awakening intelligence that the light is caught most readily, and tells most lastingly on the intellect. The idea must not only interest, it must be new — something hitherto undreamt of. A child's first apprehension of poetic fiction is a revelation, — fiction, that is, that either tells something absolutely new, like the heroic aspect of life — great deeds and wonderful adventures — or which gives an insight into the passions, the stir, and excitement of manhood. Nothing written for children can produce this commotion in the whole nature; it must be something absolutely out of the sphere

of experience, representing life in a new and wonderful aspect, of which before there was no conception, and which yet is recognized at once for truth. And, as we have said, it must be come upon by accident and at unawares. There is fiction, noble fiction, in all classical training; but men don't look back upon their lessons for the moment of illumination we speak of. Probably it has come before to them; for early childhood is the time when wonder, curiosity, expectation, susceptibility, and pleasure itself, are separate from personal consciousness. It is when a child is lost in a book or heroic tale, to the utter forgetfulness of self, that the germ springs into life. The poet is made as well as born. It is here that the making begins. Walter Scott had received his bent at three years old, long before he could read, when he shouted the ballad of Hardyknute to the annoyance of his aunt Janet's old bachelor visitors.

Children's tales of the moral sort, however well told, and however valuable for safe reading and innocent amusement, work no wonders of this kind. A child's story deliberately treats of matters with which the child is familiar: all the grown-up characters are drawn from his point of view. Miss Edgeworth wrote nothing better than *Simple Susan*, but it touches on no new ground. No one looks back upon it as a starting-point of thought. Still less influential in this direction are those that draw society; that bring boys and girls together, and make them talk and act upon one another as it is supposed that boys and girls do act. At best, a child learns appropriate lessons for its own conduct from them. Miss Sewell's valuable tales on the one hand, and *Tom Brown* on the other, open out no vision of life; they are not of the fiction that sows the seeds we mean, though they induce swarms of imitators amongst their older readers and admirers: no doubt, for one reason, that a child's criticism, its questioning satirical temper, is at once roused — the posture of mind least akin to inspiration. In the domestic tale there is a constant appeal to the probable. Here the child cannot but feel as a judge. It has quick sight to detect bombast and want of nature, which might have passed current in unfamiliar scenes, and enacted by men and women. And because verse is more out of the range of a child's critical judgment than prose, and a tale sung is lifted into a higher region than a tale said, we find romance in harmonious numbers take the first place as instigator and stimulant to the latent spark of genius. How much of our poetry, for instance, owes its start to Spenser! when

the "Fairy Queen" was a household book, and lay on the parlor window-seat! Before the drawing-room table had a literary existence, the window-seat fulfilled its function as the home for the light literature of the day. The parlor window was the form of popularity Montaigne affected to despise and dread for his essays, as placing him within everybody's reach—not of critics only. Clearly the window-seat was better adapted for the explorations of childhood than its modern substitute, as being easily climbed into, more snug and retired, a miniature study, in fact, presenting a hiding-place from curious observers behind the curtain; and the window itself, a ready resource for wandering eyes, when the labour of reading, of attention, even of excitement, demanded a pause. "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Johnson of Cowley, "in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. 'Such are the accidents,' he goes on to say, 'which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius.' With his self-chosen studies Cowley acquired that disinclination for the asperities of a formal education which mature genius so often laments, 'and he became such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules of grammar.'" Pope says, "I read the 'Fairy Queen' with infinite delight at twelve." Dryden calls Milton the poetical son of Spenser; and all recent biography gives to Spenser the same pre-eminence as a prompter of the nation's genius. And this not only because the flow of his verse and his charm of narrative naturally attract children, but that the brilliancy and the strangeness and the utter difference between life as he draws it, and life as the child knows it, especially qualifies it for the work. The "Fairy Queen" does not so much suggest imitation as other poems do of equal power, but it awakes a faculty. The poets adduced never followed their first teacher; they caught nothing from him but the impulse—the flash. Another remarkable and eventful impulse of the same nature, and for the same reason, was the publication of the "Arabian Nights," awaking power without giving its direction. To this Wordsworth testifies:—

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,
And they *must* have their food . . ."

In that dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,
And in the long probation that ensues
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stunted powers.
. . . Oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers
then,
Forgers of daring tales! We bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you; *then* we feel
With what and how great might ye are in
league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought a
deed,
An empire, a possession, — ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heaven filled with northern lights
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once:"

and Dr. Newman, in his recollections of early childhood, writes: "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Dryden gives it as his opinion that "it is the genius of our countrymen to improve upon an invention rather than to invent themselves;" and though he is speaking of the obligations of our earlier English poets to Italian sources, rather than of the mission of Oriental fancy to help Western imagination to the use of its wings, yet his argument takes that direction, and shows the necessity of a first impulse from without in opposition to the irrepressible theory lately put forth. No doubt a work of far less decided force of invention falling on a kindred fancy effects the same purpose. We have always regarded the "Autobiography of David Copperfield" as in some points imaging Charles Dickens's own early experiences. When his hero amuses Steerforth at school with repetitions of his early novel-readings, we doubt not they were the tales that had impressed the author's own childhood, and given the bent to his genius. When little Copperfield pays his first visit to Mr. Micawber in the Marshalsea, and recalls on his way Roderick Random's consignment to that dreary prison, and there encountering a debtor whose only covering was a blanket, it was probably the recollection of a similar vivid startling impression on his own feelings which made the humors of prison-life at all times a congenial subject for his pen.

Curiously illustrating this view is Cobbett's history of what he calls the birth of his intellect. Cobbett's was certainly an irrepressible character; but the intellect which gave such weight and impetus to it needed an awakening which, except for an accident, might not have happened in childhood — the age essential for its full development. And unless Swift had chosen to express himself through the medium of fiction (so to call it), his mind, however congenial with Cobbett's, would never have come in contact with it at the impressible period, and probably never at all. It is one of the main gifts of influence to know the right means to an end, and Swift knew invention to be his means, saying, "In my disposal of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys."

"At eleven years of age," (Cobbett writes), "my employment was clipping off box-eigings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set with no other clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny that I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when starting about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price three-pence.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the three-pence, but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and I produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till

the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. . . . I carried it about with me wherever I went, and when I — at about twenty years old — lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Who can tell how much Cobbett's admirable style, so remarkable in a self-educated man, turned upon an early acquaintance with such a model? The choice and collocation of words owe much to early preference, and the rhythm which first charms the ear.

The child's first visit to the theatre plays a telling part in the memory of genius. Our readers will recall Charles Lamb's vivid recollections of his first play, "Artaxerxes," seen at six years old, when the green curtain veiled heaven to his imagination — when, incapable of the anticipation, he reposed his shut eyes in the maternal lap — when at length all feeling was absorbed in vision. "I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all, was nourished I could not tell how." And Walter Scott, at four, shouting his protest, "But aint they brothers?" as Orlando and Oliver fought upon the Bath stage. Goethe's childhood-recollections are all of the theatre and living actors and puppets, his earliest and lasting inspiration. But the excitement of the scene commonly makes a child too conscious of the present, and of his own part in it, for the magic of new impressions to work undisturbed. A clever child is stimulated to immediate imitation of what it sees. The sight of the actors, the gaudy accessories, the artificial tones, lower the level. The noblest language, the most impressive scenes, don't work on the mind as they do pictured by the busy absorbed fancy. No child reading "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could conceive the idea of composing a play; but, taken to the theatre, play-writing proposes itself as an obvious amusement. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said Southey, at eight years old an *habitué*, "to write a play." "Is it, my dear?" said the lady he addressed. "Yes," he answered; "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it:" a notion very current with children, who expect the words to come with the situation, but unpromising for future success. We find always a period of gestation between the first prompting and great achievement.

The most striking conjunction of favoura-

ble circumstances for intellectual education is seen where severe study imparts the strength essential to the forcible development of ideas, and gives vigour to the mind's conceptions, yet leaves leisure and opportunity in the season of "unperilous choice" for the due working and entertainment of happy accidents; infusing new images through the medium of pleasure, the more delightful from an experience of task-work and labour imposed. The intellect labours still, but it rejoices even in a strain to full tension, exacted neither by duty nor teacher's will, but by curiosity catching a glimpse of what life may be, and what the world offers, to its choicer spirits. Where to these is added the excitement of stirring times, and the clash and conflict of great interests, we recognize the circumstances under which Milton's genius developed itself, and later on the school of our Lake poets. Sometimes great political events are sufficient of themselves to give the stimulus to childhood, providing they are viewed from a sufficient distance, and are absolutely removed from personal participation. In times of great wars, great tragedies, great discoveries, vast social changes, indelible impressions are made on the minds of children, who hear of them as they hear a fairy tale, or the things that happened once upon a time. We see such an influence telling on the little Brontë children, in their remote seclusion, who lived in a permanent excitement about the Duke of Wellington, and used to invent stories, of which the Marquess of Douro was the hero. But infancy rarely gets the proper ring of these public stimulants. In wealthy well-regulated households the children are in the nursery when telegrams bring their startling news, and the paper at the breakfast-table tells of the hero falling in battle, of great cities besieged, of new lands discovered, the earth's treasures brought to light, kings dethroned, emperors taken captive, and a nation's joy suddenly turned to mourning. Therefore, still to prefigure the turns and shocks of fate — the deeper emotions of manhood — and to prepare heart and soul for their keen reception and eloquent portrayal, must infancy be fed on fictitious wonders, joys, and sorrows, and so learn the difference between life as the mass use and treat it, and life in its nobleness, its fascinations, its capabilities; thus providing it with a pictured experience and standard of comparison.

As the world goes, however, it is not only that the child is out of sight of excitements, but that the excitements of common life are small and piecemeal; intolerable to

eager expectation, if this be really all. Life is rarely seen in picturesque circumstances; where it is, doubtless it makes a deep impression. Any disinterested emotion from public events leaves an indelible mark on the memory of childhood. To find mamma crying "because they have cut the Queen of France's head off," was an intellectual stimulus of the noblest sort for little girls fourscore years ago, but one which does not often come in the way of little girls. We old folks cannot regret the humdrum exterior of our insular existence (if in the painful — we trust it may also be passing — excitement of fierce war between neighbour nations we may use the expression), knowing that emotion means discomfort and worse. We are content that the infant should establish it as an axiom that grown-up people do not cry, nor allow themselves in any turbid irregularities. It is well that joys and griefs should hide their disorder from young eyes troublesomely inquisitive in such matters, and treasuring up in memory every abnormal display of passion as something rare and startling — if seen, that is, under dignified or elevating circumstances, for the excesses of ill-temper are not what we mean. Not the less is it part of a really liberal education to know of such things with realizing power; one, we assert, which fiction can alone adequately perform. History tells of great sorrows and great successes, but it is only poetry and fancy that can make them felt. It was the old woman's stories, listened to by Burns — she who had the largest, wildest collection in the whole country, of tales and songs about witches, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragons — that enlarged his imagination for the reception of heroic fact, and made reading the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace such an epoch. History of itself, eagerly apprehended in childhood, ministers to personal ambition; and premature ambition does not, we think, lead to the fulfilment of its hopes. The boy who devours Plutarch's lives of great men hopes to rival them. Fiction proper induces dreams, it may be, of personal aggrandizement, but it more naturally sets the child upon weaving tales of his own, in which self is forgotten.

But if works of fancy perform such wonders on the masculine mind — if to it men of genius trace their first consciousness of thought, the beginning of their present selves — much more is this the case with women. If women, learning fact in a slipshod, inaccurate, unattractive way, are at the same time cut off from fiction, as by some strict, scrupulous teachers they are,

where is the wonder if their interest and intellect alike stand at a low level? Miss Thackeray's sleeping beauty, before the awakener comes, personates with little exaggeration the mental famine in which some girls grow up to meagre womanhood, learning dull lessons, practising stock-pieces, hearing only drowsy family talk of "hurdles and pump-handles," and adding their quota to the barren discourse, like Cecilia in the story, with, "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk — didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

There are many women desultory, restless, incorrigible interrupters, incapable of amusing themselves or of being amused by the same thing for five minutes together, who would have been pleasanter and so far better members of society if once in their girlhood they had read a good novel with rapt attention — one of Walter Scott's or Miss Austen's, or, not invidiously to select among modern great names, if the Fates had thrown it in their way, Sir Charles Grandison — entering into the characters, realizing the descriptions, following the dialogue, appreciating the humour, and enchained by the plot. If they had once been interested in a book, their attention once concentrated out of themselves, the relaxed unsteady faculties must have been nerved and tightened by the tonic, not for the time only, but with lasting results.

Very few girls have the chance of thorough good training; nor do we find that women of acknowledged genius have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect. But we find more distinctly in them even than in men the recognition of fiction as the awakening touch, and this often allied with acting, and through the drama. Mrs. Thrale was a pet of Quin's, and taught by him to declaim. At six years old she followed his acting of Cato with absorbed attention. It was one of Garrick's offices to stimulate female genius. He helped to make Hannah More. It is curious in this relation to observe, towards the end of the last century, the success, intellectually speaking, of a girls' school at Reading, conducted by a French emigrant and his wife. Dr. Valpy, indeed, was their friend, and his influence in direct teaching might tell for much, but acting was part of its system. We are not commending this excitement for girls, but merely noting for our argument's sake that three distinguished women, whose names are still household words among us, were pupils at this school — Miss Mitford, Mrs. Sherwood, and Jane Austen. Any reader acquainted with Miss Mitford's

works will recall a very bright account, in her most glowing effusive vein, of a school-play, and of the girls who acted it. On Mrs. Sherwood, her much-enjoyed residence at this school, and share in its excitements, made as deep an impression; though she dwells on her school-days avowedly to lament the want of religious training — a deficiency, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. As for Jane Austen, she went to this same school at Reading, when too young to profit much by the instruction imparted there, because she would not be parted from her elder sister Cassandra; but deep impressions may be given and thought awakened before lessons of much consequence are learnt. Here the taste for private theatricals was probably acquired which suggested such admirable scenes in *Mansfield Park*.

But at this date, when education proper was not thought of for girls, the drama had everywhere an educational part to play. Madame de Genlis, as a child of five, enacted Love with such grace, and looked so charming in fitting costume — pink silk, blue wings, quiver, bow, and all — that her mother had several suits of it made for week-day and Sunday, only taking off the wings when she went to mass. At about the same age she read *Clélie*, Mlle. de Scudery's wonderful romance of ten volumes, with its map of the kingdom of tenderness; caught the infection before she could write, and dictated novels in her turn. These novels of Mlle. de Scudery, prolix to the utmost point of unreadableness, were supreme influences in their own day. The offspring of a genuine enthusiasm in their author, the fact that they took time, and protracted the *dénouement* beyond the capacity of modern patience, did not prevent the youth of her day devouring them with an enthusiasm as ardent, and they were fit instruments for the purpose we indicate. Both for knowledge of character, in however quaint disguise, and power of description, they bear favourable comparison with many a popular novel of our day, while in elevation of sentiment they stand on a higher level altogether than our own sensational literature. We find the same combination of acting and novel-reading in the childhood of Madame de Staël, though she came into the world when education had been started as the favourite theme of the philosophers, and women took it up as the panacea with more than manly faith. Fancy was then in disgrace. Madame Necker objected to novels — her daughter must receive a severe classical training; and Madame de Genlis, who felt teaching her

speciality, and in her capacity of educationist would have quenched the Fairy Tale once for all, longed to take the clever girl in hand "to make a really accomplished woman of her." But the drama and the novel were not the less a necessity and passion for the child of genius who cut out paper kings and queens, and gave them each their heroic or passionate part, and undutifully smuggled *Clarissa* under her lesson-books, declaring years after that *Clarissa's* elopement was one of the great events of her youth. But novels read in childhood, whether by Scudery or Richardson, imparted little of their own tone; this was all caught from society and the family, from the living voice of the practical view of things taken by the world around. Their influence might thus seem to be rather intellectual than moral, though we would not presume on this notion so far as to suffer a child knowingly to read what offends propriety or right feeling.

The child awaking to its powers, begins to be the same self it will be to the end, occupied in the same speculations, open to the same interests. With relation to society it knows itself a child; but in its inmost consciousness, from early boyhood to old age, it knows no change. To this innermost consciousness the class of children's books proper, with their juvenile feats and trials and lessons, ministers nothing. They are too easy to understand — they keep the mind where it is, instead of stretching it out of itself. They have indeed a most valuable purpose; where they are to be had they are practically essential for the average run of children. Yet the genius did, in fact, very well without them. As Walter Scott says, in recalling his first acquaintance at seven with *Hotspur*, *Falstaff*, and others of Shakespeare's characters, — "Children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to children's understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out."

It is a very natural prejudice, if only a prejudice, to assume that the nature of the fiction that influenced the first thought of ourselves and our ancestors is better suited to the work than what characterizes our own age; but we believe there is reason in the view. The more invention is pure and direct, the less it is mixed with analysis and elaborate psychological speculation, the less it inquires into causes, or stops a plain tale at every turn to tell the reason why, the more congenial it is to a fresh and hungry curiosity. The structure of all the poetry

and fiction recorded to have wrought marvels upon infantile brains is simple, and may be fully apprehended; while the high and deep thought beneath bides its time, and grows with the growth. Spencer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and much of Wordsworth, are all adapted to every stage of thinking humanity. The boast of our own age is the reverse of simplicity. Men not only do things, but the reader has to get to the bottom of why they do them. All the science of instinct is investigated to account for each action. The reverencers of that "wonderful poem" and nine times told tale, "The Ring and the Book," think it small reproach that no child could read it — that he would probably feel repulsion towards it rather than attraction; but the poetry that repels childhood wants one main stay of fame and continuance. The sensational novel is as little adapted to a child's taste, with its stock corps of knaves, dupes, villains, and favourites of fortune. He may run through it for the incident, but it can make no footing in the memory. The superior claims on sympathy of vice over virtue is an acquired idea. As an educator it is nowhere, for it damages the intellect as much as the moral nature to be early entangled in the quandaries of crime and a polluted conscience; to view them with the feelings rather of a participator and condoner than a judge. As for the drama, no plays now answer so well as the detestable burlesque — a wallowing in the mire — which no child could relish, after it understood the end and aim, without permanent moral and intellectual degradation.

The motives now for exercising invention are of a more plodding commonplace order than they were of old, when praise rather than solid pudding was the inducement to the pains of composition. The knack of writing novels with ease, and putting together creditably imaginary talk, incident, and description, is an acquirement of our time. It is astonishing how many people can do it well who would not have dreamed of putting pen to paper a hundred years ago. Then it was considered necessary to have a story to tell as a preliminary — the novelist's capital, so to say. It is clear that this is quite a secondary condition in much modern novel-writing. Start your characters, and the story is expected to evolve itself. There must be plot and story, in the true sense of the words, to engage and hold a child's attention. But Nature is not lavish of this crowning effort of invention, so that the quantity of our so-called fiction tells nothing for the extent of its influence;

while the direction it takes, either as being didactic, and obtruding a moral or philosophic purpose, or as ministering to a base rather than an aspiring curiosity, or as surveying things with a nicety and minuteness of investigation alien to the spirit of childhood, seems still to throw us back upon the old models—the few typical achievements of genius—as the natural chosen nurses and cultivators of the highest faculties,—models which probably owe their form and excellence to some remote originator; for as there is nothing so rare as invention in its strictest sense and highest walk, it follows that of inventors proper, whether in verse or prose, there must be fewer than of any other class the world owns.

From The Spectator.

SCIENCE IN ITS CONDESCENDING MOOD.

ONE of the most impressive incidents of the very interesting ceremonial which took place on occasion of the laying of the first stone of the new buildings for that great Lancashire "University of the busy," Owens College, Manchester,—and let us here breathe parenthetically the hearty wish that funds may flow in upon it from every side,—was the *entente cordiale* established between Theology and Science in the persons of the Bishop of Manchester and Professor Huxley, of whom it may perhaps be said, without any extreme figure of speech, that "like torrents from a mountain source, they rushed into each other's arms." Science has, indeed, been in the relenting mood lately towards the clergy, only there has been the flavour of compassionate toleration about the language of the scientific high priests which hardly looks like any sense of equality or really reciprocal desire to learn, each from the other. As the Bishop of Manchester observed, probably with great justice, as well as with that deeper sense of humility which becomes the Christian side of the controversy, he (the Bishop) reads the speculations of the physical philosophers with the profoundest interest, probably with "much more interest than they would bestow on any speculations of mine." And that is quite the impression which the benignant language of the great physicists, as they encourage the clergy to go on in their praiseworthy endeavour to open their minds to truth, leaves upon us. For example, Professor Tyndall, at the British Association, was quite kindly in his language towards this well-meaning class of persons, whom he treated as a form

of very slow boys needing a great deal of patience, but to whom it was possible to teach something at last,—a view to which we are far from denying a certain amount of truth, could the men of science only see that there is a converse to it more or less applicable to themselves. "Clergymen," said Professor Tyndall, in this gracious mood, "have as strong a leaning towards scientific truth as other men, only the resistance to this bent,—a resistance due to education,—is generally stronger in their case than in others. They do not lack the positive element, namely, the love of truth, but the negative element, the fear of error, preponderates,"—an account of the matter which seems more affable than accurate, if Professor Tyndall's account of the distinctive attitude of a man of science in these matters,—that he has "as little fellowship with the Atheist who says there is no God, as with the Theist who professes to know the mind of God,"—be a correct one. In that case, surely, the blunder of the believer in Christian theology is not due to the negative characteristic of fearing error too much, but rather to the positive characteristic of loving too much that which is not, in Professor Tyndall's belief, truth. What the Christian Theist clings to, is the knowledge he has received, or believes that he has received, of the character and actions of God, and no reasoning in the world can ever prove that this is a "negative element" due to the fear of error.

Then, as to Professor Huxley, it might seem at first sight that he sincerely wishes for an *entente cordiale* between faith and science, for he exclaimed in his heartiest way in reference to Bishop Fraser's speech, "It embodied a spirit and a feeling which have not always been exhibited by men in his position. *O si sic omnia!* Had such men always filled the Episcopal office, and had the same spirit always animated the Non-conformist ministers as that which has been expressed by my friend who has just sat down, I incline to think there would have been no cause of antagonism between science and religion, an antagonism which does not really exist, but which is the artifice and creation of men." Yet we cannot help saying, notwithstanding our profound respect for the intellect of Professor Huxley as one of the most real and sincere, as well as one of the most commanding now amongst us, that this does read to us exceedingly like an amiable flourish of after-dinner geniality. Does Professor Huxley sincerely believe that his lay sermon on the parable of the automaton chess-player, and the battle of life as carried on between man

and the inexorable forces of nature,—a battle from which he so carefully sought to exclude the influence of faith,—is not in the distinctest possible contradiction to the spirit of religion, at least as that spirit is understood by at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who use the term at all? Are not his favourite “agnostic” creeds, and the altar on which he has more than once professed to lay his offerings,—that inscribed “to the Unknown God,” absolutely hostile to that enthusiasm of love to God and faith in God which are the simplest and most universal elements of a “religious spirit”? You may feel wonder and awe for “the impenetrable mystery and secret of the universe,” but you cannot feel love and faith. When the Bishop of Manchester said, in reference to the labours of Professor Huxley and his colleagues, “I ask him, and those who were with him, whether, after all these physical, material, and intellectual theories which they hold have been developed to the uttermost, they will solve the problem of the great moral and spiritual phenomena with which men are surrounded, and whether there is not also a place for us poor parsons as well as for men of science and philosophers?” Professor Huxley would, we believe, if he had answered candidly, have replied in the negative to both assertions. He would have said, “Certainly our theories, however complete, will never solve the problem of the great moral and spiritual phenomena with which men are surrounded; but none the less I must reply that there is *not* a place for you poor persons as well, if, instead of assuming indeterminate problems as indeterminate, and solving them practically by the best lights you can, you will assume that you have transcendental solutions of these problems, for which there is no sort of evidence, and speak of certain hypotheses which are to my mind not only doubtful, but highly improbable, as if they were at the very core of truth.” Again, to Bishop Fraser’s fine appeal to the men of science:—“If they will only believe that we are not sceptics in disguise, or charlatans trying to palm off upon the world something that has been found to fail; if they will only believe that we want to tread as they tread, calmly, step after step, where we find our remedies have succeeded, I think they will allow that we are searching after truth,—the only truth that I care to find,—practical truth,—truth that will elevate man in the scale of being, and I think they will admit that we are trying to follow out truth by strictly scientific methods,”—we believe that Pro-

fessor Huxley in less genial moments would have replied that while he gives such men as Dr. Fraser full credit for not being charlatans, and for heartily believing what they profess to believe, yet that he could not at all admit that in their mode of dealing with misery and crime they are following genuinely scientific methods, since their method, involves asking people to accept not merely provisional human principles, like self-denial and love of your neighbour, as a cure for the evils of the world, but speculative beliefs of a highly transcendental kind as the life and root of those principles. He would have said “When we scientific men discover a remedy for any physical evil, say small-pox, the rationale of which we do not understand, we do not put our remedy on any other than empirical grounds; we say,—where it has been tried there have been so many fewer illnesses and deaths than where it has not been tried, but we do not say,—believe this or that theory as to the ultimate source of the disease in order that you may have faith in our remedy. And so you ‘poor parsons,’ if you want to follow a strictly scientific method, should say,—practise the life of disinterested labour and self-denial, and you will find the moral benefit; but you should not say,—believe in this historical revelation of the divine character, of which the evidence is to many minds quite inadequate, *in order* that you may be the better able to live a life of disinterested labour and self-denial.” We cannot feel any doubt, with the knowledge we have obtained of Professor Huxley’s mind by constant study of his lay sermons, but that this is his real view of the matter, if, indeed, he did not virtually betray it to be so, even at Manchester, by the “conspicuous absence” of speculative theological and moral studies from the list he gave of lessons which he considered essential to supplement the lessons of physical science. He dilated on the importance of a class of lessons which kept scientific men from becoming “dry as dust,” on the value of history, especially on account of “the enthusiasm” which, according to Goethe, the knowledge of history imparts; he dwelt on the study of the beautiful, in art and music; but he completely omitted from his list of lessons which save men from being dry as dust the one alluded to by Bishop Fraser as lying at the root of what may be called moral medicine,—the lesson, which if it only be true, clearly does more than any other,—create rivers of water in a dry place, and turn “the dry ground into a springing well.” It can hardly be doubted, we think, that in declaring that could all

the clergy only take Bishop Fraser's liberal ground, "there would have been no cases of antagonism between science and religion, — an antagonism which does not really exist, but which is the artifice and creation of men," Professor Huxley was scarcely true to his own more deliberate faith, — was, for a moment, sinking his convictions in his geniality.

For in fact, however condescending modern science may be in its sociable after-dinner moods, those who represent best its most characteristic types of thought are religious men only in one sense, — in admitting that awe and wonder are the natural and legitimate attitudes of the mind towards the creative principle, while strenuously denying that anything sufficiently specific is known of that original cause to justify faith and love. And they deny it not only in fact, but in principle. Their only canon of proof is that laid down by Professor Tyndall, who asserted at Liverpool that the assumption that Professor Huxley is a reasonable being is merely a working hypothesis grounded on the observation that he usually behaves as if he were one, — a "working hypothesis" not, on the whole, so sure as that which concludes the existence of an undulating ether, on the ground that the phenomena of light occur precisely as if there were such an ether. Apply such a doctrine as this to the religious sense, and it would naturally yield that which we see reason to think our great physicists really hold, — namely a profound justification for awe and wonder in relation to the creative cause, but no justification for the feelings entertained by Christians, or even Theists, towards a God infinitely holier (in the best sense we can give to that word) as well as wiser than man. The modern science, disguise it as we may, rejects all evidence of causes, whether called divine or not, which cannot be verified, as "working hypotheses" in science are verified, by minute explanation of what is known and minute prediction of phenomena hitherto undiscovered and unknown, but discovered by the aid of the hypothesis itself. Bishop Fraser and Messrs. Tyndall and Huxley may dine together as often as they please and unite as heartily as they may on the neutral ground of institutions like Owens College, but they will never reconcile their real premisses of thought, as Professor Huxley in his benignant mood was almost inclined to fancy that they could. The phenomena of the universe, though they are not ultimately inconsistent with the "hypothesis" of what we mean by a perfectly holy God, would never lend that

hypothesis the scientific strength which the physicists demand for their best accredited "working hypotheses." If we have no avenue to God but such as science demands for the scientific discovery of cause, religion in the Christian sense, — an act of faith and love, — is a monstrous pretence. It is impossible to pray to a hypothesis of the intellect. It is a mockery to justify belief in God on the hint of Bishop Fraser, — we do not for a moment suppose that he meant it for an adequate justification of religious belief, — that a strict induction shows that those who hold this belief succeed better in extinguishing the moral evil of the world than those who do not. There is a real antagonism between the assumption of the physicists that all knowledge rests on the same method, the scientific method of proof, and the assumption of the Christian theist, who, if he is clear of head, must hold that God can convince the conscience and the heart, of His life and His power, without satisfying the intellect. It is impossible to maintain truthfully, if we accept Professor Tyndall's test of truth, that all the phenomena of the universe happen "as if" they were due to a cause possessing in the highest degree holiness, as human beings interpret holiness. Those of us who hold the existence of such a God with a confidence as profound as we give to our own existence, cannot pretend to do so on the strength of any inductive verification of a working hypothesis. Those who preach, as the physicists preach, that all our knowledge comes in one channel, and is to be submitted to the same tests as our knowledge of inductive science, preach a principle which must be for ever in conflict with religious faith; and it is rather a pity, we think, that this real and profound intellectual issue should be disguised under the *ententes cordiales* of after-dinner reconciliations. Bishop Fraser and Professor Huxley can reverence and respect each other as two men so good and wise ought to do, without either of them blinding himself to the fact that they do hold irreconcilable principles of thought, which no amount of candour and geniality either can or ought to conceal.

From The Saturday Review.
ITALY AND ROME.

THE Italian Government, having once resolved to occupy Rome, wisely determined to employ a force large enough to render resistance impossible. Half of

General Cadorna's army of 50,000 men would have easily disposed of the Pope's remaining troops, but the young and well-born enthusiasts who up to the last moment threatened a useless opposition would scarcely have been induced, even by the commands of the Pope himself, to lay down their arms before two or three times their own number. A siege or an assault would have caused wanton bloodshed, and the inhabitants might have suffered in the contest. The general in command was directed to avoid, in his language and in his acts, all appearance of hostility to the Pope. In taking possession of the city he professed to make an entry, and not to effect a conquest. It is perhaps not surprising that the Pope should, according to the statement of an Ultramontane paper, have informed the Envoy of the Italian Government that he and his employers were no better than whited sepulchres. Transparent fictions, however courteous, are not to be tolerated except when they are used by saintly personages for the service of the Church. More recently the Pope has taken an attitude less manifestly at variance with his actual position, and he has so far submitted to necessity as to invite the presence of Italian troops within the precincts of the Leonine city for the maintenance of public order, and even to consent to an Italian occupation of the Castle of St. Angelo. There is no reason, however, for assuming that he is prepared to compromise pretensions which he has hitherto deemed it sacrilege to call in question. He is perfectly justified in assuming that the offers of the King of Italy are suggested by policy rather than by generosity, and instead of accepting a part of his former possessions as a compensation he may fairly regard the Vatican as a remnant which has for the present been spared by the spoiler. During the remainder of his life he may, unless the Democratic party obtains control of the Italian Government, with perfect impunity denounce the protectors who have taken possession of his property as whited sepulchres and excommunicated usurpers. His successor, although he may be equally entitled to all the indefeasible rights of the Holy See, will not attract the same sympathy when he claims a power which he will not have personally enjoyed. Hereditary right, though it is regarded by theoretical jurists as a creature of positive law, appeals more forcibly to the imagination than any elective function. The future Pope will, as far as temporal sovereignty is concerned, be a Pretender, unconnected by blood with his predecessors who reigned. The divine

right of the present Archbishops of Mayence or Cologne to the principalities which once belonged to their sees is more utterly forgotten than the pretensions of the mediæval secular princes.

The advocates of the Temporal Power justly complain that the Italian occupation of Rome is inconsistent with the rules of international law. By a generalization necessary in municipal and international jurisprudence, all sovereigns are supposed to enjoy equal rights and a common immunity from external interference. On the other hand, war and territorial conquest supersede all existing titles; and the Pope, at worst, only incurs the penalty which in all parts of Europe has again and again attached to the inability of rulers to defend their dominions. The only period of modern history in which the rights of weak sovereigns were in some degree guarded by a kind of federal power was the interval between the Congress of Vienna and the Revolutions of 1848. While the five Great Powers controlled the affairs of the Continent, no Government would have ventured, without previous concert, to have absorbed a neighbouring principality. The seizure by Austria of the free city of Cracow was effected with the sanction of Russia and Prussia, in spite of the remonstrances of England. The system, while it was admirably effective in preserving the general peace, had the defect of relating only to the titles of Governments, to which the interests of subjects were often directly opposed. Before the commencement of the revolutionary period it would have been impossible for Italy to get rid of her petty tyrants; and Germany had not yet entered on the task of completing her national unity. The creation of the Kingdom of Italy was not the result of legal doctrines, but of political and historical causes. The acquisition of Rome and its territories must be defended on the assumption both that the inhabitants desired annexation to the Italian Kingdom, and that the vicinity of a hostile and independent little State was dangerous to Italy. The *Tablet* indignantly declares that the approval of the occupation by the English press deprives England henceforth of all title to the allegiance of Ireland. "If sovereign rights are worthless in Rome, what are they worth in Dublin?" The answer is that, in the opinion of the majority of Englishmen, it is both a moral and a practicable duty to retain the sovereignty of Ireland in spite of the disaffection of a part of the populace. At the same time they hold that Rome will be better governed by the King

of Italy than by the Pope, and they know that the recent change would have long since taken place but for the interference of a foreign Government. The Catholic world, for which the Pope is sometimes said to have held his dominions on trust, abstains from raising through its various Governments any objection to the Italian enterprise. If the Holy See had no special connexion with Italy, the maintenance of an alien State in the centre of the peninsula would have justified a war of conquest. A petty Italian potentate was morally bound to show political deference to the Government which represented the entire nation outside of his borders.

If the question of the expropriation of the Pope is to be considered with reference rather to principles than to facts, it may be remarked that he has consistently elected to rely on a sanction which has nothing to do with international law. In the Syllabus, now retrospectively covered by infallible authority, the Pope has declared that the temporal power is necessary, not for the discharge of mundane duties, but for the due performance of his spiritual functions. It evidently follows that his title would not be invalidated by any degree of misgovernment, or by the incompatibility of his sovereignty with the welfare of Europe or of mankind. The monstrous crimes and follies which are imputed to the Roman Court by Garibaldi in his puerile romance could not, if they were practised in real life, overrule an ordinance of divine and perpetual obligation. The neighbours of an infallible and indefeasible sovereign may naturally complain of the difficulty of dealing with an exceptional and transcendental Power. Encroachment on the sacred domain would, on the principle established by the Pope himself, be not so much a crime as a sin only recognizable by ecclesiastical tribunals. The supernatural remedies against violence are now, as ever, at the uncontrolled disposal of the Pope. In former times they were sufficient to deter hostility as well as to punish it; and if they have now lost their ancient efficacy they cannot be reinforced by the aid of secular Governments. The rules of international law are, like other human compositions, conditional and limited in their effect. Pius IX has habitually disclaimed their binding force by asserting his own incapacity to enter into a contract which might in any respect infringe on the rights of the Church. The proverbial *non possumus* proves to have two meanings, and the Pope must now be content to use the phrase in its literal sense.

If the arguments of the Papal party are either unsound or inoperative against accomplished facts, their apprehensions and regrets are thoroughly well-founded. It is true that the Roman Catholic Church has suffered a heavy blow, and there is every reason to believe that the loss will be progressive. The residue of titular sovereignty is but a paltry substitute for the city and territory of Rome; and the possession of what remains is in the highest degree precarious. In the middle ages the Church gained by almost every transaction, and there were no backward footsteps. Henceforth one advantage and prerogative after another will be withdrawn, and there is no chance of compensation. As Sir G. Bowyer says, an Italian Government may at any time, without waiting for a Papal invitation or permission, send a regiment across the Tiber to suppress disturbances which it may possibly have encouraged. He also reasonably anticipates that the pious adjurations and censures which the Pope has constantly lavished on the King of Italy may hereafter be resented by the suspension of any pecuniary allowances which may have been stipulated or promised. The Prussian Government allowed the King of Hanover a large pension after his dethronement, but when it found that an hostility as implacable as that of the Pope to Italy expressed itself in overt acts, further installments were withdrawn. The Vatican Hill will require supervision as much as the Ghetto, to which the Jews in Rome were restricted by the pious jealousy of the Popes. It will be impossible permanently to tolerate the extravagances of the Jesuit newspapers, more especially since the claim of former Popes to release subjects from their allegiance has become infallibly legitimate. The most hopeless symptom of the Pope's condition is the utter indifference which has attended his fall. The Catholics throughout the world appear to regard the event with indifference; the Protestants themselves are scarcely jubilant in proportion to their ostensible triumph. It may be doubted whether the Italian Government, though it has for the moment baffled its revolutionary opponents, greatly rejoices in the acquisition of an inconvenient capital, or in the humiliation of an enemy who was rather troublesome than formidable. The rest of Europe is sufficiently occupied with matters more important than the collapse of an absolute institution.

From The Economist.
THE DANGER IN CHINA.

THE massacre at Tientsin has turned public attention to our relations with China, and not an instant too soon. Our horror at the savage cruelties perpetrated on the French residents in the Treaty port on the Peiho is merged, as we read between the lines of the sad story, in a more serious feeling—the apprehension of an approaching collision between the Conservative fanaticism of the Chinese and the foreign Powers who are privileged to trade with China. Already the interest excited by the massacre has brought us a mass of evidence direct and indirect which throws much light on the larger and graver question. It cannot be doubted that the jealousy with which the intrusion of the foreigner has always been viewed in China, but which was in some measure held in check by the successes of the French and English arms and the subsequent concessions of the several treaties, has again grown strong and fierce. The outrage at Tientsin—whatever the local or personal influences may have been—was but the culminating outburst of a dangerous spirit which judicious observers say has been gathering force in the Chinese mind. It is disheartening to have to confess this; it is discouraging to be compelled to forecast the further development of this danger. We knew all along that we had got the official and literary class against us; that, in spite of the bland Chinese courtesy and eloquent deceit which fooled poor Mr. Burlingame to the top of his bent, every mandarin in the Empire feared and hated the presence of the Europeans. Western learning they dreaded even more than Western arms, but the immediate terror of the latter kept them quiet for awhile. Meantime we thought we were winning the confidence of the people, and that in a short time their traditional suspicion and hatred of the "foreign devils" would die away. We congratulated ourselves that the envy of the official classes being neutralized the people would soon come to like and trust us. But now it seems this hope was vain. There are some signs that one of those strange unfathomable movements which convulse the great nations of Asia has begun to show its signs on the surface of events. It is from below, not from above, that the swelling impulse comes; and the ruling classes, unable to control it if they would, must now bow down to its force. In these immense densely peopled countries, in China as in India, there comes to light sud-

denly some great national resolve, and we discover afterwards that for years it has been fermenting in the minds of the millions. Where the idea was born no man can tell. First, doubtless, it was whispered vaguely in market-places and bazaars, and talked of in cautious parables in the wretched crowded hovels of the native towns. It infected the peasantry and the artisans, and gradually getting clearer it took root among the higher orders; it bore with severe stress upon the men in power, and came at last to be used as a weapon for ambition. Every popular superstition, every unlucky accident, is worked into the structure of this national impulse, and every trifle becomes a pretext for its outbreak. So it was in India before the Mutiny of 1857, and so it is to-day in China. All the sort of evidence which we had of a threatening movement in India before 1857,—the stories of vague, wild hopes, of old prophecies revived, of belief in the decadence of England, of daily increasing animosity lacquered over with the flowing courtesy of the East,—all this we hear again from residents in China. The masses who, five years ago, were cowed and abject, are now confident and insolent. It is not possible for a foreigner to walk the streets of Peking without being followed by a howling mob. The contempt with which Europeans are treated is becoming more and more exultant. The disasters which the French met with in the Corea are taken as proofs of the weakness of the Western Powers; and the warlike preparations that the Chinese are making—the rifles and the ordnance that they have manufactured after European models, the military stores they have accumulated, and the troops they have disciplined—confirm the popular belief that in another war the foreigners would be defeated and driven out of the "flowery land." With such feelings astir in the national mind, pretexts will easily be found for an outbreak. The story of the greased cartridges was enough to set the match to the prepared explosion that desolated India in 1857. A wilder legend, charging the foreigners with the crime of killing children in order to boil their eyes for drugs, set the ferocious populace at Tientsin upon the French residents. What new invention or old superstition may bring on a more extended catastrophe cannot be foretold, but there are only too many current. At any moment, it is to be feared, there may be an organized and general attempt to expel the foreigners, and then we should find ourselves embarked upon another Chinese war.

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From the Transcript.

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

O LINDEN trees! whose branches high
 Shut out the noontide's sultry sky,
 Throwing a shadow cool and dim
 Along the meadow's grassy rim,
 How sweet in dreamy rest to lie,
 Unheeding how the moments fly;
 While woodland odors, faint and rare,
 Of fern and wild rose scent the air, —
 And hear the light winds play around
 From leaf to leaf with rustling sound, —
 And trill of bird, and insect's hum,
 And all the lulling tones that come
 In summer time.

O Linden trees! so mossy-old,
 What pleasant memories you hold
 Of early childhood, and its days
 Of frolic, sport and guileless ways;
 A time of joyance, bright and fair,
 Beneath a mother's tender care.
 And ever on, till manhood brought
 Maturer aims and deeper thought, —
 And Love arose, and life became
 All radiant with his quenchless flame,
 As here, within your shelter wide,
 We met and lingered side by side,
 In summer time.

O Linden trees! as now once more
 I live those happy moments o'er,
 And stretched at ease upon the grass,
 See picture after picture pass.
 Another, brighter vision stays
 My backward thoughts and fills my gaze;
 For look! where down yon shaded walk
 A merry troop, in cheerful talk,
 And gleeful laugh, and shout and song,
 Maud and the children pass along!
 O Lindens! tell me what could be
 More sweet to hear, or fair to see,
 In summer time?

TO THE SKYLARK.

We call thee bird of ethereal wing —
 Morning songster — musical thing —
 Melody's child — bright bird of fame —
 Skylark — and many a pretty name.

By what do spirits of upper air
 Address thee when thou singest there?
 Have they a name more sweet than ours,
 To win thee from these earthly bowers?

Or what the appellation given,
 Thy spirit-self in fields of Heaven?
 I'd know it now, that, ere I go,
 I may speak it, Lark, I love thee so!

Tait's Magazine.

THE SINGERS

CHERRY-BLOSSOM nested
 Sweet the thrushes sing,
 Thrushes freckle-breasted —
 Lifting heart and wing
 For joy of cherry-blossoms evermore they sing.

Comes the time of berries,
 They will sing no more,
 Feeding under cherries,
 Happy in their store,
 In the time of cherries thrushes sing no more.

Thus, O poet, singing
 In thine own delight,
 Ecstasy upspringing
 Tunes thy lips aright,
 Evermore to music shaping thy delight.

Even while thou starvest
 All thy heart is song,
 After comes the harvest,
 Comes thy fame erelong,
 But the hours of fullness are not hours of song.
 Gentleman's Magazine.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BELOW the headland with its cedar-plumes
 A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen,
 An ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms
 And flashes of clear green.

The sumac's garnet pennons where I lie
 Are mingled with the tansy's faded gold;
 Fleet hawks are screaming in the light blue sky;
 And fleet airs rushing cold.

The plump peach steals the dying rose's red;
 The yellow pippin ripens to its fall;
 The dusty grapes, to purple fullness fed,
 Droop from the garden wall.

And yet, where rainbow foliage crowns the
 swamp,
 I hear in dreams an April robin sing,
 And memory, amid this Autumn pomp,
 Strays with the ghost of Spring.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK.

It is an armoury of light;
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields,
 To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
 Only be sure
 The hands be pure
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,
 Wakeful and wise.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE INTERNAL RELATIONS OF EUROPE.

HISTORY shows us abundantly how the internal relations of separate communities grow up and are extended. Whether by natural attraction or by conquest, petty principalities coalesce into a kingdom. Barons are forced to renounce the privilege of border-war. The supremacy of a single king delivers the local population from the misery of finding its nearest neighbours its worst enemies, and at the same time exalts the country in the great world by presenting it with a single front to all the powers without.

The American colonies of England, on attaining their independence, felt how helpless they would be to support the dignity of Sovereign States in the face of great European powers, unless they were federated into a Union which should deal with foreigners in their collective name. The Union, which was planned chiefly as a strength against the foreigner, gave them also the priceless benefit of deliverance from border-wars. These are the two cardinal advantages which, it is notorious to every American citizen, accrued from their federation; and to attain this, the separate States resigned to the Federal Government not only the public defence — which draws after it care for army, navy, fortresses and harbours, right of conscription and of taxation — but also the sole right of holding relations with the external world by ambassadors and by treaties. Moreover, they ceded the superintendence of the coinage, the Post Office, the Custom Duties, and other matters, to the central organ.

In India, under the British military predominance, affairs have taken a different course, but with some of the great results in common. By treaties with native princes, often signed under constraint, the British enforced that no Indian potentate should have relations with other powers except through British diplomacy; and in very many cases imposed the duty of keeping up, out of a prince's own revenues, an army for the British use. It was not always possible to forbid to the prince his private army. He maintained it, *chiefly* against the British Government, for the

sake of his own honour in the eyes of his people; and *secondarily* against his own barons or against the contingency of popular insurrection. But the British Government would have been pleased to see all armies disappear which were not under their own control; and, in spite of these private armies, they effectually prevent internal wars in India. Thus, in becoming the "paramount" power, we have given to India the same two advantages as republican federation gives, though the union in the case of India is extremely imperfect in several important respects. Considering how diverse in mind and temperament are English from Indians; considering also how many and how separated by language, law, and history are the natives of India; the wonder is that so great progress has been made towards blending two hundred millions of mankind into a single organic community, cognizable certainly to the foreigner as only one power.

European communities have long suffered from one another the horrible curse of war, which is more painfully felt in proportion to our refinement, our humanity, and the artificial means of livelihood. It now spreads its ruin to neutrals. Since the great French war, which may be computed from the death of Louis XVI. until the battle of Waterloo, there has been no war which can be called European in the wide sense; for even in the Crimean war — besides the four principals, Russia, Turkey, France, and England — only Sardinia was involved. Equally important is the shortening of wars. The Crimean war did but last into a third year; the Italian war of 1859 was but three or four months in length, and the great German war of 1866 was counted by weeks. The gain from this is vast; for the destruction of crops, of stores, of houses and of trees, with the discouragement of cultivation, from long wars, was a curse much greater than the loss of life in battles. But while we must not shut our eyes to the gain which has really been made — a gain which has accrued, not from our humanity nor our wisdom, but from mechanical developments, — still the evil of war in Europe is alike enormous and disgraceful. Nor has

war ever long ceased, in one country or other. Soon after the battle of Waterloo, Austria, at the call of the king of Naples, marched her armies into Naples and Sicily to overthrow the constitutional liberties of Sicily especially. The Grecian war of independence rose in 1821, and was ended by the battle of Navarino in 1827. In 1823 the Holy Alliance sent French armies to overthrow the free constitution of Spain, which has in consequence suffered conflict and misery almost to the present day. Navarino was instantly followed by the Russian war against Turkey, which ended in the prostration of the Sultan in 1829. Italy was, not indeed in war, but under perpetual warlike pressure, from 1814 to 1859. In 1830, after the French revolution which brought Louis Philippe to the throne, besides the revolt and little war of Belgium, the uprising of Poland against the tyranny of the Grand Duke Constantine took place, whence the fierce war of little Poland against great Russia, so unhappy to the weaker party. Under the policy of Louis Philippe and the English Whigs, not only was peace between the Five Great Powers sustained as previously, but after the overthrow of Poland by Russia there was a comparative lull of war in all Europe except Spain. But in 1840 Russell and Palmerston, by fighting the Syrian war against the Pasha of Egypt without consulting France, so irritated all French statesmen, that Louis Philippe had the greatest difficulty in preserving the peace with England. Nothing but the rapid and complete success of our arms saved us from the horrible calamity of a war with France. After this we may recount the crushing of the freedom of Cracow by an Austrian army, against the treaty of 1815, and without the slightest offence or pretext given by the city of Cracow; then followed in 1846 the massacres of the nobility in Galicia by the peasants, to whom the Austrian Government paid money for their heads—more if they were brought dead, less if they were brought alive. On this came the conspiracy of Austria to overthrow the constitutional liberties of Hungary; and when she was ignominiously beaten by the Hungarians in 1849, the Russians invaded

Hungary with near 200,000 men. When Austria had thus forfeited the heart of Hungary, Russia thought her time was fully come for invading Turkey; so after sounding the British Government and ascertaining that it would not oppose, she took her plunge in the summer of 1853. Lord Aberdeen's ministry dreaded nothing so much as an alliance of Turkey with Hungary, which would have taken place if the Western Powers had been inactive; for Austria was, just then, the mere tool of Russia, and was eager to get for herself Bosnia, or Servia, or Wallachia, as her reward for subservience. By talking friendship to Turkey, and acting to the damage of Turkey, in hope of putting off European war, Lords Aberdeen and Clarendon involved England in duplicity and apparent perfidy to the Turks, and thus "drifted" into war with Russia as the only means of redressing our honour. France had shared the baseness of our policy and the ignominy of the battle of Sinope; and in consequence the great Russian war was fought. Since then, we have seen the wars of 1859 and 1861 in Italy; the terrible and final war of Russia with Poland; the war of Germany with Denmark; the war of Prussia with Austria; and now, alas!—by far the greatest—the present war of France against Prussian Germany in order to undo German unity. Who can deny that war is still a terrible curse to Europe?

Yet there is nothing gained by mere talking against it, without pointing out the causes, and the direction in which a preventive is to be sought. To declaim against war in the commonplace way which confounds both combatants in common guilt, is not merely useless, but is also unjust and mischievous. In private life also (no one denies it) fights between individuals are greatly to be deprecated. There is a respectable class of people who maintain that if a man be assaulted in the street by a ruffian, he ought in no case to defend himself by retaliating violence: nay, there are those who go so far as to say, that if the ruffian attack a man's wife or child, the husband or father ought not to defend them by heavy blows—certainly not by such as may inflict death or perma-

ment hurt — but only by trying to hold his hands, and by gentle expostulation. Now while we cannot forbid such moralists to hold their own theory, they have no right to confound the case of the assailant and the defendant. Let them believe, if they must, that a nation which is invaded ought in no case to resist; to argue against that doctrine is not here needful. But if it be ever so true that it would be higher virtue in an invaded nation to act on Quaker principle, it remains clearly unjustifiable to equalize in our censure the aggressor and the repeller; or indeed to use censure at all against those whose cause is just, who yet have the calamity of suffering under aggression. Where the injustice of one side is clear, the Quaker mode of talking against war is manifestly wrong; indeed, the most thoughtful men among them avoid it. Nothing gives plausibility to it but the complications of war itself; the frequency of error, injustice or folly on both sides, the sufferings of neutrals, and of populations which had no voice in the war; to say nothing of suffering to the whole female sex, to children, and to thousands of horses, who die in long agony or starvation. An invaded nation has to submit to all this contingent misery. If in necessary self-defence it carry the war over to the enemy's soil, it then unwillingly inflicts the misery; but the guilt rests on the aggressor.

The causes of war are as plain as the causes of quarrel in private life. Cupidity, pride, injustice, fear, in turn excite men to aggression. It is a familiar thought, that men will fight out their private quarrels — or as it is expressed, will take the law into their own hands — unless the law-court is open to them, and a police be at hand for their defence against sudden attack. In so far as pride without cupidity may stimulate to war, it might seem that a mere resort to arbitration would suffice to keep the peace. The late Mr. Cobden, who must always be mentioned with respect, was entirely convinced that European wars could be stopped by a general agreement to abide by arbitration. His urgency won so much upon our statesman, that, on the close of the Russian war by the peace of Paris in 1856, Lord Clarendon in the name

of England initiated some important clauses, of which one avowed that the powers who signed the treaty would never thenceforward undertake war without first attempting to stay and supersede it by arbitration. England, France, Russia, Sardinia, Turkey, all signed this treaty; yet in a very few years the solemn promise proved itself to be mere wind. In 1859 two of these powers, France and Sardinia, entered upon war with Austria without first asking arbitration: and a moment's consideration will explain why. The arbitrators could only have taken the treaties of 1815 as the law to guide their decision. These treaties were forcibly imposed on France and Italy, and to Italy were flagrantly unjust, utterly pernicious. The war was only the beginning of Italian uprising against petty native tyrants, upheld by Austrian arms. If any royal arbiters could have been found to pronounce a decree against the Austrian occupation of Venice and Lombardy, and the Austrian support of Italian tyrannies, they could not expect Austria to withdraw from Italy at their command. The command itself, being a protest against the treaty of 1815, would have been fairly accepted by Austria as a virtual declaration of war. To expel her without actual war would have needed at least the threat of war from an overwhelming combination, and the assurance that no ally to Austria could be found. In his fond expectations from arbitration Mr. Cobden seems to have forgotten that arbitrators would be unable to take great moral principles as the guide of their verdict, and would have to shape it in accordance with European treaties, which were made in defiance of the rights of peoples, for the mere convenience of powerful princes.

Still, it was not unreasonable to think that, inasmuch as mere punctilious pride is sometimes the small weight, which, when thrown into the scale, turns it to the side of war, arbitration might suffice to keep the peace where the point of honour is concerned. Perhaps this has happened when the question how a treaty is to be interpreted is the only point of quarrel. War between England and the United States concerning the boundary of Maine,

and indeed concerning the boundary of Oregon, might perhaps have been incurred—merely because neither power would submit to be overruled by the other—had arbitration been impossible. No strong passion here underlay the “point of honour.” But in 1862 England was put to the proof and found wanting. An American ship of war boarded an English packet vessel, which was conveying two ambassadors from the Southern insurgents, and forcibly took them out of it. If the American captain had seized the ship itself, and carried it into port for the adjudication of an Admiralty Court, the Northern Government might then have got possession of the rebel ambassadors (so the English Crown-lawyers advised the Ministry) without offence to us. But the captain, in his desire to spare the innocent English passengers the annoyance of detention, blundered as to his power of acting * *without an Admiralty Court*, and hereby violated maritime law. The English Ministry resolved to demand the instant deliverance of the ambassadors. The arsenals began to work day and night, as though war were already a reality, and the English newspapers—the *Times* pre-eminently—blew martial tones. Lord Russell, as Foreign Secretary, wrote to the Cabinet of Washington, a curt and peremptory despatch, with threat of instant war. The London Peace Society, in the midst of this excitement, sent a deputation to Earl Russell to remind him of the treaty of 1856, and implore him to have recourse, according to our solemn engagement, to arbitration before declaring war. But Earl Russell bluntly replied, that the treaty had no reference to such a case as the present, in *which our honour was concerned*. It thus appeared that the treaty was but waste paper. Even to stave off war on a mere trumpety petty point of honour, where a well-meaning naval captain had proved himself not to be a perfect sea-lawyer, the treaty was found unavailing! Bystanders will probably say that the English Ministry at that crisis desired the war, and that

their jealousy of a strong republic was at the bottom of their conduct. Be this as it may, Mr. Cobden's scheme of arbitration, to be secured by treaty, has been shown to be no stronger than a cobweb. When passions are at work, superior might, not unarmed arbitration, is needed to control them.

The magistrate who hinders private men from fighting out their quarrels is not an arbitrator whom they agree to choose, but is an official wielding the public force, who imposes his mediation upon them. So too, the king, or king's ministry, which forbids the war of baron against baron, is permanently above every local grandee, and is armed far more powerfully. We must apply the same analogy to nations. When passions are excited, no arbitration is effective unless the arbitrator is competent to enforce his decree; nay, neither combatant will allow his case to be carried into the arbitration court at all, even if enforcement of the decree be disavowed beforehand. For each fears moral damage to his cause from acting against a decree after it has been pronounced. Finally, then, the problem is not solved unless the arbitration be compulsory; in short, unless the right of private war be forbidden to the separate communities which now possess it, and be vested in far greater federations.

These considerations show what development of international institutions is *to be desired*. Unless this question be studied beforehand, we shall not be prepared to accept the desirable thing, if a crisis arise at which for a short moment it becomes possible. It is therefore quite wrong to exclude and explode a theoretical organization as Utopian and impracticable, merely because as yet we see no mode of introducing it. National developments can seldom be resolved upon, even by statesmen, much less by private men; but if they are intelligently desired, this will secure that they shall not be dreaded and rudely refused when circumstances suddenly make them possible. For Italy union was an essential condition of independence, and hereby of freedom. For three or four centuries this was not understood. Union was desirable, yet was not actually desired: hence to Italy so many centuries of foreign oppression. Joseph Mazzini, more than any other man, taught Italy to desire unity. In consequence, when 1861 arrived, the eccentric career of Garibaldi was endowed with tenfold energy, union became first possible, and presently a fact, in spite of

* This is precisely what the *English* naval captains habitually did during our war against old Napoleon, in which the American Union was neutral. They stopped American ships on the high seas, and (without caring for Admiralty formalities) took out of them any sailor whom, by the ruddiness or breadth of his face, they judged to be of English birth. This was one of the two causes of our second American war in 1813. Even after the war the English Government would not confess its error, or promise not to repeat the practice; nor yet in 1856, when they renounced the right of seizing neutral goods (which was the other grievance), did they renounce this right.

France, of Austria, of Spain, and of the exiled Italian princes; in spite also of the Pope and of the whole Catholic hierarchy. Again, the union of Germany under the Emperors was by no means complete. The peace of Westphalia, in order to secure safety to the Protestants, much impaired it; and the power of Prussia since Frederick the Great damaged it still more. Even so, collective Germany was too powerful to please the ambition of the first Napoleon. In order to break it up more effectively, he destroyed the very name of German Emperor, and invented the title of "Austrian Emperor" instead. Austria, by her great outlying possessions, which Germans could not admit into Germany, exercised an influence necessarily unconstitutional, and prevented any common policy from being steadily felt and upheld. Upon the peace of 1814, this evil work of Napoleon in Germany ought to have been undone, and the German empire reconstituted: but the vanity of the princes whom Napoleon had made out of electors into kings, on the one side, forbade; on the other, the antagonism of Prussia with Austria disinclined these greater powers to allow either to become the centre of empire. From 1814 to 1866 the Germans felt themselves wronged in the destruction of their formal union under an emperor. At length the union of Italy, achieved suddenly in 1861, kindled their desire to imitate the example so visibly, that the statesmen of Prussia (pre-eminently Count Bismark) resolved to strike a blow in this cause. The mode in which Prussia initiated the war of 1866 was truly difficult to defend. Any arbitration court would have been sure to condemn her; so little formal cause of war did there seem to be. The moral offence of Austria was, that her presence in Germany kept the nation weak and helpless before France and Russia. The exculpation of Prussia's boldness lay in the fact that she was aiming to unite Germany. Of the kings of Hanover and Saxony, all that Prussia asked was that they would remain neutral, but they would not.

The South Germans themselves, especially of Bavaria and Würtemberg, though Catholics, and accustomed to side with Austria against Prussia, yet rallied to the cause of Prussia, the instant that the war was over. For they had discovered two things — that Prussia was aiming at German unity, and that Prussia by her energy and intelligence deserved to be head of Germany. Hence, in spite of the indis-

position of the King of Würtemberg to support Prussian policy, all South Germany made with Prussia treaties of offence and defence, which virtually put their whole military force into the hands of Prussia. This was the real Act of Union. It was made possible only by the war of 1866; but even when it became possible it would not have become a fact had there not been a long previous *desire* of unity, which desire great numbers of political reasoners, who fancy themselves the only practical men, would deride (and have derided) as Quixotic and unpractical. But even Hanover and Saxony are now loyal to the Prussian headship.

The time is surely come when another step of such "desire" is allowable. We may desire for Europe a *federation* of States on a far larger scale than used to be imagined, or than was possible before the era of railways and telegraphs. Mr. Cobden used confidently to say that we need not fear the preponderance of Russia, for she would be sure to break in pieces of herself before very long. It is a public fact that on one occasion he declared that Russia might easily be "crumpled up," like the sheet of paper in his hand. But, through our mechanical and chemical developments, a population of a hundred millions is wielded now by a single executive more easily than a population of five millions at the beginning of the century. Russia has peculiar sources of weakness, in her climate, in the northern course of her Asiatic rivers, in the dreary extent of her wilderness, in her frozen northern seas, and in the narrow exit of the Black Sea. To these physical facts must be added the enmity of the Poles, whether found in Poland or in Siberia, the uncertain loyalty of the Finns, and the half-developed state of the Russian population. Indeed, it can scarcely be doubted that the land question over all Russia has to be reconsidered from its foundation. The Emperors and nobles have brought in from Germany the feudal doctrine which, under our mercantile developments, presently generates the modern English ideas of landed property. But the serfs or peasants persistently hold beliefs which we are apt to call Socialist; and since the establishment of freedom this question becomes more and more urgent. There is nothing in it at all tending to dismember Russia, but it may for many years embarrass and weaken the Russian Government. It is not intended here to fan *Russo-phobia*. Russian influence over Turkey and Persia — and still more over Circassia, Independ-

ent Tartary, and Bokhara—is as desirable for humanity as the influence of England over native Indian States. Nevertheless, it cannot be forgotten that the European population of Russia is, at least, seventy-eight millions; that probably not much short of fifty millions are quite homogeneous and endowed with a common national spirit; that constitutional freedom is not yet established; that little check on the warlike tendencies of an imperial cabinet can be exercised by local opinion; finally, that in the basin of the Volga the increase of native Russian population is very rapid and steady, and never is lessened by emigration, while the vast southern region north of the Black Sea is of almost unparalleled fertility. Without doubt, we must count that the next thirty years will add at least as many millions to the European population of Russia. To anticipate that in the year 1900 they will reach one hundred and twenty millions has nothing in it extravagant. The continuous flatness of the country until the Ural Mountains are reached, with the homogeneity of the people (except so far as the Cossacks may be thought heterogeneous), gives very little reason to imagine that this vast power will “break in pieces.” On the contrary, every ten years must add to its coherence, through the development of travelling, of merchandise, and of epistolary communication. With so vast a power lying along the east of Europe, from Finland to the Crimea, ought it not to be an axiom that a State commensurate with it in Central Europe is become (what Lord Palmerston would call) a European necessity? Internal weakness in Russia, imperfectly perhaps known to us, may suffice to save European States from her injurious pressure in the future; but in the case of Poland first, and Hungary next, they did not suffice. Evidently it is unwise to count on the weakness of Russia. In the face of such a power as she is already, and much more in the prospect of what she is sure soon to become, who that looks on Europe as a whole can hesitate to say that we need a strong Germany, and a strong Danubian power? Nay, if Germany and Austria were once more blended, and the whole of the Austrian dominions were federated with Germany, making (suppose) a mass of eighty millions, it would only suffice to keep a safe balance against Russia. No sooner did the German armies gain such successes recently as to suggest that Germany might dictate terms of peace to France, than outcries in various quarters arose that care must now be taken

lest Germany become too powerful! Yet if we look at what Russia is and must be, the real danger surely is lest it be impossible for Germany to be strong enough, now that Poland has vanished.

It is foolish, and it must be an impotent practice, to form our wishes on this subject and try to guide our policy in conformity with *English traditions*. If we are to believe some reasoners, the empire of the seas nominally and rightly belongs to England, and any State that dares to have a strong navy is our natural enemy. Hence we must intrigue and fight to prevent any great Continental power from attaining good harbours. We cannot, indeed, take from France her many harbours, but we must not let her get those of Belgium, even if Belgium ever so much desire union with France; and we must leave no stone unturned to prevent Germany from having a powerful navy. In the days of sailing ships, and before the United States had become a great power, such doctrine easily passed as wisdom, and may seem excusable. But now that we cannot exercise our old supremacy at sea, the whole doctrine is antiquated. We shall not again, as in Nelson's days, destroy the fleets of France and Spain. Italy will have her fleet; that of Austria will increase; the navy of Sweden is respectable; that of France is powerful: and is Germany alone to be without a navy? The fact is, that a State which has but a small naval population cannot have a large merchant fleet, and, therefore, has little occasion and little facility for a war fleet. Unless irritated and alarmed by the dangerous navies of other powers, and eminently by that of England, it is not likely to encounter the expense. But in proportion to the growth of a merchant navy, fighting ships are needful to protect the commerce; and it is reasonable that every seafaring power should contribute its quota of force to keep down piracy in all waters. During the eighteenth century, through the prevalence of despotism and misgovernment on the Continent, England was disproportionately powerful. This was an accidental and transitory state of relations. If, through older freedom and well-developed industry, England with thirty millions can be as powerful as France with thirty-eight millions, this is a sufficiently great achievement. With a very long sea-coast, we have a large maritime population and a powerful naval force. If at sea we are more powerful than any other nation singly, that is a great thing. But to insist that we must have fleets able to cope with

the collected navies of the world is absurdly unreasonable. To find ourselves confronted by one very powerful rival, with no other naval states at all to compare with the two, would be a very anxious position; for mutual jealousy and enmity might be naturally anticipated. But in the multiplication of powerful navies, each a little inferior to ours, our best safety is now to be found. Just so in a crowd of men, each man finds himself safe, and particularly one who is himself a very strong man; but if two strong men be thrown together, with no one at all able to control them, the contact may be evil for them both.

As the traditional idea of a needful balance of power reigns in the minds of English public men against Continental potencies, so does it reign in Continental states against the marine potency of England. We did not carry ourselves meekly when our naval supremacy was most complete. It is seen moreover how we have behaved to China, to Burma, to Japan (to say nothing of our continental wars in Asia: hence, whatever we may wish concerning it, other great nations will, for defensive purposes, have their own ships of war. The grave inconvenience is, that such a form of *defence* is at the same time an *offence*, and, if it go beyond a certain magnitude, alarms and annoys other States. This objection peculiarly lies against the navy of England; but it cannot at all attach to so moderate a navy as would be commensurate to German commerce.

The jealous doctrine concerning the Balance of Power, though it cannot be wholly discarded, needs re-analysis and modification to adapt it reasonably to present circumstances. Not to go back to the time of Charlemagne or the mediæval German emperors, we find in the history of properly modern Europe five great powers, which have excited just jealousy in the rest — Turkey, Spain, France, Austria, and Russia. Each has been a military despotism; for though Spain once had admirable institutions of freedom, she was not dangerous to Europe until they were crushed by the monarchs who had sworn to uphold them. The House of Hapsburg acted this perfidious part, alike in Spain, in the Low Countries, in Bohemia, in Hungary, and by its immense outlying resources reduced the freedom of Austria itself to a nullity. As for France and Russia, despotism rose with the very formation of the monarchies. A great military power in the hands of a despotic king is always aggressive and formidable.

The king covets subjects, of whatever race; all come alike to him. He can tax them, and he can press them into his armies, whatever their native tongue. Whether they be rude and ignorant, or refined and clever, they are equally welcome to him as vassals and slaves. Such a power, when its military superiority is unquestionable, is impelled into unlimited conquest. Of this nature have been all the celebrated empires of history, ancient or modern. We need not except the Roman Republic; for the conquered were kept as vassals, not admitted to equal citizenship; and the oligarchy which made the wars profited by the conquests. The overspreading of India by the British supremacy has many analogies to this. Against a military power which is thus based upon vassal peoples, smaller powers have no strength but in jealous alliance; obstinate wars "for the balance of power," that is, to beat down the force which is too strong, naturally follow. Indeed, when overshadowing greatness has been gained by mere conquest, to reduce it by reconquest appears *prima facie* not unrightful. In this way all Europe combined against Turkey, Spain was pulled down and humiliated by the untiring enmity of England and France, which yet could not have succeeded but for the infatuated misgovernment of her degenerate despots. Austria in like manner, through her ferocity against Protestantism and liberty, in Germany, in Bohemia, and in Hungary, became too weak to repress the French military power, which in its turn became a public curse. In the present century Austria has been an oppression only to her own subjects and to Italy. France and Russia have been the two overbearing continental powers, peculiarly dangerous to all Europe, just because Germany was divided. A union of Germany, if allowed to coalesce, would effectually restrain the dictatorial violence of France; and therefore every Frenchman (according to Minister Rouher) felt "patriotic anguish" at those successes of Prussia in 1866 which Napoleon and his ministers had deemed impossible to be achieved except by the aid of France. Europe, previously open to pressure on opposite sides from France and Russia, gains stability as soon as a really powerful Germany is interposed.

At the same time modern Germany gives to Europe at length a first-rate military power, which, because it rests upon institutions essentially free, cannot be dangerous to its just and peaceable

neighbours. The vast armies of Germany are emphatically armies of citizen soldiers, as truly as those of Switzerland. In a war of defence we have seen how they spring forth in myriads, and how lavishly they sacrifice life. But nothing of the sort could be obtained from them in a war of aggression. (The war against Denmark must not be adduced in refutation of this remark, for it is undeniable that the Germans collectively did most sincerely believe that a German population in Holstein and in Schleswig was suffering unjust treatment from the Danish Government. It was a peculiar illusion, which can scarcely recur.) The contrast between a French and a German army is strikingly set forth in the fact that while in the German ranks every second man is father of a family, among the French it is an eminent insult for one soldier to call another "père de famille." Hence the French army is to France a moral desolation and an infamy, which has indeed been made tenfold worse by the despotic practices and fatuous theories of the French medical police. The suffering which Germany endures from the loss of life and wounds in battle, where the soldiers are taken from the heart of society and from civil occupations, has been recently insisted on in our newspapers. She cannot, as France, win victories by the sacrifice of cheap lives, and with gay heart. Surely in this all foreign States have a precious guarantee that nothing but a deep conviction of duty will make Germany undertake a grave war, and no other war seems possible to her. Moreover, the German Union will not be durable unless every State has its proportionate influence in deliberation concerning wars and foreign treaties. No central executive, no functionaries eager for new lucrative appointments, will be able to make wars and conquests for the gain and pride of their class. A nation of freemen may be covetous of fellow-citizens, but it always dreads the conquest of foreigners, who cannot be treated as equals, for in that case they easily become tools of usurpation to its high officers. An Alexander or a Cæsar is much delighted, a free people is gravely embarrassed and alarmed, by the conquest of a foreign population. Hence Europe has not to fear conquest by modern Germany so long as Germany is tenacious of her own freedom. And, in fact, her freedom is likely — nay, is certain — to grow stronger. Hitherto it has been variously repressed, by the foreign forces and religious bigotry of the Austrian monarchs, by the too great mili-

tary development of the numerous princedom, by the jealous ambition of the Prussian dynasty, and by the haughtiness of princelings who looked to Austria for support. But now that Prussia has shown that she is pre-eminently fit to be leader of Germany — now that Germany has zealously rallied to her, and rejoices proudly in its own unity — all motive has vanished from the Prussian dynasty for any jealousy or suspicion. The immense extent given to the national suffrage by the present King (high-flown as is his theory of the royal power) was a marked phenomenon of his reign. His haughty treatment of the Parliament down to the year 1866 was necessitated by his secret resolve to contend against Austria for supremacy in Germany, and has ever since been quite changed. With so very cordial a union as exists between people and prince, the time-honoured local institutions of Germany are destined to receive intelligent development, and to secure the public freedom permanently.

That there is in Germany a knot of doctrinaire republicans, who can be satisfied with nothing but the formal overthrow of monarchy, need not be denied; in fact, the same thing may be said of England. Are they numerous enough to alarm the dynasty, and goad it into reaction? Of that no sign appears. The Germans, like the Italians, even when republicans in theory, appears to value union more than republicanism. No better proof of this is needed than the return of so many republican Germans from the United States to fight in this war for the Union. This is the more remarkable, since political discontent has been in the past so powerful a motive with Germans for emigration to America. In a Germany justly united, where personal freedom of speech and action, local independence, and central energy are all reconciled, the great mass of theoretic republicans will become as harmless and as loyal as they are in England; and the few eccentric doctrinaires will be too impotent to excite fear. That the present brotherhood of war wins for Germany full freedom as well as independence of the foreigner, is, we may safely count, an axiom with every brave man who risks his life for the Union. Surely, then, if we retain some traditional zeal for the Balance of Power, it ought to be directed against Russia — supposing France to be no longer dangerous. To restrain Russia, the power of Germany, if even clearly doubled, would not be too great; for between equals calamitous war may ensue; but if Germany

could become manifestly superior, Russia would be sure to keep the peace; and it is difficult to see that any danger can arise from a free and federated Germany, however strong.

If we look to a great central European power, as having for one of its functions to repress wars, and enforce arbitration, it is evident that a vast increase of force is necessary beyond all that is at present in prospect. If wars voluntarily taken up for noble objects must be sustained out of spare energy, much more does the place of that power which is to forbid wars require a great superfluity of energy. To be able to do this within the limits of a great federation, is in itself a mighty attainment. England not unjustly boasts of suppressing war among the two hundred millions of India, although they are not by the process made capable of self-protection. The Americans of the Northern Union have sustained one terrible civil war, caused by fanatical zeal for slavery; and a chief motive with the North for fighting it to the end, was, to secure a union which should prevent all such wars in future. Surely, the wider the German Union can spread by good-will, the greater the direct benefit from the extension of internal peace. If Germany, triumphant over France, were to invade and subdue Switzerland, in order to incorporate it with Germany, this would be a great crime, however good the end in view—however sincere the intention of treating the Swiss as equals. But it would be a blunder as great as the crime; so great a blunder as to be morally impossible. If Germany is really to cohere in freedom (and now, it seems, no successes of France can tear apart a union which is mentally accomplished, and cemented by blood), Switzerland herself would be the great gainer by joining the Union. These little powers always excite covetings in ambitious monarchs; and until France has stable freedom, with no centralized paid army at the disposal of her executive, Swiss independence is a jewel anxiously preserved only by the perpetual vigilance of armed citizens, not without aid from the jealousies of other great powers. Germany, united and free, would be a mighty attraction to Switzerland. If completely victorious over France, she may be able to enforce that France shall yield up Savoy (recently extorted from the King of Italy), and add it to Switzerland, who, without it has no safe frontier. For us, it is quite premature to say what will be possible, still less can we say what will be done;

but it is not premature to consider whether the contingency of Switzerland entering the German Union is to be looked on with fear or with desire. Surely, with desire. No little State ought to be violently suppressed; yet little States are to be deprecated, as natural marks of cupidity, which cause the danger of war. If of their own good-will they become absorbed in a neighbour State, one more stone of stumbling is removed from Europe.

Those who wish the Balance of Power to be sustained, sometimes speak as though the mere fact of becoming powerful made a State a just object of jealousy. But thus to neglect the moral aspect of the case can only lead into error. If England, or one of her colonies by wisdom and justice, became populous, rich, high-spirited, and thereby strong, such a fact is no reason for sinister jealousy, but only for zealous imitation. If Germany had never had an emperor, and until recently had been nothing but petty sovereignties, a voluntary union of these into a single great power would be a wise and just act. In fact this is the very thing that has been done in Italy. The rise of a new Great Power may be offensive and vexatious to the ambitious and unjust, but there is nothing in it to give rightful offence or to excite terror. Apparently the only way in which European wars can be suppressed is, by the successive agglomeration of free men, living under and retaining their separate institutions, into powers which have no interest in war, but every interest in peace; until unions reach such a magnitude as to be able to forbid wars of cupidity, and offer a high tribunal for the redress of international grievances. It cannot be too much pressed, that, the more heterogeneous a union, the less easily can it have a common interest in any unjust war; and, the wider the area of a union, the more heterogeneous are its interests, even if the race be the same. How unlike are the interests of California and of New York in any imaginable foreign war! How unlike even those of New Orleans and of Maine, though their ships sail into the same ocean! *If all parts of a mighty union have their proportionate weight,* in questions of war and peace, no partial and vicious expediency can actuate them in common. Justice alone is the universal good which can unite their desires and efforts, or make them collectively willing to undergo sacrifice. Hence, if the federation do not concentrate the decisive power over foreign affairs in some favoured city or some executive cabinet, the wider the

federation, the mere benign its aspect on the whole world without; especially if the populations absorbed into it are heterogeneous in character, in pursuits, and in cultivation. Nothing but the centralization of military affairs and foreign policy in Paris has made France, whether royal, republican, or imperial, a constant anxiety to her neighbours.

Instead therefore of grudging strength to the German Union, and making outcry that there is danger of its being too powerful, our part is to rejoice that at length a first-rate military power has arisen in the centre of Europe, based not on helpless vassals, but on free organized intelligent communities, who, though willing to lavish their best blood in defence, will always resist and forbid aggressive war. How far such a union will be able to extend itself, events alone can show us; yet certain circumstances permit us to speculate on interesting possibilities. The German Austrians, four years ago, were extremely incensed by their exclusion from the union, and have ever since protested against it. Inevitably their desire to return must be greatly kindled by the fact that Germany has now rallied so energetically to an eminently capable leader, fully inspired by and expressive of the national movement. The reason for the expulsion of the German Austrians was essentially dynastic. The Austrian dynasty, because of its past history, was too dangerous a rival to Prussia, and from its non-German crowns too powerful. The difficulty remains and must remain until the Austrians consent to some dynastic change. It is easy to see what changes would suffice, but impossible to guess what force is required to bring them about. This only is clear; that while the Austrian population longs to get back into the Union, the Germans of the Union are certain to be equally anxious to get them back: hence, prudence and interest alike will press upon Prussia, as the leading state, not harshly and absolutely to refuse, but to dictate *terms* on which the Austrians may come back, whenever the dynasty will consent. The danger to the dynasty from preferring its pride to the welfare and heart-desire of the people, cannot be small: hence in course of time it is credible that the obstacles will be overcome.

Meanwhile, Austria herself has in hand a very difficult problem—in which more success has been attained than caution dared to anticipate—to make Hungarians, Croats, Serbians, Slovaks, and Bohemians co-operate with Austrians in

a free, yet compact, federation. Galicians might be added to the list of foreigners in the Austrian Empire. Their case is made more difficult by the offence which Russia takes, if their Polish nationality receives recognition. Within the Hungarian kingdom, the Magyars under Batthyany and Kossuth fully conceded national rights to Croats and Serbs; and though the problem of reconciliation was interrupted by the Austrian war of 1848-9, yet the real difficulties were quite overcome. For the last four years, since Austria has resolved to make all needful concession, no collision has arisen from the heterogeneity of Magyars, Slavonians, and Roumanians. This is a highly important omen; it is an example that sameness of language is not essential to successful federation. Indeed, the harmony of French and German Switzerland is a far older and decisive illustration of the principle. Whenever the Austrians proper get back into Germany—whether on the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, or much earlier—it seems to follow that Bohemia and Moravia, in spite of foreign tongue, must also enter the German Union. The geography of Bohemia makes the result all but inevitable. If German institutions show themselves so plastic as to admit Switzerland without shock or inconvenience—a republican federation, talking two languages, German and French—no greater difficulty will be incurred in admitting Bohemia, and it will then not be easy to set limits to the possible expansion of the German Union.

But Europe sympathizes with herself, and passes electric currents onward from nation to nation. The vigour so suddenly displayed by Germany cannot fail to act upon other nations. To France it is already intensely disagreeable, but to Italy also it will necessarily be unwelcome. Italy will, without fail, remember the invasions which she suffered from the mediæval German emperors, and is not likely to appreciate as fully as she ought the very different internal condition of modern Germany. She fears also lest Germany be not satisfied with the port of Trieste on the Adriatic, and encroachments be attempted in that quarter. Hankerings are likely soon to arise in Italy for a closer union of policy with France, and France will see in it her only chance of retrieving her lost eminence. No one can yet judge whether Republicanism or Orleanism is to rule there in the near future; but unless the French provinces regain their proportionate influence, with their local independence, no

republic will be stable, and no government can be really good. How long Frenchmen will yet take to discover this truth is very obscure. But so old in history is the antagonism between German and Italian — so bitter in this century that between German and French — that it now seems beyond a doubt that France and Italy will sympathize *as never before*; If anyone dreads that Germany will become too powerful, he may be comforted by the certainty that for thirty years to come she will be anxiously watched and variously thwarted by the combined jealousy of these two powers; even if Germany were generously to do what a German has proposed — force France to give back to Italy both Nice and Corsica. Nevertheless new war is not to be feared from this inevitable jealousy. Italy has absolutely nothing to gain from Germany, except the port of Trieste, through a war however victorious. It cannot be reasonably feared that she would ever encounter the horrors and losses of a war with Germany to gratify the pride of France. The close understanding, the *entente cordiale*, which is likely to prevail between the two countries, may prepare them for an ultimate organic union in a Western or Latin Federation, after they became republican: nor would it be astonishing if, fifty years hence, such federation were to attract into it the whole Spanish peninsula. That in the near future Europe will be attracted into more massive powers, less incommensurate to Russia and to the American Union, can scarcely be doubted; and in such a fact is the best present prospect of the banishment of wars.

A federation resting on strict justice, conceding local freedom, but suppressing local wars, and uniting its military force for national defence, is economic of military expenditure in time of peace in proportion to the magnitude of the populations federated. Since it is in the same proportion energetic in the public defence, the knowledge of this constrains foreigners to keep the peace. The advantage being so great, such a federation must exercise an attractive power on all smaller communities which are in contact with it, as soon as the difficulties attendant on a foreign language are overcome. If the Bohemian language prove no obstacle to Bohemia entering the German Union, neither need any other heterogeneity of race and language be a fatal impediment. But even when the desire of union is greatest, it may be made impossible by the imperial pretensions, not of a dynasty,

but of a people. If Holland had no possessions beyond her own narrow soil, nothing would be so natural or so beneficial to her as to take her place within the German Union: but unless she established her Asiatic colonies under an independent sovereignty, it is probable that German statesmen would refuse to receive her. The responsibility and effort of defending distant and scattered dependencies, is too anxious and too great: and to have any subject population which is not on the footing of equal citizenship is a very evil precedent for such a federation. Under old Napoleon the great powers envied England for her colonies, which were imagined to be a grand source of riches and of strength: but Germans now thoroughly understand, that they are a result of naval strength, not a cause.

From a strong Germany one very great advantage here contemplated is a security to Europe against an aggressive Russia. But for this reason it will necessarily be an offence to the more ambitiously patriotic Russian statesmen, who will do whatever diplomacy can do to prevent it. The severe lesson which France is giving to other powers will not encourage Russia to go beyond intrigue and murmuring at the resolution of Prussia to make the Vosges Mountains, as of old, the boundary between Germany and France, which does but reclaim what Louis XIV. rent from Germany by perfidy and violence. With the history of Louis XIV. before him, it seems incredible that the Emperor Alexander II. would interfere against his kinsman the King of Prussia in favour of France; yet the Russians are already much mortified at the rising power of Germany. Already they pretend that it threatens their Baltic provinces, in which a sensible amount of German population is mingled. In such newspaper wrangling the bark is worse than the bite; nor is it well to make too much of it. Hitherto the diplomacy of Russia during this war has been quiet and reasonable, consistent with the belief that she wishes success to Germany, as the party injuriously assailed, and is fully aware that Germany must have stronger guarantees than French justice against a renewal of war. Still, however well affected the Imperial family, Russia collectively has long been proud of her overshadowing greatness, and will inevitably dislike any power which threatens to become her military equal. England need not fear that Germany in the future will have too easy a time of it. With Russia on one side of her, Latin Europe on the other — to say nothing of Dan-

ish resentment, which perhaps may subside — Germany will have a great task, and is in no danger of being too strong for it. Surely for England the policy is prudent and enlightened — for which we need not claim generosity — to applaud the develop-

ment of the German Union, and to wish with all our hearts that it may become more and more aggrandized by the willing adhesion of free peoples.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

NOTE ON SOME INSTANCES OF PROTECTIVE ADAPTATION IN MARINE ANIMALS

THE various phenomena of mimicry and protective adaptation have recently received much attention, notably from Messrs. Darwin, Bates, and Wallace, and some very interesting facts and reasonings on the subject are contained in the recently published "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" by the last-named author. It can scarcely be needful to explain at much length the nature of the phenomena in question. Well-marked instances of mimicry are not very common; some of the most surprising are those of the leaf and stick insects of the Tropics, which it is almost absolutely impossible, when at rest, to distinguish from dead leaves and twigs. The importance of these resemblances, in conferring protection from attack, will be at once evident. Commoner instances of adaptation, which may indeed be noticed wherever we turn our eyes upon the animal creation, are those of more or less complete resemblance of colour between the animal and its surroundings. The most remarkable instance of this kind which has come under my own observation is perhaps that of the caterpillar of the Emperor moth (*Saturnia pavonia minor*), which, with its green ground and brilliant pink spots, is almost undistinguishable from the heather upon which it frequently feeds.

Numerous instances of this kind amongst terrestrial animals might be brought forward, but less attention has been paid to similar points in the less highly-organized of marine animals. They are, for the most part, much less easily observed in their natural haunts, and their habits and the dangers to which they are exposed are of necessity imperfectly understood. We may note, however, that fishes very commonly assume the colours of surrounding objects; the flounder is almost exactly the colour of the sand on which it lies, and fishes which bask amongst groves of seaweeds are often of brilliant and variegated colours corresponding very much with the vegetation around them.

The two instances which form the subject of this notice came under my observation while dredging in June last in the Frith of Clyde. In one spot the dredges brought up many plants of *Laminaria*, with their roots, which consist of a conical mass of contorted and intertwined fibres about a line or two in diameter; amongst these were imbedded quantities of nullipores — a calcareous seaweed of the genus *Melobesia* — (*M. calcarea*). The larger weed had, in fact, grown in a bed of the nullipore, which came up

abundantly in the dredge, and indeed now forms on a closely adjacent part of the coast a raised beach of several feet in thickness. Amongst the nullipore which matted together the laminaria roots were living numerous small starfishes (*Ophiocoma bellis*), which, except when their writhing movements betrayed them, were quite undistinguishable from the calcareous branches of the Alga; their rigid, angularly-twisted rays had all the appearance of the coralline, and exactly assimilated to its deep purple colour, so that though I held in my hand a root in which were half a dozen of the starfishes, I was really unable to detect them until revealed by their movements.

The second instance is that of a shellfish, *Lima hians*. This beautiful mollusc is well known frequently to construct for itself a nest — a long tube lined with byssal fibres and covered externally, after the manner of a caddis-worm, with nullipores, stones, shells, or probably any material which lies conveniently at hand. We may perhaps account for a habit so different from that of other mollusca by the following considerations: —

The animal is an exceedingly showy one, more so than almost any other British mollusc, having two valves of snowy white, from between which are protruded long tentacular fringes of a brilliant orange or vermillion hue; when alarmed, it darts, or almost, as one might say, flies, in a fitful manner through the water, showing its gorgeous colours very conspicuously — so that indeed in the Channel Islands it has acquired the name of "Angel's Wings." Other mollusca, such as some of the *Pectens*, are brilliantly coloured, and live without the protection of any nest, but their shells are very strong and close firmly, so that they could not easily be masticated by ordinary fishes. The shell of the Lima, on the contrary, is very fragile, and would easily be dealt with by fishes which are accustomed to devour wholesale crabs and other hard-bodied creatures. It is, therefore, easy to believe that the two characters of tenderness and brilliant colouring would speedily ensure the extinction of the species were it not protected in some extraordinary manner such as that of the concealment afforded by a nest. Mr. Wallace has shown, in a very interesting manner, how birds of brilliant plumage build nests of a character adapted for concealment during incubation, and it seems to me that the similar habit of the Lima may probably be referred to the same cause.

Nature.

PART XII.

CHAPTER IX.

ANGÉLIQUE waited for the return of Félix in vain. At last, however, it was so evident that all chance of his coming back was over for that night at least, that she made up her mind to pass the time till morning where she was: an arrangement to which Marie's landlady, whose mind was filled with nameless and impossible visions of terror, in which orange-peel, though it was now the summer, held a conspicuous place, made no objection. But she was never a very sound sleeper at the best of times; and on this occasion she found repose out of the question, even though, for once, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten herself altogether. It must be remembered that her love for Marie was real and genuine, even although the spire of its shrine was in general overshadowed by the tower of the cathedral that she had raised to her own self. Not knowing either what Félix or what Warden knew, and being perhaps more ready to suspect the extreme of evil even than most people are — for trust in human nature, if it be not altogether an act of folly, is still incompatible with such absence of foolishness as hers — she saw in the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Marie the most terrible end of all. In a word, she more than suspected Warden of having actually carried out what had in fact only passed through his mind. As soon as morning came she went straight to where Félix lived; but he had not been in all night. Then she went to Golden Square; but Prosper had gone out early, leaving word that the hour of his return was uncertain. Then she did what it might have occurred to some women to do first of all: she went to Cursitor Street, of which her husband was still an unwilling colonist.

He had been reading the "Trumpet" all the morning; and, as usual, instead of skimming its cream as formerly, in the space of a cup of coffee, had read it through from the first birth to the last auctioneer's advertisement, as a man does who knows that, when he has read his newspaper, nothing will be left for him to do but to read it through all over again. It is wonderful how a man will cling to his newspaper when it is the only link left that binds him with the great world. Hugh read with far more interest than he would have taken in the realities, accounts of debates that concerned him not, of budgets that made him neither richer nor poorer,

of parties to which he was not invited, and of marriages of acquaintances in which the modern fashion of "no cards" was anticipated for him alone. It did not even concern him that "we understand that there is to be no contest for the representation of Denethorp. Mr. Prescott has not announced his retirement; but his active canvass has ceased, and it is considered certain that he will not go to the poll. Unless, therefore, as is exceedingly improbable, a new candidate should appear at the last moment, Mr. M. Warden will be declared duly elected at the nomination, which is fixed for the 29th instant. Mr. Warden, who will support the government, is a Fellow of St. Margaret's College, Cambridge, and a native of the town that he will represent."

"Angélique," he exclaimed, throwing down the paper as she entered the room, "I cannot stand all this any more. When I can once get of this there will be nothing for it but to enlist; and you must go back to Miss Raymond, if she will have you. There are plenty of better men than I turn troopers, I believe; and, if one did one's duty one might get one's commission after a while, especially if there should be a war. I have done my best, and the game has gone against us. I've been thinking about it all night, and there's absolutely nothing else left to do."

Under ordinary circumstances the idea would not have displeased her. But now she had something else to think of. In a few words as she could she gave him a full account of her facts and of her fancies. Her story seemed to hang together well — better even than she had herself fancied. But to Hugh it seemed incredible. Unlike her, he was not prone to think extreme evil; and the thought of murder is always incredible to any but policemen — at least until it has developed into deed.

"You must be wrong," he said. "There can be no such villain in the world."

But the old legal test of "*Cui bono?*" upon which every one acts, consciously or unconsciously, and whether he is a lawyer or no, was only too applicable in this case. In a word, Marie had disappeared from the world, her husband was to marry Alice Raymond, and scarce anything was wanting but the *corpus delicti* to bring the case fairly home.

"I cannot believe it," he went on; "but it must be looked into, for Warden's sake as well as Marie's. She may — she must yet be found. I do not believe that any one can disappear without leaving traces of some sort. But what can I do here?"

Angélique, I *must* get away from this place. Can we make no arrangement, if only for a time?"

Every one knows the saying, "Talk of the devil." Every one accuses that luckless personage, who has to answer for everybody's ill-luck besides his own, of being the father of all evil; and so it must logically follow, on the strength of the proverb that teaches that money is the fount and origin of all evil, that money and the devil are one. Hence, as often happens among doctors, there is a conflict of doctrine. On the one hand, speech of the devil brings about the projection of his horns; on the other hand, it it only too certain that one may talk of money as much as one pleases without thereby even raising so much as the shadow of a farthing's ghost. Probably Lester himself would have agreed with the great Cornelius, who, when some Wagner or other persuaded him to raise the devil,

"In the startled student's face
He threw — an empty purse."

But there is no rule without an exception. One may occasionally take the devil's name in vain without even seeing so much as the tip of a single horn; and it did once, at least, happen that speech of money had the same effect as that which comes from reciting the *Pater-noster* backwards.

It came about in this wise. A letter — in itself now an unusual event for one to whom every post used in the old times to bring a mass of correspondence of all sorts and kinds, from the scrawl of the Dene-thorp voter to the scarcely more legible scrawl of a fine lady — was brought to him by the hands of the young lady the hue of whose hair had excited Dick Barton's admiration. It contained two things. One of them was a blank cheque signed by Miss Clare; the other was the following, in the handwriting of Miss Raymond: —

"DEAR MR. LESTER,— I am sorry to have to tell you that Miss Clare was taken very ill suddenly, last night. We are in much anxiety about her. She has expressed a strong desire to see you, and I hope that you will be able to come at once. She bade me send you the enclosed, in order that there may be no delay.— Believe me, yours truly,

"ALICE RAYMOND."

There was certainly no occasion for Hugh to feel over-delicate now, even where money was concerned. At all events, Angélique had no scruples, and looked at the blank cheque, payable to bearer, with glistening eyes. She had learned the value of money by this time, and had discovered the extent to which the

touch of Mammon may bring consolation, even for the loss of a sister.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "she will forgive you at last! and I shall not have been your ruin, after all!"

Hugh, however, looked very grave indeed. "Her forgiveness will not bring me much happiness if this is my doing." He was looking at the letter, not at its enclosure. "But I must see her. How much will it want to get me out of this? I am detained by so many that I do not know how I stand."

She made a rapid calculation. A very little, comparatively speaking, would suffice to set him free, at least for the present. Fifty pounds, she had told Marie. But she was not going to lose her opportunity, and so she said, —

"You will want not less than twelve hundred pounds. Shall I fill it up at once?"

"Yes."

"And I will cash the cheque at once, and settle. Shall I?"

"As soon as possible. I must not stay here a moment longer than I can help."

So, after another short calculation as rapid as the first, she filled up the cheque for three thousand pounds. It was altogether a good day's work for her. Whatever might happen now, she was secure of a capital to start with for the present, even though Miss Clare's death without a will in her husband's favour might oblige her to begin the world again, and to fight its battle alone. At all events, she would not be without capital, even should she fail in her hope for better things. Perhaps had Miss Clare known which was the acting partner of the firm, she would not have left it to Hugh to fill up the piece of paper that was to be his passport to freedom.

It was evening before Hugh left Cursitor Street behind him, and was fairly on his way to his aunt's house. The door was opened by a footman who did not know him, and who told him that Miss Clare was too ill to be seen.

"I am Mr. Lester — Miss Clare's nephew. Is Miss Raymond with her?"

"Miss Raymond is with her, sir, and Mr. Warden."

"Please to let Miss Raymond know that I am here."

He waited down-stairs for a few minutes, and then there entered to him, not Miss Raymond, but Mark Warden.

"The servant told me of your visit, Lester," he said; "but I fear it is too late."

A few hours since Warden was the very man whom of all others he wished to see. But this was no time for him to attend to Marie's concerns, now that his aunt was dying.

"You do not mean ——" he began.

"I am grieved to tell you that I fear we must make up our minds to the worst. It seems to be some kind of stroke or other; and that, in her state of health —— Dr. King has been with her, and we expect him again hourly. But the worst of it is the view that she herself has taken of her condition. She has just had a long interview with Mr. West ——"

"The solicitor?"

"Yes —— and she has been apparently terribly fatigued and excited."

"I must see her, if possible."

"I fear it is impossible. Any sudden shock ——"

"Does she know I am here?"

"No. That is why I came down to you. She is now quiet and resigned. The sight of you would disturb her dreadfully after all that has happened."

"But she wished to see me."

"I am afraid the wish is over. You could do her no good, and you might do her a great deal of harm. I do not mean that all hope is over —— far from it, thank God —— but ——"

"I suppose I may see Miss Raymond?"

"Miss Raymond is with her. Even I dare not disturb Miss Clare by going into the room."

Warden was beginning to play the part of master of the house a little prematurely; at least so it seemed to Hugh, who, disinherited as he was, could not see that anybody had so good a right to give orders in it as he.

"Even you?" he asked. "Then I will take the responsibility." He rang the bell. "Go up," he said to the footman, "and tell Miss Raymond that Mr. Lester is here."

The man looked at Warden.

"Do you hear?" repeated Hugh; "or must I go myself?"

"And make a scene in a dying room?" asked Warden.

"Yes, if you do not let me go quickly. Miss Raymond told me to come; and unless she herself, with her own lips, tells me to go away again, I must remain. One would think, Warden, that you had some desire to keep me away."

"Oh, not the least. Her will is made, if that is what you are thinking of. But, if you make imputations, go up quietly, John, and let Miss Raymond know that Mr. Lester wishes to see her. Do not disturb

Miss Clare. You will be responsible, Lester, if anything should happen. I have done what I could."

"By all means."

The two remained without exchanging another word until Miss Raymond came in, who, it was plain, had passed a night of watching. She did not look at Warden, but held out her hand warmly to Hugh.

"Come up-stairs," she said. "I thought you would never be here. She is better, and has not mentioned you; but I can see that she is longing for you. This is no time for pride. Come."

"But is it prudent ——" began Warden.

Neither said a word, and they left the room together.

But Miss Clare did not by any means look like a dying woman when Hugh entered her room. On the contrary, her eyes were brighter and her colour warmer than they had been for many a long day. She was not even in bed, as he had expected to find her, but was sitting upright —— she always sat upright —— in an arm-chair.

It was altogether so different from what he had looked to find, that he paused for an instant upon the threshold of the room. And he felt the full influence of the awe in which he had always stood of her from his childhood, when he once more, after so long, found himself actually in her presence. Indeed the awe was increased; for, in spite of appearances, he could not but know that he was also in the presence of approaching death.

But if there was no sign of death in her looks, so was there none in her voice. She spoke firmly, though with a constrained effort, as he went to her and took her hand.

"I thought you would come, Hugh."

"You wished to see me, aunt, and so I came. I would have been here some hours ago, but ——"

"I know. Never mind that, I suppose that you have been told that I am dying; but I am not so fortunate. The blow that ought to have killed me is over long ago. I think it has numbed me, so that I can now feel nothing more as I ought to feel. I have not brought you here, either, for what perhaps you might expect ——"

"Aunt!"

"My dear," she said to Miss Raymond, "will you leave us for a few minutes? I have something to say to Hugh ——"

Alice left the room, and Miss Clare continued, ——

"Hugh, when you disregarded my wishes, with your eyes open, there was

nothing for me to do but to let you take the whole consequence of your folly. I had passed my word, and I was bound to keep it, be the consequences what they might; and you must have expected me to do so. I disinherited you at once, as you must have imagined. But it seems that I was wrong. You were not disinherited, for you never had anything to inherit."

"Aunt, before you go on, tell me that though you punished me you still felt kindly toward me."

"Does a mother ever feel unkindly to her child, however weak and undutiful? No, Hugh; I felt no more unkindly toward you then than I feel now—now, when I ask you to be once more my son."

"Once more your son! You forgive me, then?"

"Wait. I do not forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. What was a gross *mésalliance*—forgive me, but you know what I think about it—what was a gross *mésalliance* on the part of the heir of Earl's Dene is but of little moment on the part of one with no fortune and with his way in the world to make. I ask you to be my son, not my heir. Here is my will, which I have had drawn up by Mr. West this morning. I wish you to read it."

He read:—

"This is the last will and testament of me Anne Letitia only child of Richard Colvil Clare late of Earl's Dene in the County of—Esquire and of Letitia his wife both deceased and relict of Louis Maximilian Victor Marquis of Croisville in the Kingdom of France I give and bequeath—"

He looked up at her wonderingly; but she only signed to him to proceed.

Then followed bequests of personal property for the benefit of the poor of her own parish and of Denethorp, to the hospital at Redchester, to some old servants, to Mr. White, her Denethorp solicitor, and to the vicar of her parish. Then followed a legacy of £10,000 to Hugh himself, and of some jewellery to Alice Raymond. And then he read,—

"And with the exception of and subject to the said bequests I give grant bequeath and devise absolutely to my only son Félix de Croisville otherwise called Félix Créville all the estate of which I am possessed at the time of my death whether real or personal of every kind whatsoever and I direct that he shall bear the name and arms of Clare together with and in addition to his own and I appoint the said

George White Hugh Lester and Félix de Croisville executors of this my will."

Naturally Hugh was unable to utter a word. He could but stare at this strange document in blank amazement.

"It is all true, Hugh," she said. "When I accompanied your father and mother to Paris, I became acquainted with that Marquis de Croisville, of whom you have doubtless read and heard as a leading spirit among the politicians of that time—of the time of the Revolution. He was the very ideal of what my dreams were then—a noble, but a democrat—a gentleman, but a philosopher, as we used to call men of his ideas. I was to be to him another Madame Roland."

"We were together to become the apostles and prophets of the religion of liberty, first in France, and afterwards of the world. You have no doubt read of him as an ambitious man—and he was so. But that was no fault in my eyes. Well, I joined my life with his, and—need I say it?—without becoming a wife in any way that would be recognized by law. Do you understand me? It was the age of Reason, as we then called it—of blasphemous rebellion, as I call it now. I had one child, this Félix. Not that I named him so. I thought him lost: I thought he had perished with his father in that ravine in the Jura. You have read the fate of the Marquis de Croisville?"

"How in escaping to the frontier across the mountains with his wife he fell over a precipice?"

"That is a matter of history. But history knows none of the details, nor even do I. They are known to God alone; for I was ill and unconscious. When I awoke I was without either my husband or my child. Two men who found me there discovered the fate of the Marquis; and I could only suppose that he had carried the child with him to find for it a place of shelter. How I cursed the strength that had enabled me to survive that night!"

"And then?"

"The strength that kept me alive served me: it enabled me to recognize the justice of God. I wished to die; but I vowed that if I lived, it should be to expiate, so far as I could, my sins of disobedience to my father, of rebellion against one whom God had anointed king, and of my contempt of all His laws. It was I who had tried my utmost to bring Him into contempt, and a whole nation into wickedness and misery; it was I who had destroyed my husband, and, as I thought, my child;

it was I who — I know it too well — caused the death of my father; it was I who had brought disgrace upon a stainless name. I scarcely know how it was that I was saved. I made no effort to save myself, but daily declared myself once more a royalist and a Christian. I was carried first to Besançon and then to Paris, where I lay in prison, and as it were upon the very steps of the guillotine. Had the fall of Robe-pierre been but a day later, I should have mounted them in reality. I could not but believe that my vow had been heard."

"And —"

"You know what my life has been since then. I remained with my father till he died, and I have always for his sake, and for that of all whom I had injured, kept my disgrace secret from the world. Since his death I have tried to do all for the cause of order and of religion that a woman may; and in you, Hugh, I endeavoured to train one who would do for it all that may be done by a man. And then —"

Hugh bent his head with shame. It is a fearful and wonderful revelation when one whose life has been entirely upon the world's surface, who has but lived, and enjoyed, and loved, and suffered like other men, knowing no depths of passion or of sorrow deeper than it is given to most men to know, is suddenly admitted behind the scenes, and to secret depths which scarcely one eye in a million ever beholds. What had been his sorrow compared with her anguish — his disappointment with her despair? Beside her he felt immeasurably little. He understood her now; and he was borne down by a consciousness that, in the presence of a tragedy like hers, he ought to have found it as easy to sacrifice his love as for a child to give up a toy.

It was of course impossible that any of this could express itself in words. But his voice expressed much, though he only said, after a long pause, —

"So Felix Créville is your son?"

"In that sense. And he must not be made to suffer for his mother's sin — do you understand? Had I not sinned he would have been the heir to Earl's Dene. But, Hugh, though I can do him justice, I cannot transfer to him the love of a mother that may be his of right, but that I had long since given away. And since I cannot transfer to him what I have given to you, that makes me all the more bound to do him justice."

"My dear mother! — I do indeed understand!"

"It is said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. But that has always seemed to me a hard saying; and it is not for a mother to knowingly make herself the instrument of God's justice upon her son. And it surely is not for me, the sinner, to make others suffer through my own sin."

Hugh meanwhile had knelt beside her and taken her hand.

"No," she went on, "it is you that must be my son while I live. And say no word to any one. Our name must not be stained by scandal; and when I am dead let my act of justice be considered an old woman's caprice. You will be able to say that you know the circumstances; and if you acquiesce, so must all who have less claim upon me than you."

"I will indeed, dearest mother! I threw up Earl's Dene for the sake of love and honour long ago; and now I let it go willingly — gladly. But is it my part to be your son now? Has not Félix —"

"Yours only. Who can be so but you?"

"You do indeed forgive me, then? If I had only known —"

"And you will be content with my forgiveness and with my help while I live, and with nothing more?"

"More than content, dearest mother! And I will strive to be all that you would have me be. And Angélique —"

Her face grew hard again. "I once said that you must choose between Miss Lefort and Earl's Dene. Of course I cannot say now that you must choose between her and me. I must not come between the husband and the wife; but that is no reason why the wife should come between the mother and the son. It is but a poor sort of affection that needs constant companionship; and I must spend the rest of my days alone. To that I have made up my mind. But oh, Hugh, you cannot think it part of your duty to her to refuse to give me the comfort of the only affection for which I care? You will not, because I cannot reconcile myself to her. forbid me to help you to the best of my power to aid you in any career that you may choose — to let me hear of your success from yourself? Surely, though they may be parted, a mother and a son may be in heart and in truth a mother and a son still?"

The hardness had departed both from her voice and from her eyes when she had finished. They even seemed to plead to him in a way that filled him with pity,

and made him feel that henceforth their relation was to be reversed; that it was she who had to lean upon him, and not, as of old, he upon her.

"It shall be so indeed, mother," he answered. "I never meant, much as I loved Angélique, to break myself from you."

"And now," she went on, "when I die — which must in the common course be before very long — I shall feel that I have done all that it has been permitted me to do. I shall leave London again on Friday. Come and see me to-morrow, and we will talk about your plans. Now I must rest. I never felt the need of rest before; perhaps the need may be the promise."

CHAPTER X.

WITHOUT again meeting either Miss Raymond or Warden, and bewildered by what he had heard and seen, Hugh at once returned straight to Angélique. It is certainly not strange that speculation as to the fate of Marie had a little passed out of the minds of both of them. Hers was filled by revived hopes of victory and vengeance; his by the history of Miss Clare — a history that, had he heard it from any other than herself, would have appeared incredible. A man who is young both in years and in nature does not look to find a life-tragedy in the career of an old lady who has apparently lived alone all her days, and has never, within the memory of a whole generation, been more than fifteen miles from home. He was by no means of a romantic or imaginative tendency; but what he had heard had set such springs of romance and of imagination as were his fairly open, and he had caught a full glimpse of a real tragedy of human life such as he could otherwise never have conceived. He had at once been plunged to the very depths of sympathy. He could not only see but feel that her whole life, so outwardly tranquil, had been one of suffering incalculable, which had been by the very strength of the nature that had had to bear it rendered more incalculable still. Her very energy had drawn its sustenance, if not its birth, from suffering; and what had seemed the natural development of an active nature, had turned out to have been but the unnatural effort of one that had been stifled prematurely. There had always been much real sympathy between these two; but now sympathy had subdued awe, and drew strength and depth from compassion for a soul that has had to bear its load in silence and alone. Of course it was now

his main duty to assist her, with all his strength, in redeeming by what seemed to him as well as to her an obvious piece of justice, anything that touched the honour that was no less dear to him than to her. There was only one thing of which he was incapable. Filled as he was with pity and a sort of reflected remorse, it is still always a relief when secrets are over and barriers thrown down; and he was always incapable of observing the reserve of the eyes. His heart was lightened of a great load, and the expression of his face in consequence misled Angélique very considerably. What she read in it was the result of good news indeed, and she supposed that the news was good for her.

"Well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Thank God," he said, "we are friends again!"

"And how is she? Better, I trust?"

"I was led to expect to find her dying; but, on the contrary, I found her apparently well and strong."

Angélique's face fell, ever so little.

"And she has forgiven you?"

"I hope fully; and, my poor child, I hope, too, that your troubles are over now. How well you have borne them! so well that you have scarcely allowed me to feel unhappy about you, and for the life into which I led you."

"O Hugh, dearest, I am so very, very glad! Do not think about me — love makes up for all! I have cost you nothing, then, after all — not your aunt's affection — not even Earl's Dene!"

"Oh, as to that, Earl's Dene is gone; that was gone long ago. But what then? I shall be able to make a career now, and we shall be rich enough to be happy."

She looked at him blankly.

"What! Earl's Dene still gone?"

"Yes; my aunt showed me her will."

"And yet she has forgiven you? I do not understand."

Hugh, as must have been seen, was one of the most unsafe men in the world with whom to intrust a secret; for he was one of those whose confidences are his wife's also. If he had ever dreamed of keeping anything in the world from Angélique it was not likely that she would not have found it out in time; and in fact he never did dream of keeping anything from her. He read the prophecy literally, that "They twain shall be one flesh," and even extended it beyond its literal interpretation.

"Yes," he said, "in such a way that I cannot refuse such aid as she may still give me. But to Earl's Dene I have no claim. It is not you that have lost it to

me, my darling; it must have gone from me anyhow."

"What! and you have seen her will? It is to be Miss Raymond's, then?"

"No; not Miss Raymond's."

"Surely not Mark Warden's?"

"Warden's? Surely not. What put him into your head of all people in the world? what right would he have to come between me and my aunt?"

"And she has no relations but you?"

"So we thought; but we were mistaken. She has the nearest relation in the world — she has a son."

"A son? Miss Clare a son?"

"She herself did not know it till yesterday. It is a strange story — almost incredible. It is Félix Créville."

"Félix? — Félix Créville the son of Miss Clare? Are you laughing at me?"

"Laughing, Angélique? On the contrary, wonderful as it is, it is true. When she was a girl she was — privately married — to the Marquis de Croisville or Créville — there seems some vagueness as to the name — who died in the French Revolution. This Félix Créville is their son."

"He? How should he be her son — a mere adventurer —"

"You may well wonder, but —"

"I do not believe it; it cannot be true. I have known Félix —"

"It is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. A lawyer would be satisfied. There is proof and to spare."

"And you submit to such a monstrous imposition —"

"Angélique!"

"Yes — to such a monstrous imposition? You see her, she forgives you, and yet she leaves everything to an adventurer —"

Hugh looked at her amazed. But he was anything but clear-sighted where Angélique was concerned. "But his being an adventurer," he said, "does not prevent his being her son."

"But her real child? Her child in marriage?"

"But even then —"

"I see — and you submit to her leaving Earl's Dene to a bastard!"

"Angélique, it is I who do not understand. She has an entire right to dispose of her property just as she pleases, without any one interfering or complaining. My only claim to it depended upon her own will and pleasure, and, of course, I must resign any claim that I might fancy I had in favour of one who has a right to it beyond all living."

"And be content with barren forgiveness!"

"I should have been content with even so much as that. But did I not tell you —"

"And she has left you nothing?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"That is nothing. It is not four hundred a-year."

"It is not very much, of course; but it is clear that the election could not have left her much to leave without damaging the estate; and then there is the chance of another contest, too. That she has done as much for me as she can do without wronging her heir I am as sure as that I stand here."

And he was right. Could Miss Clare have made her inclination square with what she considered to be her duty as mistress of Earl's Dene, Hugh would even yet have been a rich man. But, though she was not always just, she had at least the merit of never being just by halves, whatever might be the cost to her and hers.

But Angélique took a different view of the matter. "Four hundred a-year!" she repeated; "and meanwhile?"

"There are plenty of things — the army, for instance."

"The army!"

"Do you not like the idea? Or there is the church — or there must be something or other."

O hunchbacked shadow, who every day, every hour, art returning to remind us of that world of beasts and birds in which every man finds his own likeness, every man his own story! Thou didst not write fables, if a fable is but another word for a lie. The dog bearing the meat did not only cross the running stream of thy fancy, but is every moment crossing the streams of all our lives, and grasping at the thousand shadows reflected in them as they flow.

It once happened that a youth was sent out by his good fairy into a ripe field of corn that was waiting for the harvest, and was told beforehand that his future good fortune should be in proportion to the number of ears borne by the single ear that he should pluck therein, — only he must pluck but once, and no more. By the gate through which he entered stood tall stalks that had borne an hundred-fold: but he saw how the red and golden field stretched before him, acre after acre, and he thought, surely there must be finer ears than these; peradventure I shall come to where the stalks have borne a thousand-fold. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne fifty-fold: and he thought, surely here must be a space of

poor soil; I will tarry till I reach the taller stalks again. Then he went on till he came to where they had borne but tenfold; and these he scorned. Then he came to where they grew in patches, bearing scarce two-fold: and at last, after passing by a few withered straws bearing perhaps a single mildewed grain, he went out as empty as when he went in.

And so would Angélique, had she but plucked her first straw and held it fast, have been the lady of Earl's Dene after all; and it is by no means impossible that the memory of certain passages of the old time made her feel, now, that she would just as soon have been so under the name of Mrs. Créville, as under that of Mrs. Lester. But, as things were, to have to look forward to the day when she might take rank as the wife of a half-pay major as the summit of her hopes—it was simply intolerable. She guessed only too truly what Hugh meant by a career, whether in the army or elsewhere; and she had not by any means such belief in him as to believe him fit to do anything but live upon ten thousand a-year.

No wonder, therefore, that the poor girl lost her temper when she thought of the full, ripe ear of wheat that might have been hers. She must have done so sooner or later, and it had been long upon the ebb. And now unutterable contempt was added to her disappointment.

"Grand Dieu!" she exclaimed outright, with flashing eyes and at an incisive pitch of voice that is peculiar to agitated macaws and exasperated Frenchwomen—"Grand Dieu, that I should be tied for life to a fool!"

CHAPTER XI.

OF course there were plenty of rumours about Marie's disappearance, both in the profession and elsewhere, each and all of which were founded upon authority of the highest, and proof of the most irrefragable kind, to account for a step on her part which seemed altogether unaccountable. A successful artist does not throw up the prospect of a career such as hers promised to be for nothing; nor can a woman of flesh and blood suddenly disappear from the world in these unsupernatural times without a natural cause.

One rumour was—of course—that she had gone off to the Continent with a certain notorious *roué* and spendthrift; the evidence being that she had been seen dining at a hotel, at Dover, in his company, on the evening on which she had been due in Park Lane.

A second was—also of course—that her companion had not been the *roué* aforesaid, but a married and intensely respectable man of high rank and great wealth, with whom she had been seen on board a steamer at Liverpool, at the same hour of the same evening.

A third, that the immaculate Marie had, on her way to a concert, been suddenly attacked in a hackney-coach by the pains of labour, and that she had retired into the country for a month, more or less; the evidence being positive assertion, and the number of the coach, which was said for certain to have been 8531.

A fourth, that she had run away to avoid a criminal charge, the nature of which was variously quoted as shop-lifting, swindling, forgery, arson, and murder—but more especially murder. There was overwhelming proof, supported by ample evidence of time and place, to prove each and all of these.

A fifth, that she was over head and ears, not in love, but in debt.

A sixth, that she had been claimed by a husband, who had just completed his term as a *forçat* at Brest, or, as others said, Toulon.

A seventh, that she was in the pay of the secret police of Paris—or, according to others, of the *bureau des affaires étrangères*, and, having completed her mission in England, had been recalled.

An eighth, that she had been driven from the field in shame by the marvellous playing of the talented Miss Smith. This was believed in by the immediate friends of that young lady, but by no others; and was indeed stoutly denied by the immediate friends of the talented Miss Green.

A ninth, that her real name was not Marie Lefort, but the Princess Alexandrovna Suloff: that she had been implicated deeply in a conspiracy to assassinate the Czar, instigated thereto by her lover—of course she had a lover—who was a sub-lieutenant of hussars serving in the Caucasus: that, upon the plot having been discovered, she, after receiving eight hundred and ninety-seven lashes with the knout, had escaped from prison, and walked, dressed as a polish Jew, from Moscow to Königsberg: that thence she had made her way, hidden in a cargo of timber, to London: that she had been recognized, in the course of a performance, by an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy, who had been an unsuccessful rival of the sub-lieutenant: that she had been seized while walking in Oxford Street, at dusk, by three men disguised as watchmen, but in reality

employés of the Embassy: and that her piano must henceforth lighten the labours of the miners of Tobolsk. This report, of course, bore its truth upon its face.

A tenth, that her disappearance was a dodge of Monsieur Prosper's.

Thus for nine days were the waters disturbed, and then the circling wavelets of which she had been the centre ceased, and she seemed to have sunk like a stone beneath the surface of the lake of life, and to have left no sign. Félix, aided by Monsieur Prosper, sought for traces diligently, but in vain. No corpse was discovered upon the piers of the bridges, or floating among the river craft; no hospital walls had witnessed the parting of her soul and body; no sail had carried her away from that England where she had been so unhappy. Most strange of all, in the case of one in whom thought for others was a habit unconquerable by any emotion short of despair, she had apparently deserted the orphans to whom she had devoted all the strength that she had not given to her husband and to her art. At last nothing was left to him who sought for her the most ardently but certain despair, tempered only by the hope of vengeance, even though the position of Warden was so far unassailable before the world.

Now it was all very well for Barton to be free from confinement, and to be trying to negotiate loans for other people; but he was most sorely in need upon his own account. As to how it happened that, once being in confinement, he ever became free, or that, being free, it was ever worth the while of anybody to take his freedom from him, is only one of those daily and hourly mysteries in the life of such a man that can no more be solved than the great mystery of the universe itself. There are, as every one who is tolerably acquainted with great cities knows, hundreds of men who do not earn so much as the wages of a west-country labourer, and who yet somehow drift along, no one knows how, without being able to obtain a quarter of what are usually — but, in such cases, to all appearances falsely — considered the necessities of life, such as meat and lodging, but existing upon what are usually considered its luxuries, such as, in one case, lavender gloves, in another cabs, in another tobacco, in another brandy. The mystery is certainly not rendered the less insoluble by others by reason of its being equally so by such men themselves; nor, seeing that this is not the history of Dick Barton, is there any need to attempt to solve it here.

It almost looks as though, for purposes

of mere existence, supposing mere existence to be worth having for its own sake, it is sufficient to live by Faith: by Faith, that is to say, in Accident. But sometimes even he who lives by Faith must think, and, like Barton himself, occasionally catch a confused and barren glimpse of his position. And now this believer of believers was sober by compulsion. There was absolutely no one left of whom to borrow half-a-crown. He was roofless, dinnerless, breakfastless, supperless, penniless, friendless, all at once; and brandyless into the bargain. His sole possessions were clothes which were not clothes, as his friend Euripides would have called them, his Horace, and his hunger. But perhaps what weighed most heavily upon him was his quarrel with the only real friend that he had in the world.

"Unlucky devil that I am," he said to himself, when his anger with Warden had cooled down, and the troubles of Hugh Lester had passed away from his mind, "that no one should ever take me up but to let me go again — not even a French fiddler. Why in the name of the Fates and Furies was I ever born? I have never even got so much as five minutes' enjoyment out of this world that canting blockheads are always crying up as so beautiful. But I doubt if I'm alone in that, for that matter — and so what is the good of trying? Man made to be happy — Bah! Man was born to eat thistles, and be soundly cudgelled, and be an ass. I have half a mind to put an end to the whole business altogether. But in this black-hole called England — not that I suppose it's blacker than any other hole called anything else — one can't even make so cheap a *quietus* as that without a fee. One can't hang one's self without a rope; and rope costs something; and it might as well cost a thousand guineas as a penny to a vagabond like me. One might starve to death, it is true — but that, in my case, would not be suicide: it would be natural death with a vengeance. And, after all, I doubt if I should have the energy to do anything very deliberate without having my belly full — and a full belly means content with things even as they are. It is sand for the hunted ostrich. Well, it comes to this, I suppose, that I must live and see the farce played out. It can't be very long, I suppose. But what a preposterous joke it is that a man should have muscle and stomach and brains better than those of half the world put together, and yet at the age when he ought to be at his best, be starving here in the streets when idiots whom

I could twist round my little finger and thrash with it afterwards are washing down ortolans with Tokay! The world beautiful indeed! It is the masterpiece of Momus, the arch-joke of the devil's court-jester. But even so, I must be fit for something; and if the people had the spirit of a mouse, we should see. If I could but cry out 'To the Barricades!' with any hope of an answer! I am almost tempted to give up the game and turn — respectable. But even for that it is too late now."

He had by this time walked on until he found himself in Lombard Street — a quarter as exciting to a man without a penny as Vanille ice to Tantalus.

"I remember once proposing to Felix to take to the road. Suppose I take to the city instead? One would get one's rope *gratis* then — there's no fee to the hangman — and I would make my last dying speech in Demosthenic Greek. It would be worth it, only for the joke's sake: I fancy it would puzzle even the Ordinary. By Jove, there's Prescott! Drink — beggary — crime: that's the regular *facilis descensus*, I believe. I've gone through the first, so I suppose it's time to try the second. Hulloa, Prescott! good morning. How are stocks or funds, or consols or discount, or whatever you call it, to-day? And which is your present constellation — Taurus or Ursa Major?"

It was part of the banker's policy to be popular; but he simply stared at his old instrument and passed him by. But Barton followed him.

"Can you lend me half-a-crown?" he went on. "I've got nothing but thousand-pound notes in my pocket, and I want change."

"You are an impudent blackguard," answered the banker, increasing his pace.

"You won't? Is that your gratitude? You're not going to stand for Denethorp again, then? For I'm worth buying still, I can tell you — and all for the small price of half-a-crown. Remember Tarquin and the Sibyl."

"You are worth more than that to be rid of. There," said Prescott, toying him a guinea, and turning into his bank, at the door of which they had now arrived. He did not wish it to be thought that he had been stung, and he liked to be contemptuously munificent.

"Now," said Barton to himself, when he was left alone with his new wealth. "I suppose I ought to have thrown it back in the fellow's face. But — *non olet*. And this time no one shall call me prodigal.

I'm almost tempted to drill a hole in it and hang it to my watch-chain — if I had such a thing. A guinea is the true charm against evil after all. Who was it said that the definition of riches is the immediate possession of five shillings? But yet, hang it all, what's a guinea? Any way I'll no longer sign myself *impransus*."

So he turned into a small tavern, from which, after a while, he emerged in a better humour with himself and with the world. But though he did not eat very much, his penny-worth of bread necessitated the consumption of an intolerable deal of something very much more potent than sack; so that a hole was made in his guinea of another kind from that which he had contemplated.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. Not knowing what to do with himself he returned to his home in the streets.

It may be noted that when a man has even a shilling or two in his pocket, not to speak of fourteen and sixpence, and has no object for a walk, his steps invariably turn westward. From East to West is as inevitably the course of the smallest coin as the sun itself. So he proceeded slowly and meditatively along Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, the Strand, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, until he reached Park Lane. But he was a very long time in the process, for a reason that may be readily conjectured when it is said that on turning into a public-house to refresh himself he found that his guinea was a thing of the past altogether. And so, in obedience to the law of nature, he bent his steps eastward again. For the course of the penniless man is from West to East as surely as that of the sun when it is on the right side of the world.

But he was tired with walking, and it was growing dark also. He therefore, knowing from experience that it is well on a warm summer's night to choose a comfortable place for repose betimes, sought at once his favourite bench in St. James's Park, and, finding it unoccupied, disposed himself to pass the night there as one of the numerous lodgers of that particular chamber of the *hôtel à la belle étoile*, as Felix would have called it. Nor, when the weather is fine and warm, as it was now, is such a lodging by any means to be despised. It is true that it is apt to grow a little chilly, if not a little damp, about a couple of hours before sunrise, and it is impossible to be altogether secure of privacy; but the air is sweet and pure — one is not tempted to over sleep one's self when

the chorus of sparrows chirps its *aubade* — and, above all, there is nothing to pay.

So he laid himself down luxuriously on the hard bench, which was soft to his weary and accustomed limbs, and began to read his Horace, as one reads a book that one knows by heart, by the light of the stars which looked down upon him and upon London, and seemed to assert that, in spite of both, the world is beautiful in some ways after all. He was disturbed by no nightly birds of prey, either male or female; for these, with the unerring instinct of their kind, single out their proper quarry with an infallible eye, and leave unmolested a fellow-vagabond. And, after a while, night and weariness, that bring consolation to all men, brought him as sound and as sweet a sleep as if he had not been Dick Barton.

For some five or six good hours he slept his usual dreamless sleep, unbroken by any drunken refrains of songs that from time to time passed by him, or by any others of the equally agreeable voices of the night, as nights are known in London. But at four o'clock he woke, with the sun streaming into his eyes, and was Dick Barton once more.

Those who have not seen it under the spell of sunrise may laugh; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at that hour of a summer morning our hideous capital is simply one of the most beautiful of all cities. It then enjoys all, and more than all, the beauty of silence, of sunlight, of opal skies, of clear and sharply-marked outlines, and of fresh air that — until it is destroyed and blotted out by the foul breath of crowds and of coal-fires — belongs to any other place that can be named. Beauty of streets and of buildings depends far less for its existence and for its perfection upon the skill of the architect than upon the sharpness and clearness of form given by the nature of the atmosphere, both around and above; and the atmosphere of an English morning is simply without a rival. And then London, seen in silence and in sunshine instead of in noise and in smoke, has, in addition, the beauty of pathos and of contrast also. Such a prospect is a passing revelation of the fact that, however deeply the outward form of nature may be buried by the hand of man, her soul is immortal after all, and of how she is able to transform even her grave into her throne when all her foes are asleep, and when none but they who love her or who need her are abroad.

Barton was one who needed her, if he did not love her. He drew a deep breath

of renewed strength — one is not subject to "next mornings" after a night spent out of doors — as he looked across what by day is a duck-pond, but which then — in all soberness it is said — looked like a fairy lake where it lay half hidden by green leaves made clean and fresh by the dew that sparkled upon them like a rain of emeralds, to where the Abbey stood, not in the dingy cloak of brown that it wears by day, but in a morning robe of clear grey just tinged with the reflection of the rosebud of dawn. Not a living creature, save the sparrows, was in sight; for he was a late riser for a tenant of that chamber whose roof is the sky and whose walls the air. He drew himself together, gave a long stretch, stood up, and shook himself, like a dog making his toilette after he has uncurled himself from his straw.

And then he saw that he was not quite alone with the sparrows. There is no separation of the sexes in that hostelry of the poor; and his eye lighted upon a neighbouring bench upon which lay a woman who seemed likely to be a still later riser than he.

"What!" he thought; "has trade got to be so bad as this, that the Haymarket itself is glutted with lodgers? Why, we shall have a revolution after all, when the very — But now for some breakfast. That comes of economy." And he turned to go, when the woman — so much too well dressed for her situation as to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of her calling — moved suddenly, and woke up with a deep sigh.

She passed both hands over her face, and then, seeing Barton, timidly shrank to a corner of the bench, and drew her shawl round her closely.

"Good-morning," he said, seating himself at the opposite corner. "I didn't know I had had so near a neighbour last night, or else perhaps — What time did you come to bed? I hope I didn't snore: I do sometimes, I believe."

"Sir," she said, in a sweet voice that struck him as being not unfamiliar to him, "could you tell me —"

He looked her full in the face.

"Impossible," he said to himself, "if anything were impossible." But she, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon the ground, now raised them to his suddenly.

"Well, possible or no," he continued to himself, "it is no business of mine. Every one has a right to do what he likes with his own. 'Could I tell you, you were saying —'"

Poverty is not the only guide to the resting-places of the poor. Barton might wonder at such a meeting, and even disbelieve his very eyes; but not those who have ever wandered about the streets with no purpose beyond a longing to flee from the wretchedness of soul that is their only guide. To such as these, times and places are all as one. They would lie down to sleep in a den of lions without a thought of fear—their home is everywhere but at home. She, more homeless than the most homeless there, must have wandered all night without heeding how or where. Barton, wanderer upon the face of the world of London as he was, might exercise some choice as to the time and place of his repose; but not she. Yet neither were so ill-chosen after all. Though even Una may not sleep safely everywhere, yet he must have been armed with something more than the devil's courage who would have disturbed her when the big form of Dick Barton lay so few yards distant from her as to make her seem to be neither without a companion nor a protector. Truly our guardian angels take strange shapes sometimes!

But before he could finish his question she was gone.

He stood looking after her for some time, as though in doubt whether to follow her or no. "What is it to me?" he thought again. "No, I won't follow her." And so of course he did follow her, keeping her well in sight—which, as there was no crowd, was easy—but at the same time preserving a sufficient distance between himself and her so that she might not suspect she was being observed.

She went straight along the Mall till she reached Spring Gardens. Then she paused, and seemed in doubt as to which way she should turn, but finally took the direction of Westminster.

When the Abbey was again in sight she stopped once more. Then she went on again at a hurried pace, and, when opposite St. Margaret's, turned suddenly to the left. Barton at once quickened his pace, and gained upon her, till in a few seconds he was by her side.

"You were beginning to ask me a question just now," he said. "Can I be of any use to you?"

"No—you can be of no use to me."

"I think I can, though. I'm not going to preach—but do you think I don't know where you are going? It was only yesterday I thought of taking the same journey myself."

"Indeed——"

"Never mind now. It wouldn't have mattered a curse what had become of me; and I expect my cause was greater than yours, and so I had double reason. Yes, greater cause—I mean what I say, and I say it deliberately. Do you know what a wasted life means to a man who might have been anything he pleased? No doubt you will say a broken heart means a great deal more—but that only shows how little you know about the matter."

"But——"

"You are trembling all over; as if you had not had enough of the cold air you are going to try the cold——Pshaw! what an ass I am. Put your shawl round you as closely as you can, and come with me."

"But what shall I do? where should I go? why do you hinder me?"

She spoke as if she did not know what she was saying; and, whether from cold, or from fear, or from excitement, or from all three, she was indeed trembling like the bough of an aspen. He himself wrapped her shawl round her, awkwardly, but not ungently.

"As for why I hinder you, it is because I am an ass, I suppose. The river's the best bed for most of us, I fancy; and I should be wiser if instead of keeping you back from it I became your bed-fellow. But one can always come to that, at any time. Meanwhile, as to what you should do, I should say, come and get some breakfast; and as to where you should go, you had better go for the present with me. It strikes me that we are both pretty well outside playing at propriety; and I don't suppose that you'll be afraid of your companion? Besides, no one's up yet that you or I are likely to know."

As he had said, he could not preach; but he had made a sermon all the same.

"I will never say another word about this," he continued, "so you have nothing to fear. Only I will not apologize for having followed you. Damn it, if you will not let me help you, you must help me. So you see I am not very unselfish in having gone after you two miles out of my way."

"I help you? I? *Mon Dieu!*"

"Yes—I'll tell you how, presently. And you needn't say a word about your story. I can see it all, and it's as old as the hills. But how a fellow like that——"

"He was always good to me."

"There's the woman all over! By God, you are enough to send one mad! Let the rascal—well, then let the cad—go;

you must see he's not fit to clean your shoes."

"But you do not ——"

"Understand? But I do, though; perhaps more than you do yourself. I haven't been among men and women for nothing. Have you no friends?"

"Not one."

"Not Mrs. Lester? Not Miss what's-her-name — Miss Raymond?"

"None."

"But is there no one left whom you can help — for whom you can live still? Not even a kitten? I know more about women — I, Dick Barton, who never cared for one of them and for whom not one of them ever cared, and who don't think them worth caring about either — than Prosper, with all his brag. And you're just the girl to have a deaf great-grandmother, or a blind canary, or a sixpenny doll, to work her fingers to the bone for."

Ernest and Fleurette! were the memories of you as fast asleep as your bodies that it needed Dick Barton to recall you to the mind of your sister — of your mother? But let it be remembered what is meant by despair — not sorrow merely, not even anguish, but the mad hopelessness that, when it comes, overwhelms even the strongest soul, and draws a black veil between heaven and the hearts of those of whom alone it has been written that they shall see God.

"Oh, I am too weak even to die!" she cried out; "what does anything matter — even life? Do with me what you will — take me where you please; only I am Marie Lefort no more. I will earn my children's bread; but for God's sake let the secret of my life be known to you only. Indeed I have cause to be dead to all who have known me."

"Poor child! I fear there is something outside the old story after all. So be it then. I promise — on my word of honour, if I have anything left of that rather vague article. But say — are you afraid of me?"

"Of you? oh no; why should I be afraid of you?"

"Some people might think so. So be it, then. I had a sister once, who was lucky enough to be put underground before she was six years old: and for whom, I suppose, therefore, the gods entertained the whole of the very small amount of affection that they had to spare for me and mine. She was called Esther, I remember. Very well, then; you for to-day shall be Esther Barton — and for as many more days as you please."

CHAPTER XII.

It has been said that there was but one thing left for Félix to do. It was shortly this: and, if he has to any extent succeeded in obtaining the sympathy of the reader so far, it is much to be feared that he may run some risk of losing it now.

The literature of the duel is fast dying out. That duelling itself should have ceased to be an English institution may or may not be well: but, whether it be the one or the other, it is at any rate highly inconvenient. Its decadence has to a very great degree unmodernized the life of only fifty years ago, and made it in a very essential feature as unsympathetic to readers of the present day, who require, above all things, for their mental food the realism of their own daily life, and to exercise their imagination upon real tea-cups and real saucers of the most modern fashion, as a romance would be of which the scene should be laid in the Campus Martius, and in the year of the city 753. The hair trigger has become as obsolete as the *pilum* or the *sica*. Not only in character, but in ideas and in conduct also, must our grandfathers be made to resemble their grandsons, in order to be made presentable in what one would think should be the cosmopolitan and cosmo-eval society of literature: and, on the same principle as that on which the French painter dressed the guards of Dido in the uniform of the *mousquetaires du roi*, must we dress the neckclothed and padded dandy of fifty years since in the shooting-jacket of to-day. It is therefore an essential characteristic of the virtuous hero of a modern story that he should hold duelling either in abhorrence or in contempt, according as he is a good Christian or a good man of the world: and it is, in fact, really hard to call to mind that the man who would now be considered a sensible fellow, would only half a century since have been called a coward, and cut dead by every man of honour. Had Félix lived in these days he would, doubtless, after having been smitten on the one cheek, have turned his other to the smiter in the most orthodox manner possible: and, as it was, this would doubtless have been the commendable course. What does a word signify, after all, that affords no ground for an action for damages? If fine words butter no parsnips, neither do hard words break any bones. It is a highly useful and sensible policy, that which is contained in the great principle of "It does not matter," and saves its disciples from scrapes innumerable. But, unfortunately for his credit, he did

not live in these days; and, being quick-natured and sensitive, and having, perhaps owing to his social position, almost exaggerated notions of the duties, although he denied the rights, of gentle blood, he thought that an insult mattered a great deal. There is no such aristocrat in the whole world as the thorough-going republican who happens to have born a gentleman; and though a marquis might be entitled to no privileges, a De Cr ville could never cease to be a De Cr ville, though his name might be ignored not only by the world, but by himself also.

After all, whatever people may think, no fact can be changed by any amount of change of view. Plenty of good men have fought duels, and yet have been no more murderers in their hearts — by which, and not by their deeds, it is to be presumed that men ought to be judged — than the most forgiving and meek-tempered of their race; and plenty have not only fought them, but have killed their man, without a thought that a gentleman, if not exactly a Christian, should be ashamed to own. The tenderness for human life as such, and not because it is particularly worth having or keeping, which seems to have culminated in recognizing in the body of the foulest murderer a holy temple not to be lightly meddled with by human hands, did not exist in days when even so purely arbitrary an institution as honour was held to be sometimes better than human life. It is very lamentable, of course, that F lix lived in times that allowed him to behave as no one would be justified in behaving, now that the idea of moral courage is almost opposed to that of physical. He had not even the excuse of being forced into what he did by the pressure of public opinion; for, though in his own eyes there was now no course open to him but one, the world would certainly not have wasted a thought upon the matter.

But F lix was his own public opinion; and in due course Mark Warden received a challenge. How he took it may be imagined; he simply laughed it to scorn, and only sent back word that he should call in the assistance of the law if he found himself farther annoyed. In fact he only did what any sensible man in his position would have done, whether in those days or in these.

It was written, however, that the matter was not to end here. The mass of circumstances, slight and apparently trivial in themselves, of which this story is composed, was gathering like a mass of snow, which is composed of the finest particles,

but which, by gradual accretion, becomes an avalanche. If mountains are mothers of mice, it is from mole-hills that we must look for monsters.

One passion only now filled the breast of Ang lique. It was simply a wild passion for revenge — for revenge against Warden, against F lix, against Hugh, against Miss Clare — in short, against all the world. The last blow had been too cruel, and the remorse of self-interest only made matters worse a thousand-fold. She was enraged with herself for having been so befooled, and for having lost her temper when perhaps all else had not even yet been wholly lost; and, after her fashion, she vented her rage upon everybody but herself. She left her husband in his amaze, and hurried to the chambers of Mark Warden in the Temple. He was out, but she waited there till he returned, much to the excitement of the boy, who had never opened the door to a female visitor in his life before.

Warden himself was surprised to hear that a lady was waiting to see him, and that she would not give her name. He was still more surprised when he saw who the lady proved to be.

"Mr. Warden," she began at once, without giving him her hand, "we have been bitter enemies. I know it now as well as you who have known yourself my enemy all along; and we shall be worse enemies still, perhaps, when we have to reckon about my poor Marie. Yes, you are her murderer, in one way or another. But we must be at peace now, though I hate you from my soul. Miss Clare has made her will."

"This is strange language, Mrs. Lester. Do I understand that you are come to accuse me of the murder of — of your cousin? Do I look like a murderer — have I acted like one? I can pardon much to your grief, in which I also share; but —"

"Oh, you can look like what you please, except like what you are; and that is a — But did I not say that there must be peace between us now? If you are what I think you, there will be proof enough in time; and even if you choose to take my warning, you are a ruined man any way. No — I do not come to accuse you of anything; I come to tell you that Miss Clare has made her will."

"I know it."

"But do you know what it is?"

"Of course not — how should I? And even if I did, I should respect her confidence."

"And you do not know who is her heir?"

"I certainly did not inquire. Your husband, I hope."

"No — her son."

"Her son?"

"Yes — Félix Créville."

And she told him the story as she heard it from Hugh.

When she had come to an end Warden was as pale as death.

"And why do you come to me?" he asked.

"Why? do you wish that Félix should have Earl's Dene? You are not the man I take you for if you can think of no means —"

"Thanks for your information; and thanks for letting me know your opinion of me. I am neither disappointed nor angry. Earl's Dene is nothing to me; and I can make any number of excuses for your anger under the circumstances. But I cannot help you, and I certainly can think of no means."

If he could, he would certainly not have taken her into his confidence.

"No means? No means to keep from the hands of another what you have been plotting and lusting for all your days? Are you a lawyer, and can you think of no means? Perhaps the will may be a bad one: perhaps —"

"You had better be careful, Mrs. Lester; I am lawyer enough to tell you that. As I have said, I can understand your disappointment; but it seems to me that you are suggesting to me that I should commit a crime. Now, supposing that I were disposed to figure in a criminal court — which I certainly am not — I should prefer the crime to be for my own benefit."

"I said just now that I will fight you still; and so I will, to the end. But neither of us can conquer if this will is to stand. Between us, you certainly have the best of it. And yet can you be so tame as to —"

"What you call tameness, Mrs. Lester, I call submission to ill fortune. And what interest have I, I should like to know, in Earl's Dene? I should like it to have gone to your husband, of course, but —"

"You are a greater hypocrite even than I took you for. But I am not altogether blind. You found me willing enough to take your hints once before, and I see that you are not unwilling to take mine now in return, however much you may try to throw dust in my eyes. Good morning."

"The woman must be mad," he said to

himself when she had left him; and he really almost thought so. But what she had said had made him regard a duel with Félix with somewhat different eyes than before.

"No, she is not mad," was his second, and therefore his best, thought. "I see it all. No — Earl's Dene is not gone, and must not go. I must not have worked all this time for nothing, though it has come to staking my life against success — though the question is reduced to that of a chance bullet between him and me."

His being possessed with one idea had given him the most dangerous quality of all; and in fact there are no men in the whole world more dangerous than men possessed by one idea. When put to it, they become as rockless of themselves as of others, like a mad Malay. He had not gone so far to draw in his horns now; and he now saw that the cunning brain must give place to the strong and ready hand. If he should fall — well, he was no coward, and fully ready to take all ordinary risks of the time.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all,"

sings the soldier-minstrel of the cavaliers; and though the song is of noble things, it will apply to the ignoble also. Warden was confident in his fate, and in his deserts as well. And the chances that such men should rise the winners are myriads to one. *Fortuna favet fortibus* — it is cowards and doubters who lose. He was neither. He had risen to the occasion, and felt that he had made it his own.

"MY DEAR ANDREWS, — Can you do me a very great favour? I have a disagreeable and rather delicate affair on hand just now, in which it is difficult to know how to act. I fear, however, that it must end seriously, and I very much wish for your advice in the matter. If you will give it me, let me know where I can see you to-day, and at what hour. — Yours most sincerely,

"M. WARDEN."

"MAJOR ANDREWS."

"Mr. Warden presents his compliments to Mons. Créville, and, on consideration, will be glad to receive any friend of Mons. C., with a view to a final arrangement of the misunderstanding between them. Mr. W. will be found at his chambers, 7 Elm Court, Temple, during the whole of to-day."

These he despatched forthwith, and then turned to Coke upon Littleton to pass the time while waiting for their effect.

The answer to the first soon arrived. It was merely as follows:—

"MY DEAR WARDEN,—All right. Come and dine with me here at six o'clock. Such things are always best discussed over a bottle.—Yours very truly,

"A. R. ANDREWS.

"M. WARDEN, Esq."

But in the matter of the second the delay was very much longer. The fact was that for the *soi-disant* Marquis de Créville to find a friend for such a purpose and in such a sense was no easy matter.

Prosper would certainly not do: nor, *a fortiori*, any of his orchestral *confrères*. It would be to cover the affair with ridicule.

But find one somewhere he must. At last, as a *pis-aller*, he bethought him of Dick Barton. Any way he was a graduate of Cambridge, and might therefore take brevet rank, as it were, in such a case.

This thought, however, scarcely diminished the difficulty. It was easy to think of Barton, but by no means so easy to find him, seeing that his address was something like "Richard Barton, B.A., The Streets, London."

CHAPTER XIII.

No time, however, had to be lost. So he went straight to the office of the "Trumpet," and inquired if anything had been seen or heard lately of the most errant of its contributors. He could scarcely be said to hope for success, and was almost surprised to learn that Barton had called there the very day before, and had given an address somewhere in Lambeth.

Lambeth was not a very likely quarter in which to look for a friend in an affair of honour. But there was no help for it; so he set out at once, and, after another series of difficulties, at last succeeded in discovering, not far from the Bishop's palace, No 48 Saragossa Row, to which he had been referred.

He who invoked the

"Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and stinks"

could never have paid a visit to Saragossa Row, Lambeth, or he would never have labelled the city of Johann Maria Farina. A whole flood of Cologne water would not have served for a sufficiently powerful baptism to regenerate Saragossa Row, of which the prevailing feature was an odour that would have defied the analysis of the most skilled of chemists, except so far that the most unscientific nose could trace in it a strong element of cabbage-water of a

peculiarly outrageous kind. The shops that it contained were for the most part those of small butchers, grocers, and chandlers, redolent of short weight and adulteration; and this may have had something to do with the matter. Its inhabitants apparently consisted of troops of very small boys and girls, who, having rolled for pleasure in the mud-bank of the Thames, were in the habit of cleansing themselves in the gutter of their native street; and this, no doubt, had to do with the matter still more. At any rate, the three kingdoms of nature must have combined to produce the atmosphere in which Félix now found himself. But what words can describe a smell, whether of rose or of bilge water? Easier by far would it be to describe the hopeless poverty of the neighbourhood; its filth, of which the part that was unseen was worse, if possible, than the part which was seen; its hot and all-pervading dust, every mote of which must have been a seed of fever; its squalor, and its despair. Saragossa Row exists no more. But its family has grown and multiplied a hundred-fold, and, baffling description, grows more prolific from year to year. Let those who need a description go and see for themselves. The sight will not prove uninteresting, and they will not have to go far.

No. 48 proved to be the shop of a small dealer in *articles de luxe*—though not, indeed, made of *papier maché* and *ormolu*. The window was stocked with clay pipes, white mugs ornamented with blue letters, and blue mugs with white; penny song-books, and guides to dream-land; slices of plum-cake, and sticks of liquorice; lucifer-matches, and an old umbrella;—so that Dick Barton was lodged aristocratically indeed. The tenant was from home; but Félix, on making the old woman who reigned over this multifarious stock understand that he would write a note—probably a new idea to her altogether—was shown into his room, which was certainly a far worse lodging than the Mall, for the purpose of finding pen, ink, and paper, articles of too surpassing luxury to be contained even in the window.

The up-stairs room, appropriated to Dick Barton, was very much what might have been expected from the external surroundings. There was one unsteady table, that contrived to balance itself after a fashion upon the carpetless floor; there were three chairs, of different orders of architecture, and of different ages; there was a corner cupboard, a broken poker, a dozen rat-holes,—and that was about all.

The day was warm and close, but the window was closed; and, considering all things, so much the better. Félix looked round him in vain for writing materials. He did not know that people whose profession is literature in any of its forms never by any chance are the owners of a pen that will write, of ink that will run, or of a clean sheet of paper. Such things are *articles de luxe* indeed, that brand the amateur. But his search, though vain in this respect, was not without affording material for the exercise of curiosity.

The room, though grimed with the dust of ages, was free from the least suspicion of the dust of to-day. The table and the three chairs were ranged as symmetrically as they might be; and, wonder of wonders, there stood in a white and blue mug, apparently rejected from the stock for having lost its handle and a large piece out of one of the sides, a real purple hyacinth, which seemed to fill that one room, after what he had passed through on his way, with a breath from heaven, and with dreams of the fair face of nature, unmarred by such foul spots of leprosy as Saragossa Row.

Now, in all consistency, any room occupied by Dick Barton should have been inch-deep in dust and neck-deep in disorder, while the only odour at war with the foulness without should, at best, have been that of the stale fumes of departed spirits within. And as for a flower upon the mantel-piece, it was as much out of place as it would have been in his button-hole. It was clear, therefore, to Félix, than whom no one was better acquainted with all his ways, that he was not companionless in his new abode, and that his companion was a woman.

Of course, that such a thing should be was not in itself wonderful. But it was wonderful in Barton, who hated the whole sex, both in theory and practice, with a perfect hatred, tempered only by the sentiment of the scholar for Lesbia and Chloë and Lalage. But to imagine him actually living with even Lesbia herself was as easy as to imagine him living without brandy. Like most men whose speech is exaggeratedly foul, his life, where women were concerned, was, from whatever cause, as pure as that of St. Anthony himself, or rather purer, for he seemed beyond the pale even of temptation. But still all things are possible; and as he had, in the experience of Félix himself, been known to go five weeks without brandy, so he might, within the bounds of possibility, have fallen into a sort of domesticity for five days or so. Perhaps it had

suited some decayed or neglected beauty of the southern side to make a convenience even of Dick Barton; perhaps she had followed him for love—who could tell? For he possessed just that kind of strength that would have made many a foolish girl or woman follow him even there.

Félix was thus engaged in speculating upon the character of him whom, in spite of their quarrel, he knew to be his friend still, when he heard the well-known elephantine tread which slowly ascended the stairs like the statue of the *commendatore*, and an instant afterwards the big voice that belonged to it calling out,—

"Esther, are you in? By God—Félix! No—she's not in. Confound it all, though—Mrs. Wood! If Miss Barton comes home, tell her I'm particularly engaged—do you understand?"

"Miss Barton?" asked Félix.

"Yes—my sister. Why shouldn't I have a sister, like any other man?"

Félix held out his hand.

"I have been angry with you without cause, and very ungrateful. Will you forgive the anger of a man who had but just recovered from brain fever? For the sake of your own kindness to him?"

"Forgive! Not I. I'm only too glad to see you again. As for forgetting, that's another matter. The waste of good liquor is not a thing to be so easily forgotten; and yet if all the brandy that has been poured down my gullet had been poured into the gutter instead—"

"You remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Of course I do. To think that you and I should quarrel about a woman! Félix, old fellow, I don't think I ever made an apology in my life, and so I don't exactly know how to begin. Much cause there is for me to forgive you! Mind, I don't think a bit better of women now than I did then. I still think them all—, every one of them. But there is one who is an angel."

"Yes, an angel in heaven," said Félix, sternly. "She is nothing more to you or to me. But there is a devil upon earth who is something to me still."

"I know who you mean, the canting scoundrel. What, in the name of the fire of hell, made you save him from the fire of that theatre? But no matter for that. He'll come to the fire at last, all in good time."

"Barton, I did not come to ask you to forgive me, or to talk about—her. On the very night that she disappeared I

challenged Mark Warden, and he refused to fight me, like a coward. To-day, however, I received this."

"He will fight you? Oh, how I envy you! If I only had him before me on a good smooth piece of hard ground, such as I used to know in Cumberland, I would soon see if I had forgotten how to try a fall! There should be none of your twelve paces—that's the number, isn't it?—between him and me. And I promise you his fall should be to the bottom of Styx; and I'd pitch my last *obolus* after him, to pay his passage, with all the pleasure in hell."

Here was promising material for a second! But Félix continued,—

"Will you go to him? You know what I mean. We must fight—not play at fighting. If I put a bullet through him the world is rid of a scoundrel; and if he through me — *tant mieux*."

Barton looked steadily at Félix, and sighed.

"I hate duels," he said. "I'm not a coward, I fancy; but what's the good of having thews and sinews if one doesn't use them? You call it chivalry, I suppose, to give up one's advantages; I call it folly: and you ask me to stand by and help Warden to shoot you—for I'd back the beast against a man like you, at twenty paces, twenty to one. I know you. You'd be as nervous as a tiger, and he'd be as cool as the steadiest shot that ever brought a tiger down."

"You won't stand by me, then?"

"Stand by and see you shot? No."

"Then I must find some one else, that's all."

"Félix, don't be an ass. And yet —" He suddenly paused.

"Well?"

"Damn it, I can't tell you why. But you mustn't be the man to shoot Cram Warden, even supposing that he didn't shoot you. There are reasons—I have it! You mustn't: but there's no reason why I shouldn't shoot him fifty times over; or if he shoots me, why, then, as you say, *tout mieux*. What do you say? shall I try my luck?"

"I wish you would be serious for once."

"And so I am—in sober seriousness."

"Of course I could not think of such a thing for a moment. Then you will not carry my message?"

"No, by God! not a fraction of it. I'm not a gentleman, and I don't pretend to be one. If you will fight, of course I can't help it. But —"

How Barton finished his sentence Félix never knew. Before he knew the cause

he felt his heart beating violently; and though he turned mechanically towards the door, a kind of faintness prevented his seeing anything but vacancy. His senses were acute enough; but on this occasion his heart was quicker still.

It was Marie!

Of this alone he was conscious. All other facts vanished away into nothingness—the place, the mystery of her disappearance, the strange companionship in which he found her again. The soul's love is in itself a dream; and in dreams, they say, one never feels surprise.

She herself stood in the door-way, without resolution either to advance or to retire. Indeed it would have been useless to retire, now that she had been seen by him from whom she had been seeking to fly. Barton, who had been speaking warmly, had not heard her step upon the stairs, which had indeed been too light to be heard by the ears of any but one. But he suddenly looked up, and saw what the reader has also seen.

He stopped abruptly, and there was silence for a full minute. Then he spoke again.

"Esther—Miss Lefort—this is not my doing, though I am glad it has happened. Félix found me out, and —"

But he was unheard. Félix had broken from his dream, and was by her side. Barton looked at them both once more, and sighed deeply, and then for a moment turned away.

"Marie, my own Marie!" exclaimed Félix at last; "heaven has sent me to you—nothing can part us now."

Would it have been wonderful if she also lost her sense of right and wrong—if she also had seen the hand of God in this chance meeting?

As it was, she could scarcely speak. "O my God!" she at last exclaimed, "am I never to find peace—never to be forgotten? And you—cannot you have mercy upon me?"

Their companion, whose presence both had forgotten, began to drum upon the window-pane. Then he turned round, and spoke.

"You seem to have got yourselves both into a mess—and I for one see no way out of it except by giving some one we know of rats-bane. But how about the duel now, Félix? Don't look so scared, Miss Lefort—I beg your pardon—Esther. That seems to me to be a worse mess still."

"Marie," said Félix, "it is true. I have challenged your husband, and he has accepted the challenge. That is what Barton means."

"I beg your pardon, that is not by any means what Barton means—at least not the whole of it. I could scarcely have prevented your fighting before, without betraying confidence, but now —"

Félix certainly found himself in a horribly awkward position. To fight a duel with Marie's husband, she still living, was obviously impossible: it was equally impossible for him to betray her existence to him, which, since he had himself discovered it by accident, would amount to a breach of confidence: and to withdraw without sufficient reason would be to stamp himself as a coward, and to justify the opinion that Warden entertained of him as an impostor, when he had claimed to be of gentle blood.

Barton went on. "What do you say, Félix? You had better have accepted my offer—you know what I mean."

"I see no way out of it but one," he answered.

"And that is—I guess what you mean. Here are three poor devils—by God! I think we had better subscribe for a few pennyworth of charcoal, after the fashion of your country. Besides, we should be doing a little good for once in our lives—the air of Lambeth smells feverish, and charcoal, they say, is a disinfectant."

"Barton, I believe you would joke on the day of judgment."

"My dear fellow, don't you know me yet? Laughing is my way of crying—that's all. If I were one of your lucky ones, I believe I should never make a joke again. It isn't your Mark Wardens that laugh—it's the shorn lamb that skips and plays, even when it sees the butcher. But what, then, is your one way?"

"My way at present leads away from you—but not in the way you mean. Good-bye, my friend, who have been a brother to me—be a brother to her also. Good-bye, Marie: you are right, we must part for ever. And do not fear for me, or for any one. I have loved you so dearly! Dearest, those who love as we do cannot part for ever. One day we shall meet again. Till then —"

But Marie threw herself into the doorway.

"No, Félix," she said, in a clear and firm voice, "you shall commit no sin for me. You are a brave man; you must not act like a coward."

Both started. It was not the Marie whom they had known that now spoke.

"It is I," she said, "who have brought about all this misery and all this sin. Yes, I mean it—it is I. And I will stand here

until I am obeyed now, unless you choose to force your way by killing me first. I know the way you mean—it is to kill or to be killed—or both, perhaps. Will you listen to me?"

She paused, and then went on.

"In a good cause, I, the daughter of a French soldier, would not seek to keep back him I loved the best from certain death—or worse, from the certain shedding of the blood of another. But in a bad cause, I would rather that the whole world should call him coward than that I should have to think him weak or base. I vow, though I am a Christian woman, and though I have already seen death face to face, that your death, whether by your own hands or by those of my husband, or the death of my husband by yours, shall be my own. Nothing shall keep me from it—no, not Ernest or Fleurette. If you fear the world's scorn, do as I have done: the world is wide, and this one spot of it will no more miss Félix Crévile than they have missed Marie Lefort. But I think better things of you than to think you would fear any scorn of men when undeserved. You will be strong in your own conscience; and there is one, at least, who the more you are scorned by those who do not know you will love you all the more. Yes—who will love you. There is no harm in saying so now. For my sake, let me have the consolation in my desolate life that he whom I love is a brave and a true man."

"Oh, Marie, how unworthy I am to dare to love you! If you could share my fate—and why should you not? If we are both dead to the world —"

"That is impossible. You do not even tempt me. If I am in my heart to love a brave man, you must also love a pure woman. We must be worthy of one another. If you are brave and true for my sake, I must be true and pure for yours."

"Then I am to revoke this challenge—I, a De Croisville? Marie—do you not understand that a man's honour is his life?"

"Such honour as that? No. Once more, I have said it. It is not not your life I wish to save—it is your true honour, and my own love."

Félix bowed his eyes to the ground. The contest in him was bitter, but it could have but one ending.

"Curse it all!" said Barton, after a long pause. "I suppose it must be so; but—that that infernal scoundrel should get his own way after all!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THOUGHTS ON QUARRELLING.

WHEN I am seated all alone in my room with a blazing fire in winter, or, in summer, with the window open to the breezy campaign, my books, of winning aspect, before me, and whilom my pen, subservient minister of my brain, in hand, I am apt to think a good deal about one among the many advantages which the situation of the moment possesses. I do not refer to its facilities for the culture of creative imagination, such as the enthusiast Richardson alluded to when he exclaimed, "The painting-room must be like Eden before the Fall; no joyless, turbulent passions must enter there." Nor am I now contemplating the opportunity it affords for the manufacture of that prudential philosophy which Montaigne had in view when he recommended that every one should possess a little back shop of his own,—"tout libre, tout franche,"—in which, absolutely shut out from all friends and acquaintance, he should suffice to himself for his own entertainment, talking to himself, and laughing to himself, and following his pursuits independent of all external ties, in order that, should wife or fortune fall from him, he might have learned whither to betake himself for a separate maintenance, as it were.

I look now simply to another advantage. A less ambitious one? Possibly. At least, it wears more of a negative character. This solitude removes me from any temptation to quarrelling. For how can one wrangle with silence. How can one vituperate empty space?

In solitude, when I am least alone,

the poet says, indeed: but the companionship he speaks of is that of thought, thought of myriad form, of impalpable essence, the tenantry of our own brain—vexing and rebellious, it may be, at times, but not capable of kindling the temper, like antagonists of flesh and blood. *Why* thoughts should harass one, and not provoke, may be a subtle question. If they are a part of one's self, it would seem they should do neither. If independent essences, why one and not the other? But I suppose no one is ever seriously angry, indignant, and exasperated with his own cogitations, as such, except in abnormal conditions of the brain. When Luther threw his inkstand at the devil, it was that he projected his own imagination into the form of an opposing entity. Cromwell meant it as a *reductio ad absurdum* when he described a famous parliamentary champion as so cantankerous,

that if he could find no one else to fall out with, "John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John." While the iron, resistless tyranny of unwelcome thoughts over the mind is, far and away, the most crushing calamity under which humanity can groan.

Was it a fear of each other's antagonism that first drove rational beings into the bonds of society, as some philosophers aver, to guard against the aggression of individuals by the mutual interests of the many? It may be so, though I should be loth to think that the harmonies of human nature had less to do with it than the discords. Nor, in letting my thoughts dally now with some of the causes and effects of social disagreement, as we see them daily before our eyes, would I for a moment set myself up as a cynical disbeliever in the harmonies. Our souls would perish without them, that is certain. But in my breezy attic, snug back shop, or whatever the sanctum of my solitude for the time may be, I am a philosopher of the self-sufficing tribe, and please myself with thinking how much worse off I might find myself in the world outside my walls—how much worse off those *are*, whose busy, eager voices perhaps at intervals reach my serene heights. Imagine, for a moment, the subjects there must needs be in the rubs and jars of daily life always rising up for discussion; subjects domestic, parochial, political, ecclesiastical, æsthetic, personal. Think, also, to how many differing sympathies our several idiosyncrasies perforce tend. Mankind, it is said, are born into the world collectively with four temperaments, the mixtures and proportions of which in individuals are not to be numbered. Why, here is at once a basis of discord to set out with. How can a lymphatic physique meet the aspects of life as a nervous physique does? or how can a bilious melancholic eye answer the frank hope of the sanguineous? And again, external nature, has not she her temperaments? Think how irritable the nerves and blood will become on a sultry noon, when we are laboriously inhaling a sirocco; how chill and ungenial, when frost is chilling our extremities. Under such circumstances, how easily does discussion ripen into dissension! how to sting and snap in words becomes almost a craving of nature! And if even the placid are apt to grow "grumpy" on these occasions, how is it with the class of the normally capacious and huffy, which permeates all social space,—with those of whom Cowper's lines represent the ordinary characteristics?

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much;
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse, — the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain — now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold — you stir the fire, and
 grieve
To make a blaze — that's roasting him alive.

Very unamiable all this, the reader will say. Well, I am only referring to phases of social life which will at times occur, deplore it how we may, and which certainly conduce neither to the happiness nor to the elevation of our character while they last. When such phases do occur, depend upon it flight to one's own room is the best of all possible remedies. There, in all that still seclusion, trifles unduly magnified have a chance of resuming their just proportions, possibly your adversary's arguments assume some sort of meaning to your apprehension; petulance evaporates for lack of stimulants; the coveted "last word" seems no longer worth the efforts we have made to secure it. Hear the testimony of Nehemiah Wallington, the Puritan tradesman of Eastcheap, whose "Historical notices" on the times of Charles I. have recently been published, in corroboration of this philosophy.

“ The outward meanes that I have used to overcome this hasty crabbit nature of mine,” says the worthy citizen, “ are these. Sometimes I have gon into another rounge by my selfe til my anger is over, and then com again. Sometime I went abroad, and then com again when my wrath is past. Sometimes I have gone to bed when I have been angred, and lay awhile till my anger is past, and then I have rose, and put on my cloes, and have bin friends again.”

How deeply are not the lower orders of society to be pitied for their inability, generally speaking, to secure such a fortress for their own defence! We shrink with horror from the tales of domestic strife and bloodshed with which our newspaper annals of the poor abound; but who shall dare to come the Pharisee over them, for who shall pretend to compare their resources against temptation with our own? Think of the sneers, the taunts, the blows, which might well take place in our own polished drawing-rooms, often and often, were there not the remedy at hand of retirement and separation. But you forget principle, some will say. It is man's duty to school himself in self-restraint. His circumstances are his trial. He must

meet them, conquer them ; not fly like an anchorite to the desert, to be out of the way of temptation. Let him learn a lesson of the Chinese mandarin, of whom it is recorded, that when some emperor of the Celestials, making a progress through his dominions, came to the residence of this distinguished subject, he found him with his wives, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all living together in perfect peace and harmony ; inasmuch that, struck by the phenomenon, the emperor requested the head of the family to explain its secret. The mandarin took out his pencil and wrote, "Patience, patience, patience."

Was "patience" the great cohesive power in the family-life of the nomad patriarchs of old, I wonder? or was not the wide elbow-room at their command the real preservative of their domestic institutions? Assuredly, in our modern conditions of society, the patriarchal régime is seldom tried with success. One of the nearest approaches to the affirmative, perhaps, was exhibited in the case of the Edgeworth family, as portrayed in an unpublished memoir of the authoress's life. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, her father, married four times, and had nineteen children. That they *always* agreed, like "birds in their little nests," it would be too much to affirm; but the general impression of domestic harmony in the motley household, conveyed by the memoir, is very strong; and we know that Maria Edgeworth, speaking of herself in advanced life, used to say she was probably an unique instance of a woman who had had three step-mothers, and lived on cordial terms with all of them! so that, whether by principle or whether by natural sweetness of temper, much may be done in confronting and overcoming the natural propensity of congregated man to go to loggerheads, far be it from me to deny; nor would I depreciate, or postpone to less exalted methods such noble championship, certainly not after it has proved itself successful! But there is no contest without danger, and he is a bad captain who relies solely on the valour of his troops. I should hold it presumptuous of principle not to avail itself of every adventitious aid that lies fairly in its way. And it is my firm, if cowardly conviction, that victory is often best secured by evasion from conflict, and that to come off without scars is, in itself, an advantage. Now, reverting to the circumstances of the human beings who surround me, I consider that the class of domestic servants is greatly to be

pitied for the destiny which packs them together the whole day long in disregard of all natural affinities. We are prone to smile with indulgent, or frown with non-indulgent temper at "servants' quarrels," but how inadequately do we realize their difficulties! Here are, say, a dozen or half-a-dozen persons brought into close companionship from no mutual predilection on their part, whose daily duties keep them continually in presence of each other, whose lives must be passed side by side, constantly jostling each other in the necessary business of the day, inhabiting the same apartment, sitting at the same board, uneducated in general, or, if better educated some than others, liable to be thrown cheek by jowl with associates all the more repugnant because of their greater coarseness and vulgarity. What wonder that a plentiful crop of quarrels should be engendered in such a soil? The marvel rather is that the domestic machine can be got to work at all with so many ill-fitting screws and levers. Ye who "change servants" continually in search of the Will o' the Wisp Perfection, would do better to content yourselves with the Imperfections that are content to whistle down their own worries and work on. "I have quite made up my mind," said an experienced mistress of a family of my acquaintance, "never to turn off a servant for any crime short of murder." The very monotony of their life, too, must be such a cause of friction. Every householder knows, at critical moments, how much may be done by "a treat from missus," in the shape of a holiday in common, or a festive meeting, to disperse the gathering combustibles; just something to vary the daily round, and bring pleasant associations into the common stock of ideas. What the amenities of daily intercourse may be among a set of females devoted to a life of special devotional discipline in common, we know from the memorable revelations of "Saurin v. Starr." One can imagine the trembling efforts to cloak the movements of spite with religious "intention" and pious phraseology, which must constitute the labour of every hour in such a case. No way of escape from it in the inexorable convent routine. Methodical rule from outside is by no means your best reconciler.

I strike my hand upon my head. Am I a very quarrelsome person myself, that I can so keenly appreciate the temptations to this vulgar every-day "falling out?" (By the way, what is the derivation of

that term? To *fall out* would seem to mean the diverging or departing from a line of road pursued originally by persons tending towards the same end. A and B "fall out," they defalcate from the prescribed course which was to hold them together.) My conscience does not convict me of being especially litigious, irascible, wayward, or exacting, although I would not venture to pronounce that I am free from the tendency which causes the unhappiness of so many of my neighbours. But of one thing I am sure, that when I am on the outside of a quarrel, I strongly object, in cool blood, to overstepping the borders; and this because of what Polonius says,

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, Bear it that th' opposer may beware of thee.

It is this last behest that gives me pause. It does imply such a world of thought, trouble, and perplexity. Why, the taking home to one's business and bosom a good-sized handsome quarrel, reminds me of nothing so much as of the enforced reception of that formidable White Elephant with which Eastern sovereigns were wont to endow some *ci-devant* favourite whom they designed decorously to ruin. To feed, house and tend, with due respect, the princely beast, would cost the unhappy possessor more than all the care and treasure he had it in his power to expend; and he sank at last under the very magnificence of the donation. And so, to maintain a goodly quarrel with due consideration to every point of honour, rightly judging where to plant the sting, where to guard one's own weak point; to discern every coign of vantage for one's self or for the enemy; to frame one's speeches and written sentences with a lawyer's regard to every construction that may be put upon them; to adjust one's self to one's opponent's frame of thought; to guess how such or such a turn of affairs is likely to exhilarate or to depress him: all this takes so much out of a man; usurps so vast a proportion of his time and faculties; sucks so effectually the marrow out of his bones; leaves him so destitute of zest for pursuits unconnected with his main object: quarrels of this deep, personal, spiteful nature are, in short, so subversive of the whole moral system; and, what is more, are so very exhausting to an indolent nature, that, for my part, I feel I would fain enter into a compact to give them up by general consent, like those humane potentates who agree to outlaw certain destructive missiles in battle on

account of their exceeding destructiveness, so that one almost hopes in time to see war itself made contraband of war, under a very sensible universal estimate of its horrors. Would you not often rather *not* see an intended offence, or put a laboriously charitable construction on troublesome people's conduct, so that you might only avoid the necessity of quarrelling? I would. I cannot possibly imagine any human being of so perverse a mould, or of taste so unaccountable, as to require the caution given by the writer of the Book of Proverbs: "Strive not with a man without a cause, if he have done thee no harm." Why, truly here were a swash-buckler, a man most wanton in wrangling, by whom such advice were needed. It were well not to come within some leagues of that man's orbit.

Doubtless there are many natures that take quarrels in a lighter way, rather as vivifying stimulants than as consuming volcanoes, and that rush into them, without pause or premeditation, from the most trivial cause. They get out of them, too, quicker than other mortals, and face about on their old opponents and their quondam allies, like those dexterous ships of modernized warfare which used to rout the heavy Spanish galleons. They wonder that others are so long in "coming round;" they wonder also that others are so slow to catch offence. I almost envy these guerilla combatants for their elastic temper; but then I doubt their knowing much of the tender constancies of human feeling.

In frivolous court circles, like that of Louis XIV., as depicted in the memoirs of his time, from the Fronde downwards, one meets with many examples of this light, capricious quarrelling. Friends melting in mutual *épanchement* one moment, would

On a dissention of a doit break out
To bitterest enmity,

the next. Narrow-minded, ill-educated, slanderous female gossips — for such were most of those fair Longuevilles, Montpensiers, and the like, who have made history sparkle with their fame — were naturally the very personages to show skill in the degrading warfare of private jealousies and rivalries. Their dexterity often consisted in carrying things outwardly with a fair face. There is a characteristic story told by Madame de Caylus, of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon: how, when their mutual aversion (on very vital grounds, it must be allowed) was at its height, this uncongenial pair, the supplanter and the supplanted, found them-

selves one day boxed up *tête-à-tête* in the same carriage on one of the royal pleasure-excursions to Marly. No very delightful prospect, we can imagine, a couple of hours' drive for two such companions under the circumstances. Three alternatives were before them, fighting, sulking, or chatting. The first was not *comme il faut*, the second was abhorrent to *spirituelles* Frenchwomen. Madame de Montespan, who, being first in dignity, had the initiative, boldly accepted the third, but without compromising the "situation." "Don't let us be made fools of by this accident," she said, when the carriage-doors closed upon them; "let us chat as if we had no difference whatever; but with the understanding, you know, that we don't love each other a bit the more for it, and will take up our quarrel again when we get back." From Madame de Montespan, the bejewelled Sultana of the most splendid of monarchs, to a homely Devonshire farmer, what a descent! Yet the same touches of human nature-peep out under every condition, and the above anecdote irresistibly reminds me of the farewell speech of Farmer Appledrane. He and his brother had been at deadly feud, and had bullyragged each other to the utmost in the richest dialect of the South Hams. But sickness befell Farmer Appledrane, and he was like to die. He dared not go to his last account with the burden of a quarrel on his mind, and a quarrel with one so near of kin. So he sent for his brother, and hand grasped hand. A sigh from the sick bed. A sigh of relief, might it be, from the unburdened conscience? No; it was a sigh of mortification for having to change his front at last, and being driven to renounce a position fortified by so many hard words and proud feelings. But a saving clause suggests itself. "Wull, Jann," says the moribund farmer, "so now, do'ee see, if so be I die, why 'tis as 'tis. But if I gits round again, why 'tis as 'twas."

That art softens manners, has often been said. The mention of Devonshire links on, by association, the last story with one current in the bygone generation in the same region of our country. Two dancing-masters, brothers, had fallen into feud, and had not had any intercourse with each other for a long time. One had gone to Paris, and had there learnt some new and brilliant development of his art. After his return, he was pursuing his way from Exeter, over the breezy heights of Haldon to fulfil some professional engagement. It so happened that Terpsichoreus

the younger was traversing Haldon also, in the opposite direction, with a similar purpose in view. The gigs approach each other on the chalky common. Professional enthusiasm gets the better of hostile grudge. The elder brother hails the younger, and jumping out of his vehicle, begs him to observe and make acquisition of the new "step" which he has just imported from foreign parts, and which he forthwith executes in first-rate style *maugre* the roughness of his dancing-ground. Perfect reconciliation ensues, as a matter of course. To dance to a man and then to sulk with him would be impossible; unless indeed the dance happened to be a dance of spite, as may sometimes be. "She laughs at me and she *dances* at me," I have heard alleged by the aggravated party in a kitchen quarrel.

It is certain that one topic of mutual sympathy will do more to harmonize men's jarring dispositions than a bushel of elaborate arguments. A smile, in common, at some ludicrous incident, an indignation, in common, at some intolerable wrong, an enthusiasm, in common, at some manifestation of the great or beautiful, these are potent influences which will oftentimes waft old grudges to the winds, and baffle even the mischievous offices of the "peacemaker."

For, of all mischief-working people, the complacent peacemaker, the outsider who seeks to reconcile differences without having tact or discernment for the mission, is one of the worst. It is such a mistake, in the first place, for a man standing high and dry out of a quarrel, to assume that his moral ground is necessarily a post of virtuous elevation over those whose struggles he so pitifully contemplates. A quarrel may be a very naughty thing, or it may not. It may be an unavoidable thing, resulting only from a defective state of knowledge in the parties constituting it, joined to very warm and honest feeling. The famous shield in the fable *has* both a golden and a silver side; it is of no use, for peace sake, to try and persuade men coming in contrary directions, that their eyes are in fault and that it has neither. If the platitudes of a pragmatical outsider, with no better means of judging than they had themselves, had forced Paul and Barnabas to an agreement; either Paul must have consented to forego his deliberate opinion as to the fitness of the instrument to be employed on a work of vital importance, or Barnabas must have been untrue to his conviction of his nephew's claims and character.

Charles Lamb, in one of his *Popular Fallacies*, has exposed the falsity of the current maxim, "Of two disputants the warmest is generally in the wrong." No such thing, maintains the acute moralist. "Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Tibulus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn. We have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument, where we were not convinced he had the best of it if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him."

La Bruyère not less emphatically refutes an outsider's maxim of the same undiscerning kind. (And here, by the way, it strikes me, how large a collection might be made of "outsiders' maxims," scraping on all the moral difficulties of human life, but penetrating no further than their merest rind!) La Bruyère says:—

"When a violent quarrel has occurred between two persons, of whom one is in the right and the other in the wrong, what most lookers-on are sure to do, either in order to save themselves the trouble of judging, or from a natural tendency which has always seemed to me out of place, is to condemn both parties alike. An important lesson this; and a very cogent and undeniable reason why one should always fly straight off to the east when a perverse fool is in the west, lest by any chance one should come to share the blame of his wrong-headedness."

La Bruyère has hit a right nail here. This is one of the most provoking of stereotyped moralities, and not the less irritating because it contains the fallacy of a half truth. In most quarrels undoubtedly there *are* faults on both sides. A heartless taunt from the aggressor incites, it may be, resentment,—culpable, but not unnatural,—from his victim. Possibly the least offending party, in a moral sense, may be that which incurs guilt in the eye of the law. Or again, the aggressive party may be aggressive from a right motive. He may be roused by some unjust or dishonourable action to make a quarrel that did not find him. The fact is, that from the nursery where the "good child" feels so particularly virtuous when he sees his brothers and sisters fall out, and repeats Dr. Watts's hymn with double gusto, to the pulpit where the official Mentor descants on the turpitude of all disagreements between neighbour and neighbour, there is no class

of misfortune or misdoing for which the lecture is more ready, the thoughtful sympathy more scant. Is all quarrelling avoidable? With stagnant natures, or in exceptionally smooth circumstances of life, yes, possibly. Corners there may be, in this moiling world, of such halcyon tranquillity that, as the German proverb has it, there the fox and hare wish each other good-night. Tempers there are, doubtless, as blest by nature, as that of the Elector of Saxony described by Luther, who was "without guile and without bile." But such scenes, such tempers must be exceptional. Let them make the most of them, who are born to their possession. The world being what it is, we ask again, *ought* quarrels always to be avoided? No; a thousand times no; in spite of Dr. Watts and the parson. There are seasons when honour, faith, and principle require one to enter the lists, and often, sad to say it, when there is on both sides good intention. Witness Paul and Barnabas again. Until human observation and judgment can be made perfect, there always will be dissensions, even to the death, as to the shape and colours of the innumerable objects which turn diverse sides to diverse beholders. Is this cry, this symbol, on which the history of mankind for generations may depend, a pernicious lie, or is it a noble invigorating truth? According as I believe it is to be the one or the other, I may be called on to fight out my heart's blood, like Hampden — or like Falkland!

Brave words, my masters! and let them be proclaimed with crash of trumpets. But of this it behoves you to have special care, all who quarrel "on principle," that your game is worth its candle. In the warfare of individuals, as of nations, the real case often is, that wrath, and pride, and the fatal love of the "last word" add on to the original cause of dissension till the essence is altogether lost in its accidents, and the appeal to "principle" becomes rightfully ridiculous in the eyes of the watchers from the heights.

The strifes that have vented themselves in inkshed are not less malignant than those that have vented themselves in bloodshed. Are not the controversies of the learned well known to be repertoires of personal abuse, and of as much "bad language" as can be heard in the slums of Billingsgate? The Earl of Rochester once said to Bishop Burnet, "a man could not write with life unless he were heated by revenge: for to make a satire without resentment, upon the cold notions of philosophy, was as if a man would in cold blood

cut men's throats who had never offended him." Yet the "cold notions of philosophy" have had a wonderful power in *inspiring* resentments. Once famous, but long forgotten among the dust-heaps of literary lumber, was the so-called "Mathematical War," carried on between Hobbes, the old Philosopher of Malmesbury, and Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor at Oxford. "Hobbes," says Isaac Disraeli, "was one of the many victims who lost themselves in squaring the circle and doubling the cube." The more he lost his way, the more confident he was that he was going right. *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford* was a tolerably arrogant title to affix to a geometrical argument. *Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School Discipline for not saying his Lessons right*, was scarcely an unfair rejoinder. Seventeen years the controversy lasted. Irony and invective seized on every vulnerable point of morals or of temper. Those who "began with points, and doubling the cube, and squaring the circle," reviled each other for moroseness, arbitrariness, vanity, republicanism, and what not, till at last their voices died away in the stillness of the grave. Hobbes was beaten, but not quelled: —

Sed nil profeci, magnis authoribus error
Fultus erat, cecit sic Medicina malo,

was his last word. But Wallis outlived him, and could point a moral at his memory without fear of contradiction. Speaking of some laborious business on which he was engaged, he said it was "as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics." Perhaps our modern sages — our Comteists, and our Darwinites and their opposers — have learnt to restrain their pens under more decent conventionalities; but there is assuredly no field of debate on which there exists a fiercer, more enduring spirit of antagonism, than on that of calm, unworldly, abstract science. Political rivals are placable by comparison, and for this reason, that political exigencies are always shifting, and principles have, ever and anon, to give way to opportunity.

A generally established system of shorthand-writing is said to be a desideratum in the railway pace of modern civilization. For the conduct of pen-and-paper combats it would be in the eyes of many an immense boon. Who knows but it might have something of the effect of needle-guns in modern warfare, making a seven days' of an otherwise seven years' war? I knew a case of a family quarrel in which one of

the champions adopted the use of quillpens for evermore from experiencing the difficulty on that occasion of tracing with sufficient rapidity the energetic sentences required under the friction of a metal nib.

Some natures prefer the arena of *viva voce* discussion. The heat of argument, when tongue sharpens tongue, is apt to explode in very unguarded, extravagant vehemences, so that to "speak one's mind" upon a controverted subject is a synonym for a hard set-to fight. Yet there are times when a personal encounter may open up the best issue. When written controversy has been spun to vexatious length, and there seems no road out of the labyrinth, and antagonists *wish* to be reconciled, yet know not how to withdraw from their formulated positions without the horrible fear of seeming stupid or yielding, then bring them face to face. A grasp of the hand, accompanied by an inexorable mutual prohibition of anything like *explanation*, may wipe out the contention of the past for ever.

That the topic of quarrels between friends should have inspired some very effective passages in poetry is not to be wondered at; the contrasts brought into play are among the strongest, most pathetic, in life. Quarrels between tried friends are in fact more really tragic than lovers' quarrels, which are apt to turn upon some slight personal ground, and if not—as they so often are—ended by prompt reconciliation, are at least transitory in their smart, however severe at the time. The offended swain who drowns himself because his mistress had "words" with him, would soon have ceased to grieve if he could have tided over the first distress. If Chloe flouts me from momentary caprice or ill-humour, a sunny morning, a pleasant walk, will presently set all right. If she flouts me because she does not care for me, I shall be a fool not to gulp down my vexation after one choke—

If she be not kind to me,
What care I how fair she be?

But caprice has commonly no part in the antagonism of sworn comrades. Principle, character confidence,—these are the fundamental bonds of friendship, and these are they which are wrenched and riven when a dispute definitively separates chief friends. Accordingly, the really tragic passages in poetry have reference more to the feuds of friends than to the feuds of lovers. Take the immortal scene between

Brutus and Cassius in Shakspeare; take Coleridge's *Roland* and *Sir Leoline*—

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult, to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the soars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder—
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

That is the direful grief, the sense of union in disunion! The incompleteness, the "hollowness" of the heart that has lost its answering heart beyond recovery! O thou who art threatened with the alienation of an old and tried friend, by some difference which neither thou nor he know how to get over, spare him—spare each other if you can; leave margin for reconciliation! Be very slow to take personal offence; be slower still to speak the bitter word which may never be recalled. There are temporary obscurements of regard, and there are obliterations more deadly than death. Some winters since there was a mighty tempest in the West Indian latitudes; the sea rose mountains high, and a hurricane swept all before it, and a rumour went forth that an island had bodily "disappeared." But the tempest passed, and Tortola stood out again, damaged, truly, for a time, but not submerged. It was the vehemence of the elements that had hidden it from view. Trust and hope for a return of old sentiment when the gale of disagreement is past. Characters are so different in the framework of their sensibilities. Damon may be carelessly, even capriciously, hurting at times, yet may glow with generous self-sacrifice and warmest love when need occurs to Pythias. Let Pythias only be true, constant, unexact; let him give Damon plenty of rope, and not irritate him by querulous remonstrances. The sense of justice and truth will bring back his love—his consciousness of love, we should rather say—more surely than all the frettings of reproach.

Having drifted somehow into a sermonizing vein, I will conclude with a few practical suggestions to "all about to quarrel." I venture not to say simply, "Don't," like the adviser to "those about to marry" in *Punch*. I only say, first, Defer. Postponement may be the thief of time in business arrangements; it is often the safety-belt of tempers in the acrimonious waters of repartee. Oh, defer your cause from

Philip drunk to Philip sober; from the disputant of 11 A. M. on Monday morning to the same disputant one week — ay, or, it may be, one day — later. How will the perspective of things, in all possibility, have shifted its bearings in the interval, till the "situation" knows itself no more. It was the fatal mischief of duelling, formerly so common among us, that the challenge, once given and accepted, on some occasion, perhaps, as remote from the real interests of two convivial disputants as the politics of the planet Jupiter, it seemed cowardice to back out of it, however needless the quarrel might appear in the light of morning meditation.

Secondly, cultivate varied intellectual interests. The greater variety of attractive subjects of thought you possess, in matters out of yourself, the less you will care to spare attention for petty personal provocations. Bright, sunny fancies — best nurtured in "flashes of solitude" — sweeten the mind.

Thirdly, aim at acquiring a sympathetic heart. And as, according to some metaphysicians, all sympathy is based on imagination, make it your business to picture to yourself the peculiarities and the difficulties of others, so that the next step may

be to feel tolerant of them. And here we come round to the doctrine of the Book of Proverbs, that "understanding" is the great means of keeping one straight. The more dogged and stupid a mind is, the less hope of steering clear of a collision with it.

There is a touching passage in a poem by Coventry Patmore, not immediately accessible to me, which embodies the reflections of one in the first moments of bereavement, dwelling, in that strangely vivid light which no fogs of working-day existence obscure, on the thought of the friend with whom life's familiar scenes have been passed. At that moment, how does not all love, all regret, all self-examination concur in the one yearning wish that no word intended for affront, no action intended for pain-giving hostility or defiance, had ever been set down in the note-book which unforgiving, unforgetting conscience keeps as a witness against itself! And, could we only think of *that* moment with reference to any friend against whom we are about to launch the bitter taunt, how would it not seem worth our while to make every effort at self-restraint, if only for the selfish aim of making our own heartache in the severance of death more tolerable!

ONE of the most frequent errors we all make in life is the valuing a thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it. And this error is universal. I do not believe that anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in the human breast for very good reasons; but we have carried this desire to an extreme; and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue.

In Love, for instance, the easiest conquest is the best. I know that this is a very daring saying, but I am persuaded that it is a true one. The love which soonest responds to love — even what we call "love at first sight" — is the surest love, and for this reason — that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last — incomprehensible, undefinable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman. And he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her.

The same thing occurs in Friendship. The friends that are easiest made, are the best friends and the most lasting. But often an ill-conditioned or even a cantankerous man offers some attraction, by reason of difficulty, to other men

to gain his friendship. After much effort, what friendship this man can give is perhaps gained, and is ultimately found out to be worth but little.

As an additional argument for not being led away by the difficulty of the pursuit, let us remember how very short life is.

In material things the folly of pursuing them eagerly, merely because the pursuit is difficult, is very apparent. A man will seek after some almost hopeless honour, or some station in society which he never attains, or finds worthless when attained; and all the while he neglects the pleasant things in life which are round him and within the reach of his hand. The daisies and the primroses and the violets he passes with an unheeding eye, caring only for some plant that blossoms once in a hundred years.

I repeat my belief that the most frequent error in life is the placing an inordinate value, merely on account of its difficulty, upon that which it is difficult to attain; and I would have for a motto one that has never yet been selected by mortal man, and which should run thus — "Choose the easiest."

I am not afraid of quelling men's efforts in high endeavour by this motto. They will always be prone enough to run after what is difficult.

Arthur Helps.

CHAPTER VIII.

GO OR STAY.

"THERE is a very kind invitation for you May, from your aunt at Brickwall," said Mrs. Dimsdale, one morning.

"Must I go, papa? I'd much rather stay at home," replied May, looking at her father, and remembering certain passages with Lionel, wafts from the *pays du tendre*, which she did not at all wish to encourage, yet which could hardly be put into words without making more of them than was desirable. She was not intimate with her mother, and it was quite possible that any hint of this would make her discuss "particulars," of which May had a horror, and then declare there was nothing in them.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale, who was not especially fond of a visit to her sister's herself, and therefore naturally resented the same feeling in her children, "you never seem to wish to go to your aunt's. I can't think why not; it's very kind of her to ask you, and I don't know any girls better brought up than your cousins. I wish you were half as well-educated."

The Squire made a wry face, but May's head was luckily turned the other way.

"I should like you to go certainly," ended her mother, decisively and more solemnly than the occasion demanded.

"You'd better do as your mother wishes," said Mr. Dimsdale, going out of the room, though he might have known that May would not appeal again. "You needn't stay long," he looked in once more to say. "We will send you to the New Inn, and they'll meet you there, of course."

It was a pleasant spring day — buds bursting, larks soaring, and May, who rarely left home, felt her spirits rise, when at the solitary little half-way inn she found her three cousins.

"Lionel's driving," said Clara; "won't you go on the box with him, May?"

"Oh, no, let me come with you, dear," she answered quickly; "I haven't seen you both for such a long time."

But as the carriage was a sort of inside car, which Lionel had instituted since his return home instead of the heavy old barouche, the box-seat and those within were not very far apart, and the drive back was pleasant with a careless merriment not common under Brickwall rule.

"Look how prettily your cottage is turning out, May," said Amy as they passed the unfinished building near their own gates.

"I'm very thankful to hear so, though

I'd nothing whatever to do except drawing on as I was bid," she answered, smiling as she leant out to see. "Oh, yea, I believe I did wring that additional gable and the labels over the windows out of papa, he was so afraid of Aunt Wilmot and her estimates."

"They'd have looked like eyes without eyebrows; it was a great improvement. I was very much obliged," observed Lionel, looking over his shoulder instead of at his two young horses.

"Oh, mind that corner! You shaved that post most frightfully near, Lionel," cried Amy anxiously.

"Sit down, Clara," said Lionel, very distinctly, as his sister started up in the carriage. "How can you be so unwise, you were as nearly over as possible."

"I hope you managed your span of forty oxen better," laughed Clara a little frightened, but recovering herself. "You'd have had me put under arrest in Caffreland I suspect; you were a frightful despot out there, now weren't you, Lionel?"

"Take care, you'd better not speak evil of dignities; remember he has got our lives still in his hand, Clara," said May.

"No man's obliged to criminate himself," answered he with a smile; "and I'm in May's blackest books as it is, I know, for shooting a savage instead of letting him shoot me!"

"Oh, Lionel, you never told us about the savage," cried his sisters; but they were now driving up to the house, and all such unseasonable gaiety subsided. Everything there was in such order, that if a dead leaf was seen blowing about on the gravel, a gardener was sent for immediately to take it into custody.

"I did not know that you intended to go with the girls to-day, Lionel," said his mother gravely, when she saw him handing May out of the carriage, as she led the way into the drawing-room. It was a pleasant room, or would have been, under a different *régime*. Its three large old-fashioned sash-windows with their deep window-seats looked over the sloping lawn and garden with an open, if rather bald, view beyond; but all the wood-work, the handsome oak panels of the walls, and the curious-carved chimney-piece had been painted a greenish white under Lady Wilmot's rule. It could not be denied, in spite of its barbarism, that the room was more cheerful for the misdeed.

It was never, however, used except in the evening, and the furniture had that exasperating look of tidiness which throws a cold chill upon the most warmly dis-

posed; a circle of smart books lay on the bare table, which one knows without opening to have no more insides than if they were sham boxes, while the chairs all looked as if they were screwed into the floor, and there was a general colourless insipidity about the whole air of the room which was considered "elegant" some thirty years ago.

"It would be a great improvement to clean off all this paint, don't you think so, May?" said Lionel, turning to her. "I've been considering whether it couldn't be done ever since you were all talking of it so much at Fernyhurst."

"I'm afraid that May's taste can hardly be depended upon after her unlucky failure at the cottage," observed her aunt a little acidly. Lionel looked surprised, he had not counted on so ungracious a response, and was silent, while his mother opened the door into the next room to cut short any such objectionable discussions.

It was small and dull, with an Eastern aspect, but as Lady Wilmot always sat there with the girls, it looked, in spite of these drawbacks, so much more comfortable and homely, that they were all glad to take refuge in it.

The rest of the day passed quietly away. Every hour was subjected to "proper discipline" under Lady Wilmot's sway, and though it was slightly relaxed in May's favour, or rather for Lionel's sake (as nothing else could have produced a change in the "customs" of the place, as rigid as those of Dahomey), yet by rule was every word and deed, every bite and sup performed. May knew that her aunt did not like her — to think for oneself about anything is a great crime with Lady Wilmot's class of minds. Indeed, if you know that you are infallible, and that your opinion is in all things, and at all times, superior to that of every other human being, how can you help giving your fellow-creatures the advantage of it, and regulating all before you from the purest philanthropic motives? So that May found herself, as usual, in a perpetual *douche* of improving remarks, no doubt very salutary, but not by any means a fascinating style of intercourse.

"How very odd you should wear those absurd little grey boots! why don't you get proper thick ones like mine?" "What! you've never read Russell's 'Modern Europe'?" "Not enjoy Cowper's poems! Indeed, my dear, you *have* a great deal to learn." "What a very untidy thing that jacket is!" had been going on from time to time pretty continuously. And the next morning, after breakfast,

when they had all retired into the book-room, Lady Wilmot, annoyed at Lionel for following them in, went on with redoubled asperity.

"I don't like that way of wearing the hair at all," said she, looking with much distaste at her niece's rich brown locks, which had a chestnut tinge as the sun shone on them in the window, where she was standing thoughtfully with some sprigs of myrtle in her hand which Amy had just given her.

"Oh, mamma, I think it is so pretty," burst out Clara as May turned away with a deep blush, not at all liking the attention which her aunt's remarks drew upon her. Lionel, who admired both the hair and its owner very much, got up and walked to the door, a good deal annoyed at his mother's performances.

"I should like a word with you about Farmer Walker, Lionel, if you can give me a few minutes in the study," said she, going out after him. She was honestly at this time pretending to herself that she intended to give up the management of home affairs to her son, elaborately consulting him about every little detail, and then always finding the best possible reasons for not doing what he suggested. The "study" had been her place of business during the long period of her husband's incapacity for such matters, and a capital woman of business she was, and admirably had all the affairs of the family been conducted there during her regency. Although she now, with much ceremony, always talked of the room as "Lionel's," she was perpetually in and out of it, and though whenever he proposed to her to stay there she absolutely refused, she had, not unnaturally, a good deal of difficulty in giving it up. In a few minutes they both came out again together, Lady Wilmot saying, with dignity, as she went upstairs, "Of course, if you wish it, Lionel, it must be done, but I really must warn you that it would be the ruin of the place. Your dear father would never have suffered such a thing for a moment."

"Well, do as you please, mother, I dare say it'll be all right," answered her son, coming back into the book-room, and looking round rather to his disappointment, when he now found Amy there alone. "What a 'terrible Turk' my poor old father must have become since I saw him last; if he said and did all the things ascribed to him by tradition," he went on, laughing a little savagely.

Amy looked up a good deal frightened from the heap of books which she was cov-

ering with brown paper. "Oh, Lionel, please don't."

"I wish my mother wouldn't consult me; it is such a farce! Let her drive the team her own way until —. If I only knew whether I should go or stay," he muttered to himself as he threw himself down on the sofa, which was of that uncompromising kind with hard scrolls and wooden knobs in all sorts of inconvenient directions, as if to protest against any idea of comfort, much less lounging. "There's hardly a chair in the house fit to sit on," he went on, half aloud.

"I don't quite understand, dear," said Amy, anxiously; "you're not thinking about going away again, Lionel, surely?"

But Lionel was silent.

"Has she asked that poor Jones, after all, to dinner to-morrow, do you know?" (Jones was the curate), he went on presently. "It's so unkind not to have him here often when there are so few houses about for him to go to."

"She doesn't like him," observed Amy, timidly: "she fancied that he interfered about the school too much, but I believe he was right after all. I wish she'd let him do more there; he really knows a great deal about it."

Lionel gave a sort of impatient little snort. "If she has not written, I shall just walk down and ask him myself," said he; "It's downright rude to leave him out in this way. What's become of Clara and May?"

"Mamma has sent them somewhere about something," answered she wearily; "I believe it was to the farm."

"I can't think what you can find in that Jones, that you want to have him to dinner in this way," said his mother, in an annoyed tone, when she found her son alone later in the day.

"I don't find much, dear mother," he said gently, "but he's a plain, straightforward, honest man, and I don't like that he should feel himself neglected; one more at dinner won't add much to your trouble, I hope."

"And then such sermons as he preaches," went on Lady Wilmot, without listening; "I really must have some conversation with him about them some day; he is become so exceedingly —"

"Pray don't, dear mother: you know I shouldn't like him to give me advice, however good, upon my company drill, or you about the conduct of your household," answered Lionel, smiling kindly.

"But then that's quite different, Lionel; he knows nothing whatever about these

things," replied Lady Wilmot with some heat.

"I think I hear the horses at the door, didn't you talk of taking us all somewhere to-day? May, have you ever seen Walsall Abbey?" said he as she came up with her bonnet on. "Isn't Amy coming?"

"Mamma says that Amy's got a cold."

"Your father didn't at all approve of the course the Barlows took about the Catholic question," observed his mother gravely.

"But we'll promise not to catch their opinions by going into their ruins," replied Lionel. "I thought the Barlows were after my mother's own heart in everything — particularly politics," he went on in a puzzled voice to Clara, as he went out to mount his horse.

"'Nous avons changé tout ça,' though it's we who have altered, not they," answered she in the same low tone, a little flippantly, as she got into the carriage after her mother and May.

Lady Wilmot was a good woman after her own fashion, and rather a clever one, but her conversation could scarcely be called agreeable. There were four distinct walls round her mind; everything within that space was true and certain, everything without was wrong and absurd. There could be no doubt about any matter, no uncertain region where from absence of knowledge or absence of proof the mind must be content to rest as well as it can, and "remain respectfully in doubt," knowing only that it cannot know. She had made up her opinions on everything, from the cut of a petticoat to the doctrine of the Trinity, and where *she* was convinced, it was mere ignorant presumption in any one else to be of a different opinion, or even to deliberate for an instant. "The true is what I think, the right is what I am," was the wording of her thoughts. Her mind was rounded off with the admirable certainty which pervades some epochs of philosophy, and with Archbishop Usher she would have declared with perfect satisfaction to herself that "the world was made on the 3rd of September, of a Wednesday, in the afternoon."

As they drove along she went on zealously improving the opportunity.

"I can't understand the line your father, May, has taken upon this church question, and as to the political side, every one must see how absurd it is that —"

"But, Aunt Wilmot, you yourself —" began May, a little hotly, her colour rising in defence of her father; but a warning

pinch from Clara brought her up short. Where was the use of fighting?

Lady Wilmot had gone round herself in the wake of her favourite statesman; but there is this curious quality belonging to the positive order of minds, that when for any reason they have entirely altered their opinions and "turned their backs," like the Irishman, "upon themselves," they are completely unconscious of it, and, like Lady Wilmot, are always quite as positive of the new form as the old. Inasmuch, indeed, as any opinion is right because they hold it, the new point stands on as firm a ground as the old one, and they are quite as much astonished that you can venture to disagree with "absolute right" which is honestly one in their minds with themselves. But a perpetual laying down of the law in morals, manners, politics, and religion, becomes slightly wearisome to minds which, like May's, have been taught however unconsciously, to look upon perpetual growth as the living law of their existence, brought up as she had been by a man like her father, whose horizon grew ever wider as he rose higher by advance of years: of whom it was more and more true that

"The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lies in new light by chinks which time has
made."

And poor May was almost more tired after the drive with her aunt than if she had done the fourteen miles on foot.

Other matters, however, at Brickwall, went on comfortably. Lionel never again appealed to her judgment after the uncomfortable result of his first unlucky remark; he showed no disposition to resist his mother's evident efforts to keep them apart, but contented himself with being a kind and courteous host, and making May feel at ease, while he shewed by every means in his power that she was an honoured and welcome guest, which Lady Wilmot sometimes made a little difficult. May congratulated herself that her visit had brought her into no dangerous rapids, and began to think that she had been nervous without reason.

CHAPTER IX.

"UNDER THE HAWTHORN IN THE DALE."

It was the last day of May's visit, and they were all sitting at breakfast, when Lady Wilmot broke in on some very unimproving laughter, chiefly between the girls, for Lionel had been looking unusually absent and grave during the whole

time. "My dear Lionel, I hope you intend going to the sessions this morning. I particularly desire it."

"Dear mother," said he, rousing himself, "if I were going to stay in England it would all be very right, I dare say, but I may be ordered off any time, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and it would be very absurd of me to go and put my nose into affairs I know nothing about."

But Lady Wilmot was not to be daunted, and she went on at such a length that Lionel at last answered, rather impatiently—

"Very well, mother, I'll go; don't let's say anything more about it."

Lady Wilmot rose and rang the bell. "You may take breakfast away, Thomas. Were you not going to give some order about your horses, Lionel?" she said, turning to her son. The measure was a little strong, but he kept his temper.

"Tell John to put the saddle on Black Bess," he said. "I shall be back, Clara, in time to ride with you and May," and he went out of the room without a word more.

Even Lady Wilmot, through her somewhat rhinoceros hide, felt a little quiver at her victory. Here was she ordering about the master of the house like a child—a man who had been in command of a military district and many hundred men, and judging for him as if he had been ten years old. But of course, she "knew that she was right," and she therefore turned upon the others with double asperity. Clara was sent off to the school, Amy to look up some home matters. May, who had been longing for an hour to herself, slipped away, but she was not to be allowed so to escape. A little while after, Lady Wilmot passed through the book-room, and giving divers orders to Amy, observed:—"And when you have done you can come straight to me and finish that chapter of the 'Modern Europe.' I wonder where May is. You had better call her. I was quite shocked at her ignorance yesterday. It was evident she hadn't a notion of the date of the discovery of gunpowder!"

"But mamma," said Amy timidly, "May knows a great deal of things."

"How can you talk such intolerable English, my dear? A great deal of things! Yes, she's quite blue in that sort of loose way—here a little, and there a little, where she likes it, but no order, no method."

Now, I regret to say that May was all this time squatted on the ground before a bookcase in the corner, behind the shelter

of a long table cover, and that she did not stir or give herself up, but let her aunt pass on without making any sign. She had fished out an article on Mrs. Browning (Clara always declared of her that she knew where every book stood much better than the owners). There was nothing more lively than a quarterly review to be found in the house, which was full of those dreadful books "which no gentleman's library should be without," and with her prize she sped through an open window as fast as she could. If her aunt had called her, her conscience would have caused her to reply, but though it is to be feared it was but a subtle casuistical distinction, she did not feel obliged to give herself in custody without. The whole garden was on the slope of the hill, in full view of Lady Wilmot's searching eye, and May remembered with envy the great old "pleasure-ground" at home, in whose wide green glades a dozen people might take their pastime without interfering with each other. She jumped the hahs at the bottom, and reached at last a little tangle in the park, where the roots of an oak and an old yew made a pleasant seat, and the budding thorns shut it in from observation.

It was a delicious day, bright and cheery, a brisk little breeze just stirred the young leaves of every shade of yellow green, mixed with a beautiful crab, in a full dress of pink and white, in the trees above her head. The birds were answering each other out of every bush, twittering, whistling, singing—the long note of the thrush almost as beautiful as that of the nightingale in the wood beyond—the rooks cawing in the great trees, the lambs bleating in the field below. Flowers were peeping out in every direction, the exquisite little wood-sorrel nestled into the hollow of the oak, tufts of primroses grew on the mossy bank, little strawberry flowers shone like stars, and sweet aromatic whiffs of scent came out of the thyme as she passed her hand with almost a caress over the turf. All the fresh early youth of the year seemed to be bursting into life, and enjoying itself, and May felt like the birds and the flowers. She troubled herself very little about her book, which indeed she had only taken with her because it was a crime at Brick-wall, as in many English houses, to be caught sitting still "only thinking." She now lay back against the trunk of the old tree, looking up at the white fleecy clouds dappling the pale blue sky, or watching a small insect in a shining coat of green shot with gold, which was walking deliberately

up her hand. The feeling of her own smallness and limited capacities came over her—which is almost always the result of the rare occasions when we are alone with Nature. She is carrying on a multitude of operations all around us, which we apprehend so dimly, which clearly have no reference to man, who elsewhere considers himself her master, and fancies that all is framed for his use. What were the birds saying to each other? The notes are like nothing we call music. How did her little beetle communicate with the friend whom he presently met on her sleeve, as he evidently did quite to his own satisfaction?

She was beginning, however, to be a little troubled with remorse for having forsaken Amy, when she turned suddenly, and saw Lionel coming up to her from the field below.

"Why, Lionel, I thought you were judging your fellow-creatures," said she, half rising, a little nervously.

"Hang my fellow-creatures," answered he irreverently. "I've enough to do with myself this morning;" and he sat down very determinedly beside her.

"I fancied no one knew of this hiding-place," said she.

"You see," he put in apologetically, "old Andrews stopped me to ask about selling the 'yoes,' which I know as much about as my mother does of Petty Sessions," he added, half laughing; "and when I came to the foot of the hill I saw a shimmer under the black yew, and came with a proper thirst for information to make out what it might be. Clara said you were fond of this place," he added.

"Yes, we used to make houses here in old days," answered May, her nervousness increasing. What would happen if her aunt should find them thus alone together?

"Read this," he said, noticing her shy looks, and pulling a letter out of his pocket; "I want you to help me to decide."

It was an order to join his regiment in Canada.

"Oh, how hard! What a pity," cried May, looking up from the letter she was reading with a glow of indignation. "Must you really leave England already?"

"Well, I perhaps might exchange, but I've a great mind to sell out. It's sharp practice sending me off so soon; I've hardly had ten months' leave, and I hate going off again, but something might make the staying worse. I can't tell you how I long for a home now, after all these long years spent away in those wild places. It's like a great nick cut out of my life; one

feels so isolated about a heap of interests which everybody else has at their fingers' ends. Won't you come and make a home for me here, May, which it can't ever be as it is, you see for yourself. Dear, I love you so truly that I think I could have made you care for me if I'd only had time. Won't you try even now, though it's at such short notice?" he said, taking hold of both of her hands as she started up.

"Oh! please, pray, Lionel," she entreated, as she tried to set herself free and turned to go, while a little shower of useless pink and white petals fell over her.

"Those rascals at the Horse Guards have hurried me so that I haven't a chance. Won't you think of it, May?" pleaded her cousin. "Ah! you see I was right when I said there might be worse things for me than leaving England," he went on sadly. As she walked rapidly away towards the house by the back way, as she did not dare to pass up through the garden, he kept by her side. "My mother would give up this house, she *does* what is right," he muttered in a low voice. "I never should think of your living here with her." But May hurried on in silence.

They had nearly reached the place where a little boy stood holding his horse.

"Oh! Lionel," she said, "I am so grieved that I ever came here; so grieved for it all, because I like you so much, you know, but as my cousin, only as my cousin. I always hoped we might be like brother and sister together all our lives," and she almost wrung her hands.

"I shan't give up hope; it may grow into a different love perhaps in time; at all events, I shall keep on hoping," he answered bravely.

"No, no!" she cried in great agitation, "you mustn't think any more about it; indeed you mustn't."

"You don't care for any one else?" he inquired, suddenly looking fixedly at her.

"Nobody at all," she said, lifting up her eyes with their honest, straightforward expression; "but I don't think that signifies."

"I do," he answered more cheerfully, "a great deal, else I'd exchange in a regiment for China, and get knocked on the head as quickly as I could. You can't prevent my hoping, May, whatever you do."

They parted, the pain on the pleasant, handsome face making May's heart ache as she slowly turned back towards the house.

Somehow Lionel found the Petty Sessions, or some other business, so absorbing that day, that he could not come back to ride; and they did not see him all the afternoon.

At night there were, fortunately, people at dinner, the unfortunate Mr. Jones among the number, who was most unconsciously of the greatest use, his presence making such a fortunate diversion in Lady Wilmot's mind that, occupied with his obnoxious qualities, she had little time for observing the others.

In the evening came that quantity of bad music necessary in English society, where every young lady is not only bound to play and sing, whether she has ear, taste, and voice, or not, but all her friends are compelled to listen to her. Harmony is charming, even with small capacities of voice, and the separate little tinkles which were murdering Italian bravura songs that night might have produced a very respectable result if they would have worked hard at part singing, madrigals, and glees, as our forefathers used to do.

Lady Wilmot remembered afterwards, however, with considerable satisfaction, that she had scarcely seen May and Lionel speak to each other all the time, and congratulated herself on her good management. Her innuendoes and contradictory accusations against May, — that she was blue, and that she was very ignorant, that she thought too much of her personal appearance, and that she was too careless concerning it, were all directed with the highest motives to the proper guarding of her son's affections, and the direction of her daughters' taste. Having been compelled to ask her niece, she had resolved she would make good use of the opportunity, and here were the fruits before her of her admirable judgment. There is one drawback, however, to infallibility; the persons possessed of it naturally do not try to make out the circumstances of the case or the thoughts of the people whom they undertake to advise, as meaner mortals must; and therefore (whether popes or old ladies) very often deliver their Encyclicals at the wrong time, drive their blow on the wrong nail, and make fast the very point which they want to destroy, so Lady Wilmot's children loved and admired May with all their mights, in spite, or because perhaps of their mother's proceedings, which only made them prize her the more.

CHAPTER X.

INFALLIBILITY.

"I'm ordered off to Canada, mother," said Lionel at breakfast next morning, shortly and suddenly.

"My dear Lionel, you don't say so! What can the Horse Guards possibly be thinking of?" said Lady Wilmot. She was not quite sure whether she was sorry or not. To be monarch of all you survey has its charms. She could not quite reconcile herself to be second at Brickwall; and then it would remove him from any danger of admiring May too much. All these consolations passed rapidly through her mind as she spoke.

"Oh! Lionel," cried the two girls in chorus, "how shocking! why you are only just come home. What a shame! How soon shall you have to go?"

"I must sail in about a month," he said, indifferently.

"My dear boy," remonstrated his mother, "what do you mean? You talk of it as if you didn't mind going a bit."

"Don't you think you could get your leave prolonged?" sighed Clara.

"Isn't there anything which could be done?" cried Amy eagerly.

"I will write myself directly to General Brown," said Lady Wilmot.

"Pray do not! it's quite out of the question, mother," answered Lionel so decidedly that even Lady Wilmot was silenced.

Amy began to cry, and Lionel walked to the window, and looked out without speaking.

"I hope it's a pleasant station," said May timidly, fearing that her silence would be observed by her aunt, and anxious to say something soothing to poor Lionel, who had not trusted himself to speak to her all breakfast. He turned suddenly, and looked at her, but her face had not the meaning in it that he sought there, and he went back to his window once more.

Lady Wilmot was wondering and accusing and lamenting, too much to see what was going on before her eyes.

"There's old Andrews coming in at the gate to speak to me. I must go out to him," said Lionel, at last leaving the room.

The three girls sat silent while Lady Wilmot went on with her exclamations.

"I think I had better go up-stairs and get ready," said May at last, in a low voice; "papa said he would send to meet me at once."

"I shall take you to the New Inn my-

self," said her aunt, cheerfully, rejoiced to get her out of the house, and determined at such a moment for the softening of hearts to leave no opening for mischief. "You may go too, if you please, Clara; so you'd better put on your things at once. I beg, young ladies, that you'll be ready in time, and not keep the carriage waiting."

No one answered, but Amy followed her cousin slowly up-stairs into her room.

"Oh, May," she said, bursting again into tears, "I'm sure you could make him stay if you would. Why won't you say a word? He's so fond of you that I'm sure if you were just to say you wished he were not going it would do; for I know he hates it, and I saw how he looked at you. He must have told you before that he was ordered off, I'm sure, for you weren't a bit surprised," she added with a fresh burst of sobs as she sat on the half-filled box. Poor May felt hard driven as she stood silently pretending to fold up her possessions.

"Mayn't I say to him that you're sorry he's going, dear?" said Amy piteously.

"No, Amy, you mustn't really," answered she in sudden terror; "he knows that quite well, and the truth must be true and kindest in the end — truth to oneself and other people," she mused aloud.

"But is it the truth, and what is the truth? I know that he is not bookish enough for you, May; not what they call superior in that way, but he's a very fine fellow for all that. Dear, there are other things besides, and he is so good and patient, see how he behaves to mother. And he is so sensible and clever in his own way; he's got my dear father's temper, and yet he's very firm, and has done more than most men in his life. You'd make him so happy."

To poor May's great relief the maid came in with offers of help at this juncture, so that no more could be said. At the last moment of her departure Lionel was not to be found.

"We really can't wait," said Lady Wilmot magisterially, sitting in state in the barouche.

"He'll be so sorry not to see you again," murmured Amy, standing on the steps of the house.

"You'll wish him good-bye for me, dear," answered May sadly.

"Drive on, Thomas!" cried his mistress authoritatively (probably the only person in the house who did not understand what was going on — a household has sharp eyes and ears on such occasions), and the car-

riage bowled away down the hill. But Lionel repented himself of his stoicism. He reached the lodge by a short cut, and was there panting and flushed to shake hands with her. May's veil was down, and no one could tell what were the feelings under it.

And now Lady Wilmot felt safe indeed, the very adieux had been made under her "eagle eye." She felt so pleased, so satisfied with her success, that she positively petted her niece all the rest of the way; complimented her on her wish to return home, "where she knew how much she was always wanted;" hoped that after Lionel's departure she would repeat her visit "to cheer them a little." It was impossible to get rid of a guest with greater cordiality. In the midst of her sorrow and perplexity (for May was feeling very deeply and painfully) she could not help laughing almost aloud. What would her aunt have been now saying and thinking if she were to turn round and begin, "My dear aunt, Lionel asked me to marry him yesterday, and I think on the whole that I mean to accept him? He proposed, in that case, not to go to Canada, and that you should leave Brickwall immediately." How little Lady Wilmot knew of her obligations to the beloved niece, whom she was embracing so affectionately at parting, for having refused the tempting offer!

"What, Lionel sent off again?" said her father, when she reached Fernyhurst and he heard the news. "I'm sure I'm exceedingly sorry. I was quite fond of the lad. He's a capital fellow, full of sense and feeling, and plenty of practical knowledge besides. I hope he'll find time to come and see us before he goes."

And he wrote off directly to his nephew, while May felt as guilty as if she had been the Horse Guards in person, or rather as that hard-hearted office ought to feel in the opinion of indignant mothers and sisters.

About a month afterwards, May and her father were just coming out from breakfast when Lionel entered, looking pale and out of spirits.

"I must be off again directly," he said, "I have only come to bid you good-bye, Uncle Dimsdale, as you wished it. There is but just time to catch the coach. Can you lend me a horse? I drove over, and Black Bess is done up. Who knows when we shall meet again?" he said hurriedly. "Give me your good wishes. Good-bye."

"Where's your mother, May? She'll never forgive us if she doesn't see Lionel. Run up to her in the boudoir, boy," said

he, and the young soldier cleared the steps thence at a time.

May stood sadly leaning against the mullion of the open window at which the soft summer air came in, with the sound of the quiet wind moving among the leaves, but she was not conscious of them. She tried to analyze her own feelings as she heard the murmur of voices in the room above. She was so fond of him, yet she did not love him, she felt sure; not, at least, "in that way." Besides, she could not think of leaving her father, and it was wrong to marry one's cousin, she had always been taught, and she turned though without speaking towards Mr. Dimsdale, who walked up and down the room lamenting aloud the departure of his nephew, and his own loss in him. At last Lionel came flying down into the library as fast as he went up, as if he hardly dared to trust himself, seized May's hands as she stood in the window, and wrung them passionately as he said, —

"Remember, May, I don't give up hoping; don't forget me. At all events you know you've promised to be my sister always," and he rushed again out of the room as if unconscious of his uncle's presence. The Squire followed him to the hall door.

"Good-bye, lad, come back to us safe and sound, and as soon as you can, God bless you!" he called out affectionately as the gig drove rapidly away.

A woman is often never so near to accepting a man as just after she has refused him; even when her reason tells her she has done rightly. When her heart is saddened at the pain she sees she has inflicted, and a reaction from the effort has set in, she asks herself in the collapse whether it was really necessary.

"So that's how it is," said her father, as he came into the room once more. "Poor fellow — poor fellow! Well, I'm very sorry for him — very sorry, indeed. What, you couldn't care for him, May? And he was a fine fellow, too!" He added to himself, "but hardly enough for my May, either."

Poor May was a little disappointed and taken aback. His last words were not uttered aloud. He had said nothing about losing her, or the crime of cousin marriages. When it came to the point, he seemed to have forgotten these things. Her conscience was sorely puzzled, as well as her heart, and she tried vainly to see clearly into it the rest of that day. Was she making no sacrifice, and yet trying to give to herself the credit of one? Had she given up attaching herself to Lionel for

her father's sake, or was it that she really never could care for him? The mixture of motive was too complicated for her to fathom, and, luckily for her, before she had stirred up any more such unwholesome questionings, she had to go out with her father, and they were riding over "sheets of hyacinth."

"That seemed the heavens upbreking through the earth,"

(though Guinevere was not yet written to help them to put the picture into words), and next cantering up a riding leading to a row of hutches in a sheltered place, where the little pheasants were rushing in and out to their foster mothers the hens, in "the copse which must be cut next year."

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXCEPTIONABLE MARRIAGE.

IN the following month, the *Morning Post* announced the preliminaries of a matrimonial alliance, &c. . . . between Captain Dimsdale and the only daughter of Lord Cannondale. The Honourable Alicia was not a person to be vulgarly "married." She was not charming and not accomplished, and even her best friends could not say she was very wise; but she was rather pretty, and would have £80,000, and the world considered that Captain Dimsdale had done exceedingly well for himself.

"One can't have everything," he said, philosophically, to himself, as he prepared to announce the fact to his father. The marriage was so unexceptionable that he hardly went through the form even of asking his consent. "She isn't very clever," added the passionate lover, musing; "but that doesn't much signify. I think I can manage."

Hastings had sown and reaped his wild oats, or rather his father for him, and was settling down into a very sensible man. He had been exceedingly spoilt by the world, and was naturally indolent, so that he made scarcely any use of the very good abilities with which nature had most superfluously gifted him. His theory of life was to get through existence with as few annoyances as possible; and as at the present moment the absence of money was perhaps the most serious of his troubles, he caught gladly at so pleasant a solution of them.

Lord Cannondale was the son of a very keen-witted old law-lord, who had risen

from the ranks to very near the top of the tree. Nature seemed to have revenged herself for her prodigality to the father by giving the son rather less sense than other folk. "The only clever thing he is ever known to have done was marrying all this money in tallow or oil, or some nasty smelling thing," as Cecilia observed confidentially to her husband, although she rather encouraged the marriage.

"I hope it's all right," replied her husband, a little doubtfully; "but it seems to me as if the 'Honourable Alicia' inherited from both parents in more senses than one."

At Farnhurst the news was received favourably. The Seymours were on the whole satisfied; Mrs. Dimsdale trusted Cecilia, and took a bright view of the affair, and Mr. Dimsdale said nothing against it. But after Hastings had himself been down to his home, his father, out as usual with May one day under the shadow of his big trees, unbosomed himself to his usual confidant.

"I wish that Hastings were not so desperately sensible about it. I suppose it's not the fashion nowadays to be in love; it's a pity. It wasn't such a bad fashion after all," said the old man. "When I married your mother, she was a very pretty girl without as many pounds as this young lady has thousands; but I shouldn't have been very patient with the man who thought there was anything wanting in her. I'm sure I'm so hampered for money, that I'm glad enough Hastings will have some; but I wish he didn't think so much about it."

The Cannondale invitations, of course, included the whole family; but Mrs. Dimsdale now never left home, and the Squire wrote such a doleful picture of his infirmities to excuse himself from a visit before the marriage—he who was out on horseback or on foot every day, wet and dry—as greatly amused May, who was to represent the family meantime with Tom. It came to pass, however, that one day after her village excursions, she was not only taken ill, but was declared to have that most unheroic malady—the measles. She was young enough to have preferred a sprained ankle, or even a broken bone—anything less uninteresting—and she went out so little, that it was a great sorrow to miss her bridesmaid. There was no help for her, however. People are as shy of the measles as of the plague.

Now, the Honourable Alicia had been very anxious to impress and dazzle her future relations, and her annoyance was

great when Tom appeared alone with his apologies.

"But why did she go among the cottages at all at such an important time?" said the young lady, with rather a sharp note in her voice, and a doubtful look about the mouth.

Tom was a good deal taken aback; but he was too loyal to his brother to repeat at home what he had seen, and kept his surmises to himself.

The Squire went up to London in due time for the wedding itself; but there was not much information to be gathered by his family on his return as to the lady; and as Mrs. Hastings declared that "it was impossible to go near an infected house," and the season was growing late for Italy, the consequence was that the bride and bridegroom went abroad without paying their respects at Fernyhurst, and it was not till six or seven months after the marriage that their visit came to pass.

Alicia had forgotten her grievances, however, and was in high good humour as they drove through the handsome lodges and up and down the undulations of the beautiful park.

"I shall like to live here very much," she said graciously to her husband. "You hadn't told me how handsome it all was," she went on, putting out her head, as they came up to the house, which had been altered and enlarged, and improved by successive generations, into a very picturesque pile of building, and she entered it with a full intention of being "sweetly condescending" to everybody.

The old Squire, with a little grandson hanging on to his hand, received her in a very patriarchal fashion at the entrance door. They passed together up the hall, which was, in fact, a long low room, its ceiling crossed by many beams, and called "the gallery," which stretched nearly the whole length of the house. Bits of armour, dim-eyed portraits were fastened against the wainscoted walls, with here and there a great antler, from which hung a fox's brush or two. Cases of rare birds, shot on the estate, stood on the carved and inlaid cabinets; a number of tiger and bear skins were spread on the polished oak floor; a billiard table occupied the further end, while round the beautiful old stone fireplace, with small emblazoned shields up the sides, were grouped some armchairs about an old Persian rug. It was all rich and harmonious in colour, as the evening light shone in from a queer oriel window in the corner.

"Very comfortable and handsome indeed; the Dimsdale arms, of course," said

Alicia, approvingly, looking round as the old man led her into the house. He was a shy, reserved, silent man in general; but when roused by any sufficient reason, no one could be more charming, and he was now exerting himself very prettily towards his new daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Dimsdale's greeting was kind, though not so cordial as her husband's; and May, delighted at the prospect of her new sister, hovered round her affectionately, taking possession of her cloak, carrying her bag, all which attentions Alicia received as only proper tribute to her merits.

"You'd better go up-stairs, I think, my dear, hadn't you?" said her husband presently. "You're always so long dressing."

She was so long, indeed, on this occasion, that the whole family had been for some time sitting and standing waiting for her round the drawing-room fire, which Mrs. Dimsdale's invalid habits made necessary, June though it was. And it is an additional reason for being in time for dinner, that you thereby avoid the discussion of your character, for which this is by no means a propitious moment.

"She's decidedly pretty," said Mrs. Dimsdale to the Rector, who had been summoned by the family, as usual, to help in any time of need of whatever kind.

"Yes, so the Squire told us after the marriage, I remember," replied he, a good deal disappointed that this still appeared to be the chief thing to be said of the future queen consort of Fernyhurst.

Mr. Dimsdale leant back in his chair with his eyes on the door; he was somewhat hungry, and a punctual man.

"But why on earth does she wear that hideous thing on her head?" said Charlie, who had run home on purpose to make his sister-in-law's acquaintance.

"That is the very last Parisian fashion in bonnets, my dear but ignorant Charlie," said May, with a smile.

"Which doesn't prevent its being exceedingly ugly," yawned he.

"But it makes the woman mind unable to see it," retorted Tom.

"Not original, dear. He's only cribbing from Walter Scrope, I assure you, Mr. Drayton," May went on to her old friend, trying to laugh, but a little drearily, for her heart was rather sore. She had worked herself up into believing that Alicia's arrival would be a great pleasure in her life, and the blank had already begun to be painful, as the door opened, and Alicia came sweeping in on her husband's arm with a very scanty measure of apology for keeping them all.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

NO. III. — LORD MACAULAY.

MACAULAY represents the second generation of Edinburgh Reviewers. He stands at the head of that race of professional and semi-professional men of letters by whose pens the *Edinburgh Review* was transformed from a mere journal of slapdash criticism and political pasquinades into an organ of brilliant speculation, of original thought, and of polished writing. He was a recruit of Sydney Smith's. The troop of Chancery barristers, University professors, College tutors, and Yorkshire vicars, who constituted the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers fell off one by one; and concurrently with the increase of his practice at the bar, Jeffrey thus found the work of the *Review* falling more and more every year upon his own shoulders. He loved the *Review*, and he loved criticism, but he loved his profession and the honours of that profession more than either; and in his correspondence we find him pressing Smith, and Allen, and Horner, either to send more of their own articles or to beat up fresh recruits. "I am sick of furbishing up other men's rubbish." "I have only been able to write a single article in the present number of the *Review*. All the time I have had to spare has been occupied in vamping up the materials of stray contributors." "Can you not lay your hands on some clever young men who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and others too busy or too stupid to go on comfortably; and in Edinburgh the young men are mostly Tories." These sort of sentences crop up repeatedly in his letters. He thought as much of "a clever young man" as Frederick of Prussia thought of a tall grenadier. It was the most acceptable present you could offer him; and of all the clever young men that were picked up in this way in Westminster Hall, in Lincoln's Inn, at Charles Lamb's supper parties in his smoky chambers in the Temple, and in the gilded saloons of Holland House, none apparently gave Jeffrey more gratification than Macaulay. To listen to "a young fellow named Follet" arguing a point of law is said to have been the highest pleasure of Lord Ellenborough's old age, and to look through the MSS. of Macaulay's articles, to correct his proofs, and to hear him read a page or two of his history in MS., and to talk it over after a quiet breakfast in the Albany, formed the pleas-

antest of the critical labours of Francis Jeffrey during the closing years of his life.

And Sydney Smith was as proud of his recruit as Jeffrey was of his contributor. "Yes," he said speaking of him years after, when Macaulay's articles in the *Review* were the talk of half the dinner tables at the West End, and when Macaulay was the most brilliant of his own rivals as a diner-out — "Yes, I take great credit to myself. I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great. He is like a book in breeches." And no one, I presume, will deny Sydney Smith all the credit that he claims on this account, for the contributions of his recruit renewed the youth of the *Edinburgh Review*; and it is no exaggeration, I believe, to add that the Vicar of Foxton changed the whole current of Macaulay's thought, and fixed his mind upon literature as the profession of his life, when he sent his card to Jeffrey as that of a clever young man whose pen might be turned to account in the pages of their buff and blue.

Till then the bent of Macaulay's mind had been to the law, with a seat in the House of Commons and the Great Seal in the future; and perhaps no man ever possessed higher qualifications for success at the Bar. This was the opinion of Dr. Peacock, a man who had known most of the distinguished lawyers then to be found in Westminster Hall, Alderson, Park, and Pollock; and all that Brougham thought "old Zackary's son" needed to ensure the reversion of the patent of the Lord Chief Justice or of the woolsack was to read Demosthenes, to get Dante by heart, and to go through two or three years' drudgery in an attorney's office. Macaulay had distinguished himself at Cambridge by his plodding industry and by his brilliant and fascinating eloquence. The ornate and glowing rhetoric that afterwards carried the House of Commons off its feet, placed the young Trinity Commoner, even as an undergraduate, at the head of the rhetoricians of the Union; and the tradition is still cherished how the rooms were crowded when it was known that Macaulay was to take part in one of the debates, how the undergraduates were pushed aside by the Dons, how Masters of Arts trooped in by the dozen, and how that incarnation of college discipline, Dr. Wood, the master of St. John's,

threw aside his *Calculus*, and strolled into the rooms with a week's beard on his chin to sit for an hour with his mouth wide open and listen to Macaulay pouring forth his torrents of polished rhapsody with the vehemence and passion of a Greek sophist reciting the Shield of Achilles from the *Iliad*. Outside the walls of the Union, however, the brilliant declaimer was known as the most hard working of students. He won the Chancellor's prize for English verse in his first year, and in his contest for the Craven Scholarship, a contest turning upon the abstrusest points of grammar, upon a close acquaintance with Latin and Greek idioms, and upon composition in these tongues, carried off the prize against men who were pre-eminently distinguished by their classical acquirements, and by these almost alone, against men like George Long, to whom King's College owes its greatness as a seat of learning, and Henry Madden, afterwards Professor of Greek at University College. Uniting these powers of close and persistent industry in grappling with the mystery of particles and the irregular verbs, with a memory like an encyclopædia, with keen powers of analysis, and with all but the highest gifts of eloquence, Thomas Babington Macaulay seemed marked out by nature as the rival of the most accomplished and powerful advocates in Westminster Hall.

But his heart was not in the Law. His temper was short and imperious. He soon lost his coolness under a rebuff. He had little taste for the attorney's work of the courts, for the short scuffling fence of cross-examination, and for that higgling over petty points of law, where reason and authority are alike against you, which constitutes the staple work at *Nisi Prius*. Perhaps the two or three years' office drudgery which Brougham suggested might, like Maule's pot of porter, have brought Macaulay down to the level of the Barons of the Exchequer. But his literary instincts were too strong within him; and when the ivory gates of the *Edinburgh Review* were once opened to him, he threw away his "Term Reports," "Chitty's Practice," and his brief bag, and sat down at his desk, partly in the spirit of a devotee and partly in the spirit of a hard-headed man of business who, having set his hand to the plough, has no thought of looking back. Intending to live by literature, Macaulay made up his mind to make literature pay.

He was the first professional man of letters that took up his pen in the service

of the *Edinburgh Review*. Till then most of the men upon it had been amateurs, men, that is, who wrote for pleasure, not for bread. Of late years most of the writers who have distinguished themselves in the ranks of periodical or of general literature have been authors by profession,—Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Tennyson, Froude, Charles Reade, Mark Lemon, John Forster, Shirley Brooks, and Robertson. Men like Sir Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley, and men like Stuart Mill, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, W. R. Greg, and Arthur Helps, are the exception. But in the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* all this was reversed. You could hardly then have found a dozen professional men of letters of the slightest note within the four seas. Coleridge, Southey, Tom Moore, Campbell, Lockhart, and Gifford, almost exhaust the list. The rest were newspaper hacks, or what Jeffrey, with a touch of vulgarity, haughtily called "gentlemen writers." Scott and Byron were at the head of the gentlemen writers. The author of the *Waverley Novels* was a clerk at the table of the Court of Session; the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" was a banker in Lombard Street; Christopher North was a professor of moral philosophy; Malthus and Crabbe were country parsons; Charles Lamb was a clerk in Leadenhall Street. And most of these men—all of them, I believe I may say, with the exception of Charles Lamb—were half ashamed of their contributions to the literature of the day. Scott refused to avow his novels. Byron hardly knew what to do with his copyrights, and with the bailiffs at his hall-door, with his household gods all shivered around him, returned Murray a cheque for a thousand guineas for "Childe Harold," rather than pollute his hands by taking money for his writings. To be thought poets by profession, like Wordsworth or the author of "Christabel," was odious to these men. Scott turned out poems and novels by the score, entering into time-contracts to deliver them, as a Manchester manufacturer enters into contracts to deliver bales of calico, a couple of novels in six months, and a poem of two or three thousand lines in nine months; but with all this, the work of spinning poetry and romances he set down as a mere incident of his partnership with the Ballantynes—a matter of £ s. d., and nothing more. And it was the same with Byron. The thought of being supposed to possess anything in common with "the *literati* of Murray's back shop," was gall and worm-

wood to him. "Elaborate," he says, protesting in a rage at the compliments of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* on "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Corsair," "elaborate—what do they mean by elaborate? You know they were written as fast as I could put pen to paper, that they were sent to the printer without the slightest revision, and that as they were printed so they were published. Elaborate, indeed!" Even the author of "The Borough," a man who but for his genius might have been a bookseller's porter, was not above this paltry affectation. "How odd," he says to Sir Walter Scott, "you wrote your 'Lay' to buy a new horse for the Volunteer cavalry, and I wrote 'The Village' to send my sons to college." Even journalists were not exempt from this foible. Tom Barnes hated to hear the *Times* spoken of in his presence, and thought it derogatory to his character as a gentleman to be known as the editor of the first newspaper in Europe. Thank Heaven, we have outgrown this silliness. Literature is now a profession. Authors are artists, and wish themselves to be thought artists. Style is a study; and the most popular of our men of letters cultivate the art of expression as assiduously as French critics. Here and there, perhaps, you may still find men who despise style, men who throw out their ideas as a hodman turns out bricks, and allow them to settle themselves by the law of gravitation. But as a rule the men who are now in the foremost ranks of literature and science—Kinglake, Froude, Ruskin, Newman, Lewes, Lytton, Huxley, Stuart Mill—are hardly less distinguished by their powers of expression than by their powers of thought. And at the head of these masters of style, at the head of these authors by profession, stands Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Tested by the Greek-like simplicity and directness which mark the highest artistic beauty, of course Macaulay's style is deficient. It is too garish. It wants light and shade. There is no perspective in it. It lacks repose. Now and then, too, it is tawdry. But when you have said this, you have said all. In the two cardinal points of style—in what De Quincey calls the art of brightening the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure to the understanding, and in the art of regenerating the normal power and impressiveness of a subject which has become dormant to the sensibilities—no man has surpassed Macaulay. And this was exactly what Jeffrey wanted. It was emphatically a "taking

style." You can read Macaulay when you can read nothing else. He is at his best as exhilarating as a glass of champagne. His glowing description and his sparkling criticism, his freshness and vigour, affect you when you open his volumes for the first time like magic; and recollecting the sensation which his articles produced when they were originally published—how eagerly they were scanned, how their epigrams, their antithetical forms and their picturesque illustrations, were caught up and reproduced in the House of Commons, in the newspapers, and in the conversation of every dinner-table—one can easily understand how John Murray, in a fit of generous rivalry, opened his heart to offer the copyright of "Childe Harold" to "old Zackary's son" to quit the *Edinburgh* and write for the *Quarterly*. These articles of Macaulay carried Constable's *Review* everywhere, and placed their author at once in the highest ranks of literature and society. "You must study Macaulay when you come to town," says Sydney Smith, writing to a friend in the country. "He is incomparably the first lion in the metropolis; that is, he writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England." And this was only a reflection of the general opinion. Jeffrey thought his cleverness marvellous, Gifford eulogized the versification of his "Ode on the Deliverance of Venice from the Turks" as equal to Milman's best lines in its lofty harmony. Tom Moore met him at breakfast at Rogers's with Lord John Russell, Campbell, and Luttrell, and pronounced him off-hand "one of the most remarkable men of the day." "Macaulay," he says, noting down the pith of the conversation in his diary, "gave us an account of the state of the Monothelite controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line,—

'Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me said significantly 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is in a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which everyone attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our great surprise, 'That is mine;' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still

better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidature for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess." Nor was this all. Tory and Whig vied to strew his path with roses. Lord Lyndhurst gave him a sinecure of £10,000 a year. Holland House threw open its portals to him. The Marquis of Lansdowne brought him into Parliament for the Borough of Calne; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, in the *Times*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, at Rogers's breakfast table and in Lady Holland's drawing-room, the flash and sparkle of his style swept everything before him.

Perhaps there is no assembly in the world where mere intellectual cleverness is thought less of than in the House of Commons. In what Mr. Bright is in the habit of calling the dark ages before '32, it was enough for a man to make a racy rattling speech in defence of the Church or the Crown, or to try his hand at seditious harangues upon rotten boroughs or Test and Corporation Acts, to force himself into the foremost ranks of his party either as a Tory or a Liberal. Pitt, as George the Third used to say, knew nothing of Vattel. The only history of England that he had read, if we are to take his own word, was Shakespeare. Fox led the Opposition without understanding a single principle of political economy; and if Sheridan could only have mastered the mystery of fractions, he might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Eloquence, and eloquence alone, was the only gift this race of statesmen possessed in a pre-eminent degree; but in the days of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, this single gift was the passport to the highest offices of the State. Eloquence of course will never lose its charm; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, the man who can put his thoughts into terse and vivid forms will always find willing listeners. But except when allied with information, experience, and high personal character, the richest and most diversified eloquence will never again be what it has been in the state, the "open sesame" to the highest honours of the Law and of Politics.

Government now takes its rank among the sciences; and politicians are forming themselves into a sort of professional class.

Most of the men who are now to be found in the front ranks of the Conservative and Liberal parties, are men who have made the arts of Parliamentary management and statecraft the business of their lives; and this will be the case more and more in the future. One of the most accomplished and persuasive speakers at present to be found in the Parliamentary ranks was pooh-poohed a year or two ago by Mr. Disraeli as a mere silvered mediocrity, a mere manufacturer of phrases, to use Napoleon's expression; and while scores of these accomplished and persuasive speakers are sitting on the back benches or below the gangway, men who can hardly put their sentences together in logical order, but who possess the special experience and information that these silvered mediocrities lack, take their seat on the Treasury Bench as Secretaries of State.

When Macaulay first appeared in Parliament, the House of Commons had not acquired that intensely practical tone of thought which characterizes it at present. The shades of Fox, Burke, Plunkett, and Grattan still lingered about the Speaker's chair; and Macaulay's style of oratory, with its glitter and its antithesis, with its picturesque forms of expression and its wealth of historical illustration, revived the fading recollections of that polished and epigrammatic eloquence which had been but faintly kept alive through the dullest years of our Parliamentary history by the genius and culture of Canning. It was a new sensation to hear the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers repeating his articles from the back benches of the ministerial ranks; and almost at a bound the author of the *Political Georgics* and of the articles on Milton and Machiavelli leapt into the foremost ranks of Parliamentary orators. His speech on India was pronounced by the Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, the best he had ever heard. Sir James Mackintosh spoke in still higher terms of the speeches on Parliamentary Reform. They were, he said, the finest ever spoken in Parliament. Of course this, like most of Sir James Mackintosh's eulogy, was pitched in too high a key. But Jeffrey hit the mark with his usual critical precision, in pronouncing them superior to everything except Mr. Stanley's, and inferior to his only in the style of their delivery. In closeness, fire, and vigour they surpass all the rest of the speeches on the Reform Bill to be found in the pages of "*Hansard*."

But every contemporary critic agrees in saying that it was very different to read these speeches in the *Times* and to listen to

them in the gallery of the House of Commons. All you heard there was a harsh, shrill voice, a voice without a note of music in it, pouring out a torrent of words without the slightest variation of tone, without the slightest attempt at emphasis, without a single pause of any description. All you thought of in listening to Macaulay, said a keen critic at the time, was an express train, which did not stop even at the chief stations. "On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as he proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him."

And if there was little in his action or his voice to recommend Macaulay's speeches, there was still less in his personal appearance. What you saw when you fixed your eye upon the owner of that shrill, monotonous voice, was a short, thickset man, as stiff as an automaton, with a head and shoulders like those of a codfish, standing with his left hand thrown behind his back, and using his right now and then without any particular grace to emphasize a sentence by a series of short, sharp jerks. All the expression of his face lay in his eye. This was of a deep blue, and distinguished, like Jeffrey's, by its keenness and brilliancy. His hair was of a beautiful jet black. Yet as you listened to this automaton, with its glittering blue eyes, its swarthy complexion, and its rounded features, chiselled apparently in miniature, pouring forth its stream of felicitous sentences, the stiff and boyish form disappeared by magic, and even the shrill voice ceased to grate on the ear, as you followed that masterly and symmetrical discussion of the question, so ingenious, so thoughtful, so rich in fine illustrations, that you held your breath to listen — to the excoitations of the moment? Hardly; for though Macaulay spoke without the slightest assistance from notes or MS. of any kind, no one could lis-

ten to him for ten sentences together and doubt that every word of his speech had been conned over in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn or the Albany, as carefully as if they were intended for the keen eye of Jeffrey in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Macaulay, like Demosthenes, never trusted his success to fortune. All his speeches, or at least the principal parts, were, like Lord Brougham's, written out beforehand, learned by rote, and then poured forth in the House of Commons in the style of a Pundit repeating the Vedas, without the omission of a particle, and at the same time apparently without anything but the very slightest appreciation of their meaning. There are but two speeches of Macaulay's that make any pretension to be impromptus — that in reply to Orator Hunt on the Anatomy Bill, and that on the War with China; and it does not require the eye of a critic to trace out considerable passages even in these that had been jotted down at his desk and turned over in his memory in the course of his walk from Lincoln's Inn to the House. This habit of preparing his speeches grew upon him so strongly in the course of years, that it was a positive pain and embarrassment to him at last to be called upon to speak even a dozen sentences off-hand.

You may trace these marks of labour, I think, in all his speeches and in all his essays. Glowing as they do with life — the work, apparently, of a man whose imagination bred thoughts and illustrations with poetic profusion, who never knew what it was to pause for an apt or picturesque expression — all his writings were, nevertheless, the work of a deeply meditating mind and of a laborious pen. With a group of friends like those he met at Lansdowne House, at Bowood, or in St. James's Place, with Tom Moore and Dean Milman or Campbell at his side, Macaulay never ceased to talk till he had reduced everyone else to silence, unless Sydney Smith or Jeffrey happened to be within earshot. He was the tyrant of the table, and rarely tolerated any talk but his own. Jeffrey used to quiz him on one of his achievements in this line at Sir J. Stephens's, where he first silenced his host by a disquisition on the Monothelite controversy, afterwards sent Lord Monteaigle to sleep with an account of the classical acquirements of Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, and spent the rest of the evening very pleasantly in pure soliloquy. And this is borne out to the letter by Sydney Smith's

suggestive compliment to his rival upon his occasional flashes of silence after his return from India. "But I do not believe," Sydney Smith used to say, "that Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'" His thoughts were like flashes of lightning. "While other men were thinking what to say and how to say it, Macaulay said it all and a great deal more." His memory was prodigious. It surpassed even that of Sir James Mackintosh, and his powers of illustration were equal to those of Jeffrey. Teeming with thought, criticism, apt quotation and racy illustrations, and endowed with high animal spirits, a quick and pugnacious temper, Macaulay sat still only when compelled by sheer force, and then only for a few seconds. A professional talker or a rival he put down in an instant, without the slightest hesitation or compunction, and trampled upon him into the bargain if he showed any signs of resistance. Casting his eye round the table with his quick glance of penetration and decision, he threw up his thumb with a jerk of impatience, after his fashion in the House of Commons, and broke in at the first pause with "I can tell you something better than that." "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Tom Moore, "anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory;" and as an illustration he tells us how, at a breakfast at Monckton Milnes', Macaulay astonished and amused the guests by his familiarity with the old Irish slang ballads, "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., many of which he ran off as glibly as his own Political Georgics. "He certainly," says Moore, "obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but forget.'" The hearer often longed for Macaulay's memory, says one who had often sat by his side, to carry off what he heard in a single morning, in an after-dinner colloquy, or in a few hours in a country-house.

And yet with all the enthusiasm that Macaulay inspired by his talk, no one has made any but the meagrest attempts to preserve a few scraps of it. "Anecdote, touches of character, drollery, fun, excellent stories excellently told," is all that Dean Milman takes the trouble to say of it; and Moore gives us very little more. "He seized upon an idea," Mrs. Beecher Stowe says, "and turned it inside out and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier, to see them

glisten." This was his forte; and with the aid of a memory that never failed, and with powers of illustration that were all but overwhelming, Macaulay, in his conversation as in his speeches and his writings, surprised and charmed everybody by his sparkling and epigrammatic eloquence.

What part of this was the inspiration of the moment, as in the case of Sydney Smith's sallies, and what part the result of preparation, as in the case of Sheridan, it is, I suppose, impossible now to say, unless Sir Charles Trevelyan or Mr. Ellis will rifle his desk and publish every memorandum and every hint to be found there for our information. Even without this, however, we know enough of his *secrets d'atelier* to know that at his desk the most profuse and brilliant of table talkers was as laborious and painstaking an artist as ever took up a pen to earn a guinea by a political squib or an ode in a newspaper. Take up a page of Jeffrey or Sydney Smith, and you can hardly distinguish it from their hastiest notes of chit-chat and criticism upon the topics of the day. Pen in hand these men wrote exactly as they talked, and in their most off-hand conversation you may trace the critical acuteness and the wild rollicking wit that marked all their writings.

But Macaulay at his desk and Macaulay at a dinner-table formed as striking a contrast as Sir Alexander Cockburn in a shooting coat and a bowler hat, chatting with a group of laughing girls at a picnic, and Sir Alexander Cockburn in the scarlet robes, the gold chain, and the full-bottomed wig of the Lord Chief Justice. Macaulay no sooner takes up his pen than he becomes as stiff and stilted as literary pipeclay and buckram can make him. Where he has been easy and flowing, he is epigrammatic and antithetical. Illustration is piled on illustration till the thought is lost in a sort of Rosamond's bower. He must be vivid. He must be striking. He must be picturesque. Every sentence must be revised, and pruned, and burnished, till it has attained the highest gloss that a set of words in that form can bear. You never catch Macaulay in his dressing-gown and slippers. He is always in full dress, with his sword and his bag and wig. You never detect his thought in the process of making. He never permits you to see a page of his writing in the form in which it has left his desk. It must be all copied out in a fine Roman hand before it meets your eye. You never see his hand in his work. What he offers you is the work complete. And in this complete form it has but one fault. It wants a touch or two of Nature. It is

too artistic, too cold. The style is too impersonal. Of its kind it is of course perfect: and perhaps no man ever wrote with more precision than the most brilliant of the Edinburgh Reviewers. I do not believe it is possible to find a single loose or slipshod sentence in all his writings. You might as well search for a halting line or a false quantity in "Virgil," as search for a solecism in Macaulay's English. Perhaps now and then you may detect him in using an *ad captandum* illustration, as in the case of his comparison of Mourad Bey and Napoleon and his description of the astonishment of the Mamelukes when they found a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, the greatest soldier in Europe. But, as a rule, every suggestion even in an illustration of this kind is as authentic as one of Hallam's notes; for with all his powers of imagination, Macaulay preferred to take even his most trifling touches of portraiture from the personal recollections of contemporary critics to developing them, like the novelist, from the depths of his own consciousness. He had a keen eye for the slightest hint that could be turned to account in sketching the portrait of a man, and you have only to turn to his essays at random, to Addison, Chatham, Clive, Hastings, or Machiavelli, to see at a glance how thoroughly he read up his subject, how he ransacked the top shelves of old libraries for political squibs, for old diaries, and volumes of correspondence, for folios that might appal even the heart of the stoutest commentator, and for novels and poems that had been sent to the trunkmaker by their own authors as soon as they had passed through the press, to pick up hints that might enable him to form a more vivid and picturesque conception of a scene, or to get closer to a great statesman, a soldier, or a man of letters; any hints from which he could gather the chit-chat of Lady Killigrew and her sisters as they sat in the lonely oriel over their embroidery while the horns were sounding and the dogs in full cry; or how Queen Anne's maids of honour killed their time a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors; or any suggestions by which he could add a fresh touch to his portraits of Walpole, Addison, Clive, Hastings, or Temple.

To the tastes and industry of an anti-

quarian Macaulay added an imagination as vivid and picturesque as Sir Walter Scott's, and some of the most striking and brilliant bits of portraiture and description to be found in his writings are obviously the result of an amount of reading and research that would have broken the heart of an ordinary bookworm. Most of his essays are thus histories in miniature, historiettes, reproducing on a small scale a succession of scenes and a series of portraits that might with a little amplification in the details be worked up into a volume.

Upon what models Macaulay formed his style it is not easy to say with precision. You may trace the influence of many writers in its growth,—of Plautus, of Livy, of Thucydides, of Petrarch, of Dante, of Milton, and of Scott. And yet when you come to compare it with the style of these men, you find so much in Macaulay that you find in none of these, taken by themselves, that you are driven to the conclusion that his style, after all, is what it generally is in the case of every man of genius—a development of his own intellectual tendencies. His style is his own; and his style is the man. Take up any of his boyish contributions to *Knight's Magazine*—his paper on the Italian Poets, or that on the Athenian Orators—and you find there the same rapid and picturesque narrative, the same vivid sketch of men and scenes, the same condensation and point that you find in richer and more varied forms in his contributions to the *Edinburgh* and in his History. And there, too, you find almost as conspicuously what Sir George Lewis called the touch of the showman—that girlish affectation of tinsel ornament which offends the eye so frequently, even in his latest writings. These touches of the showman seem to me to prove that Macaulay's taste, after all, was not as keen and critical as one might have anticipated in so accomplished a scholar and so laborious a workman; for Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revised everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed but a rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the MS. of his History. "You have no

conception," he says, "of the amount of labour that one of these sheets of foolscap represents." But this MS. was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica. Of his habits and hours of work, little is known. When in London, he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favourite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humoured his disposition," like Gray. If the work palled upon him, he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. Plautus was his favourite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the *Rudens* of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek. In London, he varied this diversion by visiting the book stalls, to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set. When living alone in the Albany, Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favourable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Gray, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's of

writing only when what Byron called the *estro* was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Shelley, and of Burns: and it is a habit that is commended by one who understood the artistic temperament in all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. Otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself."

I intended to say something of Macaulay as a thinker, as a critic, as a historian. But I must close. It was as an Edinburgh Reviewer that the commoner of Trinity College won his spurs in the field of literature; and it is as the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers that he will be recollected. His *History*, in itself but a fragment, is for the most part an elaboration of his *Essays*; and, except as specimens of style, his speeches have no more value than the first dozen speeches on the Irish Land Bill that you may select from the *Times* blindfolded. The *Essays* are of their kind superb; and they promise to live as long as the English language. They have influenced the style of English writers more, perhaps, than the writings of any man of our time, except Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens; and with all their faults, they have not yet lost the charm by which their author won his unexampled popularity thirty years ago.

If Francis Jeffrey was the critic and metaphysician of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith its wit, and Brougham its statesman, Macaulay may be called its rhetorician; and it speaks significantly for the influence of a sparkling style that Macaulay has been able by his style, and by his style alone, to carry off the highest honours that have been won in our day by a professional man of letters.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
PAPAL ROME.

THE flâneurs and dilettanti of the world are fallen upon evil times. Just as Paris threatens to be made uninhabitable to them, Rome has passed out of the power of her Pontiffs. Up to a certain point, it is to be feared that progress must have its way, and progress is generally prosaic. Notwithstanding that the performance of the new Italian kingdom has fallen so far short of its splendid promise, yet it has

done something: it has grubbed up a good many romantic landmarks. Italy is not the Italy of Samuel Rogers. The times are already prehistoric when you could drop down the Brenta in an "ark" drawn by "lagging mules," with harlequins, poets, soubrettes, and itinerant actors generally making your way less long—when children, lovely as cherubs, tottered up to your carriage door under the weight of freely offered bunches of purple grapes. Nowadays you take your ticket, first or second

class, just as you might at Birmingham or Manchester. You disappear into tunnels as you are evoking the shade of Horace and contemplating the snowy brow of Soracte, or are feasting your eyes on the wild gorges by Itri. The old-fashioned hosteleries have enrolled themselves emulously on Mr. Cook's excursion register, and acknowledge his coupons good for bed, breakfast, and dinner; and you pay at the door for the privilege of going over Pompeii as if you were going to make a happy day at Rosherville Gardens or Cremorne. The swarms of beggars and the bands of bandits are about the only relics of the good old days, and these the most bigoted (*laudator temporis acti*) might reconcile himself to dispense with.

But, amid all these changes for the worse, the march of civilization had given a wide berth to the precincts of the Eternal City. It is true the iron horse — long withstood as the fell precursor of vandalism, enlightenment, the Piedmontese, and the revolution — had set his sacrilegious hoof in the very shadow of the Vatican. In the ears of pessimists the shriek of the engine reverberated as painfully ominous of the beginning of the end. Yet the end might be remote enough; for, comforting themselves with the experience of the past, they fondly trusted still to the proved obstructive capacity of the Pontiff. Things looked sufficiently black in 1848, and yet the successor of Peter had come back from Gaeta and his liberal ideas, and was napping drowsily in his chair as of old, hedged in by a bran-new steel fence of French bayonets. That fence, to be sure, was founded upon a particular form of French Government — a foundation by no means so stable as the sacred rock on which the Holy Church had reposed *ex seculis seculorum*. But habitués of Rome lose the habit of taking much thought for the morrow, and yield insensibly to the influence of the priestly watchword, *Après nous le déluge*. The sublime self-confidence of the priestly Court was perhaps infectious. The Pope would take no hints, nor deprecate the intrusion of an Italian sanitary corps by setting his own people to work at the cleansing of his Augean stables. He had no idea of assuring his temporal power by convincing public opinion that he was disposed to exercise it in accordance with modern ideas. Still he coerced his fractious children for their good, bearing with resignation the heavy expense they put him to in the way of foreign mercenaries. Still he offered promiscuous sanctuary to each pious brigand

who consecrated his bloody stiletto to the chastisement of Italian infidels and the spoliation of foreign heretics. Still he thrust that unclean thing, Protestantism, outside his gates at the risk of offending his best clients and paymasters, and still he sorely vexed the stiff-necked Hebrews who hung their harps on the willows by the Tiber. Still he provided gratuitous accommodation in his spacious prison for those guilty of independent thought, and still he rigorously ransacked his visitors' luggage at his frontiers for the pernicious modern literature he solemnly tabooed. Still men of the best blood in his States could only make way in their little world by renouncing it, entering it by the door of the Church, and muffling their minds and movements in the priestly gown. Still men of the middle class were debarred from the privileges of a liberal career. The practice of law was about on a par with the profession of medicine, where barbers butchered and bled, where blessed images were sovereign specifics, and where the grandest triumphs of surgery and medicine were due to the miraculous interposition of the saints. Still the peasants tilled the pestiferous soil, shorn as close as the sheep of their own Campagna in springtime; shorn until a transfer to the close-clipping shears of Italian tax-gatherers must actually be intense relief. In short, the supreme Pontiff had left the dust of ages undisturbed all over the place, and even when accidents raised it in clouds now and again, the eye of Catholic faith never failed to pierce them and project itself forward into a long bright future.

Now that there seems some prospect of Rome being swept and garnished, we heretic guests who used to grumble begin to realize the full measure of our ingratitude. The Pope never oppressed us nor annoyed us very seriously. He kept us waiting at his gate while uneducated censors of literature overhauled our Tauchnitz editions of heresy; for the benefit of the treasury he made us pay for visés and submit to irksome passport regulations; and for the same reason he forced us into a dilemma between smoking baioccho cigars and paying fabulous prices for anything better. But then it was for our sakes he preserved the esthetic and picturesque element in his dominions, to the utter sacrifice of his subjects. There is no greater comfort to a man with a subject of complaint than to find himself surrounded by others infinitely worse off than himself; and if you had been deprived of

a handful of books or mulcted for a visé after a tedious detention at the Neapolitan frontier, you could not help brightening up at the sight of the dismal hovels and death-stricken faces you passed in the Pontine Marshes. We should by no means care ourselves to live all the year round in a cottage ornée in the Campagna. Even the Doria Pamphili, loveliest of Roman villas, high as it stands, is dead in the summer months. But what can be more delightful than the gallop through its savage desolation? here a red-thatched hut and there a solitary farm, just life enough to relieve the brooding oppression of an absolute desert. What a change from Durlams, or even the white Tu-cany oxen, to the Campagna buffaloes, standing in green-mantled water up to their great horns and savage little eyes! Evidently the cattle breeders have never passed their frontier. They may not be profitable, and would fetch but a moderate price as beef at Leadenhall; yet in point of effect the one is to the other as the wild figure in uncouth sheepskins and unkempt hair to the sleek English clown in blouse and hobnails. That herdsman of the wilds is the veritable child of Catholicism and nature, reared immediately under the eyes of the Pope, within easy sound of the bells of St. Peter's, if not quite under the windows of the Vatican. He represents the perfection of education according to unerring wisdom — in other words, none at all. That his highest interests are safe, we trust we may take for granted. His spiritual father answers for him, and sundry sins may be lightly atoned by penal fines when you can plead bestial ignorance in extenuation. Therefore, if the Campagna peasant does not mind racking rheumatism, alternate fever fits of chilling cold and parching heat, and a premature return to the fetid earth whence he shot up fungus-like, perhaps his lot is an enviable one. There can be no doubt he makes a pleasant object in the eyes of a party of English visitors, and comes in tellingly like the stone pines and weed-grown aqueducts in the sketches of an English picnic party.

Go within the walls and it is the same thing. All over the place you are conscious of what one may call the cathedral odour compounded of vault and earth and decaying wood. The houses in the streets take after the pagan ruins; the dilapidation is contagious, and they begin to crumble. The immemorial rubbish mounds swell steadily, burying deeper every day the wrecks of the Kings, the Republic, the Empire, and the early Church. Everything lies in solemn

neutral tint, except here and there some muzzled Liberal has symbolized his revolutionary leanings by smearing over the sad tones of his premises with whitewash. Then the population is artistically distributed, as if the chief end of their being were the furnishing subjects to the photographer. Here you have a quarter like the Ghetto — and there are many Christian Ghettos — swarming with life like a mouldy cheese. You have to pick your way along the gutter banks among sprawling infants, while those of somewhat riper age entangle themselves in your legs, as in the religious light you grope out and in among the odoriferous traffic in the centre of the street. When you lift your eyes to the thread of sky high overhead you find the persevering rays that struggle downwards refracted at each of the numerous floors by countless protruded heads. It is the effects of an Oriental bazaar without the blaze and the sparkle — the picturesque, in its austere solemn aspect, as befits the City of Churches and the stagnant fountain of the Catholic faith. But a little of it goes a very long way, as you feel when you expand your lungs in the comparatively salubrious air of some piazzetta, with a ruined temple in front, a stupendous refuse heap on one side, and a fragrant sewer on the other. Here, however, the sacred authorities kill two birds with one stone. In flattering the tastes of the visitor by preserving dirt and distress unimpaired in distant quarters they do what lies in their power for the health of the inhabitants. Admitting the fair Campagna must remain a pious swamp, and the genius of malaria must be suffered to flap his wings over the devoted city, next to votive offerings and dear-bought priestly intercession, excessive crowding is found to be the best way of keeping him in respect. You leave this picturesque crowding for the sublime desolation of adjacent quarters. You mope along interminable streets, which except that the vast buildings have their roofs on and glass in their windows, while the climate admits of grass growing among the paving-stones, might remind you of Tadmor in the Wilderness, or the Giant Cities of Bashan. Here and there a stray figure glides past a portal as if to indicate the proportions of the architecture. Now and then a venerable porter opens a shutter in the vast blank face of a huge palace to peer out upon the waste. Then as you saunter by desolate side lanes the sound of chastened revelry breaks in on the solemn stillness, and you come upon a group of brawny pensioners and parasites

clustered over their soup tins round the hospitable portals of a convent. The monks have a natural sympathy with able-bodied idleness, and regard with complacency those strapping paupers fattening upon the crumbs that fall from their vicariously spread tables. The great charm of Papal Rome used to be, that, turn whither you would, there was nothing to reproach you with the aimless life you led there. The tone of society was inspired you knew, and that tone was distinctly drowsy. If you could not rival in faith the college of cardinals and its priestly satellites, you could in the absence of work. Even the legitimate desire of gain could not tempt the tradesmen of the Corso and Babuino to bustle about among their scarves and cameos. Even the sense that he lived from hand to mouth would not rouse the beggar on the flags of the piazzas to loll into a sitting posture when he volubly cursed your want of charity. If you paid your coachman by the course, his horses jogged as if you hired him by the hour. If you dropped into your Italian banker's his clerks were having their siesta, or exhibiting premonitory symptoms of drowsiness, or rubbing their eyes after waking from their slumbers. The sharp paving-stones opposed themselves to your walking, and made it absolutely necessary to send your horse to the city gates if you meant to ride. There were no journals in the cafés and no light to read them by, had the mist of rancid tobacco been less dense. The English Club and the smoking-rooms in the English hotels were the only places where you woke up. There you found restless birds of passage actually taxing themselves to play billiards, or warming up into political arguments. And they were rather a warning than an example. You knew you were right—that in supine indolence lay the culmination of human perfectibility; for did not the infallible Pontiff himself set the example, and all his acolytes scrupulously practise what they preached? If we are to have all this sort of thing upset with the Papal throne, whatever are we to do, or whither in the wide world are we to go? If the Italians come to theorize upon activity there, we do not suspect them of practising it. Where are we to seek another Rome? There was but one city in the world where you could go to sleep among antiquities and art treasures with an easy conscience, and point proudly to your classical surroundings as the reason of your blameless life.

From The Saturday Review.

VILLAGE POLITICS IN FRANCE.

WHILE every gamin in Paris is shouting "Vive la République!" graver heads are anxiously asking themselves "How long is the Republic likely to live?" And this, it must be remembered, is no longer a question that depends simply on the mobility of the gamin of Paris or the humour of the Faubourg St. Antoine. If the later Napoleonism has done nothing else, it has freed France from the despotism of its capital and greater towns. Prefect and priest have for the last twenty years been busy teaching the peasant proprietors of the country that the safety of the nation lies in their hands, and the peasant has learnt a lesson so flattering to his pride with very natural avidity. He is quite conscious that it was he who, in the teeth of "those gentlemen of Paris," placed the Emperor on the throne, and that it was his emphatic "Yes" in plébiscite after plébiscite which retained him there. With what sort of favour he is likely to regard, when once war has ceased to absorb his whole attention, a revolution which springs out of a street row, and a government which consists simply of the deputies of Paris, it is not very difficult to guess. But it is far harder to say in what way the peasant will regard the question of the Republic itself. The truth is, we know next to nothing of the condition or the sympathies of rural France. The peasant is nowhere an easy person to become really acquainted with, and the French peasant is the least easy of all. He is far pleasanter to talk to than his English namesake, but he is just as distrustful. He has a sort of animal secrecy and wariness, and in the presence of men of better station and education than himself, although he is quite ready to display a democratic consciousness of equality which would be odd on this side of the Channel, he has all the caution and reticence of instinctive fear. Books help us very little indeed; nine out of ten French novels never stir beyond the Parisian boulevards, and the few that do, with one illustrious exception, either confine themselves, like Balzac, to country towns, or invent imaginary scenes of country innocence and repose. Perhaps the one person who knows the French people best is the Englishman who wanders from village to village with a knapsack on his back.

What strikes such a stranger most in the village population is its terrible ignorance. With Germany and Switzerland on one side of it, with England on the other, the educational standard of France is almost

as low as that of Spain or Southern Italy. Among the facts that have most startled the Germans in the present war is the inability of half the prisoners they have taken to read or write. Many even of the officers cannot sign their own names. But any one who has penetrated much into the rural life of France knows that this is only a fair indication of the educational state of the country. No doubt efforts have been made of late, especially under the administration of M. Duruy, to cope with this mass of ignorance; and M. Jules Simon has done more than justice to the energy shown by the Imperial Government. Schools have been built and the number of teachers greatly increased, but the quality of the instruction given remains as wretched as ever. The wretched pittance given to the school-master would counteract the good intentions of a thousand Ministers of Public Instruction. Simply to procure bread, the wretched dominie has to eke out his living by acting as clerk to the sous-préfet, if he is settled in a country town; or if in a village, by serving as bell-ringer, acolyte, church-sweeper to the priest. The value of the instruction given can easily be conjectured. That it has failed to produce any real effect on the prejudices or the superstitions of the peasant may be judged from the complaints of the priests themselves. In a parish of the South it is the usage to present to the curé certain wooden images, bearing the names of saints, but whose form shows them to be figures of the older gods of heathenism, which become by his benediction sovereign charms against certain bodily ailments. One parish priest of late years threw them boldly into the fire, but an epidemic which broke out among the cattle brought him to his senses and the custom was restored. His successor was more resolute. He burned the images, and nearly paid for the act with his life. The parish rose against him, and he had to take refuge in a compromise. He procured figures of the saints themselves, a little more artistically carved, but the peasants declared they were good for nothing, and refused him all supplies for the reparation of his church. As a rule, however, the curé contents himself with a silent protest against the grosser ignorance around him. He is himself a peasant, the son of a peasant; and his slender stipend of some 40*l.* or 60*l.* a year makes him dependent on the offerings of his flock. He shares their prejudices, and his exclusively ecclesiastical training has raised him little above their own level of culture. We remember

chatting with a Norman priest beneath the shadow of one of the grandest minsters in France on the subject of English religion. He was proud of his knowledge of the subject, and it amounted to this, that the "église nationale" was "Protestante Methodistique." From this position it was impossible to move him; he had once been to Paris, and at the Exposition he had seen a Methodist chapel, and his mind was made up. That there are learned men among the French clergy we do not deny; that there are men of the highest holiness is plain from an such an instance as that of the Curé d'Ars; and the political power they exercise over their flocks is unquestionable. But, as a rule, the tone of the peasant towards his curé is that of good-humoured contempt. "What is that building?" we remember asking a country hostess in Picardy, as we pointed to a huge edifice by the side of the Church of St. Riquier. "It is nothing but 'une pépinière de prêtres,'" she replied, with a smile. A class so regarded is necessarily incapable of exercising any great influence for the improvement of the country, but it does not follow that it is destitute of power when it plays on the prejudice and ignorance around it. And just now the temptation to play on them is very strong indeed. The ordinary curé has but two interests in the world — Rome and his stipend. Rome is his religion; his stipend is his bread. For these he is quite prepared to fight to the death; and the announcement of a Republic is a threat to both. If he has let the Emperor fall so quietly, it is in great measure because, in withdrawing the bulk of his troops from Rome, he believes the Emperor to have betrayed the Pope. But a Republican Government is certain to be indifferent to the fate of the Pope and the Papacy. What comes still more home to the priest is the danger to his actual livelihood. The absolute separation of Church from State, so long advocated by M. Louis Blanc, is now the accepted creed of the Republican party. If they remain in power, they are pledged to annul the work of the First Napoleon in ecclesiastical as in civil matters. But there is not a priest in France that will not make a fight for his 60*l.* a year. In such a contest all will depend on the view he can induce the peasant to take of his own risk from the Republic.

Active political preferences the peasant has none. To his monotonous life of labour the substitution of one ruler for another makes very little difference indeed. Here and there, as in Champagne, the

"Napoleonic legend" still flourishes, just as Orleanism survives in the commercial towns; but the peasant will not expend a sou for the Imperial dynasty any more than the merchant will raise a hand for the Count of Paris. What, however, Napoleonism has done for his political education is to arouse in his mind an intense aversion to being governed by the towns. Power has for twenty years rested on the votes of the peasantry, and the peasant can hardly like to see his work overthrown by an *émancipé* in the streets. A Republic means the rule of the shopkeeper, and he hates and envies the shopkeeper. Above all, it is "a government of lawyers," and meshed, as he very commonly is, in lawsuits and mortgages, he regards the lawyer as his natural foe. And here he finds himself at one with the sympathies of a class which has still a perceptible influence on rural opinion—the Legitimists. The shabby young marquis who lounges along the shore of some little Breton watering-place is utterly powerless to obtain what he likes; but it by no means follows that he is powerless to destroy, or at least to induce others to destroy, what he does not like. The Empire was partly of his own making. In his eyes it was a mere usurpation, of course; a mere continuance of the *régime* of iniquity and fraud which had robbed him and his ancestors of their rents since '80. But still he never repented having helped to make it. In the first place, it made Paris brighter and pleasanter, and his month's fling in Paris is the holiday for which the young marquis scrapes and starves during the rest of the year. And in the second place, its hand lay very heavily on the classes who robbed him and his, the *bourgeoisie* and the *ouvrier*, the Dantons and Marats and Robespierres of whom he believes the Republican party to be composed. He could pardon very much of the man who had to a certain extent avenged his wrongs, and who had been clever enough to trample under foot the democracy that had ridden over the necks of his ancestors. This was what the marquis meant when he took his cigarette from his lips and assured you that the Emperor was "très-intelligent." To a Legitimist of this sort the proclamation of a Republic is simply the getting up again of a foe whom he had for the last twenty years

seen on the ground with immense satisfaction. He can hardly help being irritated, and, slight as his direct influence is, he can manage in some degree to communicate his irritation to the peasant. The old jealousy of the aristocracy which caused the rejection of De Tocqueville in 1848 by the farmers of his village, on the ground that he was "a noble," has pretty well died away, and if the balance of opinion in the country districts once really wavers, the bitterness of the Legitimist party may tell fatally against the Republic. But, if it wavers at all, it will hardly waver for political reasons. The life of the peasant is chained to his bit of land; he is a proprietor, not a politician. Proclamations about a federation of the Latin peoples, declamations against the penalty of death, the rhetoric of Victor Hugo, the logic of Jules Favre, are all without the slightest meaning or interest to him. So long as those gentlemen of Paris like to amuse themselves with these, he is not likely to stir. So long as his bit of land is safe, Republic or Empire is alike to him. But for twenty years he has been assiduously taught that a Republic means peril to property. To him the red flag means pillage, and, though Gambetta has managed for the moment to put it aside, it waits its turn to supersede the tricolour. Louis Blanc is a polished and gentlemanly man to those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance in London, but the peasant of France has not had that pleasure, and to him the reappearance of Louis Blanc means the reappearance of Communism. The elections for the Constituent Assembly will soon let us see in what temper the French villager regards the new institutions of his country. But it would be a great mistake to suppose, as has lately been supposed, that the similarity of the last Revolution to its predecessors means that Paris is still France, and that her political convictions will impose themselves on the country. Paris, fighting the enemy, is simply allowed to fight him in her own way; but, fighting once over, the natural relations of things can hardly fail to be restored, and the French statesman will have to look for the solution of its administrative problems, as during the Empire, in its village politics.

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RED LEAVES AND DEAD LEAVES.

By shaded sinuous pathways once our mood
 Chased us all day, till each was found of each,
 And hands and eyes met eyes and hands in
 speech,
 While no word spoken named our hap for good;
 But on, still on, we wooed the deepening wood
 To show the inmost rose-bower we would
 reach,
 To rest and learn somewhat, and somewhat
 teach;
 And red leaves smote our faces where we stood.

For we stood, surely knowing the bower was
 found,
 And trod the threshold; and when some sud-
 den dart,
 With thunder above and earthquake in the
 ground,
 Cleft in between, and startled us apart,
 Never to meet save in this roseless laud,
 Where dead leaves smite our faces as we stand.
 Tinsley's Magazine.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Now flowers of deeper hue and scarlet glow;
 Or in rich purple the white bosom lies;
 And leopard-spots of blossom's golden eyes
 On hill-sides green and sky-domed commons
 show;
 And the blue Heaven over her doth throw
 Her thinnest web of fair and lawny haze;
 And suns retire from proud accustomed ways,
 At nearer tides of Night's great overflow;
 And green-flushed Earth in dreamy Autumn
 light
 A gilded change to many colours sees
 Through all her shrubby lanes and branch-
 ing-trees,
 Nor thinks the King whose banners hang so
 bright,
 Will break her leafy sceptre, and affright
 With stormy snows her vales and upland
 leas.

All the Year Round.

THE EXILE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF KERNAN.

In Farsistan the violet spreads
 Its leaves to the rival sky;
 I ask how far is the Tigris flood
 And the vine that grows thereby?

Except the amber morning wind
 Not one salutes me here;
 There is no lover in all Bagdad
 To offer the exile cheer.

I know that thou, O amber morning wind
 O'er Kernan's meadow blowest,
 And thou, heart-warming nightingale!
 My father's orchard knowest.

The merchant hath stuffs of price
 And gems from the sea-washed strand,
 And princes offer me grace,
 To stay in the Syrian land.

But what is gold for, but for gifts?
 And dark without love is the day;
 And all that I see in Bagdad
 Is the Tigris to float me away.

Pultie Opinion.

ON THE MOORS.

RED lie the moors, the glorious autumn moors,
 Crimson, and red, and scarlet, with the glow
 Of twice ten thousand nodding heather-bells;
 With wealth of colour, gorgeous as the tints
 Of Iris' purple robe: What time the bee,
 Gauze-winged and eager-eyed, and amorous,
 Drunk with the nectar of his paradise,
 Hums o'er the honeyed blooms, his song of love.

The grouse-cock whirs, exultant, from the whins,
 Proud covey-sultan, spreading his brown wings,
 Nor boding coming doom; the red deer bears
 Grandly aloft his many-antlered head,
 And o'er the rippling burns, and o'er the fells,
 As yet untrodden by the sportsman's foot,
 Falls soft the mellowing silver of the night.

On the hill-side, the white flocks rest and browse,
 Nor heed the shepherd's tyke: sweet Even
 comes

With folded hands, with soft, full, limpid eyes,
 Grey-robed and placid from the golden West,
 And from her starry lap, drops asphodels
 On eyes of tired mortals: silence reigns,
 And all around is beauty — all is peace!

MY LOVE.

" MARK her slender form bend low
 As the Zephyrs lightly blow;
 Mark her robe, like blossoms rare,
 Scatter fragrance on the air;
 See her face as soft moon beaming,
 From her smiles ambrosia streaming,
 And on brows more white than snow
 See the raven tresses glow!
 Lotus-like, her dewy feet
 Treasures yield of nectared sweet;
 Light as on her footsteps pass,
 Blushes all the bending grass;
 And rings of jewels, beauty's powers,
 Freshen into living flowers,
 While brighter tints and rosier hues
 All the smiling earth diffuse."
 Broughton's Popular Poetry of the Hindoos.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

I HAVE endeavoured to describe the power which is at work in all the changes of our time, the power of organized public opinion. I have also described to you the changes themselves, and have represented them as being mainly of one kind; namely, abolitions of monopoly. Now, there are many who complain of the partiality shown by the ruling power of the time for this kind of work, maintaining that much more necessary tasks are neglected for it. At any rate, it is evident that some very necessary tasks remain undone, and that public opinion at least does not show any great forwardness to undertake them. Pauperism is as great an evil perhaps as Church ascendancy, but it is not dealt with so promptly. National education has waited forty years, and about twenty years ago the Ministry of Lord John Russell expressly declared that a system of national education was rendered impossible by the opposition of religious bodies: this was equivalent to a declaration that public opinion was not sufficiently pronounced or resolute for such a scheme; in other words, that it was not so zealous in this matter as in matters of another kind. It appears, then, that public opinion chooses among abuses, that it is not animated with an equal hostility to all. There must be something either in the peculiar nature of this power or in the conditions under which it works, or in both, to give it this particular bias. Why is it that, instead of an outcry against abuses and evils that afflict the State, we have had simply a cry of "Down with monopolies"?

There are, I believe, some general reasons arising out of the very nature of public opinion which help to explain this; but perhaps the main cause is to be found in a special influence which is at work. I will consider the general reasons first. What was the sovereign power in England to which public opinion succeeded? The influence of a certain number of great families. The new monarch was installed with

great expectations, and actually accomplished some reforms. But it is not to be supposed that he was in every respect superior to his predecessor, or that his predecessor was altogether incompetent: even those who welcomed him most warmly, and expected most from him, probably considered him only better on the whole, and may have been prepared to acknowledge him inferior in some respects. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the new *régime* would shine in every kind of reform. If enlightenment was wanted, the new power was not clearly more enlightened than the old. The Lonsdales and Fitzwilliams of the old *régime* had at least education and leisure, which a large proportion of the new voters entirely wanted. If genius was wanted, the old power knew better than the new how to find it, and had the wisdom to allow genius a good deal of scope. Moreover, under the old *régime* governments were more stable and steadfast than they have been since, and therefore the change removed one almost indispensable condition of all difficult reforms, the feeling of strength and security on the part of the Ministers that preside over them. Now, the highest works of statesmanship require these three things — great power in the Minister, genius to counsel and support him, enlightenment in Parliament to weigh and decide upon his plans; and to none of these things was the new *régime* favourable. Where, then, was its superiority? Its superiority was not a general one, but confined to a special point. It was not a *class régime*. Any other fault it might have as much or more than the *régime* it superseded, but it had not so much exclusiveness. It speedily threw open Parliament to a multitude of interests which had scarcely been represented there before, and in that far mightier parliament which is the true deliberative organ of this *régime* — in the Press — all interests were represented from the beginning, and every voice was free to make itself heard. A *régime*, therefore, which had one special virtue would be likely to distinguish itself by a special class of reforms. When the spirit of exclusiveness was expelled from the Government, it was to be expected that

the monopolies would fall which that exclusiveness had sustained.

Again, some evils in the State are flagrant and conspicuous, and others, though they may chance to be greater, are of a more subtle character. With these more subtle evils public opinion is not remarkably well qualified to deal. It has not the blindness which was sometimes created in the old *régime* by its class prejudices. The accomplished Windham was a steady opponent of popular education, not because he did not know the value of education, but because he felt the *régime* with which he was identified to stand in need of popular ignorance. Men much inferior to Windham in these days escape such a warp of the mind; the removal of exclusiveness has been to this extent equivalent to an increase of enlightenment. But the other kind of blindness which is not produced by special circumstances, the common blindness which arises from want of cultivation, has not been removed by the change of *régime*, and public opinion is more uncultivated, at the same time that it is more equitable, than the class opinion it supplanted. There was no reason, then, to expect that public opinion would be particularly keen to detect abuses that were not obvious. Its reign was likely to be characterized rather by a rough fairness and honesty than by deep wisdom. In this very matter of education that I have just mentioned it would not be capable of condemning a whole class to ignorance on considerations drawn from the reason of State; but, on the other hand, its conception of the value of education would not be very distinct, nor its notion of what constitutes a good education very accurate. It would therefore not oppose education, but it would be quite likely to trifle with it, to misunderstand it, and to mismanage it. In discussions about education it would be apt, from want of thoughts and feelings about the subject itself, to slide off into side issues; and when the question is of turning young savages into citizens and Christians, when the question is of the very souls and characters of the young, it would be quite capable of getting on its hobby of tests, quite capable of hunting a monopoly through

the very schoolroom where its children are learning to read and to tell the truth. It would be likely enough to intrude the maxims of the shop and of the racecourse into the school; one would not be surprised if it proved unable to conceive a university except in one of two ways—either as a fund to be divided in fellowships among a number of people, according to certain rules, or as a system of violent and dangerous competitive struggles, carried on partly in the schools and senate-house, partly on the Thames and at Lords' Cricket Grounds. To deal with subjects like this, in fact, to deal with the whole department of culture, it is evident that you must have a Government of the wisest, and no one has ever supposed that the government of public opinion, at least such as we see it in this age, answered that description.

Again, there are some great political works which may be evidently needed, and may ever be acknowledged to be indispensable, but which are of extreme difficulty, which require a vast collection of facts and a patient application of contrivance and discretion to a multitude of details. Now for such works the *régime* of public opinion has one great advantage over the old *régime*. The old *régime*, it may be said, had no ideal of statesmanship. Conservatism being universal, no one contemplated such a thing as constructive legislation. If the constitution was a thing settled and complete, so that the only question was of interpreting it rightly, a statesman could scarcely be called upon to create or contrive upon a large scale. Only some great catastrophe which had reduced part of the constitution to ruins could furnish such an occasion, as the Irish Rebellion of '08 made the Legislative Union possible. The appearance of a vast reforming party, and the familiarity with large changes which their exertions have gradually produced among us, have enlarged our conception of what statesmanship may do, and have led us to conceive of such a thing as an art of progress, have made us change our conception of a state as an unchanging thing, which has only to be watched and protected from the impact of foreign bodies for a conception of it as a growing

and developing thing, a thing perpetually shifting, advancing, and putting forth new organs, and requiring therefore to be studied with method, to be helped and directed in its changes with boldness and expertness, and capable of being indefinitely developed and improved by genius. But though the present *régime* has given us the idea of this higher statesmanship, it has at the same time placed enormous difficulties in the way of the idea being realized. The actual result has been that the statesmen of the present age have not appeared great in proportion to the greatness of the changes they have introduced. This is not perhaps a necessary effect of the dominion of public opinion, but rather a consequence of the particular way in which its dominion was established. Had public opinion made its way by gradual advances, and gained for itself from politicians, first respect, and then in course of time deference, it might have become great itself without too much eclipsing the greatness of statesmen. But it gained its sovereignty by wrestling with and defeating the first public men of the day, and therefore its victory was won at the expense of the prestige of statesmanship. The influence which should naturally support the statesman, and receive direction from him, dictated to him. The popular movement, while it humiliated by defeat the statesman who opposed it, was greater and more commanding than any of the statesmen who joined it. Hence the part of the statesman for a time lost some of its dignity. There were statesmen who had administrative skill, character, and the tact of government; there were others who had the sympathy and confidence of the people, and who understood the signs of the times. But there was an unfortunate want of statesmen who combined both sorts of qualification. Those who understood the time best had been so long in opposition that they had not acquired the art of administration. They were better agitators than rulers; they could represent the popular movement better than they could direct it. Meanwhile the other side had a leader with the experience and all the qualifications of a statesman, but he passed his life in a

perpetual unsuccessful warfare with the spirit of the age. The Whigs only shone when they were in opposition, and Sir Robert Peel when he gave up one of his principles. The consequence was that the *régime* was not simply that of public opinion, but of public opinion ill-directed and reduced to feel its own way. If this want of able leaders were an evil incident especially to the *régime* of public opinion, if public opinion is likely always to have the best statesmanship of the age resisting it, and to be served only by the second best, it must certainly be considered an unfortunate form of government. Perhaps, however, we may consider that this is already disproved by later experience. In any case it is possible to point out the special and exceptional circumstances which damaged the statesmanship of the Whigs of the Reform Bill, while it is not surprising that Sir Robert Peel, a veteran servant of the old *régime*, should have been out of sympathy with the new from the influence of his training, and not at all from any natural repulsion of high statesmanship from the sovereignty of public opinion.

What is important for us, however, is to remark that the present period for the most part has not been favourable to the higher statesmanship. The dislocation of parties at one time, and their even balance at another, has kept statesmen perpetually occupied in maintaining their positions, and has thus disabled them from undertaking great public works. *Anxietate careus animus*—a mind free from the sense of insecurity—is as necessary for great works of statesmanship as for great works of poetry. Such security being out of the reach of the statesmen of this age, they have necessarily leaned on their oars and drifted very much before the tide of popular feeling. Whatever the people wanted, if it was not too difficult to accomplish, they could have; but difficult tasks, men felt, it was not the season to undertake. The measures of this age are, therefore, to be considered not merely as what public opinion was capable of demanding and supporting, but what without much help from skilled statesmanship it felt safe in carrying through.

This reflection will explain much inaction and many omissions. The question of pauperism, for example, belongs to a class of questions with which the present age has hitherto felt itself altogether inadequate to deal. It is an enemy which a minister must grapple with alone, if he is to have a chance of overcoming it: no ministry is a match for it and a strong opposition together.

To say that this has been an age of feeble ministers is equivalent to saying that public opinion has hitherto been much divided. The nation, after it began to rule, for a long time showed no decided preference. The two vast parties that formed themselves were evenly balanced, and therefore no minister could gain decided support in a decided and consistent course. In these circumstances we had an age of reforms, but of easy reforms. It was necessary to look about for the few principles about which there was agreement, or at least which were sure of a majority, and to apply these principles to the very utmost. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than the prominence given to the question of monopolies. Fair play was what everybody could understand; "an open field and no favour," was a cry which would always be popular, and so it was kept up till a number of simple changes had been accomplished, which, when the total result of them is reckoned up, amount to a remarkable revolution. But if greater works are to be accomplished, less obvious principles must first be agreed upon, and they must be grasped so firmly and with such unanimity that a statesman may feel secure in rearing upon them an elaborate structure.

Such are the general causes which seem to have given this turn to the movement of the age. The reflection suggested by the consideration of them is a commonplace one. It is that the public, to be a good ruler, wants much more enlightenment. That it may treat great questions in a worthy spirit, and that it may give room and support to great statesmen, it must have much more enlightenment. Enlightenment in the highest and largest sense is what is wanted; but there is a lower and more special kind of enlightenment that would go some way. In the last lecture I spoke of the organization that has sprung up in the country for the purpose of furnishing the people with information on political subjects, and also with the opportunity of discussing them. It is by these means that that average vote is determined upon the wisdom of

which depends the welfare of the country. Now, in this machinery there is a strange defect. One very obvious way of enlightening the people on political subjects there is, which nevertheless is not taken. Newspapers, leading articles—we know the skill with which our *Times* leader puts us in a condition to meditate over the breakfast table on the most important question, whatever it may be, of the day. We are supplied with all the necessary facts, which, carefully separated from the unnecessary ones, are arranged before us in lucid order; then follow all the most necessary scraps of learning, legal or other, that may assist in the decision of the question; then follow a few reflections, written in the most intelligible English and with the most skilful adaptation to the wants of the average understanding. Every day of his life the lawyer ponders there for some half-hour before he plunges into his briefs, the schoolmaster before he turns to his heap of exercises, the man of business before he opens his letters. This is our political education. The machinery is admirable as far as it goes. That half-hour a day ought, you say, to make us all in time accomplished politicians. Yes, and so it would if a certain preparation had gone before it. But without that preparation it never can; without that preparation I believe that little more will be acquired at the end of twenty years than at the end of one. Do you think you could learn Latin, or German, or geometry, in a year, or in ten or twenty years, by studying for half an hour every day? That half-hour a day might be most valuable on one condition, but otherwise it would be almost valueless. The condition is that you should first have concentrated your attention for some considerable time upon that subject to the exclusion of others. You will get on with your German, even if you have no more than half an hour a day to give to it, if at the outset you devote a month to it. But all knowledge stands at the top of some hill, or at least hillock, and wants at the outset at least one strain, one continued effort. There is always, as it were, a ledge to be reached before you can pause; if you pause before reaching that, you slip back to the place you started from. This is what most people do who read their *Times* newspaper. They have never taken the first long step, and so, day after day, they struggle with politics for half an hour, and at the end of it slip back helplessly to their starting-point. How could this be remedied? It is not

everyone that can make leisure to think over political subjects for himself, and to acquire the most necessary knowledge about them. But it might be taught in schools and colleges. A plain man would think that nothing was more necessary for a boy to learn than that knowledge which might enable him, when grown up, to discharge his duty to the State. Since our schoolmasters have decided otherwise, probably most people think there is some profound reason why, nevertheless, it should not be done. I have no time here to say more on the matter than this, that I have been a schoolmaster all my life, and know as well as another what can be taught, and what cannot, and that I believe that, with a little contrivance and a few good text-books that might easily be written, politics could be taught.

Ah! but the party feeling that would be aroused!

It is strange how inexorable we are in enslaving our schoolmasters. The Englishman who wished to express his contempt for the slavish institutions of the Continent said to a foreigner, "There are but two subjects worthy of the attention of a human being, politics and religion, and on neither of the two dare you speak." Just so much reticence, and no more, we are all eager to impose on our schoolmasters.

I said that, besides general causes, there was a special influence that had forced the politics of the age into a crusade against monopolies. I was thinking of the reaction of Irish politics upon English. The insular position of England, the security which she has always enjoyed from the more serious commotions of the Continent, and her material prosperity, would make her history, since the Constitution became settled, a somewhat dull story but for her connection with Ireland. English grievances for the most part have not been so extreme but that they could be endured, and it seems likely that they would have been endured, but for their close connection with Irish grievances, which were of the same kind, and which were not to be endured. In the last century there were two reasons why the Irish influence should be less operative. For the greater part of that century the Irish population lay motionless under the yoke that had been pressed down upon them; the people were crushed beyond the power of complaint; and when they did at last rouse themselves, it was with such hostility and menace that England was driven to assume an attitude of stubborn

opposition, and, while she closed her ears resolutely against the grievances of Ireland, was not likely to be struck with the resemblance of those grievances to her own. But when the rebellion of '08 had been put down and the Legislative Union accomplished, there began a period when Ireland pleaded her cause by the legitimate methods of argument and agitation, and at the same time when Irish questions were discussed fully and with Irish eloquence in the English Parliament. Since that time Irish and English discontent have been in a manner fused together, and the natural effect has been to give to the English discontent a far more bitter flavour. The case for reform is immensely strengthened when its advocates are entitled to treat of England and Ireland together, and to heighten the modest abuses of the one country by the enormous wrongs and miseries of the other. In Ireland reformers have found in fact the only lever which would have been potent enough to lift the dead weight of English conservatism. It is an instructive lesson of the way in which moderate abuses should be attacked. There is, indeed, no way of dealing with moderate abuses except to force them into alliance with gross and flagrant ones. By themselves they are safe, because there is no sufficient reason for removing them; but when grosser abuses of the same kind are swept away, they go too, because there is no sufficient reason for sparing them. It is also an instructive example of the great results which may flow from uniting different nationalities under one government, when that government is under the sway of opinion, and is not a mere blind military force. England and Ireland cannot, it appears, be closely and vitally united in a *régime* of opinion without suffering profound modifications. No more can England and India. And does not the remark suggest to us, at the same time, speculations upon the future of Austria married to Hungary, and of Russia married to Poland?

Ireland presented most of the abuses of England on an enlarged scale. But this was especially true of the abuse of monopoly. The most exaggerated pictures that could be drawn by the most virulent Radical of the condition of England would have been literally true, or have fallen short of the truth, if applied to Ireland. He might, by a high-flown metaphor, have compared England to a conquered country. Ireland was a conquered country without any metaphor at

all. He might have compared the landholding aristocracy of England to the Normans of the twelfth century trampling on the newly conquered Saxons. There would have been wild exaggeration in the comparison. But the conquest of Ireland was in fact not much more than a century old, and the ascendancy of the conquerors had been secured by every pitiless method that legislation could devise. Let us consider in order the leading monopolies that were complained of in England. There was the monopoly of legislation held by the landholders and the Protestants. But nomination boroughs were more numerous in proportion in Ireland than in England, and the exclusion of Catholics meant in Ireland the exclusion of the great majority of the nation, and not, as in England, of an insignificant sect. The representative system, therefore, if it was unsatisfactory to many in England, seemed in Ireland a simple mockery to most. Commercial restriction hampered industry in England; but the industry of Ireland had been almost destroyed by it, and the Corn Laws, which in England meant dearness of provisions, might come to mean famine in Ireland. The monopoly of the Church in education placed a certain number of the rising generation in England at a disadvantage; but in Ireland it excluded the great majority both from good primary education and from the higher education. The right of the Church to tax the people excited murmurs here; there it created civil war. Here the wealth of the Church provoked some opposition; there it was regarded as an intolerable and enormous abuse. Lastly, that great monopoly which the age does not attack but steadfastly maintains, but which none the less helps to increase the mass of discontent and to hasten change — the right of private property itself, the right of one man to be rich while others are poor, or, as it will always appear in practice, the right of a few people to possess a greater share of the national wealth than the many — was in Ireland tenfold more invidious than in England, because in Ireland it had been brought about by a conquest and a confiscation, the memory of which was still recent, and because the landholders were not, as in England, the patrons and friends of their tenants, but for the most part absentees.

Thus the union of England and Ireland was not merely the union of a prosperous country with a very miserable one. Ireland might have been full of abuses and yet not have helped forward the cause of re-

form in England. She did so because the evils under which she laboured reflected with exaggeration the evils of England. The anarchy and disturbances of Ireland constantly forced the attention of the Legislature: other questions might be put by; but for Ireland it was always felt something must be done. And yet it was impossible to do anything without establishing precedents for similar changes in England; for all the principal evils of Ireland existed here too, though in a less extreme form. And these evils being all reducible to the monopoly established by the conquering English, pitilessly excluding the Catholic Kelt from all the benefits of his native land, the cure of Ireland, which all statesmen and all parties in turn were obliged to take in hand, could not but consist in the abolition of monopolies, and then, by a kind of reflection, the same character was impressed on the political movement of England. Hence it is characteristic of the present age that the principal changes introduced in England have been borrowed from changes previously made in Ireland, and that the advocates of change in England have generally been able to quote in support of their proposals what I may call the Irish *præjudicium*.

Before showing this in detail, let me point out that the weapon by which changes have been wrought in England, was first tried and proved in Ireland. I have described the new art of agitation which belongs to the present age, and I have contrasted the present systematic and powerful action of public opinion with the wildness of its behaviour in the eighteenth century. But I intentionally passed over one great interference of public opinion, which belongs to the last century, but of which Ireland, not England, was the scene. The long and painful regeneration of Ireland, now in progress, begins with the threatening intervention of the Volunteers in 1779. England, in her depression after her American disasters, was obliged to confess her inability to send troops to Belfast when an invasion was threatened by a French and Spanish fleet. The Irish party saw their opportunity. Volunteers appeared to defend the country, but put in an irresistible claim to be paid in political power. The old notion belonging to an earlier state of society, of a connection between political franchise and military service, reappeared for a moment. The convention of Dungannon, at once an army and a parliament, reminds one of the *comitia centuriata* of Rome. But it anticipated a régime at the same time that it revived the

past, for there first appeared the organized public opinion that was destined in no long time to be sovereign in both countries. And as it was in Ireland that this power first appeared, so in Ireland it first attained supremacy. For Ireland was the scene of the Catholic Association. This was to be expected. When public opinion is ready to take organization, it will do so first there where the need is most pressing. Leagues and political meetings will be most rife, where the representative system is most inadequate. Ireland was before England in devising the machinery of agitation, just as much as she was behind England in parliamentary representation. The corruption and subserviency of the Irish Parliament provoked the Volunteers, and the absence of any safety-valve to carry off the feelings of the Catholic population caused the Catholic Association. While the Catholic Association changed the character of the government in both countries by enthroning public opinion, it accomplished at the same time a definite alteration in English institutions. When Protestant ascendancy fell in Ireland, it fell in England too, as a matter of course. According to the principle I laid down, the greater grievance carried with it the smaller one. That sect which had least to hope in England, because it at the same time had little power, and excited most unreasonable alarms, obtained through the fusion of English and Irish politics its emancipation. One of the strongest and most inveterate feelings of the country, its exclusive Protestantism, received by that change a shock which no statesman would have ventured to give it except under the pressure of necessity, and the necessity came from Ireland.

The next great change in English institutions was the reform of the representation. This may seem at first sight a purely English measure, because, though the abuses it removed had existed on a still greater scale in Ireland, yet they had been much diminished thirty years before, at the time of the Union; and the agitation which carried the Reform Bill did certainly not, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, spread from Ireland to England. The influence of Ireland is in this case of a different kind, yet if we examine we shall find it no less operative. We shall discover the Irish *præjudicium* that I have spoken of; we meet with that argument which is characteristic of the whole period — It has been done in Ireland, why not in England? Read the speech with which Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill in 1831. You may observe the nervousness with which

he announces the act of disfranchisement which formed a principal part of it. "I am perfectly aware that in making this proposition we are proposing a bold and decisive measure. I am perfectly aware, and I should myself vote upon that persuasion, that on all ordinary occasions rights of this kind ought to be respected, and it would be no small interest, no trifling consideration, which would justify the invasion of them." How does he go on? "I well recollect, however, the language in which a right honourable gentleman opposite (Sir R. Peel), standing there as a Minister of the Crown, proposed the measure known by the name of Catholic Emancipation, accompanied by another measure for the disfranchisement of 200,000 freeholders — unoffending men, who had broken no law, who had violated no right, who had exercised their privilege, perhaps ignorantly, certainly independently and impatiently, in a manner which they in their consciences believed to be best." And then he goes on to recite the arguments by which Sir R. Peel had defended that act of disfranchisement, that extraordinary evils required extraordinary remedies, that "the franchise was no doubt a vested right, but it was also a public trust given for public purposes, to be touched no doubt with great caution and reluctance, but still which we are competent to touch if the public interest manifestly demands the sacrifice." These sentiments, Lord John Russell adds, the House adopted, and "he never knew any measure carried through the House with greater support than that measure of disfranchisement."

Here is the Irish *præjudicium*, and see with what confidence it inspires the speaker. "But, sir," he goes on, "shall we say that we are bound to have one principle when the peasantry of Ireland are concerned, and another when the rich and the noble are interested, and that we must consider the latter as sacred, and not venture to touch their privileges when the public interest requires it? Shall we say that the freeholders of Ireland, merely exercising a right which the Constitution gives, may be deprived of that right, and that we must not venture to touch the privilege of the noble lord who returns two representatives to this House for Gatton, though the Constitution says such a privilege ought not to exist? Are we to make this glaring distinction between the rich and the poor, between the peer and the peasant? Are we to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholder, and must not

we touch the borough which is claimed as the property of some noble lord?"

The Act of 1829 therefore was pregnant with more consequences than first appeared. O'Connell, with his Catholic Association, not only inaugurated a new dominion, not only broke open the gates of Parliament, and gave the first precedent of enfranchisement; they created at the same time the first precedent of disfranchisement. Where the Irish Catholics had entered, the English middle-class and the manufacturing interest followed, and at the same time by the door through which the Irish freeholders had been dismissed were expelled the English rotten boroughs.

In '67 the franchise given in '32 was still further enlarged. Here, too, the precedent had been given by Ireland in the "Act to Amend the Representation of the People," passed in '50, when an eight-pound household franchise was substituted, among other changes, for one of ten pounds.

In free trade the influence of Ireland was not less visible than in parliamentary reform. Commercial restriction, like every other grievance, had been felt much more severely in Ireland than in England. English commerce and manufactures had repeatedly called in the Legislature to crush the competition of Ireland. This, therefore, was the first evil with which the Irish, when their spirit revived in the last century, set themselves to grapple. The agitation of the Volunteers was a free-trade agitation; the end of it was the same, and the means partly the same, as the end and the means of the Anti-Corn Law League. But the resemblance is rather curious than really important. The Irish movement in this case was too remote in point of time, and too different in all its circumstances from the English one, to produce any effect upon it. The leaguers certainly gained no confidence from the success of their Irish precursors, and did not, as far as I know, refer to it. But the weight of Ireland was thrown into the scale of free trade in a much more conspicuous and decisive way. Ireland decided the question by the force of that superior poverty which makes economical evils, which to us are only serious, fatal to her. Dearth here proved famine there. At the critical moment when free-trade principles were beginning to have the advantage, happened the potato blight in Ireland. It converted first the Whig opposition, and then Sir Robert Peel. Lord John Russell sent to his constituents in the City a letter, in which he announced his adhesion

to the principles of the League. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and then took office again, expressly to repeal the Corn Laws. In the Queen's Speech of '46 the failure of the potato crop was alleged as the reason for recommending the repeal, and, in the speech in which Sir Robert Peel avowed his change of opinion, he rested his case principally upon this occurrence.

Church ascendancy extends over two departments—over education and over religion. And in education there have been two monopolies—the monopoly of the Established Church, and also the monopoly of all the religious bodies taken together. Of these monopolies, one has always tended to destroy the other. The Dissenters have been eager to secularize education in order at the same time to wrest it out of the hands of the Church. What I may call the monopoly of religion in education is sacrificed because the monopoly of the Church is involved with it. This movement has gone on in England, where religious differences are comparatively slight, and do not for the most part extend to fundamental points, either of theology or morals. It has gone on amongst sects which have been in the habit of recognizing the existence of a common Christianity, and which have habitually and sincerely spoken of the Church as a Christian body. Meanwhile, in Ireland the Established Church has been opposed to the most intolerant of all Christian denominations—to Catholics recognizing no Christianity out of their own communion. A religious difference thus deep, and capable of no compromise, was made ten times deeper and more irreconcilable by the fact that the excluded sect had been excluded by naked conquest. It had antiquity on its side, if you take the Tory scheme of government; it had the will of the people on its side, if you are a Liberal. Here was indeed a very pretty quarrel. Aggravated by every conceivable circumstance, it was the masterpiece of Erinnyes. A drop had been mixed in Irish politics which was the concentrated essence of discord. In the department of education, even more than in other departments, therefore, we might expect the Irish movement to anticipate the English. Accordingly we find that the point we have reached in 1870 was reached in Ireland in 1831 or rather, I should say, a point beyond it. Not only unsectarian, but secular education was then forced on by the irreconcilable religious difference that divided the nation, and the State was already able to take upon itself a work that many years

later it was obliged to abandon as premature in England. As usual, in the controversy that now rages, our politicians have the Irish *præjudicium* to guide them.

In the expulsion of the Church monopoly from the higher education, it cannot be said that Ireland has taken the lead. But the Queen's Colleges, if not the earliest, are at least among the earliest examples of purely unsectarian seats of learning.

The more direct attack upon the ascendancy of the Church has been in both countries aimed principally at two points—at the right of the Church to tax the community and at its connection with the State. In both points the assault was infinitely hotter in Ireland than in England. The title in its old form was destroyed for both countries by the armed resistance of the Irish peasantry, and the church cess fell in Ireland before the church-rate controversy was compromised in England. The connection of the Church with the State was a moderate grievance to the English Dissenter, compared with what it was to the Irish Catholic. It was to Ireland that the controversy owed all its bitterness, and in Ireland the controversy is now over, while in England it still continues. But of this in a moment.

The warfare of the present age against monopolies, I have said already, seems to near its end. Not only does little of this kind now remain to be done, but there are perhaps signs of the beginning of a new age, by which I mean a change in the forces that determine the political movement. The age, we have seen reason to think, has been what it has been partly because the position of statesmanship had been depressed by the victories of agitation. One class of statesmen, we saw, had been too much the humble servants of public opinion, and another class had wasted much energy in fruitless attempts to resist it. Meanwhile public opinion had been put in possession of supreme power before it was educated to use it. Wanting leaders and wanting enlightenment, it had been obliged to throw itself into a course of easy reforms. Both these evils have now been much mitigated. Far more skill is now devoted to forming and educating public opinion, and statesmen have taken courage to assume once more their natural position of leaders. We begin to speak of the approach of an age of constructive policy: that is, an age when the difficult reforms will be possible, when the highest statesmanship will be able to count upon support in attempting the highest tasks. We ought not, therefore, to assume that the current

will hold much longer the same direction. But if it should do this, it is evident that the recent course of Irish politics indicates the future course of politics at home. In the last two years new precedents have been made in Ireland which will, as a matter of course, be used, like the earlier ones, as levers to unsettle whatever remains still firm in the fabric of English monopoly. A tenant's right has been recognized which not many years ago Lord Palmerston pronounced to be equivalent to a landlord's wrong. This has been done, of course, as a purely exceptional measure, and the English landlord, it is true enough, is very different from the Irish landlord. It is well understood that the act is not to be a precedent, and probably there is no danger of its being at all closely imitated. In a certain point of view it runs counter to the tendency of change in England, instead of outstripping it; for it places a restraint upon the circulation of land, instead of settling it free from restrictions. Still it is an interference of the Legislature in behalf of the lower class, and against the landed interest, and as such it is a *præjudicium* like the others I have enumerated. For the same grievance exists in England; here, too, there is a large class that murmur that the people have no share in the land—that the land has become a monopoly. If this cry should gather strength, it will certainly be in vain that the promoters of the Irish Land Bill have called their law exceptional and a concession to necessity. It will be drawn into precedent in spite of them; it will assuredly not be forgotten, if the English lower class should determine to be like the French lower class and to get possession of the soil, that the Legislature have already, to gratify a popular wish, abridged the rights of landholders in Ireland.

But there is another great pending question upon which it is still more evident that the Irish *præjudicium* is there. The disestablishment of the Irish Church settled a controversy there which rages here, too, and removed an ascendancy which, though infinitely more invidious there, is yet here too felt as invidious by a large class. The great grievance is gone, and now the moderate one stands by itself, and with the millstone of a precedent round its neck. On this point there can be no difference between the friends and the enemies of Church establishment. Those who dislike State churches on principle, and who point to the examples in past history of the warping and cramping of the Christian spirit in churches that have identified

themselves with Government, will triumph; those who think the State Church the higher ideal, and that examples taken from States more or less despotic are inapplicable to countries in which the government is thoroughly and heartily popular will grieve; but neither party will deny that the Irish *præjudicium* hangs over the head of the connection of Church and State in England. I think, too, that I am not overstepping the forbidden line, and passing out of history into politics, when I add, that nothing can possibly save the State Church in England except such a reform as shall deprive it of the character of a monopoly. Monopolies may be good things or bad, or they may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, but they cannot live in this age; the time is angry with them, and the axe is at the root of all that are too conspicuous to be overlooked.

A State Church that excludes or repels into some inferior place those who, to all

plain judgment, are equal in merit, in piety, and learning to those whom it promotes or favours, has the character of a monopoly. It is invidious, and that is what at the present day institutions that are national are not allowed to be. That is the one thing that the *régime* of public opinion sets its face against. A State Church that could remove from itself the brand of invidiousness would have nothing to fear. It might disregard the Irish *præjudicium*; but, so long as it is a monopoly, why should it escape? No other monopoly escapes. The boroughmongers have fallen, the Protectionists have fallen, Protestant ascendancy is at an end; and if the oldest and most universal of all ascendancies, that of the male sex, is threatened, why should the Church establishment be safe? *κίρθαι καὶ Πάτριος*. If the Universities are taken from the Church because they must be national, it is difficult to see by what right she can hope to hold the Cathedrals.

A DISCOVERY, which portent seekers may regard as significant, if they please, has been made concerning the architecture of the basilica of St. Peter — the "pride of Rome." The wonderful edifice has been found to be out of symmetry. For generations men have looked upon the stately dome with all sorts of eyes: architects have planned and artists have painted it; and no one till this year has suspected that there was a hitch in the structure. Lately, however, a French tourist — a venerable *abbé*, holding an official position — with a keen eye discovered that there was a want of uniformity between the dome and the axis of the building; not a questionable want of architectural harmony, but an absolute malformation or defect of building. A close examination showed the line cutting the centre of the dome to be a metre and a half to the left of the central line passing through the western entrance door; in other words, that the dome is about five feet out of position. The announcement of this discovery aroused surprise in some breasts and indignation in others. One architect, Martinucci, was for preventing the publication of the fact; others were for officially recognizing it. A learned father, Secchi, declared that a general unsymmetry was known to exist (!); that the chapel of Saint Sacrament was a metre out of place; that the arcades near the tribune differed one from the other, and that this latest addition to the known deformities was not worth cognizance. Evidently the Romans are a little annoyed at the disclosure, and they handle the *abbé* rather roughly. The latter affirms that Pius the Ninth, upon ascending the Pontifical throne, declared that if ever he be-

came rich he would reconstruct the façade of the building, which exhibits many imperfections. A disputant on the Roman side denies this affirmation. Whom shall we believe? So far as the possible fulfilment of the alleged promise is concerned it does not much matter.

Gentleman's Magazine.

FALLING LEAVES.

FALLING, the autumn leaflets,
Yellow, and withered, and aere;
While autumn winds are singing
The dirge of the waning year.

Falling, the solemn leaflets,
Out of my Book of Life —
The days of spring and summer,
With pleasure once so rife.

Fallen, from life's tree, the leaflets,
Many and many a friend;
Fallen, and leaving me waiting
To meet, like them, my end.

Falling — friends, life, pleasures:
It were an awful thing
Were the leaf-fall not an earnest
Of another brighter spring;

Where all shall be re-created
By the touch of a magic hand;
And share, in glad reunion,
Life in the summer-land.

Tinsley's Magazine.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HONOURABLE A.

THE procession moved in rather solemnly to dinner. Alicia's gown was exceedingly smart, indeed, if anything, a little too much so for the occasion; but it may be doubted whether any amount of fine gowns is considered by the patients as a sufficient compensation for the bore of waiting for them. Dinner, however, passed off pretty well: the conversation was general, the young ones laughed, Mr. Dimsdale and the rector were eager as usual in their many interests, and what she had seen and done abroad served for Alicia to dilate on to the company.

"That's Marie Antoinette, of course," said she at last, rather consequentially, as she looked up during a general pause at a Vandyke of some ancient Dimsdale which hung opposite to her. "Oh! I thought because of the dress, you know," she insisted when it was explained to her.

"Henrietta Maria, you meant," suggested some one to help her out.

"No," answered she authoritatively, "the dress is that of Marie Antoinette."

"You saw those magnificent Vandykes at Genoa? I think they're the finest in Europe," said Mr. Drayton, who sat next Alicia; he was a little deaf, but followed, as he thought, the direction of her eyes.

"Yes, I dare say; but I was sick of pictures, we saw such heaps," replied she.

At dessert the small Hugh appeared. He listened with open ears to Alicia's somewhat florid description of her father's horses, apropos to the bad posting which she had endured in Italy. All which, being the son of a master of hounds, greatly interested his small mind, as he sat quietly on his uncle Charlie's knee, whom he looked upon as the chief of men, and watched the making of a face upon an orange, eyes, nose, and mouth cut out on the inner peel, "and a pip in his mouth, Uncle Charlie," he advised anxiously.

As soon as the ladies, however, were gone, the *enfant terrible* began in a loud whisper. —

"Were those horses which that lady —"

"The Honourable A. I.," said Charlie.

"Now don't be mischievous," hinted the more prudent Tom.

"The Honourable A. I.," said Hugh, delighted with the savour of wrong-doing, though he did not in the least know in what it consisted. "Were those horses the same which Uncle Tom said were such screws that they weren't fit for a hackney coach?"

"Now run away, Hugh; you've got your orange, and it's quite time you should be in bed," said Tom, half amused, but a good deal afraid of vexing his brother.

Captain Dimsdale looked a little annoyed, turned away, and began to talk to his father and Mr. Drayton, who, however, went off in rather a depressed state of mind soon after dinner was over.

"Her very voice is enough!" muttered the fastidious old man to himself, as the hall-door closed behind him; "it's an obstinate voice and an uncultivated voice!"

In the drawing-room, when the gentlemen entered, they found Mrs. Dimsdale hardly out of her siesta, and her daughter-in-law sitting beside her, recounting the *grandeurs* of her past and her intentions for the future.

"Thank you, we cannot stay beyond the end of the week. I want to get back to London for the next Drawing-room. I thought of asking Cecilia Seymour to present me, but I find my mother has already arranged with the Dowager Duchess of Dinmont, and therefore you know . . . I assure you my mother and I created quite a sensation at the last Drawing-room."

(Which was perfectly true: Lady Cannondale, who was big and red, had appeared in a *parure* of peacocks' feathers, which had delighted the whole court, from the Queen downwards, and been taken by the ignorant public for the Lady Mayoress, who happened to be a very lady-like little woman.) "It is usual to be presented again, you know, upon one's marriage. One goes up a long line of ladies —"

"Are you explaining a Drawing-room to me, my dear?" said the stately old lady somewhat sternly, looking curiously at her as she leant forward without moving a muscle of her countenance.

"My dear Alicia, what are you talking about?" interposed her husband; "my mother was going to Drawing-rooms and court balls long before you were born."

"Oh, indeed! I thought as you didn't go to London, you know," said she, a little taken aback and silenced for a moment; but she recovered herself, and began on May with renewed dignity. "My dear May," she said patronizingly, "I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to some of the best society when next you come up to London. I suppose you go to Cecilia's house sometimes."

"Thank you," said May, a good deal surprised; "I very seldom leave home, and when I do my sister takes me out with her. I'm much obliged to you, however, for thinking of it," she exerted herself to

add; and then she called up Charlie to the rescue, and launched him on the balls at Naples, where the fleet had fortunately happened to dance at the same time as Alicia.

She next undertook the Squire, who came up at the moment with his kindly courtesy to sit by her, and she began on politics, as best suited to his capacity.

"A Liberal!—the Corn Laws—ah, yes, some people may do as they please; but of course, *we* are Conservatives; the aristocracy must, you know, feel strongly on such points, and hang together in defence of their privileges."

At night Captain Dimsdale came into his wife's room as soon as she had dismissed her maid.

"I wish, Alicia, you would try and be a little more careful. You have a perfect talent for always saying the wrong thing. What did you mean by explaining Drawing-rooms to my mother, and proposing to introduce my sister into 'good society'? They're used to much better society than you are."

"I'm sure I was exceedingly kind and considerate to them all to-day," said she with dignity.

"And then all that stupid cackle about your father's position, and 'dignity,' and 'horses,' as if nobody'd ever had four horses before." (Hastings was a little sore when he remembered why they did not now exist at Fernyhurst.) "The very baby was quizzing you. Why, those brutes are a laughing-stock in the county, as Tom must have told them."

"I hate Tom!" said she.

"And to my dear old father, too, of all people, with his modest ways, who never prided himself on anything in all his life. 'My family must be Conservative!'—if you do want to be proud, why don't you go in for their having raised themselves from the ranks? 'The aristocracy hang together;' 'my father's important position!'—intolerable bosh!" said Captain Dimsdale, walking up and down as he worked himself into a passion.

"And so ours is a fine position; and *we* are a noble family, which you ain't," replied his wife, not understanding him in the least.

"Good heavens, Alicia! do you mean to say that you don't know that your grandfather's peerage is twelve years old, and that he was a tailor's son?"

"I don't believe a word of it," she answered angrily.

"And that the Dimsdales came in with the Conquest?"

"And I'm sure I don't care when they got in," she replied.

Captain Dimsdale felt his own bathos, he was strong in the attack, but if once he came to recounting his own glories, it was all up with him, and he fell to her level.

"I declare you'll make me as bad as yourself," he muttered as he lounged out of the room again with less than his usual indolent insouciance. He had found that a silly woman was not so easy to manage as he intended, even by so exceedingly sensible a man. There is no convincing a fool. No impression can be made upon her, she returns like water again to the same point; and there is no misreckoning like that of the man who marries one with the hope of having his own way.

The next morning Mrs. Hastings was more silent, but also more sulky, which was hardly an improvement upon the naive condescension of the evening before. She sat in state in the drawing-room with a large piece of carpet work, hideous with flowers impossible in drawing, and rawest and gaudiest in colour, which bore signs of having been very long on hand. She had evidently expected the family to be in attendance, and was rather cross with May, her only companion. Tom and Charlie had started off, however, almost before breakfast was over.

"I may have the dog-cart and the grey mare, papa? I want to drive Tom over to the Blunts?" Charlie's cosmopolitan sympathies had friends all over the country whom the rest of the family knew nothing about.

"Yes," said his father, with his grave smile, "if Tom doesn't value his neck more than I'm doing the chances for the mare's knees."

"Charlie's driving is rather like the driving of Jehu," May explained to Alicia.

"No, May, not quite, because Jehu drove very well," interposed Tom.

May found the morning long. Hastings had disappeared, her father had gone to his business, her sister-in-law was difficult to amuse or interest. Later, however, a number of visitors came in, which assisted matters a good deal. Alicia liked all manner of movement, so that when Mr. Drayton looked in to see if he could give any more help, he found her the centre of quite a large party, and her rather loud, inharmonious voice pouring forth a staccato passage, as it were, of I's and me's.

"I don't think I've heard so many in the Fernyhurst drawing-room in all this thirty years put together," said the Rector to himself as he paid his *devoirs* to the bride,

and then came up to where Mrs. Dimsdale was sitting in rather gloomy though mute contemplation of the cross-stitch which had just been paraded for her admiration.

"A yard of Brussels carpeting would be so much better-looking!" groaned the old lady aside. There was a very keen sense of beauty and art at Fernyhurst.

"I can't think why ladies' work should always be so ugly," said Mr. Drayton innocently. "When one sees what unlimited time and patience will produce in the East, too. That's quite a work of art now," he went on, peering with his short-sighted eyes at an Indian shawl which May had just brought up for her mother. "I wonder why English ladies shouldn't do as well as the Ryots!"

"You must have some knowledge of form and colour," said Mrs. Dimsdale, smiling.

"And why they can't draw their own patterns, as I always tell Sophia; I should have thought that the best part of the concern," he went on.

"It's not so easy. I'm always trying and failing," added May.

"But then the failures of an artist and an educated woman have character and an idea in them, whereas things out of a shop are by their nature of a shop shoppy," observed Mr. Drayton.

"I always get my patterns at the best shops," Alicia was saying complacently to the company at large as she took up her work again after it had made its round, too fully convinced of the admiration it must excite to require any expression of it, and too busy as usual in attending to her own voice to hear anything else that was going on. "They are very expensive," she went on patronizingly to the curate's wife, "but I hate all home-made fid-fads, you know."

Things were going on tolerably easily, but presently a lady came in, whose parties in London Alicia knew that her mother had vainly attempted to compass, and she put herself into the forefront of the battle for attention, as if the visit had been intended chiefly for her. Lady St. Maur, however, after the necessary civilities, turned away almost immediately to her old friends, discussed the merits of every bath in Germany fit for Mrs. Dimsdale's ailments, and pressed May to come over to them without attending much to Alicia. "You promised before we went to Wiesbaden, and here am I obliged to hunt you up again, May. Drive over to luncheon, if you can't be spared at night. The man who knows most about Spanish

art in all England is coming to us, and I want you to meet him, my dear," said she, kindly, as she left the room.

"I am very glad that you know that sort of people," said the Honourable A., a little crossly.

"I'm afraid, dear, that Hastings did not give at all a good report of us. I hope you find we are not so savage as you expected in these woods," answered May, laughing.

But Alicia became solemn; she resented a joke as a sort of personal affront.

Every evening Fernyhurst had a dinner of all its neighbours, and the bride came down in a finer gown each night, which evidently comforted her, and was paid proper attention to, and took possession as it were of the situation, the house, and the company. But, altogether, the time wore slowly away to all. She had no interest except in herself, her grandeur, and the fine people whom she knew, and having intended kindly to patronize the Dimsdales, her slow perceptions found it difficult to take up any other idea.

She had taken an absurd dislike to Hugh, who returned it in kind, and his baby thrusts went home sometimes in a way which tried the self-command of the family. At last the happy day of release arrived, and the old Squire put her into the carriage with a sigh of relief. His chivalry had been sorely tried, but he preserved it to the end intact.

"I can't say I much like your family, Hastings," said his wife, ungraciously, as they drove away—"except your father, and he's a dear old man. What a wonderful fancy he has taken for me, to be sure! I'm a prime favourite of his, evidently!"

Hastings looked out silently from the carriage window and whistled, not by any means from "want of thought."

As the servants retired after the hall door was shut, and the Squire vanished into his own room, Charlie seized Tom round the waist, and careered in a mad gallop round the billiard table, with loud cries, "Alfin respiro." "Really, Mr. Dimsdale," said he, stopping at the drawing-room door, and spreading out imaginary petticoats, as he tripped gracefully across the room with a delicate mince ("I can make a much better young lady than *you*, May. See how I manage my crinoline!" said he, aside), "Really, my dear sir, my father's horses are so much finer than other people's, being as he is a peer, and his hogs, dogs, cocks, and geese are so *very* superior, that I must beg leave to differ with you about the Corn Laws!"

"I can do it much better than that, Charlie!" cried Tom, sitting down in an armchair, in an elegant attitude, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

"My mother was saying to the 'Duchess-Countess' one day, 'The heat of the weather really makes me very warm;' and Lord Bugaboo, who happened to be present at the time, observed —"

"Now, don't be bad boys," said May, coming up behind him, and putting her two arms round his neck, and her fingers on his mouth. "Leave her alone, we must make the best of her, for Hastings' sake; and don't let's talk to papa or mamma about her, it will only vex them."

"Well, least said soonest mended," said Charlie, "I dare say; but it strikes me there isn't much to tell the governor. I caught a shrewd glance out of his eye sometimes, though he is much too chivalrous to say what he thinks."

And, in spite of her efforts at wisdom, May could not help feeling grateful for the hearty laugh which had taken the sting out of the trials to her taste and feelings during the last few days.

It was very true, though the Squire never mentioned the subject, he had formed a very distinct opinion on the matter; but, "silent as we grow when feeling most," he did not utter it — only once May heard him mutter sadly to himself, even in the interest of digging a new well for a cottage, "you may pay too dear — you may pay too dear — for getting what you want."

In fact, poor Hastings had made but a bad bargain with Mammon. His father-in-law had not much besides his wife's fortune, and wanted all his money for himself. He made his daughter but a small allowance, and the Dimsdales lived on in a little house in London constantly complaining of their poverty. They were at liberty to go and stay with the Cannondales if they pleased, but against this all the good as well as the evil in Hastings rebelled. He could not stand his mother-in-law with her airs and aristocratic pretensions. He had been brought up in a well-ordered household, where the show was less than the reality. His mother was not a particularly interesting woman, but she was a thorough lady, and would as soon have thought of boasting of her carriages and horses as of not going barefoot, of her fine house as of not having a brick-floor. She had always been used to such things, and existence did not present itself to her mind as possible in any other form, any more, indeed, than without air or water.

With the Squire it was different; he was too simple-minded — too high-minded — for it to be a virtue in him. It never even occurred to him that there was material for a vaunt in possessions or position; they were accidentals, not him. Even his estate he always regarded as something that had come from his father, and was to go to his son; in the entailed, not the personal, light. His perfect simplicity gave him the appearance of very high breeding, though it sprang from a different cause. He was unconscious of self; he cared nothing for opinion; he had always been an acknowledged chief wherever he had lived; and, as Madame de Staël said of the Italians, "Il ne faisait rien parcequ'on le regardait, et il ne s'abstenait de rien parcequ'on regardait." This gave a sort of ease to his manner which, with his exceeding courtesy, had a great charm.

This perfect independence is an important quality in the class to which he belonged. The upper class on the Continent are seeking after place, or court position and favour, or they have retired from all political and social action, like the legitimists in France and the best educated men in America; but the landed proprietors in England, each the centre of his own little kingdom of action, form an element in English public life whose value is very great. What can Government offer them? — they want nothing. What could a court give them? — they would think it intolerable to serve any one, even their sovereign, except in public life.

The colonel of a regiment, the captain of a man-of-war, a great manufacturer, may have more despotic sway over the men under them, but it is only for a time, and over the family life of their subjects they have generally little or no control, while with the many hundred men, women, and children, more or less dependent upon the chief of even a moderate estate, the Squire's influence is felt in every detail of their material prosperity, in the comfort of the cottages, the gardens, the allotments, the relief in sickness, the sanitary measures, and, to a great extent, the moral training towards self-reliance and habits of exertion. The bad cottages and abominable nuisances so often complained of, belong in general to small owners of two or three houses, who depend for a living upon charging as highly, and giving as little as they possibly can.

The amount of unpaid work, often anxious and tedious, performed by country gentlemen in the management of magistrates' and county business, police, roads,

&c., in the supervision of poor-law boards, the prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and reformatories conscientiously looked after, the conduct of which can certainly bear a comparison with that of the same institutions in towns, gives them a local field circumscribed in extent, but very real in its sphere of usefulness. Even granting that there is some bad political economy and some "indifferent justice" to be found among them, stipendiary magistrates do not turn out always wise, statesmen have sometimes to undo the work of their predecessors, the master manufacturers are not supposed to be altogether successful with their men.

As a class the country gentleman has had the best education at school and college which the country has to give. He has generally travelled a good deal, and been able to compare both men and countries from without with his own, which rightfully understood is a sort of education in itself; while that which constitutes the best training of all, the management of men, politically and socially, has been peculiarly his.

Whence come the treasures which furnish the walls of loan exhibitions and South Kensington portrait galleries but from our country houses, collected by generations of country gentlemen? The best libraries, the most beautiful collections of plants and shrubs, the curious antiquities so liberally shown, are theirs. From their ranks have sprung the leaders who have fought our battles by land and sea for hundreds of years;—such as Sidney, Raleigh, Marlborough, Wellesley, Clive, Howe, Anson, and the Napiers. And when the public has required other service, Pym, Hampden, and Sir John Eliot came from their class; while in later times, and for different needs, what were Pitt and Fox, Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, but country gentlemen born and bred? They will no longer have the same monopoly of the conduct of the state. Other classes have come rightfully "to the fore," and have both the education and the energy to use their right, but the honour of England has not suffered in the hands of what Mr. Gladstone calls "the leisure class;" theirs has been both a dignified and a useful life.

CHAPTER XIII.

TALK UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

THAT autumn there were a number of cousins staying as usual at Fernyhurst.
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Clara had arrived from Brickwall, the small Lucy had been sent up for change of air from the Dockyard by her anxious mother, overdone and troubled, as usual, and always on the move from one station to another, with a large family of boys to look after, and little rest for the soles of her feet.

Scrope and Tom had just returned from a walking tour in Switzerland during the long vacation. Tom had been reading for a fellowship, following his friend's example though without his success, while Scrope was passing through that unsatisfactory period of waiting for work, except what he made for himself, which most young lawyers must undergo—the weary waiting for what often fails even in the end for many clever men.

"How can you sit in-doors this lovely day?" said Tom, looking in at the drawing-room window one hot afternoon: "come out directly, womankind, and here is Scrope longing, I know, to spout poetry to you. He (not I) smuggled all these wicked Galignani editions" (it was before the days of Tauchnitz) "through the Custom House, so he'd better read and enjoy his crimes. What will you have? Listen, — Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey."

There was a splendid old cedar near the house, making a whole tent of green shade, and under it the girls encamped, the flickering light and shadow playing over their bright muslins, bright faces, and glistening hair. May began to draw, Clara to crotchet, while the child Lucy wandered off in company with Jumbo, Tom's Scotch terrier. To May's great surprise Walter chose Shelley, and read one poem after another with much suppressed fervour. One is often astonished at a taste or a sentiment in a man altogether out of keeping with the rest of his character. You find afterwards that it is a bit of the atmosphere he has lived in, of the common stock of thought, as it were, in his set or family; the opinion belongs to him, not as an individual, but as one of a class. Few men have the originality of mind to resist this, probably it is not even desirable. They are all the richer for having shared in the wave of thought and feeling which has passed over their world. "On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres," is true in a different sense from the proverb. A curious passion for Shelley was at that time rife in one at least of the universities — a deputation had even been sent by Cambridge to Oxford of three in a post chaise.

to expound the seer and proclaim the oracle.

But this piece of historical information had not reached May, and she therefore wondered as she said, "How beautiful!" in chorus with Clara, who, without much appreciation of the poetry any way, was quite ready to admire everything on trust in such good company.

Even Tom, who was lying on his back with his straw hat over his eyes, biting a grass, and whose instincts certainly did not incline that way, muttered, "How musical!"

"Exquisite!" said May at last, a little doubtfully, "but it's very morbid."

"What's morbid?"

"That the world is so dark," replied she, "and injustice and misery are the rule."

"I wonder if you lived in Whitechapel," cried Walter almost angrily, "whether your views of life would be so optimistic. Those who are born on the sunny side of the wall think all talk of injustice morbid."

"Besides," said she, "art ought to raise one into a higher ideal life. I'd as lief read a police report as some of Shelley. You may be terrible, but you must not be disgusting. I want to be lifted out of the dusty road or the foggy marsh into the eternal light. Poetry should raise one into the ideal."

"That's not what I want it for," retorted Walter, "but to help me to see the ideal in this life, the general in the particular. The painter shows me the human beauty in what I take for a dirty little boy. The poet shows me the human soul inside."

"Well, then, read Shakespeare; he is healthier and truer too."

"Are you recommending Scrope the study of 'le divin Williams!' as we heard a Frenchman call him the other day?" said Tom. "I believe you could dodge him through the thirty-six plays, and I doubt whether you could even say their names."

"Would you like Tennyson better?" said Clara, picking May's pocket. "Look here, she's just got his new volume, I declare."

"I hate his Eleanores and Lilians; they ain't real women, they're clouds. The ideal is very different from the unreal," declared Walter.

"There are you two skylarking again, as usual," cried Tom. "I tell you what, if either of you use the word 'morbid,' or 'art,' or 'ideal' again, I'll read Peter Bell straight through. I've got it here, so you'd better take care."

"Here's something of Tennyson's you ought to like," said May, holding out a poem to Walter. "In Memoriam" had only just come out.

"Perplex in faith, but not in deeds,
At last he beats his music out."

"Give it me; I've not seen that yet," replied he.

He was so long in reading it that May looked up surprised.

"Don't you know," observed Tom sententially, "that Scrope never does two things at a time? When he thinks, he can't talk; and *vice versa*. That's why the unfortunates who fancy they know what he means by what he says are so often out. 'Speech was given to conceal thought,' says the wise man."

"How good it is to have an affectionate friend to give one a character!" answered Walter, smiling.

"Oh, paradox-monger, isn't what I say the literal truth? What you think and feel is so precious that you never give it to us outside barbarians."

"Well, if you let off your steam in words, it won't turn your engine."

"Hear, hear," cried Tom; "didn't I tell you so?"

"Isn't there some place where one man does the talking and another the governing? For rarely should a man speak at all, unless it be to say that is to be done, and let him go and do his part in it and say no more about it. There is a very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are." ("Not for you," muttered Tom, in a low voice.) "As I read the other day, 'we are all going away in wind and tongue.'"

"Lucy, come here directly," interrupted Tom severely, turning to that young lady, who had just returned from the garden with a cabbage leaf full of mulberries and was administering them to the company. She had now ensconced herself close to Walter, and was putting them one by one into his mouth; while he, his head filled with his book, received the attentions with provoking unconsciousness, and eat his fruit resignedly without seeming to know whence it came.

"Lucy, come here," repeated Tom. "I will not have you flirt in that outrageous way with Mr. Scrope. You proposed only yesterday to be my little wife. If you behave in this manner, I shall be off the bargain."

"Oh, no, cousin Tom," said she, flitting back to his side and nestling up to him, "I like you much the best. Mr. Scrope isn't

nice at all to play with. He just opens his mouth and shuts it up again, like Jumbo when I give him biscuit."

"There's a pretty character of you, Scrope! I hope you are pleased. But, Lucy, you are not to be trusted, I'm afraid," he went on gravely. "You're a snare and a delusion. I heard you tell Charlie last week that you liked *him* best. Now what am I to believe?"

The child looked extremely puzzled, almost distressed, but her little face cleared in a few minutes, and her mischievous black eyes shone as she said, —

"Oh, but Charlie was here *then*, you know; now he's gone away, I can't like *him* best."

"Bravo, Lucy — 'Philosophy of the effect of absence on the affections, by a Flirt.'"

"Tom, how can you talk such nonsense to the child?" laughed May. "How you are spoiling her!"

"Non-sense, my dear! Why it's the most luminous sense, compared to all that Scrope and you have been pouring out for the last half hour! Listen, Lucy, isn't this pretty? —

'Only the ass with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull,
Turned round his long left ear!'"

he read solemnly.

"Oh, how nice! do read some more," cried she capering round him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, do you know what o'clock it is?" said Walter, rising from the ground and stretching himself. "Ten minutes to dinner, and the Squire the most punctual of men."

He was exceedingly fond of Mr. Dimsdale, and the extreme contrast between them only seemed to make them better friends.

"Privateer rig, I can tell you all," shouted Tom as they rushed up-stairs their different ways at racing speed.

Twice that evening Tom heard Walter repeating to himself what sounded like the remainder of the Tennyson verse, —

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

"What did Mr. Scrope mean about White-chapel?" said May curiously to her brother. "How does he know anything about it?"

"Oh, he's got some crochet or conundrum of his own down there, I don't quite know what — a ragged school or something. I shall go and look it up, next time I'm in London," replied he rather importantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GIRL'S PERPLEXITIES.

A YEAR had passed away, and they were all more than a year older in many ways. Tom's profession had been somewhat uncertain. There was a large living in the family; but for that very reason his father had never urged him to go into the Church. Besides this high-minded feeling, there is certainly that protection against the abuse of private patronage that the donor is generally the first to suffer if it is wrongly given, whereas a minister or a chapter are unlikely to be troubled personally by however great a "job." As Tom's tremendous animal spirits, however, subsided, the restrictions which are demanded of a "young parson" grew less formidable in his eyes, the work more interesting, while the ambition to distinguish himself, and the chances of success further a-field in other professions, seemed to become more shadowy and unsubstantial. There was a curious vein of common sense in the Dimsdales, a want of the romantic and the heroic in all excepting May, which served them exceedingly well in the long run of ordinary life, and prevented their spending strength in the search after any ideals of thought or action beyond their natural reach. This they inherited from their mother. Mr. Dimsdale, in different circumstances and with a different wife, might have been a "passionist" after many things; but the flame came out now but rarely; he had passed it on, as it were, to May.

The family gathering had taken place as usual about Christmas-tide, and it was the little half-hour before dressing for dinner, when often some of the pleasantest talk of the day takes place — no one is in a hurry — the women have not got on their fine clothes or their fine manners; the men are a little tired, and inclined to be quiet, not as in the morning, looking out and saying, "It is a fine day: let us go and kill something," as a Frenchman declares to be our habit. The young ones were sitting in the half-gloom of the gallery. A great old stamped leather screen shut in the group near the fire, making a mellow background with the rich browns and reds of the room. The sense of harmony of colour in the arrangements of a house is an art like music or painting, and quite as rare. It was very marked at Fernyhurst. A great yule log on the open fire blazed fitfully as Charlie fed it with fir cones from time to time, the spurts of flickering light bringing out first one and then another

suddenly; Walter plunged in one arm-chair, Tom in another, May sitting on her low stool by the fire, with her head on her hand, and Amy crouching beside her, as they talked over Tom's future, while Milly had gone off to an old piano which, having been brought out of its retirement in the schoolroom, now stood in a distant corner of the long room. She was touching a few chords from time to time or singing a note here and there, as she tried one piece of music after another in the dusk, with only the light from a small hanging lamp behind her.

"I shall come up on purpose to hear you preach, Tom," said Charlie, "whenever it comes to pass."

"I shall be very sorry for it," answered his brother. "I'd rather do it before the Queen, Lords, and Commons than see you opposite me on such an occasion."

"Do you remember how we used to play at preaching in old days," said May, "and what a hurry we always were in to depose the preacher?—'There, that's enough; now let me!'"

"How one wishes one could do the same by some of those big prosera, and give them a bit of one's mind!" said Charlie. "I often feel inclined to say, 'That's more than enough; now, let me.' And mind, Tom, you're not to begin preaching at us as if we were miserable sinners, and you were suddenly released from all the failings of humanity by reason of a white tie," added he, lifting up his coat tails, as he leant his back against the tall chimney-piece.

"Well there's something else to be done in the matter besides preaching, and better work too; and I mean to do it," replied Tom, sturdily.

"It's a grand profession!" said Amy with enthusiasm.

"Yes, — sometimes," mused Scrope: "when it's a vocation, not 'a profession.'"

"You're rather hard, Mr. Scrope," said May, in an annoyed tone.

No answer came out of the big chair.

"Charlie," cried Milly, from the piano, "if you are going to learn that second for to-night, you'd better come and begin."

He went off quickly to her side; but the sounds which followed were so inharmonious that the peals of laughter which filled up the long intervals between the bars were decidedly more musical.

"Papa," said May taking hold of her father's coat-tail and detaining him affectionately, as Mr. Dimsdale walked across the gallery towards his own room and stopped by the group at the fire for a

moment, "isn't it a pity? Tom says he can't stay after to-morrow, though the examination isn't till next week."

"Can't you really stop, my boy?" observed his father affectionately.

"I can't, indeed, papa, thank you. I'm engaged to dine with the Groves."

"I'm glad my dining days are over," said the Squire musingly. "I can't think how anybody has the courage to dine out. Just think of the risk one runs! One may be tied down with a horrible bore on each side for two hours at a stretch."

"I wonder what you go to that man's for, Tom?" said May. "I heard him put a shy young girl to the question here one day at dinner, asking her how old her mother was, and why her uncle left the army, which he wouldn't have dared to do to an elder who could resist. I don't like him."

"Non-sense," said Tom; "why shouldn't he ask if he wants to know?"

"You oughtn't to gratify your curiosity if it hurts other folk. It's not being a gentleman."

"What does it signify? He's an honest man and a clever one," retorted Walter.

"I think it signifies a good deal," answered May; "don't you, papa?" But Mr. Dimsdale had now vanished.

"There's a great deal too much thought now about being a gentleman. Did you hear that debate in the Union, Tom, two or three years back?"

"Not as I mean it," replied May.

"Are you quite sure you know what you *do* mean, May?" observed Tom.

"Yes, I think I do," she said slowly. "Consideration for other people, caring more for their comfort and pleasure and welfare than for one's own; sacrifice of self."

"That's not fair," growled Walter; "you're coming to the definition of something far higher."

"Well, who did old Dekkar call 'the perfectest gentleman that ever breathed?'" said she.

"Besides, I doubt whether you would really hold to your own definition. I believe you'd find you required the fineries of your class manners, the silver-fork politenesses, over and above."

"No, I think not: fitness is all that is wanted. There are many old people in the village whose manners are perfect; I always feel they are ladies and gentlemen in the truest sense. They are mostly old," she went on musing; "I suppose the hoary head gives dignity, and that is part of my necessary, I dare say."

"May, there's no one sets a higher value on tact and elegance and courtesies, and all that, I'm sure, than you do," remonstrated Tom.

"Ah, that's what I call being a *fine* gentleman!" laughed she; "to be sure I like it, but that's an extra — *ne l'est pas qui veut* — high bred, not only well bred."

"And I don't like it at all. Lord Chesterfield was a beast; he wanted to make clean the outside of the platter, and didn't care whether the inside, &c., &c.," muttered Walter.

"That's not fair, as you said. Lord Chesterfield was the pinchbeck imitation of the reality. He wants you to *seem* to have all the fine sentiments which my gentleman possesses. Mine is the lineal descendant of the old Knights — the ideal Knight that is — the good that there was in chivalry, modified by the time he lives in, and the place he's born in. I dare say he eats with his knife sometimes, and his outside and his clothes are very queer."

"He must have worn a full-bottomed wig when he was Fénélon. Didn't you hear Mr. Drayton telling how the Archbishop one day drove home a peasant's cow which had strayed?" said Amy, looking up.

"And doublet and hose when he was Falkland," followed up Walter.

"And armour when he was Sir Philip Sidney."

"And a ruff and gold chain when he was Sir Thomas More."

"And uncommonly little but blue woad, whatever Tennyson may say, when he was King Arthur," said Walter, laughing.

"Oh, you've gone over to the enemy," put in Tom.

"I'm a lawyer," answered Walter with a smile, "not bound to have convictions. Don't you remember when Brougham was complimented on some speech he'd just made, he said, 'Oh, I could have made a much finer one on the other side?'"

"Uncle Dimsdale's one if ever there were," said Amy.

"And John Deedes, carpenter, another," cried May energetically.

"May," said her mother, opening the door, "come here, I want you. Where can I have put those keys: I can't find my bag and —" The rest was lost as they both disappeared.

Somehow this time May could hardly get a good quarrel out of Walter. Even if there was "a rise," he found some most ingenious lawyer-like way of working round the point, either for himself or for her, which brought them as nearly to one

mind as friends should be. She was a little annoyed and frightened, and kept as much apart from him as she could during this visit of his.

The next evening she was coming home with her cousins from a long walk over the commons to a sick woman in some cottage on the waste. The three girls were crossing the heath, threading the green lines of turfy path among the heather, and singing catches as they went — "Man's life a vapour full of woe," sounded merrily through the frosty air as they walked along, Milly leading with great vigour, when they were hailed by the shooters, Walter, Charlie, and Tom (who had been most virtuously reading, and had only just joined them) on their return from a wild day in the outlying covers.

"We are going to walk home with you; stop," was Tom's peremptory order. He was generally the home representative, and sometimes ordered himself accordingly.

"Appropriately dolorous for your age and disposition, Miss Milly," observed Walter, gravely, as they came up.

"But why mayn't I be sad and dull as well as other people, Mr. Scrope, if I like it?" replied she breaking down in a fit of laughing before she could reach, "woe" again for the third round.

"I hope those guns aren't loaded," asked Amy anxiously.

"All women seem to fancy a gun is a sort of wild beast," said Charlie, "which goes off" ("bites," put in Tom) "of its own accord, without the smallest provocation."

"Well, it's all very fine, but when we've all had our heads blown off it won't comfort us much to hear it," replied Milly with a sage shake of her own pretty little article.

"It is only the first step which costs, Miss Saint Denis," observed Walter.

Their cheerful voices could be heard far away pleasantly in the still evening, and the labourers and an old wood-cutter they met on their road home, turned with a smile to look after them as they answered their evening greetings.

Charlie was not exactly a flirt, but he never could see a petticoat, old or young, without making violent love to it; it was as if he put the concentrated essence of the months which he spent without the society of women into the fortunate half-hours which he passed in their company; and he therefore began as usual, vigorously with both his cousins at once.

At length May dropped behind to have

a little quiet talk with Tom, which she now but seldom obtained. They were lingering at the edge of the old pool where they had so often played together, watching the reflections of the crimson light behind the trees, which lay still and fair on the bright water beneath, when they found Walter had left the others and was waiting for them, and they turned home together, rather silently.

It was still and cold; the youngest of young moons, hardly more than a brilliant thread, with a bright star close at hand, was shining out of "the light of a daffodil sky," which, rich below with the glow of the departed sun, faded into the pale blue ether far up in the zenith.

Tom's home would now cease to be at Fernyhurst, and May felt her brother's departure a good deal; affection depends upon the power of feeling and the depth of the nature loving, much more than upon the qualities of the object, and her love for Tom was far deeper and warmer than his for her.

She hardly spoke as she hung now upon his arm through the darkening wood; the path was too narrow for three, Walter dropped a little behind, and Tom after receiving rather monosyllabic answers from both, began to whistle as he switched in among the bushes, and roused the occasional rustling of a bird, else the crunching of the brown crisp leaves under their feet was the only sound as they walked on under the grove of tall beech-trees, whose stems rose high in the air, and stood out dark against the glowing sky, with a beautiful cathedral-like roof of bare arching boughs over their heads. As they turned up towards the house the old steward came suddenly in sight in the gloaming, and, somewhat to May's dismay, Tom darted after him, calling out to them—

"Go on. I shall be with you directly; I must speak to Robertson about the pointer pups for Hastings."

And May and Walter found themselves alone, which she had successfully avoided until now.

"What a lovely evening!" she began, with a nervous desire to fill up the pause, and as the first thing that came into her head. "But that's a bad omen," and she, pointed to the moon; "don't you remember how when the squire sees the new moon with the old moon in her arm, he says—

'Much I fear, my master dear,
But we shall come to harm?'"

"Is it?" answered he a little doggedly. "But I believe in hard work, not omens—a man might win the moon if he worked hard enough and lived long enough. To be sure, mine can't be said to have done much for me yet," he went on, with a short laugh presently. "I'm going off by the first train to-morrow. You couldn't think better of it, May," he said, hardly knowing that he used her name. "I haven't got anything to live on yet; but if you'd a little hope to give me, I feel as if I should be pretty sure to win it, or anything else you set your mind on."

It was an unlucky moment; her head and heart were both full of Tom; she was angry with Walter for what she called his want of sympathy with her brother, and she was vexed at having slipped after all into the pitfall which she had been so carefully avoiding. A dismal feeling came over her that the pleasant intercourse with Walter which they had all enjoyed at Fernyhurst would now probably come to an end; she knew that her father had valued it as giving him fresh views and food for thought from the outer world, into which he now went so rarely; but it could not be helped; there was not the smallest feeling of doubt in her mind as to the matter, she was almost provoked at his pertinacity, "and when I thought I had been almost rude to him all this time, to be safe!" she said to herself ruefully, as she began in a low voice with a half impatient sigh, "I hoped that we had settled all that before so comfortably, and that we were to be friends and nothing more." She hardly even felt shy in her annoyance.

"It isn't so easy to know when one has passed the dividing line," he said grimly. "Do you care for any one else?" he went on as Lionel had done. No man or book ever thinks it possible for a woman to refuse to be married (when there is no objection to the person), unless she has lost her heart to some one else. Yet it happens in real life perpetually, where the home affections are strong, and there is occupation for all faculties of heart and mind.

"For nobody but papa and Tom," she answered quickly; "but this isn't possible,—indeed, indeed, Mr. Scrope, it's quite out of the case; oh, pray put it out of your head," she went on anxiously.

In another moment Tom came suddenly on them breathless round the corner of an outhouse.

"Halloo!" said he, as he saw their discomposed faces even in the faint twilight,

while Walter turned short off in silence. "What, that game's up is it?"

"Oh, Tom, how could you go away and leave me!" cried May, almost crying, as she clung to her brother's arm.

"My dear, how could I know? I'm very sorry. Hadn't the least notion of it. And do you mean you've refused him?"

"Why, of course; for you know," said she, half-crying and half-laughing, "we've always gone on quarrelling all our lives, and hating each other. You've always said so, Tom."

"I know he loved you from the bottom of his heart. May, and for years too. He never talked of it to me, it isn't his way; and so I never let on to him that I knew it, but it was clear enough. And you've refused him!"

"Don't let papa hear you, Tom; here he comes," she said anxiously; "it would vex him sadly. You know he can't bear talking of such things. He doesn't like anybody to marry anybody, you know perfectly; and I like no one half so well as you and him. I'm much happier at home as I am; and then you know I'm to live with you, you used always to say so."

"You know that's all nonsense," said he in a low voice, going moodily back to the house, while May joined her father.

"I don't like that young Scrope coming here again so soon," said Mrs. Dimsdale that night to her husband. "I hope there's nothing between him and May." (Mr. Dimsdale gave a start: it had not come into his head.) "It's quite out of the case; he hasn't anything to live on, and I don't like him; he's as rough as a ploughboy in his manners. I think I shall speak to her."

"Well, it depends more on what she likes, perhaps," answered her father, musing. "I never thought of such a thing, but I don't fancy there's any danger: she likes to talk to him as I do, but she doesn't seem to me to care about him at all in any other way. As to his manners he's rough enough, but I believe he's a rough diamond too; there's plenty of stuff in him under the manners. I think I'd leave the thing alone. Speaking isn't much use either way."

And indeed there was not much need for it; for after that day Walter Scrope's visits to Fernyhurst suddenly ceased.

THE greatest error that any governing man in high position can make, whether he be the head of a Government department, of a merchant's office, or a draper's shop, is the attempt to do too much himself. This is no new remark. It is one that has been made by scores of shrewd bystanders observing the conduct of business; but I think it will be new to remark that this great error nearly always proceeds from moral defects — from vanity, conceit, fussiness, and an overweening regard for one's own peculiar way of doing work. The idea, whether consciously expressed or not, in the man's mind, is this: "I will show them how I can do it," — not "I will teach them how to do it for themselves." There is generally an absence of generosity in such men; they do not love the excellence of other men. And again they are pleased to forget their own mortality, and to omit seeing that the grand thing is to leave behind you those brought up under you who shall be able to do as well as yourself, or even better.

A great administrator, who had ruled over one of the first departments of the State for many years with much credit, was heard to say, "I never do anything myself." And, indeed, it is often quite enough work for any ruling man to see that the work he has to preside over is done, without taking any intrusively active part in it himself.

How a man treats a dead secret is the best test of his powers of secrecy.

The foregoing is a sentence which requires explanation, and may best be explained by taking a particular instance. If a man become acquainted, confidentially, with the details of a bill which a Minister is about to bring into the House of Commons — that is evidently a living secret. Afterwards, after the bill has been brought in, the secret may be considered dead and gone; and yet it may be a proof of want of reticence — indeed, almost of want of honour — in a man to show that the details of a bill had ever been confided to him.

A still more delicate instance of deficiency of secretive power may be shown by the way in which a man reveals the confidence that was reposed in him years ago, the principal persons who were concerned in the secret being dead.

It is very difficult to be clear and explicit in illustrating what I mean; but I feel certain that an observant person, when his attention has once been called to the statement I have made above, will have no difficulty in discerning what is meant by a "dead secret," and how the treatment of it by the man who has been confided in, will almost demonstrate whether he is worthy of having confidence reposed in him for the future.

Arthur Helps.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.
STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

TIME was when the British Parliament was as close and as jealous as a Freemason's Lodge, and allowed no stranger to report, or even to listen to, its debates; and when it was almost as dangerous to be a "stranger" taking notes in the Houses of Lords and Commons, as to be a "special correspondent" attempting to thrust himself into the French or Prussian armies, to tell the tale of their reverses or their victories. Time is when the presence of strangers, though theoretically prohibited, is practically and even ostentatiously invited. The great inquest of the nation is held with open doors, and what is said and done is made known to the world with a rapidity and an accuracy which have only ceased to be wonderful by becoming familiar. But the right of the people to know not alone what their representatives did, but what they said, was not easily won. The struggle of Parliament against the Press, and of the Press against Parliament, was long and arduous; and though the victory has been finally secured, few know under what force of hostile circumstances the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons were compelled, against their inclination, their prejudice, their sense of dignity and even of security, to admit into a real though unacknowledged partnership, a fourth estate, which, backed by a consenting and sympathizing public opinion, can control them all. The "Stranger in the House" is one of the greatest social and political powers in Great Britain, in America, in France, and in every civilized country of our time. To exclude him once in a way, for reasons assigned, is possible; — to exclude him permanently is beyond the power of Parliament, which is sometimes said to be omnipotent.

Although the invention of printing is in its fifth century of vigorous activity, it was slow to develop itself into that marvellous product of our modern civilization, the daily newspaper. And the daily newspaper itself, mighty as it is in our own day for good, and powerless for real evil, can scarcely be said to have grown to maturity, if it be mature — which is by no means to be positively asserted — until the abolition of the newspaper stamp-duty, and the repeal of the excise duties on paper, — results which were only accomplished in Great Britain within the memory of men who are still young. A much more rapid growth was anticipated for the art of printing by the far-seeing spirits of bygone ages. "When I consider the consequences of this

invention," says Martivalle, the astronomer to King Louis XI. in Sir Walter Scott's admirable novel of "Quentin Durward," "I read with as certain augury as by any combination of the heavenly bodies of the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted or altogether dried up by the invasions of barbarism; — can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, and unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms?"

These eloquent words contain a prophecy that every passing day helps to fulfil. It was not long before the printing-press operated mighty changes in men's religious belief — (possibly there might never have been a Luther if there had not previously been a Faust and a Guttenberg); not long before it produced a sensible effect upon the social and political life of the civilized world; but it took a considerable time before it presented humanity with such broadsheets as grace our breakfast-tables in the year 1870. In words that have become historical, the unknown author of "Junius" declared, a hundred years ago, "that the liberty of the press was the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of Englishmen." But in the days of Junius — writing under a pseudonym and jealously concealing himself for fear of the law — the liberty of the press was but a partial and restricted liberty compared with its present fulness, and many trammels had to be unloosened, and many fetters had to be broken, before public opinion was free to declare itself on any and all of the great questions, the discussion of which constitutes the political life of a healthy and progressive nation. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the printing-press was but a century-old, when John Stubbes and William Page had their right hands cut off by sentence of the law for publishing a libel on the Duke of Anjou, and when Elias Thacker and John Coping were hanged in Suffolk for distributing a seditious libel written by one Robert Browne against the Book of Common Prayer, down to the age of George III., a mighty progress had been made.

Men were no longer in danger of life or limb for the expression of their opinions on any subject, unless the dissemination of such opinions amounted to high treason. The Censorship and the Star Chamber had been abolished; and the writers and publishers of political and other opinions were left to say and publish what they thought proper, subject to no preliminary control, and responsible only to the law after publication, if they had wronged or maligned any one, or sapped the foundations of public order. Prior to the time of Junius, the literature of the daily newspapers was not of a high order, and consisted for the most part of summaries of foreign and domestic events, and of letters, rather than of what are now called leading articles. There was but little of literary and dramatic criticism, and small pretension even in the most noted journals to be other than reporters of news. Something higher had been attempted forty or fifty years earlier by Daniel Defoe in his "Review," which he conducted for nine years, and also in the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," journals that not only recorded, though in the slightest manner, the leading political occurrences at home and abroad, but that devoted great learning, eloquence, and talent to the discussion of the minor morals of the time, and to questions connected with literature and the arts. Neither the "Tatler" nor the "Spectator," admirable as they were, and highly prized as they still are by those who, being themselves writers, desire to emulate the graces of an easy yet elegant and classic style such as those journals exhibited, were destined to length of days. The "Tatler" lived but for two years, and the "Spectator" but four, and were succeeded by various others, similar in plan but inferior in spirit and execution, and lacking, many of them, that element of news for which the public appetite was becoming more and more eager. Wilkes in the "North Briton," and in a far higher degree the author of the Letters of Junius, had shortly before and during the year 1769 accustomed the public mind to the vigorous denunciation of obnoxious men and measures, and to a system of angry polemics, in which the free British and American intellect seems especially to delight. But strangely enough the newspapers had not taken to reporting the debates in Parliament. Both Houses were exceedingly jealous of their privileges; and if a stranger, admitted to either House as a special favour, was seen with a notebook or a pencil in his hand, the sergeant-at-arms very summarily expelled him by his own authority; or if the case seemed unusually flagrant, drew the attention of the nearest member to the fact, in order that Mr. Speaker might take cognizance of the outrage. During the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and up to the reign of George I., there were no professional reporters. Not only were the privileges of Parliament opposed to such publication, but the newspapers were too small to be able to afford space for long speeches. Nevertheless the debates were preserved after a certain fashion, and were from time to time, but generally at long intervals, published in volumes. Many celebrated and some illustrious members of both Houses either wrote out beforehand the speeches which they delivered on great occasions, or wrote them out from memory at a later period, and handed them over for publication in the shape of little books or pamphlets, or to such editors as Cavendish, whose early debates are exceedingly valuable. But there were times when even this course of procedure was offensive to the House. In 1641 Sir Edward Dering was expelled for causing his speeches to be printed. All copies that could be found were ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman in Palaceyard, at Cheapside, and in Smithfield. Sir Edward was brought to the bar of the House, where he was ordered to kneel in token of his penitence, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower. He was released after a few days on payment of the fees. In this year the Star Chamber was abolished, and printers began to be somewhat bolder than they had dared to be during the existence of that tribunal. Among other publications referring to the proceedings in Parliament appeared "The Diurnal Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this great and happy Parliament, from the 3rd of November 1640, to the 3rd of November 1641. London: Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnivall's Lane Gate, in Holbourne. 1641."

In 1642 there appeared "The Head of all the Proceedings of both Houses of Parliament," "A Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament," &c. These were weekly reports of the votes and abstracts of the intelligence communicated to Parliament, and were all published "by authority."

In the same year appeared "The passages in Parliament from the 3rd of January to the 10th, more fully and exactly taken than the ordinary one hath been, as

you shall find upon comparing. And although the weeke past doth yield many remarkable passages (as hath beene any weeke before), yet you shall expect no more expression either now or hereafter. London: Printed for Nath. Butter, at St. Austin's Gate, in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Pyde Bull. 1611."

In the year 1632, a question arose in the Irish Parliament concerning the publication of its debates in an English newspaper, called the "Intelligencer," and the Irish speaker wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas the English Secretary of State, "to prevent such publication in those diurnals."

In the time of Charles II. dry summaries of the debates appeared in the "London Gazette." All other publication of Parliamentary proceedings was prohibited. In 1634 complaint was made to the House of Commons that one Dyer, a publisher of news-letters, had ventured to print the proceedings of the House, which thereupon ordered him to be summoned by the sergeant-at-arms to attend at the bar. He was induced to acknowledge his offence, and ordered to kneel down and receive the reprimand of the Speaker "for his great presumption." The House next proceeded to vote "that no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they dispense, presume to intermeddle with the debates or any other proceedings of the House." The unfortunate Dyer was afterward horsewhipped in a coffee-room by Lord Mohun, for the sole offence of having mentioned his name in his paper.*

In February 1729, the Commons again solemnly resolved, as a warning to the printers of magazines and weekly periodicals, and not to newspapers, which devoted very little attention to Parliamentary affairs, "that it is an indignity and breach of the privileges of this House for any person to presume to give in written or printed papers any account or minutes of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any committee thereof; and that upon any discovery of the authors or printers thereof, the House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." But it was impossible to prevent such publication. It was too profitable to the printers, and it pleased too many members who liked to have their names paraded before the public, to be lightly

abandoned; and it was furtively continued in spite of the opposition of an adverse majority.

Parliamentary reporting, as now understood, may be said to have commenced in the "Gentleman's Magazine" a short time before the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, essayist, and philosopher, was induced by Cave, the publisher, to sell his talents for small pay to that publication. Cave's first reporter was one William Guthrie, a Scotchman, a *littérateur* of varied acquisitions, and with a tenacious memory. He is disparagingly spoken of by Disraeli the elder, in his "Calamities of Authors," as "a great dealer in literature," "a political scribe," "a man of unblushing venality," "a recipient of State bribes," who would hire himself to one lord as he would to another, and as "a stipendiary who would change his principles with his livery." Mr. Disraeli was rather too severe upon this person; for in a time of political agitation, when newspapers had scarcely grown to a fiftieth part of their present importance, and when "leading articles," as they are now called, were scarcely known, it was necessary for the Ministers of the day to make use of the services of pamphleteers to defend their policy against attack, or to carry the war of words and ideas into the quarters of the enemy. Guthrie was one of these pamphleteers, and, as such, deserved his stipend quite as well as a barrister who defends a cause which he is paid to advocate. Besides writing pamphlets, he wrote voluminous histories of England, Scotland, and the World. Sir John Hawkins describes the manner in which Cave and Guthrie managed their Parliamentary business. "Taking with him a friend or two, Cave found means to procure for them and himself admission into the gallery of the House of Commons, or to some concealed station in the other House, and then they privately took down notes of the several speeches, and the general tendency and substance of the arguments. Thus furnished, they adjourned to a neighbouring tavern to compare and adjust their notes, by means whereof, and the help of their memories, they became enabled to fix at least the substance of what they had lately heard and remarked. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day and an abler hand—Guthrie the historian, whom Cave retained for the purpose." Guthrie had been engaged for two years at this work, and he gradually grew bolder by the impunity he enjoyed, when suddenly the attention of

* This was the Lord Mohun who afterward fought the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton, when both were killed. Lady Mohun, when the dead body of her husband was brought home, expressed her indignation that it should have been laid on her best bed!

Mr. Speaker Onslow was called to the subject, who brought it under the notice of the House. In a debate on the 13th of April 1738, Sir Thomas Winnington wrathfully warned the House of the danger it incurred by tacitly permitting and encouraging such publication. "You will have," said he, "every word that is spoken here by gentlemen misrepresented by fellows who thrust themselves into our gallery; you will have the speeches of the House every day printed, even during your session, and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth." Sir William Wyndham took a more sensible view. "*I don't know*," said he, "*but what the people have a right to know what their representatives are doing*." The result was a resolution in nearly the same terms, and in entirely the same spirit as the one which had been carried ten years before:—"Resolved that it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the privileges of this House, for any newswriters in letters or other papers (as minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any printer or any publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said letters or papers, or to give therein, any account of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or any committee thereof, as well during the recess as the sitting of Parliament; and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against any and all such offenders."

Cave seldom went so far in defiance of the House as to publish the names of the members who spoke, but contented himself with giving their initials, as in the following specimens:—

"The speech of Wm. B—ley, Esq., one of the representatives for W—wick, who is rechose for the same place, on making the motion for repealing the Act for Septennial Parliaments, March 13, 1733-34." After reporting the speech at fair length, the reporter adds that, "The motion was seconded by Sir J—n A—yn, Bart., one of the Knights of the Shire of the County of C—nwall."

Yet when the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" did not report a speech, but merely mentioned the fact that such and such members took part in the debate, it sometimes printed the names at full length, as in the following:—

"The motion thus seconded, a debate ensued, wherein the following gentlemen spoke on the same side — Sir Wm. Wyndham and Sir John Hynde Cotton, Baronet, and Lord Charles Noel Somerset; who were

answered by Sir William Yonge, Sir Robert Walpole, and Sir Wm. Lowther, &c." To this passage is appended a note: "Being well assured that these and the following pieces are originals, we have inserted them as desired, as we shall do any others appearing equally genuine, either singly, or in the course of the debates." Cave was in no hurry to publish, and sometimes a speech did not appear until several months after it had been delivered.

After carrying on this imperfect and unsatisfactory mode of reporting for four years, either Cave or Guthrie hit upon the expedient of presenting the debates in an allegorical fashion — as the debates of the Parliament of Lilliput. The device was transparent, and not particularly ingenious. But it answered its purpose so far as to deter the House from making itself ridiculous by prohibiting such fictions, as it might have done had it come to the conclusion that the cap fitted, and that it was itself the Parliament of Lilliput. Swift had not only discovered Lilliput and Brobdignag, but had invented various uncouth names for his imaginary personages, and Cave and Guthrie followed the example. As to Lilliput, the Dukes and Lords of the Upper House were called "Nardacs" and "Hurgoes," and the members of the House of Commons "Clinabs," their names being indicated under such flimsy veils as Betfort for Bedford, Tolbat for Talbot, Ooyn for Wynn, Waleup for Walpole, Blatirome for Baltimore, Agryl for Argyle, Haxilaf for Halifax, &c. France was Blefu cu; Europe, Degulia; New York, Nova Borac, &c. After Guthrie's dismissal, Dr. Johnson began to labour in the same style on the 19th November 1740, and continued for about two years and a quarter, "fixing upon a speaker's name," as he said to Mr. Nichols, "then making an argument for him, and conjuring up an answer," always managing, as he afterwards told Boswell, "to give the Whig dogs the worst of it." The following will serve as a specimen of the great lexicographer's method, under date of September 1741:—"In the fourteenth of Gorgenti II., on the 24th day of the seventh session of the 8th senate of Great Lilliput, it was ordered that leave be given to bring in a bill for the encouragement and encrease of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning his Majesty's fleet.

"The Advocate *Campobell* (Campbell) said — A sailor, sir, after having perhaps willingly entered himself, is either frightened away by the oppression of his officers, or

allured into the service of the merchants by prospect of advantage; but notwithstanding his apprehension on the one side, and his hopes on the other, he is to be seized by violence, and condemned without a crime to that condition which he dreads and abhors. . . . He is dragged to tyranny and hardships, he is punished for endeavouring to avoid them, and involves in the same misery with himself any friend whom charity or gratitude shall prompt to protect him. To infer from the scarcity of seamen that such severities are necessary, is to consult nothing but that lust of dominion by which men are often incited to use violent measures, lest they should seem to make too great concessions by softness and moderation."

Various other speakers are represented as following in the debate, under the names of Admiral Nessor, the Wig (Whig) Gero, the Wig Snoddy, &c. Johnson was not happy in imitating the styles of the various orators into whose mouths he put words. They all spoke Johnsonese. They were all grandiose and ponderous, and never used a short Saxon word where a longer Latin one would answer the purpose. Johnson, who felt that he was made for better things than the conduct of an elaborate hoax, and whose poverty rather than his will had consented to the work, relinquished the post in February 1743, after an uncongenial service of two years and three months; and Dr. Hawkesworth, partly, if not wholly, because he had modelled his style on that of Johnson, was appointed as his successor. Johnson told Boswell in his later years that as soon as he found that people looked upon the speeches as genuine, he determined that he would write no more of them—for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood. "Such," adds his biographer, "was the tenderness of his conscience, that a short time before his death he expressed his regret for having been the author of fictions which had passed for realities. He nevertheless agreed with me in thinking that the debates which he had invented were to be valued as orations upon questions of public importance."

But though Parliament had, as it were, been circumvented by the contrivance of Cave, it was still hostile to the publication of its debates; and in 1747, Cave, and one Thomas Astly, printer of the "London Magazine"—who also published Parliamentary reports—were complained against in the House of Lords, and ordered into the custody of the Black Rod, for printing

in their respective Magazines an account of the trial of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, for participation in the great Rebellion of 1745. The Peers, however, did not press very heavily against them. After undergoing several examinations at the bar of the House, they were severely reprimanded, and discharged from custody with a caution as to their future behaviour, on payment of the fees. The "Gentleman's Magazine" continued its absurd Debates in Lilliput until 1752, when Cave resumed his original system of publishing real summaries of the debate, with the initials only of the names of the speakers.

It was not until the year 1763 that Parliamentary reporting was placed on a better basis. The two Houses remained as jealous as ever of their privileges, and looked upon the presence of strangers as something only to be justified or tolerated as long as the strangers acted the part of dummies—who might hear, but who would not repeat, what was said. But a stirring time was at hand, and the public interest in politics, always great, was rapidly increasing. Important events were in progress not only in England, but in Europe and America. George III. had been nine years on the throne, and had managed to retain his personal popularity in spite of the unpopular Ministers whom he called to his counsels. The Parliament was corrupt, the Ministry was unscrupulous, the people were discontented. Canada had just been acquired by conquest from France, but the older American colonies were aggrieved by neglect and outraged by taxes imposed upon them by a distant legislature in which they were not represented, and already threatened the rebellion which they converted in later years to a revolution and a successful declaration of their independence. The aristocracy of France was dancing and fiddling on the crater of the revolutionary volcano which was destined so shortly to engulf it, together with all the ancient institutions of the country. The Empress Catharine of Russia, "that great and enterprising woman," as she is called in the "Annual Register for 1763," "was exciting and supporting insurrections of the Greek Christians against the Porte—trying to gain a port in the Black Sea, and plant her foot in Constantinople." The affairs of the Turkish Empire were in a very critical position, and the Sultan was as sick a man in political estimation as he was in 1854. A certain Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Corsica, and a certain Authur Wesley, afterwards called Wel-

lesley, was born in Ireland — to manufacture between them more than a quarter of a century's worth of such tremendous history as Europe had never before known. The Duke of Grafton was Premier of England, described by Junius as one "who became minister by accident, who was adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favour," — and one who, he predicted, would, when the proper time came, "be discarded without regret." The Earl of Chatham was in the plenitude of his fame and influence, and had already condemned the policy which was goading the Americans into rebellion; and Junius was puzzling the world — delighting the Liberals — goading and exasperating the Tories — libelling his enemies, sparing not even the King himself, under a cowardly mask that has never since been lifted to the thorough satisfaction of the impartial and unprejudiced public, that has striven to penetrate the secrecy with which he so successfully enshrouded his identity.

Public affairs were in this state when, on the 23d of October 1763, twenty gentlemen in London, feeling the want of a better and more fearless daily newspaper than any of the three then in existence, entered into partnership to establish and conduct a daily morning newspaper in the Whig interest, but more especially to report the debates in Parliament with greater fulness and accuracy. These gentlemen were the pioneers of a political literature and of a daily journalism which have in our day attained vast dimensions. Their names were: William Kenrick, Esq., of St. James's, Westminster; Richard Highway, Esq., of St. George, Hanover Square; William Griffin, bookseller, Catherine Street, Strand; John Nicod, gentleman, Rupert Street; Thomas Evans, bookseller, Paternoster Row; Samuel Webb, pattern-drawer, Shoreditch; Lewis Lenoir, silversmith, Bell Savage Yard, London; John Richards, gentleman, Somerset House, Strand; David Richards, gentleman, St. Mary le bone; James Spilsbury, Esq., St. Michael, Cornhill; George Kearsley, bookseller, Ludgate Street; James Fletcher, bookseller, St. Paul's Church-Yard; James Robson, book-seller, New Bond Street; William Woodfall, printer, White Fryers, London; Peter Elmlay, bookseller, Strand; Peter Crawford, Esq., Cold Bath Fields; John Murray, bookseller, Fleet Street; James Bowles, stationer, Newgate Street; Henry Barford, upholster, St. James's, Westminster; James Christie, auctioneer, Pall Mall. The name of the proposed

journal was "The Morning Chronicle and Daily Advertiser." The second title was so closely similar to that of the paper in which Junius was dazzling, puzzling, and incensing the political world, as to finally suggest the notion that an opposition was intended. Its specialty, as already stated, was to be the reporting of the Parliamentary debates, in defiance of the rules of both Houses. Its sole reporter as well as printer was William Woodfall. It was nineteen years before the establishment of its afterwards great rival, the "Times," that the "Morning Chronicle" came into existence. Its sole *raison d'être* was Woodfall; and his sole qualification for conducting it was his wonderful power of memory, which had some years previously procured for him the *sobriquet* of "Memory Woodfall." He was the second son of the printer and proprietor of the "Public Advertiser," and younger brother of Henry Sampson Woodfall, so well known to the people of that age for his mysterious connection with Junius. Both brothers were remarkable men. It is recorded of the elder that before he was five years old he understood Greek, and read a passage from Homer in the original before Alexander Pope with such fluency and correctness that the poet presented him with half-a-crown. He commenced to print and edit the "Public Advertiser" at the early age of nineteen, in conjunction with his father; and at his father's death continued the paper for upwards of thirty years, during which time he declared "that he had been fined by the House of Lords, confined by the House of Commons, and fined and confined by the Court of King's Bench, and indicted at the Old Bailey." His brother William's lines fell in pleasanter places. Brought up in his father's printing-office, he was led by his love of the stage to run off to Scotland with a strolling company of players, with whom he remained for some time, and among whom he is reported to have found a young lady whom he afterwards made his wife. On his return to London he resumed the printing business, and at the early age of twenty-four entered into the service of the "Morning Chronicle." He remained connected with that journal for nearly twenty years — first as sole reporter, and, after some time, as editor and reporter. His reports were merely summaries, and even these were not always published until two days after the speeches were delivered. On great occasions, if a great Whig spoke, a request was made to the orator for a copy of his speech, which was pub-

lished when the space at the editor's command permitted, even if it were a couple of months after the event. "Without taking a note to assist his memory," says the obituary notice of Woodfall in the "Annual Register," "and without the aid of an amanuensis to ease his labour, he has been known to write sixteen columns, after having sat in the crowded gallery for as many hours, without an interval of rest."

The other daily papers, of all shades of politics, speedily followed in the track of the Whig "Morning Chronicle," and Parliament began to tolerate a practice which it was unable to prevent. There was consequently no monopoly of reporting; and Woodfall, though *facile princeps* of his art, found himself confronted by many rivals, who relied not on memory alone, but on notes furtively taken, to report the debates with fulness and precision. Among the most noted of the young men who devoted themselves to this pursuit was James Perry, son of a builder at Aberdeen, who, coming to London in 1777, in his twenty-first year, received an engagement, after a hard struggle with adversity, on a paper called the "General Advertiser." On occasion of the memorable trial of Admirals Keppel and Palliser, he was despatched to Portsmouth, whence he transmitted daily eight columns of a report of the proceedings—a great newspaper feat at that time, and a great individual feat at any time. During the trial, the sale of the "General Advertiser" was increased by several thousands a-day, and Perry's reputation as a newspaper man was firmly established. It was Perry who first introduced the system of relay into reporting, for dividing the work formerly undertaken single-handed by such men as Woodfall among several, who took hourly or half-hourly turns in succession to each other.

The "Morning Chronicle" did not prosper greatly under Woodfall's management, and had fallen so low in reputation and value by the year 1780, that the copyright was offered for sale for the small sum of £150. It was purchased by Perry and another young Scotsman named Gray, with money advanced for the purpose by Mr. Bellamy, the keeper of the refreshment-rooms of the House of Commons. Woodfall shortly afterwards set up a paper called the "Diary," which he carried on for a few years with indifferent success. He died in 1803 in comparative poverty, worn out with disappointments, and hard but scantily remunerated labour. Perry was more fortunate. He conducted the Chronicle with spirit and success; set an example of

copiousness and accuracy in Parliamentary reporting which made his journal the most influential and important of its day; acquired a handsome fortune, and spent his superfluity in generous acts, especially towards literary men in the outset of their career, when opportune and delicate as well as liberal aid might help them to tide over the evil day, and march forward, foot-sore perhaps, but relieved and encouraged, on the thorny road that leads to renown. Both Houses of Parliament tacitly acquiesced in the publication of their debates, contenting themselves with an occasional assertion of their right to sit with closed doors, and to punish any offending reporter who erred ever so little in the accuracy of his reports. It was not until after the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, under the Earl of Chatham in 1803, had created an unpleasant feeling both in the House and country, that any serious attempt was made to enforce the standing orders for the exclusion of strangers. While the Earl's personal conduct was under discussion, no objection was made to the presence of the reporters; but when the conduct of the Ministry came under the fire of the Opposition, the standing order was put in force, and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. This occurred on the 25th of January 1810, and for eleven days no Parliamentary reports appeared in the newspapers. On the 6th of February, Richard Brinsley Sheridan moved the appointment of a committee to inquire into the propriety of a step the strict legality of which was not disputed. He expressed his opinion in the most emphatic terms that the publication of the debates was highly conducive to the public interest. He asserted that the conductors of the public journals in communicating the transactions of the House were guided by the strictest impartiality; that they never exerted any undue influence, or gave way to any improper bias; and that if there were a point on which they were more scrupulous than on any other, it was in correctly and fully communicating the details of evidence that was taken at the bar. He added, "that even if the editors were inclined, from motives of their own, or corrupt views of self-interest, to excite any improper prejudice by mutilated or unjustifiable statements, he was confident that not one of the gentlemen who were in the habit of taking the reports of the House would lend himself to such improper service."

Mr. Wyndham replied to Mr. Sheridan, and though professing himself to be favour-

able to the liberty of the press, he astonished his friends by confessing that he could not see any advantage in the publication of the debates. "What," he asked, "was the value to their constituents of knowing what was passing in that House? If this practice had been tolerated, winked at, and suffered, it was no reason that persons should make a trade of what they obtained from the galleries, amongst which persons were to be found men of all all descriptions — bankrupts, lottery-office keepers, footmen, and decayed tradesmen." "He did not think that reports in the daily papers were so desirable as others did. He did not know any of the conductors of the press, but he understood them to be a set of men who would give in to the corrupt misrepresentation of opposite sides, and he was therefore determined not to lend his hand to abrogate the standing order which was made to correct such an abuse." A long debate ensued, in which Lord Folkestone, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Tierney, and Mr. Lyttleton took part. Mr. Sheridan wound up the discussion with a telling speech in reply, when his motion was rejected by one hundred and sixty-six votes to eighty.

The ungenerous and unfounded abuse of the press which had been uttered by Mr. Wyndham excited quite as much surprise as anger — and all the coffee-houses and clubs were full of this subject, which affected the public even more than it did the newspapers. An incident which arose out of it provoked a still more animated, because still more personal, discussion. Among the most eminent of the Whig members of the House was James Stephen, a Master in Chancery, who had formerly been a Parliamentary reporter for the "Morning Post," and was suspected to be a contributor to the "Morning Chronicle." A resolution was passed, and a by-law enacted by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn (after dinner it was said, and while the bottle was passing), declaring that no one who had ever written for a newspaper for hire should be allowed to enter that Inn as a law-student. The requisition to this effect was signed by eight Benchers, but the by-law was enacted by four only. A Mr. Farquharson, a law-student of Lincoln's Inn, and a Parliamentary reporter, aggrieved by this proceeding, petitioned the House of Commons, and Mr. Sheridan agreed to take charge of the subject. On the 23d of March Mr. Sheridan rose to address the House. The irrepressible Mr. Wyndham immediately, and before Mr. Sheridan had spoken a word, called the

attention of Mr. Speaker to the fact that there were strangers present. The gallery was forthwith cleared. Of course what took place was known all over the town the next day, though no report appeared in the newspapers. Mr. Sheridan, addressing himself to the illiberality of the Lincoln's Inn Benchers, rather than to the Parliamentary question of clearing the galleries, declared that of the twenty-three gentlemen who were at that time regularly employed in reporting the debates in Parliament for the daily press, eighteen had been educated at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and that most of these had graduated. The other five had distinguished themselves in other fields of action by their literary attainments. Mr. Wyndham would not remain in the House to listen to the eulogium of a class of men whom he had stupidly, if not maliciously, attacked, but went out ostentatiously whilst Mr. Sheridan was speaking. Mr. Stephen followed Mr. Sheridan, and in an eloquent speech, to be found at full length in *Hansard*, vol. xvi., supported the prayer of the petition. He described the hardships that too often awaited friendless young men of talent at the commencement of their career in London, especially if they devoted themselves to the study of the law, and the immense advantage it was to them to procure such employment as the practice of reporting afforded. He made a great impression on the House by describing the struggles of such a young man studying law by day, reporting the debates by night — qualifying himself for the greater profession of the two that as yet yielded him nothing, by practising the minor but highly honourable and more immediately lucrative vocation which the newspapers afforded; adding that it was no fancy sketch which he drew, for thirty years previously the case had been his own. He also bore testimony to the high character of the Parliamentary reporters as a body, and made special allusion to Mr. Perry and his excellent staff. The Attorney-General opposed the consideration of Mr. Farquharson's petition — not on the merits of the case, which he admitted — but because the remedy lay with the judges rather than with the House of Commons. The Solicitor-General paid a warm compliment to Mr. Stephen, expressed his regret that in an unguarded moment he had signed the requisition to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, and his desire for the abolition of the by-law. Sir John Anstruther, also a Bencher of Lin-

coln's Inn, who had neither signed the requisition nor voted for the by-law, suggested that if the subject were allowed to drop in the House of Commons, the Benchers would reconsider the action they had taken. Mr. Croker followed in the same spirit. The motion was withdrawn; and at a subsequent meeting of the Benchers, specially summoned for the purpose, the uncharitable by-law was repealed by a large majority.

Among the speakers who were most strongly opposed to the exclusion of reporters during the debates on the disastrous issue of the Walcheren expedition was Sir Francis Burdett. In the course of the debate he asserted "that the House, in point of character and reputation, had nothing to boast of." For this he was called to order by Mr. Perceval; but Sir Francis retorted by ridiculing "that sensitive delicacy which, while it connived at the most corrupt practices, shrank from a bare mention of the truth." There was at this time in existence in London a debating club or society known as the British Forum. At a meeting of this society called to discuss the great question of "Strangers in the House," and the evident desire of a majority in Parliament to prohibit the publication of debates in which the people were so deeply interested, one Gale Jones, an apothecary, and a noted demagogue, made such offensive remarks on the conduct of Mr. Wyndham, and more especially on that of Mr. Charles Yorke, that the latter gentleman brought the subject under the notice of the House as a breach of privilege. The House was in the humour of severity. Mr. Gale Jones was summoned to the Bar; and although he apologized to the House for the error into which he had fallen, his apology was not accepted, and he was ordered to be committed to Newgate. Sir Francis Burdett, who was wholly unaware of Mr. Yorke's intention to bring the matter before the House, was not present during this scene. He no sooner heard of what had happened, than he hastened to the House. He inveighed in the severest terms against what had been done—declared it to be an outrage on the right of free discussion—and moved that Mr. Gale Jones should be forthwith discharged out of custody. Fourteen gentlemen voted for the motion, and a hundred and fifty-three against it, and the peccant apothecary was led off to prison. Sir Francis Burdett was full of wrath; and instead of venting any portion of it in the House of Commons, he penned an "Epistle to his

constituents denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England," which he sent to William Cobbett for publication in his then influential "Register." Sir Francis also issued the letter in the form of a pamphlet, together with his speech in favour of the liberation of Mr. Gale Jones, in which he denounced "the domineering spirit of that unreformed and corrupt assembly, the House of Commons." The House had not recovered its good-temper, or the common-sense which usually characterizes its proceedings; and it was moved and seconded, and carried by a majority of one hundred and ninety against one hundred and fifty, that the letter of Sir Francis was a gross and scandalous libel, and that he should be committed, not to Newgate, as Mr. Gale Jones had been, but to the Tower of London as a State prisoner.

The sergeant-at-arms to whom was intrusted by the Speaker's warrant the duty of capturing the eminent offender, had great difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. Sir Francis had public opinion on his side. He denied the legality of the Speaker's warrant; and successfully defended and barricaded his house in Piccadilly against the sergeant and his force for a whole fortnight. Not only Westminster, of which Sir Francis was the Parliamentary representative, but all London, was in a fever of excitement. The question was considered to be one between a tyrannical Parliament and a free people who had not, but ought to have, the making of Parliaments. Sir Francis was the people's champion, and the people took to the streets with the intention of rescuing him from the sergeant-at-arms, should a capture be effected. The house of Sir Francis in Piccadilly was like a besieged fortress, though the military that were stationed in the street were posted rather to preserve order among the populace than to aid the sergeant-at-arms, or to act any other part than that of observers. The result was the famous Burdett riots, consequent upon the final arrest of the member for Westminster by a ruse, rather than by a *coup de main*, and his transference under military escort to the Tower. All London was in a ferment of agitation. The mob hooted the escort, and pelted them with stones; and on the return of the soldiers from the Tower, where they had safely deposited their prisoner, they were assailed with such volleys of stones that they fired upon the crowd, killing two people, and wounding several others. This increased the popular excitement. Public

meetings were convened night after night to denounce the proceedings of Parliament. Sir Francis was the hero and the idol of the hour. The praise of his pluck and patriotism was on every Radical and Liberal tongue, and filled every Radical and Liberal newspaper. As Parliament had not the power to keep their prisoner in hold an hour after the prorogation of Parliament, it was resolved that on the last day of the session he should be triumphantly escorted from the Tower to Piccadilly, by processions of the trades and of the people generally; and immense mobs with banners and bands of music collected on Tower Hill for that purpose on the day appointed. Great apprehension was felt of a possible and but too probable collision between the troops and the people; but Sir Francis, with a rare discretion in a popular favourite, and not wishing to have the blood of perhaps hundreds of people upon his head, gave his uproarious admirers the slip, and while they were awaiting him in the streets, took a boat at the Tower stairs, and was quietly rowed up the river to Westminster, where on landing he entered a carriage, and was conveyed to his own house before any one knew that he had left the Tower.

This was a very high-handed assertion by the House of Commons of its right to sit with closed doors. It was provocative of public tumult and bloodshed, and if it had occurred among a more excitable people than the English, might have proved the precursor of much greater and more prolonged violence and ill-feeling. Several times during the last sixty years the House has in fits of anger or caprice banished strangers from its galleries, but the occasions have for the most part been temporary and trivial and have excited but little interest, except among the reporters. Possibly, if all the truth were told, these gentlemen are very glad when such acts of Parliamentary authority are exercised, saving them as they do from many hours of hard and responsible work. So thoroughly have both Houses reconciled themselves to the necessity of consenting to publications of their debates; so fully are they convinced that it is not conducive to accuracy that reporters should be compelled to take notes as furtively as if they were picking pockets, and reduced to the extremity of scribbling in their hats, looking as unconcerned all the while as if they were merely listening without a purpose, lest the watchful eyes of justice in the awful form of the irate officers of the

House should detect them in *flagrante delicto*, red-handed, or rather black-handed, in the commission of crime, — that after the great fire which destroyed both Houses in 1834, every architect who sent in plans for the new buildings, included, as a matter of course, a gallery and anterooms in each House for the accommodation of the reporters.

Thus, after a long and losing battle, Parliament has not only practically resigned itself to the inevitable, but has come to the wise conclusion that it is best, alike for Parliament and for the nation, that its debates should be as public as if the whole world were their audience. At present, however, its rigid maintenance of the old theory, that the Speaker has only to be informed that strangers are present, to compel the House to order the said strangers to withdraw, puts too much power into the hands of an individual member, who may happen to be a crochety and unreasonable person.

No less competent and ancient an authority than the Book of Job informs us that "great men are not always wise;" and the same may be said in our day of some of the great men who represent us in Parliament. The exercise of the privilege — possibly against the wish of every member in the House but the one who draws this very rusty bolt out of its old armoury — may lead, as in a recent case, which must be fresh in every one's memory, to delay, difficulty, and impediment in the transaction of public business. This last case promises to become historical, and will probably bring about a reconciliation of theory and practice in the procedure of the House as regards the presence of strangers.

The Commons were about to discuss the delicate, and, in some inevitable respects, the very indelicate, details of the Contagious Diseases Act. Anticipating the debate, which should never have been raised, and with a prurient curiosity unpardonable in modest women, a bevy of ladies — or, more properly speaking, "females" — took possession of the gallery set apart for them, and prepared themselves, to all appearances, for the enjoyment of a pleasant evening. But the Fates were unpropitious; and a Scottish member, who had not forgotten how to blush, and who very properly considered that many details fit for scientific discussion by medical men, and for legislative discussion by law-makers, ought not to be, and could not be, openly discussed in the presence of women, availed himself of his right to notify to Mr. Speaker that there were "strangers in the House."

Had it been a case for the reporters alone, there can be no doubt that these gentlemen, in the exercise of the wise discretion which they always employ in their reproduction of the debates, would have taken proper care to purify their reports of all matters and details not fit to be printed. But as the "females" could not be excluded unless all other strangers were excluded along with them, the House was cleared, and for the first time during many years — and possibly for the first time within the memory of men in their early manhood — the morning papers of the following day contained no report of an important Parliamentary debate which had taken place on the previous evening. The Scottish member who took upon himself the responsibility in this case has incurred considerable blame in some quarters — and, as we think, very undeservedly. However much opinions may differ on this point — and it is one into the discussion of which we have no inclination to enter — it has to be said in favour of Mr. Crawford's proceeding, which it was competent for any other member to have adopted, that it has led to the reconsideration of the whole question. It is felt and admitted, both in and out of Parliament, that the two Houses possess, and ought to possess, the right to debate in secret, if they see, or fancy they see, reason to believe that publicity would be injurious to the public or to themselves. Such right is always reserved by courts of law; and much scandal and evil might ensue if the right were not to be recognized in such great courts of law as the Houses of Lords and Commons. Mr. Crawford's exclusion of strangers — twice repeated — is likely to produce good effect in the future: to put the theory and practice of Parliament in accord with each other and with common-sense; and to make the act of exclusion, when for exceptional reasons it is resorted to, the act not of one member, but of the majority of the House, voting on its propriety as it would vote on any other matter brought under its notice. This will be a great point gained, and will rescue a valuable power from the exercise of caprice, and place it in the hands of responsible and deliberate authority. There is no fear in our day that Parliament will ever abuse the right — to most, if not all of its members, the reverse of a pleasure — of making war upon the indispensable "Strangers." Without the "Stranger," Parliament would scarcely be a Parliament — not

even a voice in the wilderness; for it would be no voice at all beyond the limits of its own chamber, unless a voice strangely perverted, and uttering errors where it meant to utter truths.

As it was the "Morning Chronicle" a hundred years ago which first became a powerful "Stranger in the House" — for Dr. Johnson was but a mocking-bird at the best — and which first detailed in fulness to the nation what its representatives said, it may be interesting to conclude this brief history of Parliamentary reporting by recording that the "Chronicle" died of atrophy and inanition, and possibly of mismanagement, in the year 1864, in the ninety-sixth year of its age. A tradition is current among those who affect to know the "inner life" of the newspaper press of the metropolis, that this once powerful journal is not wholly dead; that the copyright of its title is still considered to be of commercial value; and that every now and then, in some dingy back printing-office in Fleet Street or the neighborhood, the forms of another journal are re-arranged, the old title placed in the front as in the days of yore, and a few copies printed, and affixed to the wall of the printing-office aforesaid — so that the printers, the printers' devils, the clerks, and the proof-readers, and a chance customer happening to look in, may be enabled to swear in a court of justice, in case of need, that on such and such a day they saw a newly-issued copy of the "Morning Chronicle;" and that on such and such a day next week, or the week after, they expect the old Whig journal once again to make an appearance.

Many great names besides that of Dr. Johnson might be cited as among those who were once "Strangers in the House," and who, in the exercise of their vocation as reporters, fought their way up to eminence in law or literature. It may suffice to mention "plain John Campbell," afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England; William Hazlitt, a critic of a school which considered criticism one of the finest arts, and one as difficult to excel in as poetry, painting, and music, or any other creative exercise of the mind; and last, greatest, and most brilliant, Charles Dickens, whose recent and too early loss the world deplores. There are others still living who climbed up the same ladder to Fame and Fortune, but whose names it would be indecorous to mention.

From Saint Pauls Magazine.
THE GOOD LA FONTAINE.

FIVE years after the death of Shakspeare, was born Jean de la Fontaine, a man destined equally to fill the earth with his name, and possessing a genius as decidedly unique. The comparison can scarce hold further, unless in this, that the proverbs of both these great men have been ever by the unlearned not only reciprocally misquoted, but that to both have been constantly attributed the best and most remarkable sayings of other writers. Who, for instance, has not heard frequently assigned to Shakspeare the well-known line in Congreve's "Mourning Bride":—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage
breast?"

and as often to la Fontaine the concluding lines of one of Gray's inimitable lyrics:—

"Enough; where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise?"

We know too little of the life and earlier manhood of Shakspeare. Of La Fontaine's we know perhaps too much. A legion of contemporaneous friends have vied in their exhaustive gleanings, and we owe it possibly to an abuse of biographical fidelity that traits have been reproduced, as fairly illustrating La Fontaine's life and character, which might have been fairly suppressed as exceptional and inconclusive. Be this as it may, it is clear, from all that has been written of La Fontaine, that his time-honoured appellation of "the good" is, as goodness is generally understood, an egregious misapplication of terms. An indefinable irony clings to the designation of *the good*, preserved historically to the merely wise or powerful; so simple and sublime a title, when conferred in honest faith, has never been less than the price of some particular excellence, displayed in conjunction with the exercise of the moral and social virtues. Yet, in the case of La Fontaine, it has never appeared to be otherwise than sincerely that his compatriots have styled him "Le bon La Fontaine." This anomaly, for such it can be shown to be, may be due to the circumstances that the term was not applied to him till long after his death, and when he spoke only to the people through the medium of his immortal apologue. He was, moreover, of a retiring and moody nature, and little known during his lifetime beyond the circle of his immediate patrons. By these, and indeed by all the literary men of his time, La Fontaine was esteemed in due proportion to his worth; and, be-

fore his decline, had earned the surpassing title of *l'inimitable*, and that with the unanimous and ungrudging assent of the Academy.

It is much to be regretted that this prior title was not allowed to remain to him. In the case of no other author has time more thoroughly confirmed its justice. La Fontaine was not only inimitable as a living writer, but has since defied the competition of two hundred years. There is but one La Fontaine, as there is but one Shakspeare, and each has attained perfection in his separate and dissimilar endowment.

In excepting, however, to La Fontaine's title to be distinguished as "the good," we must not be supposed to represent him as wanting in all that constitutes conventional goodness. He possessed, on the contrary, many amiable qualities. He was unaffected, truthful, and compassionate; he stood firmly by his friend in trouble, and was invariably patient and forgiving. But as a companion he was most often absent and oblivious; as a guest he was sensual and uncourteous. In his estate and household he was disorderly and prodigal. His private life will scarcely bear the friendliest inspection, and he stands convicted, by the verdict of his most indulgent partizans, of being a bad husband and an unnatural father. Much that has been written of him might be rejected as incredible, were it not for the corroboration of independent witnesses, and those who would cull materials for a striking sketch, have abundant means at their disposal. There is, nevertheless, an advantage in composing a memoir from sources so various and unconnected, affording, as it does, the chance of being occasionally new to the general reader, who may before have been rationally satisfied with one or two only of the many accounts that have been published.

La Fontaine was born at Château-Thierry, in the year 1621. His father held a government situation as Inspector of the Woods and Forests. His education was neglected, and, at the age of seventeen, he was unable to do more than construe his Virgil with the aid of his grammar and dictionary. At nineteen he entered the oratory, with the view of becoming a priest; but he soon found it was not his vocation to submit to rules, and he accordingly returned to his family within eighteen months of his matriculation. At twenty-one his father gave up to him his office of inspector, and shortly afterwards married him to Marie Héricart, a young lady of superior attainments and of great

personal beauty. Into both these engagements he entered with listless submission, consulting his indolence rather than his taste, and preferring guidance to the fatigue of choice. It followed that his charge, though he held it for twenty years, was constantly neglected; and, as regards his wife, whose humour was imperious and temper sour, he kept out of her way continually, and allowed her to rival him at will in dissipating the family estate. He nevertheless held her judgment in esteem; and consulted her on all matters of business which he deemed important.

La Fontaine's father was addicted to making verses, and did all in his power to induce his son to take to poetry. But nothing seemed to move the latter from his lethargic indifference, and he attained his twenty-second year before discovering the slightest symptom of the existence of a passion which was destined so soon to absorb and captivate his entire soul. An accident one day revealed the latent germ, and developed, at once and for ever, not only the taste for verses, but also that internal conviction without which the art of verse-making can never be a serious and enduring profession. Being one evening at supper with some military friends at the garrison of Château-Thierry, an officer recited to the company an ode of Malherbe. La Fontaine appeared struck dumb with admiration, and, suddenly, as he himself relates it, he felt the sacred fire ignite within his breast. On his return home he employed himself in committing to memory the whole of the volume which contained the ode; and from that time forth he devoted his time exclusively to original versification. His first model was Malherbe, whom he continued to imitate till advised by a judicious friend to reform his taste with Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Quintilian. This counsel he immediately followed, and his productions soon afterwards afforded proof of his having done so with amazing profit. The only French authors whom he read with pleasure were Rabelais, Marot, and d'Urfé; and he could scarcely, perhaps, have better chosen for the kind of excellence he aimed at. From time to time he read the writings of other Frenchmen, but only at long intervals, and by little at a time. The Italians, he said, were more diverting; and, of all the Italian school, his favourites were Ariosto and Boccaccio. These two latter he read and re-read with untiring avidity, perpetually imitating their style, until, according to his contemporary, Milton, he succeeded in surpassing it.

But, strange as the assortment may appear, La Fontaine delighted also in Plato and Plutarch. So eccentric a mingling appears at first sight to be the offspring of a pitiable vanity; but it must be remembered, in the first place, that with La Fontaine, affectation in any shape was constitutionally impossible, and secondly, that a genius so profoundly original was exempted by nature herself from the observance of rules incompatible with its natural condition. To La Fontaine's vision, the union of such extremes as that of Rabelais with Plato, may have presented those laughing images which abound in all his writings, and which render wisdom easy to the clumsiest intelligence. Certain it is that he studied Plato with the same diligence as Rabelais, copies of both having been found after his death, interlined from the beginning to the end with annotations in his own handwriting.

La Fontaine had now passed some years in absolute seclusion, seeing only his intimate acquaintances, and becoming daily more insensible to the distractions of the outer world. The profits of his pen exempted him for a while from the odious need of feigning to inspect the woods and forests, and he consigned his charge to chance, prepared to resign it at the first hostile signal from his official superior. From this supreme beatitude the happy poet was roused unexpectedly by the effect of a malignant farce. A retired captain of dragoons, who had established his retreat at Château Thierry, and had become a constant visitor at La Fontaine's house, began, from his supposed attentions to Madame La Fontaine, to attract the notice of the idle gossips of the neighbourhood. The idea was simply absurd, the captain was over sixty years of age, and by no means of the gallant species. He was something of a literary turn of mind, and in the absence of the husband, who was usually absorbed in his papers, or in the wood declaiming verses, took naturally pleasure in the society of the accomplished wife. An officious and ill-disposed acquaintance hinted the suspicion, and soon persuaded La Fontaine, who gave credit to the insinuation as to a truth not worth examining, that his honour was compromised, and that he owed it to himself and to the public to demand reparation.

Without another word, and as if anxious to be rid at once of a plaguing obligation, the poet unhung his sword, and went straight to the captain, whom he placidly invited to follow him into the wood, as he

had something private to say to him, of an immediate and pressing nature. The captain obeyed in mute astonishment, unable to guess what had happened, but shrewdly divining mischief from the unusual apparition of the sword. On arriving at a convenient spot, La Fontaine shortly, and without the slightest sign of emotion, explained the purport of the interview, and called on the captain to defend himself. The captain drew accordingly, but wished to expostulate. The poet, however, allowed no time for parleying, and began the attack with vigour. The combat was soon over. By a movement well known and easy to the skilful fencer, the captain sent his opponent's sword flying to some yards' distance, and thereupon tendered his hand in token of reconciliation. La Fontaine took it immediately, declared honour satisfied, and accepted the captain's invitation to go home with him to breakfast. No sooner at table, than he appeared to have forgotten the only one warlike incident of his life, resuming the subjects which occupied his mind in general, and conversing gaily on his future literary projects. On taking leave of him, the captain alluded to the occurrence of the morning, and delicately volunteered to discontinue his visits to Madame La Fontaine. "By no means!" exclaimed the poet eagerly, "I fought with you this morning for the sake of the public, as I was told my honour required it. I shall fight you again on my own account, unless you promise to continue to come to my house as if nothing had occurred between us."

Shortly after his ridiculous encounter with the captain, La Fontaine paid his first visit to Paris, on the invitation of the Duchess de Bouillon. The literary attractions of the capital soon made on him a sensible impression, and he subsequently discovered a pretext for repeating his visit on every possible occasion. His real motive appears to have been chiefly to escape from his wife, whom he found getting less appeasable as she increased in age, and who was constantly reminding him of his duty. His finances, however seldom admitted of a long stay; for whatever his gains, his expenditure invariably exceeded them, and Madame at home continued to be as prodigal as he. Piece by piece the patrimony was sold and dissipated; the common estate was then resorted to, till nothing at length was left but what had been rendered inalienable by the marriage contract.

Meanwhile La Fontaine's fame had procured him powerful protectors. Amongst

these was Madame de la Sablière, a well-known patroness of letters, and competent, from her own attainments and discerning judgment, to distinguish and appreciate her singularly gifted *protégé*. Her liberality was at first conveyed to La Fontaine in the shape of handsome fees for poems bespoken professionally; till, beaming more and more enamoured with his talents, and knowing his hatred of all business, as well as his utter indifference to everything postponable without risk of instant annihilation, she invited him to take up his abode at her hotel in Paris, where she offered him hospitality in permanence, as one of her immediate family.

Matrons have denounced as immoral Madame de la Sablière's arrangement for La Fontaine, and in spite of all claim to regard the case as eminently exceptional, have bestowed on the deserted wife their exclusive and entire sympathy. Nor has the least palliation been admitted from the circumstance that La Fontaine was able, from Paris, to remit his wife money which he could not have supplied her with had he remained her companion at Château Thierry. It is not for the biographer to criticise a judgment proceeding from so authorized a source, but the historical fact remains, that from La Fontaine's installation at his friend's hotel dates the commencement of his world-wide reputation. Dispensed from all pecuniary cares, and severed definitely from scenes that worried and disturbed him, he was able thenceforth to consecrate his whole soul to letters without distraction or interruption. The result was that one small octavo volume which, in a hundred pages, distills the wisdom of a thousand schools. The fables have long since passed out of the region of criticism; where copies or imitations, they are held by the assent of all men to have surpassed their originals, and where original, they take the foremost rank amongst the gems of European literature. Their profoundness, and at the same time their infinite simplicity, are consigned unalterably to the author's credit in his contrasting, but equally undisputed, titles of "The Inspired Innocent," and "The Solomon of Poets;" and were testimony wanting to their general worth as didactic compositions, we have that of Frederic the Great,—a royal, but somewhat crabbed student, who read with avidity, but praised with caution. Maupertius was a great admirer of Jean Sobieski, and often spoke of him in his interviews with the king. On one occasion Frederic, whose respect for Sobieski was somewhat less profound,

replied pettishly in French : — " Tu m'embêtes avec ton Jean Sobieski ; je ne reconnais que trois Jeans qui valient la peine d'en parler : ce sont Jean le Baptiste ; Jean l'Évangéliste, et Jean le Fabuliste." Napoleon I., who read so little, was a constant reader of La Fontaine. Observing that even children were entertained by the fables, he expressed regret that so much was lost to them from inability to seize the illusions. May not such considerations be allowed some weight in establishing, so to speak, the isolated oneness of the judgment in appeal and in so far redeeming the independent and penetrating La Sablière from the reproach of having demoralized La Fontaine ?

At Madame de la Sablière's La Fontaine became speedily acquainted with the literary celebrities of the capital, and greedily imbibed the rich instruction they afforded him. He allied himself especially to Racine, Boileau, Bernier, and Chappelle. With Racine he delighted to read Homer, and his comments have been preserved as curious relics of his unstudied style. The beauties of Homer were, nevertheless, half veiled from him by the Latin rendering, as he was too weak in Greek to attempt to read the original. Racine treated him altogether paternally ; took him about with him to his friends, and scolded or encouraged him according to his behaviour. He relates of him an anecdote which thoroughly exemplifies the charming *naïveté* of his natural faith and character. He one day persuaded La Fontaine to accompany him to tenebræ, where the length of the service soon tired his attention, and caused him to look around for distraction. Racine, observing this, put into his hand an ancient Bible, which opened accidentally at the Prayer of the Jews in Baruch. La Fontaine soon became absorbed in the perusal, till, quite forgetting he was at church, and in the midst of divine service, he turned suddenly on Racine, and exclaimed aloud, " I say, who's this Baruch ? Why, do you know, he's a fine genius ?" For some days afterwards he could think of Baruch and nothing else, and, without the slightest introduction, put the somewhat embarrassing question to each acquaintance he fell in with, " I say, Monsieur So-and-so, have you read Baruch ? He was a fine genius !"

The anecdote itself may be well known to the reader, but not so, possibly, the fact that at the time, a proverb sprung from it, which is still in vogue amongst persons of the educated class in France. With such it is usual to reply to an unconnected proposition, when started so abruptly as

to take by surprise, " Dites done, Monsieur un tel, avez-vous lu Baruch ? "

When in familiar talk with chosen friends, and on subjects which interested him, La Fontaine's face, which was heavy, and even sluggish in composure, became alive with light and joy. At such moments his conversation resembled his writings, tripping and elegant, but filled with sense and meaning. His friends looked at him and listened, and he usually talked on unconsciously till the lights burnt down in their sockets and the ladies rose to go. Grievously put out were those who allured him to their homes to excite him to talk, and who invited friends to hear him. On such occasions he usually sat either taciturn and fixed, or grossly absorbed in the dinner. He is said to have been sadly given to the pleasures of the table, but perhaps only when in presence of the table-cloth ; he is not supposed to have had gluttonous thoughts, or in any shape to have defied his appetite. He ate, at all events, prodigiously, but preferred dining from a dish that pleased him, to varying his dinner with several. His friends have sometimes amused themselves by helping him by degrees to an entire dish, the others by design declining it. In such cases no concert or adroitness was at all necessary ; La Fontaine noticed absolutely nothing. He was, indeed, so utterly unobservant of all that surrounded him, that it was all but insipid to play tricks on him. He was by no means particular in his diet. Few things displeased him if cooked sufficiently, and he appeared not always aware, in matters of food, of even the most specific distinctions. He disliked oysters and sage-cheese, and had a strange aversion to gravy ; but with those few exceptions he seemed happy with a plateful of anything. He was, nevertheless, particularly fond of poultry, and it is related of him that, being at dinner one day with indifferent friends at Neuilly, the lady of the house, thinking to provoke his genius with a weighty problem, asked him, with affected gravity, what he would deem the extreme term of happiness as accessible to human sensibilities ? " Fricassee of fowl, Madame," replied La Fontaine, after a short pause, and with a constraint of tone bespeaking the effort it had cost him to understand the question. He then relapsed immediately into his boorish absence, and presently fell asleep. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to breakfast, offered him by a minister of state, whose friends were extremely desirous of making the poet's acquaintance. Punctually at

twelve—the hour named—La Fontaine arrived at the minister's hotel. He was, nevertheless, the last arrival, from the eagerness of the guests to be present at the poet's entry. La Fontaine took his seat at once, dispensing himself from all further ceremony than a general bow to the assemblage. The repast was choice and abundant, the guests merry and convivial. La Fontaine alone kept silence, eating and drinking with diligence, and imparting to no one the heavy reflections which seemed to occupy his mind. Having satisfied his appetite, he began to appear sleepy, and glances were exchanged across the table. Presently he rose to go, excusing his departure on the pretext of having to attend at the Academy. His host reminded him that the Academy was close by, and that there was nearly an hour before the opening of the sitting. "I'll go the longest way," replied the poet, continuing to adjust his mantle; and, without another syllable, he shambled out of the banquet-room, leaving his friends at table to discuss him as their pleasure directed.

When heated with discussion, La Fontaine ceased to listen to his opponent, and heard nothing of what others said around him. At a supper where Molière and Despréaux were amongst the guests, the conversation fell on the machinery of the stage; La Fontaine condemned the *à part* (or words spoken aside, and supposed to be heard exclusively by the audience). "What," he exclaimed, "can be more contrary to good sense than to suppose an actor can be heard by the audience in the parterre and gallery, and not by another actor standing close beside him?" It was in vain to urge that the fiction was extremely convenient, and in *ricà voce* representations almost impossible to substitute. La Fontaine talked on, getting louder and louder, and threatening to become tiresome to the company. At last Despréaux, winking to the other guests, began calling him aloud all sorts of names: "La Fontaine must be certainly a great scoundrel; La Fontaine is a great gander; a blockhead, a calf, a famous owl," &c., &c. These words he repeated incessantly, till at length La Fontaine, remarking all at once that every one in the room was laughing, inquired quietly what the matter was. "What!" said Despréaux, "here am I, hoarse with calling you all the hardest names I can think of, and you don't hear me, although I am near enough to you to touch your elbow, and yet you think it extraordinary that one actor should be unable to hear an-

other, who may be ten paces away from him?"

On the other hand, La Fontaine never grew disconcerted through railery, nor lost his temper an instant under the most galling pleasantries. It might have been said of him in slang language that he "stood chaff admirably;" but this to such a damaging extent, that his patience was frequently in danger of passing for total insensibility. With strangers he was certainly completely indifferent, but with friends, what appeared to be indifference, was in reality preoccupation. An instance of this excluding absence occurred at the house of Molière, where La Fontaine had been invited to meet Descôteaux, a celebrated player on the flute. Descôteaux played, and the guests were in rapture; La Fontaine, however, paid no attention whatever to the artist, and went off as usual into one of his flattering trances. Greatly annoyed at this, Despréaux and Racine attacked him successively, and from joke to joke, proceeded at last to personal and bitter sarcasms. This, in turn, grieved Molière, who was much attached to La Fontaine, and was unwilling to see him sacrificed, even to pacify an insulted celebrity. After supper he called La Fontaine aside, and expressed the deepest concern at his having been so badly treated by his friends, Despréaux and Racine. "Ah, yes," replied La Fontaine, totally misunderstanding the purport of his host's observation, "I am afraid really I was too hard upon them." He then finished quietly another pint of claret, and took his leave in the gayest humour imaginable.

La Fontaine's actions were neither premeditated nor followed up. One half of them appear to have been the pure effect of hazard, and the other suggested, and even dictated, to him by others. It was thus, after his wife had resided for a time in Paris, and ultimately returned to Château Thierry, irreconcilably offended with her husband, that his friends represented to him the un-Christian and dishonouring character of such a separation, and recommended an immediate accommodation. La Fontaine at once, and without a moment's deliberation, started for Château Thierry. On alighting from the diligence, without any delay, and in all honesty of purpose, he went straight to his wife's residence. There the servant, who did not know him, informed him his mistress was gone to vespers. Tired of waiting, La Fontaine strolled off to call on an old friend, who detained him to dinner, and

persuaded him to pass the night. Next morning, after breakfast, charmed with his friend's reception, and glowing with the effects of his unctuous hospitality, he forgot entirely what brought him to Château-Thierry, and returned by the diligence to Paris without in any way accomplishing the object of his journey. On hearing of his surprisingly quick return, his friends pressed round him in a body, anxious to learn the result of his overtures of peace to Madame La Fontaine. "Ah," he replied, "yes"—speaking slowly as if to recall his recollections—"I did call on Madame, but the servant told me she was gone to vespers."

La Fontaine was domineered by his passion for letters to an extent which at times became truly distressing to his real friends. His one muse enthralled his intellectual liberty, and insensibly petrified his heart. He not only laid at her feet his priceless talents, but too often his sense of right, his conscience, and even his paternal charity. The almost incredible story of his forgetting the existence of his only son is too amply corroborated to admit of doubt. Neglected in his education, and left to all the perils of premature emancipation, the youth was rescued and adopted by his father's tried and good friend, the President Harlay. From the moment of his removal, although previously on terms with him of uninterrupted amity, the father forgot the son entirely, and was not known afterwards to inquire for or even to allude to him.

Under such circumstances, and having regard to the father's example, it was deemed advisable to sever the tie completely, and the son was exiled accordingly to the provincial college of Montpellier, where, by privilege, he remained on the foundation till he had completed the compulsory courses, and passed to the faculty of rhetoric. He then travelled during eighteen months with the President's nephew, and was ultimately re-introduced to his father after an absence of between five and six years. The meeting was arranged as a surprise, at the house of a common acquaintance, where the father dined with the son without once recognizing his features or even suspecting his identity. After the son's departure the President asked the father what he thought of the young gentleman who had been their guest at dinner and who had just left them. La Fontaine answered that he thought him modest and distinguished, and, for his age, extremely well informed. "Well, then," said the Presi-

dent, "do you know who it is? It is your own son!" "Ah, indeed," replied La Fontaine, "I am glad to hear it." And with that he dismissed the subject, as of a pleasing incident that had had its turn.

La Fontaine's extreme indifference took at times the form of positive physical insensibility. One morning, Madame de Bouillon, going to Versailles, found him absorbed in a reverie under one of the trees of the Grand Avenue. Returning in the afternoon, she found him on the same spot and almost in the same posture, although the weather was raw and rain had fallen in the interval. Rousing him from his abstraction, she bade him observe that he was blue with cold, and that his garments were all wet. The poet started, and began hurriedly to feel his clothes. Then, as though he feared by so doing he should be thought to express disbelief in a lady's word (he was always exceptionally courteous to ladies), he kept repeating—"Ah! Madame me fait savoir que j'ai froid, et que j'ai la veste toute trempée; c'est très-aimable de la part de Madame."

Another distraction would seem to raise the presumption that La Fontaine was the original of Dominie Sampson. His friend and protectress, Madame de la Sablière, was in the habit of replacing his old garments with new ones, on observing that the former were getting unsightly. The poet, though watched with curiosity, was never observed to notice the change, and it was by no means in his character to affect or simulate. He was one day surprised beyond measure at being jocosely complimented in the street on a magnificent new mantle, which he had no idea was other than the one he wore habitually.

Nothing could be more ingenuous, or even more grotesquely naïf, than his air and manner. His infantine surprise at the simplest novelties that attracted his attention, his wondering look, the embarrassing simplicity of his questions, and sometimes his awkward truthfulness, made him at once the amusement and dread of his acquaintances. His best friends even, were compelled to separate him from his genius, and divide him into two parts—the poet and the automaton. It was thus that Madame Sablière, writing one day to a friend that, in a domestic rage, she had sent off all her servants at once, and jesting from the natural impression created by the poet's ungainly manners and exterior, concluded her account as follows:—"J'ai fait maison nette; je n'ai gardé avec moi que mes trois animaux—mon chien, mon chat, et mon La Fontaine."

On one unpardonable occasion, La Fontaine's blank obliviousness betrayed him, and with him his companions, into an act of absolute indecency. He totally forgot the death of an acquaintance, at whose burial he had assisted only a few days previously. The deceased, by name Stumpff, had been a boon companion of the poet's, and at his board was open hospitality for friend and friend's associates. La Fontaine invited some congenial souls to drop in with him unexpectedly at his friend's at pudding-time, assuring them that an impromptu supper at Stumpff's was no bad feat. On arriving at the house, La Fontaine knocked, and inquired of the porter if the deceased were visible. The porter, astonished at the question, from one whom he knew to have been present at the interment, replied a little moodily — "Why you know, sir, my master has been dead these eight days!" "Eight days!" ejaculated the poet with unfeigned emotion, — "Dear me! I could never have supposed it to be so long."

Instances might be multiplied of a type no less degrading to a mind endowed otherwise with the rarest and most useful gifts; but there is danger, in recording such, of reproducing what may be already familiar to the reader of biographies. It is, moreover, grateful to turn from these humbling traits to those which help the diviner physiognomy of so incomprehensible a genius. One feature above all others redeems the doubtful cast of La Fontaine's moral qualities; when consulted by a friend in trouble, instantaneously, and as if by magic, he rose out of himself, and became at once a sound and valuable counsellor. This would seem to point to an existing foundation of goodness, though deep down, and accessible only to urgent and irrecusable occasions, such, for instance, as the necessities of a friend in trouble. One anecdote, of many, may suffice to illustrate this singular metamorphosis. A young man of his acquaintance, sub-secretary to the receiver-general, had committed a morally venal, but according to the rules of the office, an irremissible delinquency. Despairing of his future, the culprit ran to La Fontaine, hoping more from his childlike intercession than from any diplomatic mediation on the part of interested relations. "Monsieur," said La Fontaine, "that which you ask me to do is not that which will save you. Go at once to your chief; avow all, and disarm him by your candour. Fortunately, you have lost no time thus far; lose none at present; go

quickly to your superior officer, and you may yet crave all the merit of a timely confidence." Observing the young man to hesitate, La Fontaine rose from his seat, seized him by the arm, and there and thence conducted him to the receiver's residence. Knocking at the door himself, he pushed the young man inside, and whispered he should wait for him in the street. In less than an hour the happy postulant returned, radiant with expansion, and overwhelming his adviser with acknowledgments. He had received, he said, a painful lesson, but, at the same time, a pardon, on possible and humane conditions.

La Fontaine was never known to answer criticism, nor even to justify his views to his most familiar friends. Once only, on the instigation of others, he took literary vengeance; but even of that one exception he repented, and offered voluntary reparation. Lulli, the celebrated Florentine composer, once took it into his head to get from him an opera. The undertaking was by no means to La Fontaine's taste, but he yielded at length to Lulli's cajoling ways and princely promises. The engagement being made, the composer exacted its immediate commencement and undeviating continuance. From the moment he began, the poor poet had no peace; late and early Lulli was at his elbow, ardent, busy, and impatient. Each day he brought back sheets for alteration, changing his mind incessantly, and wearying the poet's patience with unconscionable requisitions.

At last, after four months' persecution, the opera was finished and approved. Then, suddenly, without a word of explanation, Lulli abandoned both La Fontaine and his opera, and adopted instead the *Alceste* of Quinault, which he subsequently set to music, and which was eventually played at court before the royal assemblage at St. Germain. La Fontaine declined to resort for redress to legal proceedings, although, in addition to his claim for labour done, he had critics of established credit to attest the literary value of his work. His friends endeavoured to proceed without him, but he positively refused to sign the power required to enable the procurator to act in his name. In the end, however, he allowed himself to be persuaded that satisfaction was due to his friends, and, to appease their indignation, he composed his pithy satire of "*Le Florentin*," in which he alludes to Lulli's bad treatment of him in terms quite touching from their pathetic simplicity. Rendered verbatim, the words run as follows:—

"He made me work long for him —
 He came, awakening a child of the nine sisters,
 A grey-bearded child, who should not have
 been his dupe:
 He was nevertheless, and will be ever dupe —
 One more such deceiver, and I shall be broken
 in my old age."

The piece had vogue at court, and Lulli felt keenly the reprobation it exposed him to. La Fontaine received the congratulations of his friends on the success of his diatribe, but they had on him the contrary effect to that intended. He felt for Lulli, and soon afterwards expressed his feeling in one of his epistles to Madame de Thanges. After excusing himself with great good taste and dignity, he speaks thus of his advisers:—

"Counsels! and whose? of the public;
 That is to say, the town, the court;
 All sorts of characters; the friend and the in-
 different;
 Such urged me to employ what little bile I
 had.
 None could suffer that insult to my fame.
 Did I deserve it? They say not."

La Fontaine was loved and esteemed by his colleagues at the Academy, amongst whom he moved and conversed with that candour and urbanity, which, when not natural, can neither be affected nor acquired. Simple, sweet-tempered, ingenuous, and sincere, he never had with one of them the smallest word of altercation or slightest shadow of misunderstanding; and even when the academician Furetière had proved himself unworthy to retain his seat, La Fontaine could not bring himself to aid in his expulsion, and he accordingly determined to support him to the extent of his influence. The voices were in the majority hostile, and the final test was demanded by the president. La Fontaine adhered to his purpose, but was unfortunately overtaken by one of his ordinary distractions at the moment of going to the ballot, and deliberately placed his ball in the wrong compartment of the urn. This added a vote to the heavy list of "noes" already accumulated, and the offending member was expelled. Furetière is said to have never forgiven what he spitefully described as La Fontaine's bestial indolence and wilful abandonment of self-command.

Madame de la Sablière died suddenly, and without carrying into execution the testamentary intentions, she was known to have for La Fontaine. At her decease the poor poet found himself in sadly altered circumstances. For many years he

had existed in unconscious ease, with every commodity appearing unbidden before him, and spoilt by a too thoughtful and indulgent patroness. He had grown old in ignorance of the pains of procuring a subsistence, or of the cost of life in any shape. After floundering through a few months of helpless discomfort, wronged by his domestics, and mystified by the simplest transactions of daily commerce, he began to fall into discouragement, and at last thought seriously, though much against his inclination, of closing with an invitation, lately made to him by his literary admirers in London, to pass over to Great Britain, and accomplish his decline in exile.

Just then he heard with joy of the return to Paris from abroad of his old friend Gaspard d'Hervart, who, after Madame de la Sablière, had ever been his warmest and most constant supporter. Without hesitation, or giving a thought to those considerations of propriety which arrest the wills of ordinary mortals, La Fontaine decided at once on finishing his days with his privileged though unconsulted friend. Whilst making his preparations for departure, the door opened, and D'Hervart entered the room. His first visit was for his dear old friend the poet, and he came, though still incommoded by the effects of a trying journey. After the first greeting, he hastened to say that he came expressly to invite La Fontaine to come and remain at his house as a permanent and honoured inmate — "*Oh, I was going to,*" replied La Fontaine with simplicity, at the same time remarking gaily how singularly happy it was that his friend and he should have hit precisely on the same idea. "True," said D'Hervart; "but as you were coming to me of your own accord, I grieve to have invited you. I have lost that touching proof of your confidence in my affection."

Towards the end of 1692 La Fontaine fell dangerously ill. Up to that period he had lived in perfect unconcern as to all that regarded the life to come. The natural law directed his untroubled heart; and, as he afterwards confessed, he had never even experienced the intellectual curiosity inspired in many minds by the suspicion of a spiritual accountability. On hearing of his illness, the curé of St. Roch despatched to him the père Poujet, vicar of the parish, and a man better fitted than himself for the delicate mission to be accomplished. To remove all suspicion as to the object of his visit, the père Poujet went accompanied by Ernest Lillan, an old friend of the poet's; and, as to himself, he was able to

use the name of his own father, also a friend of the poet's, and who desired to have news of his health. After the politeness of usage, the priest insensibly led the conversation to subjects of religion, discoursing on the proofs acquired both from natural and revealed resources, and designedly addressing his remarks exclusively to Ernest Lilian. La Fontaine listened at first with the indifferent attention paid usually to matters in which the listener claims no concern, till, hearing mention made of the New Testament, he exclaimed with his usual *naïveté*,—"The New Testament! Ah, yes; some years ago I read the New Testament, and I can assure you it is a very good book." Attracted further, he described his impressions; and remarked, amongst other things, that the doctrine of eternal pains appeared to him inconsistent with the alleged goodness of the Creator. Challenged thus on his own territory, the priest was enabled to dissert with sanction, and succeeded, one by one, in satisfying the poet's objections. He then discreetly took his departure, leaving Lilian alone with his friend, to ascertain and report on the result of the conversation. The report was favourable, and the priest was encouraged to return. La Fontaine grew, first attentive, then anxious, and finally eager. By degrees the priest increased the number of his visits, till he ended by attending regularly twice a day. He afterwards declared to the curé he had never administered so docile and truth-seeking a penitent. His great difficulty had been to reconcile with the completeness of the Redeemer's atonement, the prescriptions of the dogma in regard to exterior mortification. It is not the place here to inquire by what argument the priest succeeded in establishing that doctrine; it is certain the poet accepted it; for at his death, which occurred two years afterwards, on undressing the corpse for the usual mortuary preparation, it was found to be covered with a hair shirt.

The surrender of his heart also cost the poet a struggle, though he ultimately made it unreservedly; and, to the complete satisfaction of his confessor. As a condition of the viaticum, the priest exacted an authentic recantation of the *Contes*, with a formal expression of his sorrow for having edited so immoral a publication. The poet meekly urged that the writing of the *Contes* had not in any way stirred his own evil passions, and that he therefore hoped the reading of them might not stir those of others. Such reasoning, however, soon gave way before the earnest eloquence of

the père Poujet, and the paper was duly signed and published in the form desired.

Far harder was the internal strife with respect to his darling comedy. The piece was unpublished, and was his last and, according to his own judgment, his best theatrical production. The priest condemned it, no less than the *Contes*, as being hostile to pure morality, and demanded its sacrifice as an offering of expiation. The poet sighed, and thought the sentence too severe; but the priest declared sternly he must decide between God and Mammon. The only concession possible was that due to the admitted sincerity of the poet's own opinion of his work; and, to meet this, it was agreed to submit the question, as one of simple casuistry, to a committee of Doctors of the Sorbonne.

The submission was made, and the decision was in condemnation of the comedy. La Fontaine thereupon burnt it, without retaining sketch or copy; and, as the text of the manuscript remained an official confidence with the members of the committee, the subject never transpired, and the name itself remains unknown.

The père Poujet relates that in his privileged work of evangelizing the great La Fontaine, he encountered a formidable adversary in a somewhat insignificant personage. This was no other than the nurse. As did all serving inferiors who were brought into immediate contact with the poet, she treated him as an infant incapable of self-direction. She talked of him aloud before his friends, rebuked him if he spoke out of season, and flattered or pooh-poohed him at discretion. She usually took his part against the priest, whom she considered too hard on his infirmities; and on one occasion she suddenly interrupted the discussion with an exclamation of impatience: "Eh! ne le tourmentez donc pas tant, Monsieur l'Abbé; il est plus bête que méchant!"

But the chief danger of the nurse's influence lay in her constant counteraction of the abbe's teaching. She was ever soothing the patient with illusory consolation, and misleading his truthful spirit with ignorant conclusions. In vain the priest confounded her perversity before the patient; she as openly rebuked his hardness, and insisted on the saving merits of La Fontaine's harmless life. One morning, regarding the recumbent poet with compassion, she exclaimed, as the père Poujet was taking his departure;—"Say what you will, Monsieur l'Abbé, the Almighty will never have the courage to damn that man."

La Fontaine died 13th March, 1695, in his seventy-eighth year, and was buried, side by side with Molière, in the parish churchyard of St. Joseph. His death took place at the residence of his friend D'Hervart, whose widow took pride in showing the room the poet died in, as at Rome the death-chamber of Cicero was formerly exhibited to strangers.

To review the fables of La Fontaine would, in the present day, be at once presumptuous and superfluous. The judgments passed on them are so numerous and united that an approving critique might almost be selected for each fable. Apologists have been even found for his negligences, to which designs have been attributed with more or less probability. He is supposed, for instance, to have feigned inadvertence to evade the political sense inferable from certain courtly innuendos, and in those days of bondage it is not impossible that such may have been his prudent artifice.

Of the whole collection, "La Chêne et le Roseau," is admitted to be the most remarkable for sublime simplicity. The most striking portrait of injustice and depravity is drawn in the various attitudes of the beasts in council in "Les Animaux Malades de la Peste." The "Singe dans Paris" is the one exception to the habitual mildness and good-nature of La Fontaine's muse. Its caustic sarcasm draws blood, and would seem to be unaccountable from any known or imputable incentive. "Le Renard Anglais" exposed the author to the reproach of paying servile court to the English; it would seem rather to have been the homage of a particular gratitude offered, and unquestionably due, to his friend and bene-

factress, Elizabeth Montague. In the well-known fable of "La Cigale et la Fourmi" originated an error, which, from edition to edition, has been perpetuated to the present day. The *cigale* having in one of the original woodcuts been erroneously represented as a grasshopper, the early translators so rendered the word in the English editions, and this rendering appears to have been adopted without protest in all the subsequent reproductions. The result has been to mislead many. No student, having before his eyes an unmistakable grasshopper, thinks it needful to look further for a satisfactory translation; consequently, the error becomes maintained in permanence, or until redressed in actual conversation with some French peasant who, with grasshoppers by thousands at his feet, "N'a jamais entendu parler d'une *cigale*." Instead of the "Ant and the Grasshopper," it should be the "Ant and the *Cicala*." The *cicala* is a winged insect, having nothing in common with the grasshopper; it lives chiefly amongst the foliage of the trees, and sings, or rather sounds, all summer through, precisely as the poet represents it in the fable. An analogous error may be traced to the erroneous French rendering of the title of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." The French are naturally puzzled to reconcile *vicaire*, the term employed to render *vicar*, with the rank assigned in the novel to Dr. Primrose; whilst the English might be led to suppose that *vicaire* and *vicar* were synonymous terms. Correctly rendered, the title would be, not "Le *Vicaire*," but "Le *Curé* de Wakefield;" the word *vicar* being in French *curé*; and *vicaire* being in English *curate*.

None can thoroughly estimate his or her failure in life, because the greatest failures must always be totally unknown to the failing persons themselves. This may appear an unwarrantable saying, but I am persuaded the more you think about it, the more truth you will perceive in it. Not to have loved, or not to have been loved, is perhaps the greatest failure that can have happened to man or woman. Poverty, shame, and disgrace are nothing to it. Yet the person who has never loved, or who has never been loved, cannot realize what a loss he or she has had, and how the life has been a failure.

Now the foregoing has regard to external circumstances; for to love, or to be loved, requires another person.

But perhaps the aphorism may be more ade-

quately illustrated by something which concerns the character and nature of the failing person, himself or herself. For example, there is an unspeakable joy and delight in reverencing; but the person who has never had the felicity of paying reverence to any other being, does not know what he or she has lost. Again, the person, who has never had religious aspirations, cannot know what he or she has lost, in not having had that which is the supreme consolation in this world.

Numberless illustrations might be added to those which have been already given. And they would all tend to show that the greatest failures in any man's or woman's life are those of which he or she is totally unconscious.

Arthur Helps.

From Saint Pauls Magazine.
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS.

PART I.

It was very generally said of the Dowager Countess of Dangerfield that she was no longer the woman she had been. This did not mean simply that her youth and beauty had departed; because, as a matter of fact, her ladyship had not been at all good-looking for many a day. But of late her friends agreed that she was much "shaken,"—some preferring the term "broken." It was true enough, they conceded, that she was still erect as a grenadier, almost as tall, quite as fierce and formidable of presence; and, dressed in her favourite flame-coloured damask gown, its facings, robings, and white satin petticoat thickly embroidered with gold braid,—her head freshly curled and powdered and fully crowned with jewels, flowers, and feathers,—her eyebrows heavily blackened, and a thick coat of white and red paint screening her face and filling up the many crevices and creases in its surface,—she looked, altogether, much as she had looked any time during a score or more of years; but, so observers pronounced, she was manifestly changed nevertheless. Her voice,—still a bass organ of power and volume,—was less securely under her command than of old; less firm and prompt in its delivery, with an inclination to falter and flatten about certain of its notes. Her speech had lost much of the acrid vehemence which had once distinguished it. She had formerly indeed been noted for a peculiar savageness of sentiment, and for the exceeding strength of the language in which she had been wont to give this expression. To say simply that she swore would not adequately convey an idea of her special method of enunciation, because in the Countess's day ladies of quality were accustomed to season their conversation more or less abundantly with oaths. But she swore greatly in excess of the privileges of fashion,—as constantly and terribly, sooth to say, as "our army in Flanders" had lately been in the habit of swearing. Her diction was now found to be restrained within tolerably decorous limits, however, and her manner had become almost staid in comparison with the turbulence that had once characterized it. She had even been known,—not to smile certainly, but to relax for a moment the habitual rigour of her frown, and to ease her ordinarily severe rule over her facial muscles. The result had been somewhat grim and forbidding, considered in rela-

tion to amiability of aspect as it is generally understood, but yet had about it a certain quality that was of value if only because of its newness. Any variation in Lady Dangerfield's expression of countenance could hardly have been for the worse; and a look that was removed but a very little from the malign and the terrible, had in her case the preciousness as of startling novelty.

But this change in the Dowager Countess being clear, that it was rather the achievement of circumstances she had been unable to control, than the result of voluntary action of her own in the matter, was not less obvious. She had the air of one who had fought against alteration, and had ultimately been constrained to succumb to it. She was at times nervous and restless,—deficient in her old prompt presence of mind and steady self-command. She wore an abstracted, now and then, almost a scared, bewildered look. Much of this might perhaps fairly have been attributed to her advanced age; for she was not merely an old woman,—she was a very old woman. Yet people resolutely declined to accept that plausible explanation of the change in her ladyship. They seemed to regard her as quite impervious to the attacks of time. They maintained that she was as well as she had ever been; and certainly she had hardly known a day's illness in the whole course of her life. They derided the notion of her yielding to age, and, pointing to her gaunt frame and muscular and somewhat masculine proportions, demanded if she looked like a woman who was weakened under the weight of her years? Undoubtedly she did not look such a woman. Still, as the Rev. Mr. Bramston had then quite recently been singing—

"All sublunary things of death partake;
What alteration does a century make!
Kings and comedians all are mortal found,
Cæsar and Pinkethman are under ground.
What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?"

No one presumed to think, and probably no one felt so well disposed towards her as to hope, that Lady Dangerfield would prove more immortal than her neighbours.

How then was the change to be accounted for, and from when did it date? It was not easy to say. But close inspectors were frequently alleging that the Countess had never been herself, as they phrased it, since one fine evening when her chariot

had been stopped in Piccadilly, and she had been bidden by a masked and mounted highwayman to stand and deliver. She had, it was said, met the outrage with her constitutional fortitude,—had even offered some show of resistance: but the pressure of the cold muzzle of a horse-pistol upon her ladyship's hollow and rouged right cheek had convinced her of the imperative necessity of yielding to the malefactor's demand, and she had straightway abandoned to him her jewels, purse, and watch. Her grand-daughter, Lady Barbara Dangerfield, had sat beside her in the carriage, and had fainted incontinently upon the appearance of the robber. He had snatched from her the fashionable complication of velvet, lace, and flowers, called a "pompon," which she wore to decorate her head; but otherwise he had left the young lady unmolesed, and had ridden off, it was stated, laughing aloud and displaying much levity of manner, before any attempt could be made to hinder his departure. Probably the show of alacrity on the part of passers-by in the way of arresting so daring a felon was of an inconsiderable kind,—until he was fairly out of sight, and danger from his pistols had entirely ceased. Then no doubt desire for his capture and anxiety to grapple with him were loudly expressed, and of a particularly urgent character.

Naturally this disaster had been a shock to the Dowager Countess. Not that the loss of property could have greatly grieved her; for her wealth was almost without bounds, and she could fairly have afforded, if that was the only question involved, to be plundered by footpads once a week, or even oftener. And indeed, in the instance under mention, her ladyship, as it happened, really incurred no loss; for on the morning after the robbery there was left at her mansion, in St. James's Square, a sealed packet containing every item of the valuables of which she had been dispossessed but a few hours previously. No explanation was given of the motives that had induced this strange proceeding. It was left for conjecture to determine as to whether sudden contrition had moved the thief to this seemingly step, or whether some unknown friend of her ladyship's, by a subtle course of action, had compelled restitution of the plunder. The thing was indeed mysterious and inexplicable. One article only was not restored; but that was of but trifling value. It was the "pompon" snatched by the highwayman from the head of the youthful Lady Barbara when she fainted.

The fact remained, however, that a lady of very exalted position had been subjected to grave indignity. But was this enough to account for the change the world had noted in the Dowager Countess? She had been credited with the possession of most manly intrepidity. It had been said of her that she feared simply nothing and no one. She came of the Brabazon family, long famed for the audacity, almost the ferocity, of its scions of either sex. It was not readily to be believed that a daughter of that truculent and combative house would be greatly moved, much less would be vitally altered, by the poor fact that the iron ring of a pistol-barrel had chilled for a moment her august countenance, even though the other end of the weapon had been grasped by the unscrupulous hand of a highwayman. The really great,—and who was really great if the Dowager Countess of Dangerfield was not?—were hardly to be permanently affected by such small matters. Besides, outrages of this kind, to the disgrace of the authorities, had become common at this time. A long series of disastrous campaigns had been followed by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and a peace which, notwithstanding the fireworks and rejoicings and re-animation of trade it brought with it, many classes averred to be worse than a state of war; for the country was now flooded with disbanded soldiers and sailors, who from lack of occupation turned highwaymen and footpads in alarming numbers. Society had come to be afraid of stirring out after dark. So many persons of distinction had been robbed in the streets that a reward of one hundred pounds was offered in the "London Gazette" for the apprehension of any robber. Lady Albemarle, the sister of the Duke of Richmond, had been plundered of her watch and purse by nine assailants, at dusk, in so public a thoroughfare as Great Russell Street; and Mr. Horace Walpole, while sitting in his chariot in Hyde Park, had been attacked and robbed by highwaymen, narrowly escaping with his life,—a pistol-shot had even scarified his distinguished jaw-bone! It was quite certain that the Dowager Countess had suffered in very excellent company. Her case, however to be deplored, was by no means exceptional. Could it be regarded, then, as a satisfactory explanation of the change in her ladyship?

Let us record that in other respects there were signal peculiarities marking the period. Society is subject every now and then to a kind of nervous disorder or

hysterical seizure. The community reflects indeed, sometimes as in a magnifying mirror, the diagnostics of the individual.

Now we all know, without needing to see a physician for the information, that there are many infirmities afflicting human nature which originate in, or are greatly attributable to, the follies and the errors of the sufferer. An irregular course of life, a persistent disregard of hygienic considerations, results in this or that form of malady. We make ourselves ill, in point of fact, of our own accord. We set down certain rows of figures under each other, and then are startled because when we come to add them up they amount to such and such a total. "You seek me," the doctor would tell us, if he could afford to be frank, "because you have tampered with your constitutions, trifled with your stomachs, impaired your digestions, upset your nervous systems. Patients, heal yourselves! Alter your lives and mend your ways!"

A century back from now, — more, a hundred and twenty years ago, let us say, — society had been behaving very dreadfully indeed. It had proceeded from excess to excess; it had carried on a protracted career of dissoluteness; its frailties and wantonness knew no bounds. It was in a state of fever; its nervous organization was morbidly exacerbated; its reason was menaced; and indeed it verged upon delirium. It was in so highly wrought a condition, while it was yet so enervated and exhausted, that it was ready to scream at the upholding of a finger, to swoon at the explosion of a cracker.

Moreover, while society was thus, as it were, open at every pore, and peculiarly receptive of the slightest influences, there was something strange in the air, "breathing contagion." There had been no winter; that is to say, no frost, no cold winds even. For eight months the weather had been unnaturally hot. Honeysuckles had flowered in December, and the nectarine trees were in bloom at Christmas. The world was at a loss to account for the curious clemency of the season. Mr. Walpole retreated to Strawberry Hill in February, "for air:" he could not breathe in town. People whispered to each other that Sir Isaac Newton had foretold a great change in the English climate as likely to occur about the middle of the eighteenth century, and had expressed a wish that he could live to see it. It was a pre-scientific epoch, so that there was no accounting for the weather by any allusions to the Gulf

Stream. "The pleasant Horace," as Miss Hannah More was by-and-by to designate him, — the good lady, of course, did not hear all Mr. Walpole said, and was without our opportunity of reading all he wrote, — was content with the fanciful explanation that "Jupiter had jogged the earth three degrees nearer to the sun." Meanwhile a troubled mob averred that there had appeared in the heavens "a bloody cloud," — portentous of all kinds of dire catastrophes. — It was probably the Aurora Borealis, but there was a general disposition to consider it something more awfully phenomenal. — Then, early in the year, the country had been shaken by a storm unprecedented in point of violence, and attended by grave calamities. In the western counties, where it had chiefly raged, the prolonged tempest of wind, hail, and rain had overwhelmed the inhabitants with fear and consternation, and devastated property to an alarming extent. In the world of politics, the peace notwithstanding, a feeling of uneasiness was manifest, the more serious perhaps because of its vagueness and the absence of any palpable reason for it. A sort of undercurrent of alarm touching the designs of the Pretender was discernible, however: although the rising of '45 had been ruthlessly quelled, and the rebel lords had duly suffered on Tower Hill. Gossips rumoured that the Young Chevalier had even been seen in London. This could hardly have been true though, like a good many other falsehoods, it was perhaps only anticipatory of fact — for King James's grandson was certainly to be present in town a little later. Yet, in spite of all these agitating causes, — or, it may be, in part, because of them, — society continued to whirl in a desperate vortex of dissipation. Gambling had become an all-dominant mania. Gentlemen of fashion went hunting even with dice in their pockets, so that in the event of "a check," or the hounds not finding, they might "throw a main" by the covert side, to while away the time, and, so to say, keep the game alive. Nor were the gentler sex less absorbed by passion for play. They were even apt, now and then, to risk upon the turn of a card, or the cast of the die other matters, that should have been infinitely more valued by them than their money: as Hogarth's famous picture, "The Lady's Last Stake," with its portrait of Miss Salisbury, afterwards Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Piozzi, so forcibly testifies. "The quality," male and female, in ecstatic swarms, filled ridottos and masquerades at

which the wildest license prevailed, and the strangest fashions in dress and undress found favour. It had almost become the vogue at these festal assemblies to reverse ordinary rules of attire—to mask the face and uncover the rest of the body. Flesh-coloured silk was in great demand, and abandonment of drapery was general. The satiric journals advertised on sale or hire, “naked dresses in imitation of the skin.” In short, it had come to this: in order to rise to the height of fashion, it was only necessary to sink to the depths of impropriety.

No wonder Methodism began to lift up its voice, denouncing the iniquity of the period, while various prophets foretold the coming of much solemn trial and trouble upon the land by reason of its iniquity. But, as yet, the preachers and seers had wrought little amendment. The quality continued their desperate course,—apparently little distressed at their situation,—shattered somewhat in regard to nervous system, but scarcely meditating reform of a plenary kind as to mode of life.

It is probable that the change in the Dowager Countess of Dangerfield, which her friends had been so careful to note, was attributable rather to the general influences at work around her, taken in combination, than to any one of these considered separately and distinct from its fellow signs of the times. And the fact that she was not the woman she had been, although admitted, must not be strained to signify too much. It is to be understood that however “shaken,” or even “broken,” her ladyship still held her own in the realms of fashion: was ever to be seen in the van of the follies and dissipations of her time.

II.

THE Dowager Countess was holding high revel, giving a grand “rout” at her town mansion in St. James’s Square. The night was turned into day. The neighbourhood was all a-glow with the quivering flames of links, the gleams of lanthorns, the mellow light of oil-lamps. A splendid crowd was gathering thither, choking the way. There was a wonderful tangle of vehicles; the hubbub was tremendous; the confusion seemed inextricable. Coachmen lashed and swore; link-boys yelled shrilly; horses’ hoofs clanged and clattered; wheels rumbled and grated and locked; running footmen, bearing wax flambeaux, pushed and struggled to clear a path for their masters; chair-porters squabbled and fought. From afar could be heard the

thundering over the boulder-paved roadways of the approaching coaches, rich in crusted gilt decorations and finely coloured panels, yet swinging and rocking so terribly on their course that there seemed danger every moment of the drivers being hurled from the fringed and tasselled hamercloths, and of the occupants within being shaken to pieces by the exceeding violence of their transit. Sedans, in long lines, were to be seen advancing from all quarters, bounding elastically up and down as they came, with the practised half-running, half-walking gait of their porters, and centring in an inconvenient cluster at Lady Dangerfield’s door. As the night advanced the endless stream of guests seemed to strengthen and thicken more and more.

There had been a grand dinner party at three o’clock in the afternoon; the fare of a substantial kind enough,—somewhat coarse, perhaps, from a modern point of view. But people of quality were then content to regale themselves with beef-steaks, rabbit and onions, collared pig, pickled salmon, venison pasty, apple pie, orange butter and Dutch cheese, washed down with strong ale, punch, and usquebaugh: the feast being crowned with choicer liquors, such as tokay, champagne, burgundy, and Florence wine. It was hardly surprising that upon many of the faces of the Countess’s guests there was perceptible a roscate flush of overfeeding, that rendered rouge quite a superfluous adornment. Nevertheless, fucus, in thick coats, had been plastered upon the cheeks of most of the company present.

The entrance-hall and staircase were lined with flowers and shrubs, and lighted with coloured lamps. It was quite “a baby-Vauxhall,” every one declared. In the centre of the vestibule leading to the grand withdrawing-room stood large alabaster vases, with wax candles burning within,—“a mighty pretty effect,” it was universally agreed. The spacious saloons were hung with Indian painted taffeta; stacks of valuable china, ranged on Japan cabinets, filled the corners of the rooms. Central chandeliers of bronze and cut-glass were suspended from the painted ceilings, and convex mirrors on the walls reflected and multiplied the light of the candles in the sconces. Still, it must be admitted, the general scheme of illuminations was not of a very ample kind. In those days, gas, and argand, and sun-burners, and modcrator lamps, and other corresponding contrivances were not; and people perforce were content, even on the grandest occa-

sions, with a dimness and gloom that would now be deemed very intolerable indeed. But if the background was somewhat lustreless, the foreground figures were sufficiently splendid. Sumptuousness of apparel was the vogue. The crow rules our modern method of costume; but the peacock then prevailed. And Lady Dangerfield's guests were as radiant and magnificent as white and scarlet paint, diamonds, feathers, lace, gold and silver embroidery, velvets, silks, and satins, and all the hues of the rainbow, could make them.

"Gracious powers, was there ever such a crush!" exclaimed one lady of quality to another. "My new silk sack has been nearly torn from my shoulders, and my lace is all tatters. These dreadful hoops!"

"They're the mode, my dear, and one may as well be in one's coffin as out of the fashion. We're all like blown bladders to-day; next month I don't doubt we shall all be stalking about as thin as thread papers."

For the moment square or oblong hoops were the only wear, and the caricaturists of the period, — who had their hands very full of subjects, — ventured to compare the ladies who followed the fashion to donkeys bearing panniers. Indeed, the wicker protuberances which women then wore on either side were of amazing size, and fully deserved the scoffs and censures of the satirists. The men also delighted in amplitude of dress, and the skirts of their coats were lined with buckram or stiffened with whalebone, so as to project from the figure in graceless lines enough. By way of curious contrast to this fashion, very small wigs, fitting closely to the head, were the mode, and the ladies' caps were of flat form, and extremely diminutive size. The fashionable hair-powder was of a bluish-grey colour.

"It's a mercy I'm here alive," quoth Lady Betty Laxford, laughing and panting. She was a florid, exuberant beauty of the Bacchante type, lavish in display of neck. "My louts of chairmen turned me topsyturvy, and I 'saw London,' as the children say when you hold them head downwards. I thought I should never come right again, I was so bundled up in my coats, and frightened out of my senses with the crash of broken glass. People couldn't even see how I was blushing, and I hardly know now whether I'm on my head or my heels. I really thought the end of the world was come. The oddest feeling, my dear! I screamed and laughed and cried and fainted, all at once. That is, I should have fainted, only I felt I was in a frightful

pickle, and I didn't know who might be looking at me. It's no good fainting when your hoops are over your head, you know, I boxed one rude fellow's ears for laughing, and then I gained the door, with the loss of my fan and half my ribbons. Where's the dear Countess? What a world of company! And where are the card-tables? What would I give for a glass of negus, or a taste of ratifia!"

Her ladyship gathered together her tumbled train of rose-coloured paduasoy, embroidered with festoons of vine-leaves and corn-flowers, and pushed her way through the thronged rooms.

"Odslife! what a crowd," she said. "I shall be stripped of my clothes, and go home like a naked creature, I'm sure I shall. Plague on the men, how they keep pegging down one's sack with their ugly heels! I'd better have come dressed like Mother Eve at first. Harry Brabazon, you good soul, give me an arm and take me to a safe corner."

"I had the pleasure of seeing your ladyship at the door, and the pain of being unable to render any assistance. I was so hemmed in by the crowd. I trust your ladyship was not hurt?"

"Is my ladyship a pancake, that I'm to be turned over like that and not hurt, sir? You were looking on, were you? You're a wretch to tell me of it! You couldn't help me for grinning, I'll be bound. And you're laughing at me now in your sleeve, you know you are. As I'm a person, I shall never give over blushing for this night's mishap!"

The gentleman addressed as Harry Brabazon wore the uniform, — scarlet, with blue facings corded with gold, — of a captain in the King's Guards. He carried under his arm a large military cocked hat called a Kevenhuller, edged with gold lace, and decorated with the black Hanoverian cockade. He was of elegant figure and bearing, with a handsome face, — "a black man," as complexions were then accounted, the meaning being, not that he was a negro, but that his skin was of a dark hue, — a trifle worn, perhaps, by late hours and loose living: for he followed the reckless fashions of his time. A younger son, related to the family of the Dowager Countess of Dangerfield, he was said to have in great part exhausted his small patrimony at the hazard-table. At the same time he was reputed to be a gallant officer, and to have served with distinction under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and other commanders.

"I won't detain you longer, Captain,"

Lady Betty said presently. "I'm better now. I've got my breath again, — almost. And I know you're mad to be off dancing with that pretty Bab Dangerfield."

"Can Lady Betty imagine —"

"Yes. Lady Betty knows all about it. I've been turned up like an hour-glass, but things are shaking gradually into their right places again, and I'm not so giddy as you think me, perhaps. You're playing a dangerous game, Captain Brabazon. You think you can carry off Bab from under the very eyes of that she-dragon of an old countess. You'll find it none so easy, let me tell you. I wouldn't mind helping you if I could, and if I dared. Bless the man, how his great black eyes gleam at me! Only gratitude, I suppose, though it looks for all the world like love. Let go my hand, Harry. She's too good for you, sir. You've modesty enough to know that, I suppose, if you've any modesty at all. I don't believe men even know what the word means. We're all too good for you, that's the fact. And Bab's the sweetest, dearest, little body living. To think of her being handed over to the tender mercies of a great swaggering captain of the guards! Much worse couldn't happen to her if the town were to be taken and sacked by the Pretender and the French. There, go! I'll find my way to the card-room by myself. One last word, — 'Ware the Countess!'"

"She hates me, I know."

"Why shouldn't she? Ain't you her relation? Do you expect her to love you? Do you think you're the sort of creature to be loved by her, — or by any one?"

"Well, I don't know, Lady Betty; a man can but try his luck, you see."

"Luck, indeed! Do you think love's a mere gambling matter?"

"Well, — one stakes one's heart, you know. Can one venture more? I would if I could, — if I'd anything more or better to venture."

"Your heart! Are you sure you've got such a thing about you? A mere lump of pumice-stone, that can feel nothing and hold nothing. And you think yourself worthy of Bab Dangerfield!"

"I never said that, Lady Betty. One may love, I suppose, and yet be unworthy to possess that one loves. My hopes have hardly dared mount so high yet. I dare say I'm all you say I am, Lady Betty. Yet if I can win my cousin Bab, be sure I will. For deserving her, that's quite another matter. But I'm fond of my own way, — and I've a knack of getting it, at odd times; and I've a pretty stout arm —"

"None of your desperado airs with me, sir. You can break a lamp, bully a constable, or bam a justice with any blood in the liberties of Westminster, I don't doubt. But do you think you can clear a path to a woman's heart by means of ever so stout an arm? Is a girl of spirit to yield to mere brute force? Do you take Bab for one of those wretched Scotch folks you cut the throats of after Culloden? Don't scowl so, Harry. You don't know how it tempts one to tease you. I like you, — there. Can I say anything prettier than that? And, — I'll get the old Countess down to cards presently. Will that do? I really believe I'm an angel by rights, — only somehow my wings got shaken off when my chair upset, and left me mortal after all."

III.

YOUTHFUL little Lady Barbara Dangerfield, in her white damask gown, a blush-rose in her tucker, and a black velvet ribbon secured by a diamond buckle round her pearly, slender neck, certainly looked a very pretty, dainty creature indeed. Mr. Reynolds would have taken real delight in limning her ladyship's sweet face, and would have done as much in his very best manner at the moderate charge of some twelve guineas or so; for, at the time of which we are writing, England's greatest painter was little known or prized by the London world of fashion. Lady Barbara had large, steady, deep blue eyes, coral-red lips of most perfect form, and a pleasant, unconscious sauciness about the trim outline of her nose and chin. Her auburn hair fell in profuse coils upon her satin shoulders, though its golden-russet glories of hue were cruelly masked by the pomatum and powder with which it was caked. Her tightly-laced, unyielding, cylindrical corset hindered somewhat the free movement of her lithe figure, cramping too its undulating graces of contour. Yet youth and beauty and natural charm fought a good fight against the restrictions and compulsions of fashion in attire, and, upon the whole, held their own very thoroughly. Her animation fairly kindled by the excitement of her first ball, her glances lit up and her cheeks flushed by the witcheries of the music and the dance, she was, if not the most striking or commanding, without doubt the prettiest woman beneath her grandmamma's roof on the night of the grand rout.

"I'm not to dance with you, Harry. I'm not to speak to you," said Lady Bar-

bara, with a frightened look, as Captain Brabazon approached her.

"I know I'm a dreadful ogre," said the Captain. "Yet you don't think so very ill of me, do you, Bab?"

"Indeed not, — but my grandmother —"

"My great aunt hates me like the, — well, like poison. I don't suppose she does hate the other person I was going to mention so very much after all. Yet I must speak to thee, Bab."

"Indeed Harry —"

"The Countess has only forbidden your speaking to me. She can't help my speaking to you, can she? You need not answer, you know, Bab, unless you like; and then you can do it with your eyes. That won't be disobeying orders, will it, Bab? You're not forbidden to look at me, are you? And your looks say more than the tongues of all the rest of the people in the room put together, to my thinking, and talk a prettier language, — not that that's saying so much after all."

"You know, Harry, that it is not my wish that we should be other than friends."

"We are friends, Bab, and we will be friends, — that at least, though all the grandmothers in the world say us nay. How pretty you look, my child, to night! Quite good to eat, I protest. But that is an ogre's speech." And the Captain laughs, showing his white teeth, and looking a very happy, and fond and good-natured sort of ogre.

"You'll dance a minuet with me?" he asked.

"I should like to," says Bab simply, "but I dare not."

"Presently, I mean. When her ladyship's at cards. She'll forget everything, even you, Bab, when she's fairly snared by the red and black pips. May she hold every king in the pack! She's never tired of playing while the luck's on her side. But that's a common case."

"I shall be seen talking to you, — and how I shall be scolded!" Bab's childish air of distress, as she glanced timorously about her, was very charming.

"Step into the balcony, — there's no one looking."

They entered a sort of artificial bower, veiled with gauze curtains, and lined with shrubs and flowers, and dimly lit with small lamps in coloured glasses.

"The ball-room was terribly hot," said Bab presently, reconciling herself to what she knew would be judged as highly improper and disobedient by the Dowager

Countess. "I vow it's quite cool and pleasant here. What's that? Lightning?" She gave a little scream.

"Don't be frightened, Bab. It won't hurt you. What could hurt you? Sweet, good little soul that you are."

"Will there be a storm, do you think, Harry?"

"Very likely. It's been strangely hot and heavy all day long."

"I'm a dreadful coward when there's a storm, — especially when I'm alone."

"Then I promise you I won't leave your side for a single moment until it's all over." The Captain spoke with the air of being perfectly unselfish in the matter.

"How kind you are to me, cousin."

"I can't be kind enough, Bab; that's my great grievance. I can't show you, and I can't tell you, how dear you are to me, — how much I love thee."

"Hush, Harry. I mustn't listen to you. You shouldn't say such things to me."

"Why not, Bab? Because you —" The Captain's voice faltered, and he stopped.

"No," says Lady Barbara innocently; "because my grandmother —"

"Bless you, Bab." And the officer kissed his young relative. As he had previously stated there was no one looking.

"Was that what you had to say to me?" inquires Bab, with shy roguishness.

"I had a world of things to say to you, Bab. It's putting them very shortly when I say 'I love thee.' Yet that's the sum of them perhaps, when they come to be added up. I love thee, Bab. And you? I feel very obstinate. I've a great mind to say you shall love me whether you will or not. But that would be rude, perhaps."

"I think I should like to have a little will of my own left me, — just the least bit in the world, please, Harry. It won't make so very much difference, after all, perhaps." And she let her hand slide into his. Presently she started. "Was that thunder?"

The balcony looked on to St. James's Square. Above the glow of the many links and lanthorns could be seen a sulphurous and lurid sky, and over the hubbub and jangling of the horses and carriages and their attendants, could be heard the sullen roar of thunder.

"The storm's coming on. Fear nothing, Bab. Here's my amulet against danger." Captain Brabazon took from his breast a crumpled little coil of ribbon and finery.

"My pompon!" She uttered a little scream. "The one the robber stole!"

"I had thought of restoring it, but, upon reflection, I mean to keep it. May I?"

"But how did it come into your hands, Harry?"

"You didn't recognize the Piccadilly highwayman, then?"

"What!—you were the highwayman?"

"To think that a crape vizard and a horse-pistol should make such a difference! You didn't know me, Bab? I had grown to be such a giant in size, and my aspect had turned so suddenly ferocious? It was the magic of your fears that had changed me; for all I looked so dreadful, I was still but Harry Brabazon,—your fond, foolish cousin masquerading as a knight of the road. How frightened you were; I felt sorry then, for indeed I love thee too dearly to harm a hair of thy head, or cause thee a moment's pang. And yet how pretty you looked when you fainted! I longed to wake thee back to life again by my kisses. A mad prank, wasn't it? But I was mad that day. You'd been so harsh with me at Lady Careless's overnight, that I had thought to drown my cares in Burgundy, and faith I think I fairly drowned my senses too. Yet 'twas your fault, Bab, when all's said. See what comes of being cruel."

"Indeed, cousin, I meant not to be cruel. But I was so wretched. I had been so scolded,—I felt so weak I couldn't pluck up spirit to be wilful."

"You obeyed the Countess's orders implicitly I know. You'd scarcely give me a word or a look, much less the flower I asked you for, that you wore in your bosom. You let it fade, and threw it away, rather than give it to me. So I was bent on vengeance. I took the pompon, and I've worn it here ever since."

"Oh, Harry, how can you be so desperate and wicked?"

"Nay, Bab, have you stolen nothing? What say you to my ease and quiet? Where is the little thief that has filched my heart from my very breast? I could have borne with fewer sighs and less uneasiness the loss of all the wealth in the world. Was Love the bandit? Nay, the rogue professes to be blindfold, and so wears something of a highwayman's mask over his face. Or was Bab the depredator? Or are Bab and Love all one? 'Ods life, I think so. I'm not worthy of thee, pretty one. I know it. I'm but a poor soldier,—poorer in that I've led something of a fool's life hitherto. But then I had not the motive for wise conduct, my love for thee now gives me, Bab. You shall make me wise and good hence-

forth, my cousin; for indeed, who could linger near thee but for a moment and not be bettered by the purity and sweetness that spring from thee as the perfume from a flower."

"Dear Harry, I love thee; and, so far as I may —"

"I know, I know,—the Countess is our stumbling-block. But never fear, I'll make thee mine, heaven willing, in spite of her. She is but mortal, after all. I frightened her rarely t'other day with my horse-pistol. I could scarce hold it steady for laughing. But I owed her something for her bad treatment of me,—of both of us,—for the tales she's told you of me. She never was so scared in her life. Not but she's brave enough. She'd have shot or stabbed me if she'd had a weapon handy. How she growled and ground her teeth and swore under her breath! Yet she shivered, too, and turned pale, in spite of her paint. I punished her, not a doubt of it."

"She'll never forgive you, Harry."

"Then I must e'en make shift to do without her ladyship's forgiveness."

There came another peal of thunder. Lady Bab screamed,—not only because of the thunder, however. There was another, and, for the moment, even a more potent reason for terror. The Dowager Countess stood beside the young couple in the balcony, with so sinister and malevolent an expression upon her wrinkled, rouged visage that she seemed to be quite the kind of personage whose appearance might reasonably be expected to be attended by thunder and lightning and other appropriate and redoubtable accompaniments.

"What do you here, child?" she demanded, in angry, grating tones, scanning her granddaughter with fierce eyes. "Go to the ball-room instantly. My Lord Bel-lasis has been seeking you everywhere. He would honour you with his hand in a minuet. Go!"

Lady Barbara fled like a scared hare. She dared not even turn to bestow a parting glance upon her lover.

IV.

"You here?" The Dowager Countess turned wrathfully upon Captain Brabazon.

"I had the honour of receiving your ladyship's card."

"I thought you were in gaol."

"In gaol?" repeated the Captain, with surprise in his voice.

"Oh, I only mean for debt. No doubt you've been cunning enough to keep

clear of graver offences—as yet. For all you know the hemp may be grown and spun for your proper neckcloth, nevertheless. You'd have worn it long since, if deserving had anything to do with it."

"I know that I have not had the good fortune to win your ladyship's favourable opinion."

"You know that you're a villain!"

"I have never learned to set great store upon myself, madam. For hard words I care little,—nor, for that matter, for hard blows either. Your ladyship is, of course, at liberty to style me villain, if it so please you,—or, indeed, to bestow upon me any other opprobrious and insulting epithet. I promise to be not greatly stirred in any case. I hold myself to be simply a soldier, who has fought and bled,—I would say it with all modesty,—for his king and country. As to my honour, I maintain it to be unblemished, and I shall be glad to meet the man who presumes to have a contrary opinion."

"Are you not a gambler? Do you not haunt that pit of destruction, White's?"

"Sits the wind in that quarter? I have played; I own it. I have lost, and paid my losses. Who dares say otherwise? I did wrong, it may be,—nay, I will avow it. Still, I have but followed the mode. Why should I, then, be singled out for blame from among all the Countess of Dangerfield's guests?"

"Profligate! do you know whither you are hurrying?"

"I see your ladyship has taken up with the Methodist's vocation." The Captain laughed bluntly. "I don't doubt your ladyship will become the conventicle purely. When may we expect, dare I ask, that diamond necklace to be changed for the preacher's bands?"

"Scoffer!"

"Yet I think I have seen your ladyship handle the cards deftly enough. At odd times, too, I fancy your ladyship has even brandished the dice-box, and thrown a main with the best,—I should say the worst of us. Faith, now I remember, it was my grand-aunt, the Countess of Dangerfield, who, when I was a child, first taught me to know one card from another. My first game of cribbage was played in your ladyship's lap. I wasn't tall enough to reach to the table."

With an angry movement of her head, the Countess seemed to toss the topic away from her.

"I know what you would do, sirrah. You would repair your shattered state with my grandchild's fortune."

"It's a—pardon me!" The Captain checked himself in an angry outburst. "Your ladyship is mistaken. You do me grave injustice. If your ladyship has any friend wearing a sword, and willing to repeat such a charge against me, I shall know better how to deal with him. I shall reply to him with less forbearance than I am bound to exhibit towards your ladyship, I warrant you."

"How, sirrah? Do you not persist in following the child like her shadow? Have you not persecuted her with your odious attentions?"

"I love my cousin, madam; I own it frankly. Why should I not love her? Who will hinder me? How, indeed, can I help loving her? For her fortune, it is nothing to me. I ask not for it. I want it not,—nay, it is hateful to me rather, in that it seems in some sort to bar my winning her,—and that, to the evil thinking, it taints with a suspicion of self-seeking, a passion, heaven knows, to be absolutely pure and truthful."

The Countess laughed acridly. "Spare your play-house speeches, sir," she said. "Such tinsel blandishments may beguile milkmaids and silly chits of seventeen; but, indeed, I know their trumpery nature too well. I'm an old woman, and I've been behind the scenes too often. Lady Barbara is not for you, nor such as you. I forbid your speaking to her again."

"I am her kinsman, madam."

"Fiddlestick! While she is under my roof you shall not approach her. You her suitor, her husband! It shall not be, I say."

"Pardon me. I say it shall." The Captain bowed with an air of severe politeness. The Dowager Countess drew herself up, and addressed him with much majesty.

"Captain Brabazon,—nephew, if you prefer it,—for I will suppose you to be my nephew,—your mother always said you were, and more, persuaded your father to believe as much,—some men are so credulous!—you'll not darken my door again. I'll have your black face no more in my house. It was through a blunder of my groom of the chambers that you received a card for this night. The blockhead shall be dismissed for his stupidity. And harkee, sir; we're strangers henceforth, remember. My granddaughter is not for you,—nor her money, nor is mine,—not even to the fee-simple of a rope and a shilling. So abandon, pray, all foolish expectations in that regard. Don't dare to send to me, sir, for aid, in whatever straits you

may be in,—unless, indeed, you're condemned to ride backward up Holborn Hill. In such case I should like to secure a window with a good view of Tyburn Tree. Good night. My servants shall show you the way out, and quickly too, if you have difficulty in finding the door."

The look of the Dowager Countess was particularly venomous as she delivered herself of this bitter speech. The Captain replied with considerable calmness:—

"If I should be the first Brabazon to suffer at the hands of Mr. Ketch, madam, I shall not, possibly, be the first of the family who has merited helping from the world by that unpleasant functionary. For my mother,—of whom your ladyship has spoken with so tender a grace,—I am happy to think that she is now where she is little likely to be hurt by your taunts, or incommoded by your presence. I refer to heaven, madam. Your ladyship needs to be informed, perhaps, that there is such a place. For my own doom, whatever it may be,—the three-legged tree at Tyburn, if your ladyship will have it so,—I don't doubt that fortitude will be duly given me to endure it as a man should. May your ladyship be not less prepared when your own time arrives."

"What do you mean, sirrah! how dare you?" the Countess began in a quavering angry voice.

"I mean good-night and good-bye. I will not further trespass upon your ladyship's hospitality. The sight of my black face shall no longer disturb your vision. Only this I would say;—I love my cousin Barbara, and I mean to win her. I am your ladyship's most obedient humble servant."

For some minutes the countess stood leaning against the balcony, as though musing in an abstracted way over the words that had been addressed to her. Presently she was startled by the flashing of the lightning; with a shiver, she pinched her hoop beneath her elbows, and hurriedly re-entered the ball-room.

The Captain, with a flushed face and a somewhat fiery gleam in his eyes, had bowed low, and quitted her. But he did not withdraw from the house immediately. He lingered for some time on the staircase and in the vestibule, in the hope of a parting word with Lady Barbara, or even of one more glimpse of his charming cousin. In this respect he was not destined to be gratified. He encountered the young lady no more on that evening. As he turned from St. James's Square, he found the storm without approaching its height. The

heat was intense. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled and crackled overhead with amazing violence.

"I bet you it isn't thunder; I'll give you odds," said a languid coxcomb in a suit of blue and silver, lounging on the staircase. "I'll bet you it's the powder-mills at Hounslow exploding. Powder-mills always exploding at Hounslow. Or I'll take you, if you like. Will any one bet?"

"For shame," exclaimed an alarmed gentleman in clerical garb, hurrying from the rout; "gambling at such a moment! I do believe there are men, who, if they were to hear the last trump, would give odds that it was only the bugle-call of the Life Guards. What times we live in! No wonder the heavens roar!"

"No, I won't bet. It can't be powder-mills. Or they must be nearer town than Hounslow." And the gentleman in blue and silver paled somewhat, and tapped his jewelled snuff-box with trembling fingers. The lightning without was now so incessant and so intensely vivid, that the candles in the ball-room seemed to burn but dully and dimly; their flames flickered and smoked; a hazy dun red hue pervaded the chamber, by contrast with the blue-white sheet of fire that was blazing in the sky. Another roar of thunder, and a panic seized the Countess's guests. They felt, or thought they felt, the house over their heads shaken to its foundations. The window-panes rattled and were shivered to pieces; the curtains swayed, and bellied out like the canvas of a ship in full sail; doors banged violently, and in all parts of the house bells were set ringing; the ground rocked and trembled; the chandeliers swung from the ceilings to and fro like pendulums; a large mirror over the chimney-piece suddenly cracked all over, with a noise like the explosion of a musket; the stores of precious china ornaments were flung from their shelves, and shattered on the floor. Hysterical screams of terror were heard; there was wild hurrying hither and thither; women swooned, and men swore; a few fell on their knees in prayer. The musicians abandoned their instruments, and rushed from the room. Then arose on the part of all present a frantic desire to quit the scene of festivity as soon as might be. A surging, frightened, shrieking crowd, choked the passages and staircases, and streamed into the open street. Torrents of rain were falling, and still overhead the lightning, in great pulsations, was stirring and sundering the skies, and the thunder sounding and reverberating on all sides with frightful violence.

But no matter for soaked finery, mired velvets, and draggled silks. It was held best and safest to be out of doors. The splendid mansion of the Dowager Countess was declared doomed. An agonized consternation blanched every face. One cry was on every lip:—"THE EARTHQUAKE!"

The card-tables were overturned by the awe-stricken players, in their precipitate anxiety to abandon their game, and make good their escape. Cards and counters, money and candles, strewed the carpets. The world of fashion had never known such a night of horror. Society was shaken to its very centre. The quality seemed smitten with frenzy and paralysis, at one blow.

People were heard declaring that one particular flash of lightning had turned all the clubs and spades in the pack, bright red; and all the hearts and diamonds deep black. This was at the pharo-table. "Thank heaven, I never play pharo, but always brag or cribbage," gasped a lady of quality: "so the storm was not pointed at me. But I don't think I'll ever touch a card again. Ah!" Screaming, she covered her eyes with her hands, to shut out the blinding glare of the lightning, as she tottered to the door.

The Dowager Countess lay stretched on the floor of her grand with-drawing room. She had swooned. Lady Barbara, trembling terribly, bent over her, bathing her temples with vinegar.

Every now and then, with twitching face, and glassy eyes, and chattering teeth, the Countess moaned, "The earthquake! The second shock! Beware of the third!" Over and over again. "The earthquake! The second shock! Beware of the third!" The Dowager Countess was changed indeed. There could be no further question on that head now.

It was an awful night certainly. But one person seemed wholly undisturbed by its fell terrors and calamities. After all, what is even an earthquake to a lover? The very heavens may fall, so his passion but prosper.

Captain Brabazon, tripping lightly along to his lodgings in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, had heart to sing, and to make his voice

heard above the turbulent accompaniment which the full orchestra of the elements was now so abundantly affording him,—

"Tell me, Chloe, tell me pray,
How long must Damon sue?
But fix the time and I'll obey,
With patience wait the happy day
That makes me sure of you."

His song went something after that fashion.

Anon from verse, he would drop to prose, still of a rapt and exalted sort.

"Love her? dearest Bab!" he exclaimed; "of course I love her. Is she not made to be loved? Could one love a dearer, purer, kinder little soul? Does not sweetness lodge in her lips, beauty in her cheeks, wit in her forehead, and fondness in her eyes? Am I to love her the less because I may fail to win her? Is my heart to change towards her because fate may forbid her to be mine? No! 'Come what come may,' as the fellow cries at the play-house, I'll love her forever, and make her my own some day,—if I can. I don't quite see how to set about it, I own. But some chance will favour me. Loving her, as I know I do; loving me, as I think she does; have I not reason to be happy now, and to hope for greater happiness in the future?" He argued himself into a very comfortable state of mind in this respect. Presently he felt a little less at ease, however, as he scowled, and muttered with clenched teeth, "But then, her grandmother!" and thereupon he gave expression to much vehement vituperation in regard to the nature and disposition of his noble kinswoman, the Dowager Countess of Dangerfield.

"One thing, however, I know," he added presently. "She is but mortal, and she's to be frightened!"

The Captain was thinking merely of his adventure as a highwayman in Piccadilly. Lady Dangerfield had been alarmed on that occasion, no doubt. How much more terrified she had been when the earthquake dispersed her guests, Captain Brabazon was not yet fully informed.

It astonishes thoughtless people to find that some of the wisest men in talking and writing, commit some of the greatest errors in action. These thoughtless people forget that it is an immense advantage for a man in talk or writing

to have himself always before his mind as a person who has, in action, committed the greatest follies. Montaigne says: "There are as ridiculous stories to be told about me, as about any man in the world."

Arthur Helps.

From The Saturday Review.

POPPING THE QUESTION ON THE STAGE.

THERE is a question which is assumed by ingenious youth to be so universal that, in fact, one-half of the human race is supposed to ask it of the other half. The boy who contemplates his future at all takes for granted that he will some day ask some woman to marry him, and all girls suppose the time will come when they must answer Yes or No. The question, then, being at once inevitable and of so momentous a nature, and so much more-over hanging on the way of putting it, and the whole subject, too, being shrouded in mystery—for, to the eternal honour of the sex who are questioned, a cloud rests on the manner and method of their questioners, and a delicate reticence forbids the illumination which experience might throw on this point—it is no wonder that youth especially should find the subject interesting, even when treated by fancy and in the abstract; and should welcome that reading or dramatic representation through which alone can be derived hints, and the more definite and masterly instruction of example, as to the mode in which the ordeal should be gone through when the critical moment in their own personal history arrives. Nor does this natural spirit of inquiry miss its satisfaction. Fiction indeed has made it at once a duty and a delight to put young persons of either sex in the way of acquitting themselves with credit in what is conventionally assumed to be the most difficult, embarrassing, and even crucial moment of existence; suggesting infinite alternatives, and adapting itself to every humour, so that no one need be driven, for want of example or precedent, to play a part for which nature has not fitted him.

Considering how the drama undertakes to enact before men's eyes every supreme moment incident to humanity, the art of making proposals ought by this time to be easy, and a study of genteel comedy ought to precede every declaration; but in fact, and with one exception, it is not to the drama that the lover anxious to acquit himself with distinction should turn. Tragedy rarely deals in such amenities, and its precedents are full of ill omen; while comedy will only treat the affair as a joke. There is unfortunately an element of the ludicrous everywhere haunting this subject, rendering all direct representation hazardous. Playwrights shrink for their dignified lovers, and actors mistrust their powers of subduing the spectator to any gravity of sympathy. A proposal involv-

ing the graceful emotions befitting the occasion is still a thing for the imagination to picture, not for more flippant eye and ear to witness. Therefore it belongs rather to the novel than even to the domestic drama. There is plenty of love-making on the stage, but the proposal either precedes the action—as when Millamant is all the way through considering whether she shall accept Mirabell or not, and triumphing in her power; “I think I must resolve after all not to have you; well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think you may go. Ha, ha, ha! what would you give that you could help loving me!”—or, like murder, it comes off behind the scenes; or it is arranged, as the newspapers say, by the lady's papa. Thus Boniface offers his daughter and her two thousand pounds to Gibbet. “And what think you, then, of my daughter Cherry for a wife?”—the highwayman, as great a master of policy and of his feelings as his august betters in such contracts, replying, “Look'ee, my dear Bonny; Cherry is the goddess I adore; but it is a maxim that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another, for, if they should, heaven have mercy on them both.”

But such neatness and readiness, such perception of the situation, as is here displayed, is no part of the conventional stage-proposal. It is the booby, the country bumpkin, the fop, the blunderer who makes his offer on the boards. Everybody is familiar with Lord Dundreary's offer, and his philosophical preparation for either fortune. The past century was equally well acquainted with Wilful's method of recommending himself:—“A match or no match, cousin with the hard name. If you have a mind to be married, say the word and send for the piper. Say the word and I'll do't; Wilful will do't; that's my crest”:—and also with Steele's Humphrey Gubbins' notion of making himself agreeable to his cousin Bridget, or Parthenissa, as she prefers to call herself, keeping her Christian name as the greatest secret she has—“Look ye, cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to marry a pig in a poke.” Goldsmith, too, is ingenious in predicaments founded on the tyranny of parents in the disposing of their children. Thus Leontine, in the *Good-Natured Man*, having brought home as his sister (who had been away with her aunt this ten years) the lady he is engaged to, is required by his father to make love to his ward, Miss Rich-

land, who loses half her fortune if she marries without her guardian's consent, which of course she intends to do. She gets an inkling of the situation the moment before her reluctant lover arrives to pay his court, and resolves upon the most implicit acquiescence. First he stammers, blunders, and throws all upon his father. "My father, madam, has some intentions — of explaining an affair — which — himself — can best explain." In vain is he urged on by old Croaker with "Call up a look, you dog." He flounders into a dead silence, which the senior hastens to attribute to the violence of his passion. Miss Richland finds a great attraction in modest diffidence — "A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity." "Madam," says the father, "he has forgot to speak any other language — silence is become his mother-tongue." "And it must be confessed, sir," the lady blandly replies, "it speaks very powerfully in his favour." Leontine, finding his modesty so attractive, now tries what impudence will do, and loudly expresses his adoration: —

MISS RICHLAND. — If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir.

LEONTINE. — Doubt my sincerity, madam! By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory; ask cowards if they covet safety —

CROAKER. — Well, well, no more questions about it.

LEONTINE. — Ask the sick if they long for health; ask misers if they love money — ask —

CROAKER. — Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking when there is not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

MISS RICHLAND. — Why, indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me — forces me to comply.

The young widow has a peculiar place in the drama, especially in the French and what is borrowed from the French, because for her alone is it *comme il faut* to receive addresses direct; she alone is absolutely at her own disposal. But all love-making to widows on the stage is supposed to be directed to her purse. The lady is the dupe, and the audience the confidant, of a succession of mercenary suitors. But a certain formula of proposal has been always considered indispensable, even where parents manage everything, and this form affords an opportunity for comedy not to be passed by. Take the public offer of his hand made by M. Thomas Diafoirus, who comes upon the scene charged with a fine speech for everybody concerned. He first

mistakes his intended, to whom he is introduced for the first time, for her step-mother, and commences: — "Madame, c'est avec justice que le ciel vous a concédé le nom de belle-mère"; but being set right in this particular by his father, no way abashed by the *contretemps*, he addresses himself at once to the delivery of an offer of his heart and hand. We know people likely enough to recommend themselves in something the same strain, but, if so, the ladies say nothing about it: —

Mademoiselle, ne plus ne moins que la statue de Memnon rendoit un son harmonieux lorsqu'elle venoit à être éclairée des rayons du soleil, tout de même me sens-je animé d'un doux transport à l'apparition du soleil de vos beautés. Et comme les naturalistes remarquent que la fleur nommée Hélioïtrope tourne sans cesse vers cet astre du jour, aussi mon cœur d'ores-en-avant tournera-t-il toujours vers les astres resplendissants de vos yeux adorables, ainsi que vers son pôle unique. Souffrez-donc, mademoiselle, que j'appende aujourd'hui à l'autel de vos charmes l'offrande de ce cœur, qui ne respire, et n'ambitionne autre gloire que d'être toute sa vie, mademoiselle, votre très-humble, très-obeissant, et très-fidèle serviteur et mari.

The audience is quite ready to agree with Toinette that learning puts one in the way of saying very fine things.

We have said that the technical declaration is shirked by the dramatist, with one exception. We need hardly say that the exception is Shakspeare. We might almost say that Shakspeare comes next to Mr. Trollope in the number and variety of his forms of proposal, and the visible zest and enjoyment with which he throws himself into the work. There are more offers of marriage in his plays than in all the witty comedies of a later age put together. It is this turn for matchmaking which has brought down upon him the censures of George Sand, who, in adapting *Comme il vous plaira* to the French stage, felt her moral sense wounded, and found much correction necessary to fit it for her refined countrymen. She complains that Shakspeare, by a strange and seemingly incomprehensible contrast, has set the divinest grace by the side of the most frightful cynicism. "Not only did he give the *douce* Audrey to the *grivois* Touchstone, but Celia is mismatched with the detestable Oliver." Shakspeare has, indeed, a way of coming very promptly to the point, and accomplishes very quick reformations with a wedding in prospect. He will even strike off a marriage in a parenthesis. Thus the Duke to Isabel: —

Dear Isabel,
I have a notion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

In fact, he never allows the lady to doubt the sincerity of her lover's intentions; all is honest and above board; there is a reassuring touch of business in his most romantic declarations. Fenton, in making love to Mistress Anne, confesses to her that her father will not believe but he woos her for her money:—

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE. — Maybe, he tells you true.

FENTON. — No, heaven so speed me in my
time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

We can conceive no wooing less to George Sand's taste than Henry V.'s; for in her numerous expositions of the passion, constancy, which is the King's one plea, and with Shakspeare pre-eminent, figures not only as an impossible virtue, but as no virtue at all:—

I cannot gasp out my eloquence, nor I have
no cunning in protestation; only downright
oaths, which I never use till urged nor never
break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth
sunburning, that never looks in his glass for
anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy
cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou
canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to
thee—that I shall die is true; but—for thy
love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too; and
while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of
plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce
must do thee right, because he hath not the
gift to woo in other places.

For cynicism—the real thing—what can
match the scene where Richard III. pro-
poses himself to Anne? With what won-
derful plausibility does he cheat a weak
vain woman out of her grief and hatred,
and show us how it might be done! Nothing
could be more masterly. The subject is clearly
congenial. The gradations with which she is
brought round from loathing and spitting to a
half consent are possible as we read. Richard
confesses all his murders, but they were done
for love of her; and he offers his sword “to
hide in this true breast”:—

ANNE. — Well, well, put up your sword.

RICHARD. — Then say my peace is made.

ANNE. — That shall you know hereafter.

RICHARD. — But shall I live in hope?

ANNE. — All men, I hope, live so.

RICHARD. — Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE. — To take is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

When Richard exclaims,

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

it is not only Richard that triumphs, but the imagination that has wrought it out triumphs too. Again, what a delightful relish we detect in the situation where Petruchio proposes to Kate with that nice adjustment of bullying and flattery by which the shrewish temper may be mastered, which yearns to hear pretty things and wooing words, though it cannot help shying and snapping at them:—

And will you, nill you, I will marry you?
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be married to no man but me,
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate.

Parents arranged marriages in Shakspeare's days with probably a higher idea of their rights than has since prevailed, but he would not have us to suppose parental prerogative to be everything and the lady's wishes nothing. Indeed all along it has been the part of the drama to relax the stern cords of parental authority, and plead the rights of the affections—with Shakspeare the legitimate rights. The three hundred pounds a year which recommend Slender to Master Page are to be no indemnification with the poet's audience for the dullness which could not plead its own cause:—

SHALLOW. — She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father.

SLENDER. — I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen; good uncle.

SHALLOW. — Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLENDER. — Ay, that I do, as well as any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHALLOW. — He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. He will make you a hundred and fifty pound jointure.

ANNE. — Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Our space, not our store of examples, fails us, though, as we have said, it is not in the drama that the real field of illustration and suggestion lies. That must be explored at some future opportunity.

From The Saturday Review.
"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" AND
COUNT BISMARK.

"OUR Own Correspondent" has come to condign grief. We make no apology, which under other circumstances would have been due to Mr. W. H. Russell, for naming him, because, since he has had the honour, if it is an honour, of being personally denounced by the redoubtable Count Bismark, it can be no breach of etiquette to assume his personality in the columns of the *Times*. Mr. Russell has had a fall — indeed he has had two falls; one from his horse, and one from his place of honour at Ferrières. The material tumble was an ominous forecast of the moral purl, as horsey men call it. We shall only be doing Mr. Russell a kindness, which he will appreciate, if we devote our space, which some cynical readers may say is wasted, to the narrative of his adventure with his horse in Versailles street. It is not for us to appraise the relative importance of Mr. Russell's accident as compared with other events of the day; but as in the same copy of the *Times* about the same number of lines is devoted to the capitulation of Strasburg and to the tragic fall of Mr. Russell's broken-kneed horse, we assume that the disasters are of equal historical value. Mr. Russell then, it seems, with his peculiar alacrity to do everybody's business as well as his own, picked up some unimportant fact about an ambulance which he met in the street, and in the fervour of his zeal to purvey news hurried after the Staff to tell them what was not worth telling. His alacrity in busy-bodging was so great that he rode at full gallop on a paved causeway, and in turning a corner horse and man came down with what is technically called a cropper. As the horse only broke his two knees and Mr. Russell bruised one knee, few people but Mr. Russell would have diarized and published this notable incident; fewer still would have sent it to the *Times*, to be perused with wondering awe by all Europe. But out of this ignoble trifle Mr. Russell contrived to pay a sly compliment to himself, and did a bit of pictorial talk. We see the noble animal rearing, and while rearing, "in a second" the crafty horseman "throws up his arms across his forehead" and with wondrous skill wriggles from under the horse, who, after performing this playful feat on his hind legs, doubles up his fore feet and comes to earth. Perhaps never was bad riding so glorified, and Mr. Russell has the skill to wish it to be inferred that he at any rate

can throw his horse down in a paved street as a proof of noble horsemanship. Some folks may think that, though all this is very graphic, it is ineffably silly, not to say impertinent. It is something, to be sure, that we do not get in addition to this wretched nonsense half a column of gabble devoted to the pathology of Mr. Russell's swelled knee, or to an historical diary of the progress of his bruise through all the colours of the spectrum. But, as it is, we are all getting thoroughly tired of Mr. Russell and his small-beer chronicles, seven columns of vapid and unprofitable chatter, about himself and his breakfasts, and his gossip, and his familiarity with generals and staff-officers. Steene could sentimentalize over a dead jackass, but a Russell cannot dignify a broken-kneed hack. The Crown Prince's boots and breeches are, on the whole, more interesting than Mr. Russell's pinched ribs.

Rolling on the sharp trottoir of Versailles, Mr. Russell however could not have forecast the more serious tumble which was in store for him. As in the mishap just chronicled, so in his more terrible downfall, Mr. Russell was pitched over by his officiousness. As usual, Mr. Russell did not regard his Latin grammar. From sad experience of "Our Own" we remember the once familiar line

Perocontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est.

In his letter published in the *Times* of September 24, Mr. Russell took upon himself to relate "what occurred when the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia met at Bellevue." Now considering that the surrender at Sedan was long past and over, and that the details, true or fictitious, of it had been published over and over again, it might have been thought that the matter was not at all in Mr. Russell's way. But Mr. Russell thought very properly that an event of such historical magnitude would be incomplete to all posterity were it not written in the book of Russell, and authenticated by the Great Chronicler himself. Future ages would say the Napoleoniad would be incomplete without its Russell. *Caret vate sacro*. This must not be; so *à propos* of nothing at all, and intercalated between the usual weary gabble about milestones and somebody's dirty shirts, Mr. Russell, not without a noble pomp of diction and a grave circumstantiality of details, tells us about the interview between Emperor and King. Gibbon, in a famous passage, informs us how and where he finished his immortal work, and after Gibbon's pattern a greater than

Gibbon solemnly authenticates the precious fragment of contemporary history. "I write from this town of Coulommiers," and henceforth Coulommiers, which up to that moment nobody in England had ever heard of, is for ever immortal. Here, admiring students of all ages will say—here the immortal Russell wrote his famous narrative. To be sure, when the tale came, it contained absolutely nothing new; or rather, as the proverbial formula has it, what was true was not new, and what was new was on the face of it untrue. Nobody but Mr. Russell could have persuaded himself that the Emperor actually did not know who commanded the Prussians at Sedan. This was the only novelty in Mr. Russell's gorgeous historiette. Of course it was written up to the finest finish of the most exalted penny-alining, and decorated with the very best of fustian, all about "the grand old King," and "the finest mintage of Tennyson's brain," and "the cloud by day and the pillar"—it might as well, for the sake of accuracy, have been pillar of fire—"by night," "heroic images," and suchlike stately verbiage. But new facts the history contained none. Why then was it written? "My little history. . . comes from the best sources." As to sources there could be but one; it must have come from King William himself. No other human being was present in that memorable saloon of Bellevue. The Crown Prince himself was excluded. Either then the spirits must have told the wondrous story to Mr. Russell; or he must have developed it from his own consciousness; or he must have got it from the King himself directly, or all but at first hand. This was the *raison d'être* of "my little history." Other "Our Own Correspondents" may have interviewed Bismark or Jules Favre, but I, the Own Correspondent, get my intelligence from nothing less than Kings or Crown Princes. "It comes from the best sources"; and the best sources are the highest sources; and the best source in this case, indeed the only authority which can be relied upon, is that of the only person who was present—namely, the King himself.

Mr. Russell, we admit, did not say that the King told him; but what he must have wished us to infer was that he got his information from the King, or from one only next to the King. And this was a feather in Mr. Russell's cap. Our Own Correspondent here touched the zenith. Mr. Russell was at head-quarters; he was hail fellow well met with all sorts of royalties,

and enjoyed their special confidences. All of a sudden comes out a formal telegram signed Bismark:—"The report of the conversation between King William and the Emperor Napoleon, given by Dr. Russell, the *Times* Correspondent, is founded throughout upon mere invention." Mere invention, and nothing else; either Dr. Russell's own invention, or the invention of somebody who has hoaxed Dr. Russell, the great historian. Which is as much as to say—for Count Bismark does not mince matters—the whole thing is a fiction from first to last. Such is history, contemporary history, in our last "Russell's Modern History." We suppose Count Bismark intends to say that all that has been said by anybody and everybody about the famous interview is mere invention; for, after all, Mr. Russell only says substantially what others have said before him. If this is what he means, he had better have said so; for to single out Mr. Russell for express contradiction is to attach somewhat too much importance to Mr. Russell's own particular gossip. Count Bismark may have known that King William was especially disgusted at the conclusion which people drew as to the indelicacy of his relating what passed between him and the Emperor, and was, not without reason, more seriously offended at the suspicion that either he or those about him had chattered the incident over with a newspaper Correspondent. This may account for, but will hardly justify Count Bismark's telegram. The King of Prussia might honourably wish in the eyes of Europe to be exonerated from the suspicion of having violated propriety in describing, directly or indirectly, to Mr. Russell what passed between him and the Emperor in private conference. But even for this creditable object it is not very dignified for a King, or for a King's highest servant, to fall to wrangling with Mr. Russell. Special Correspondents are, we know to our cost, literary libertines, and great statesmen may as well let them be "chartered libertines." Count Bismark will have to start a new telegraph service if he proposes to himself the duty of contradicting formally and officially all the nonsense of all "Our Owns." Yesterday he thought it worth while to repel the insinuation that he ever expressed some opinion which somebody on the *Daily Telegraph* attributed to him. The sensitiveness as to what Correspondents, especially as to what Mr. Russell said, is not very wise. Let the man scribble, because scribble he must; it is his nature to. Nobody

whose opinion is worth having attaches the least importance to what Mr. Russell does or does not say. It is a pity that Count Bismark does. As the matter stands, and as of course Mr. Russell will have his say, the Count seems to have done what the schoolboy in his verses thought impolitic, . . . *parvas volucres bombardâ cadere magnâ.*

What will be the end of it we cannot conjecture. Either Mr. Russell will eat humble pie, or, if he contradicts Count Bismark, Count Bismark will follow up his telegram. He can hardly tolerate at head-quarters the author or disseminator of "mere invention." And should Mr. Russell's place know him no more, and should he be forced to abandon Ferrières as he was obliged to fly America, the world will come to an end, and the *Times* will probably go in for France once more.

From The Saturday Review.
THE GERMAN VIEW OF ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

WE are not going to try to foretell what will be the issue of the present war with regard to those border provinces which Germany at this moment seems to have made up her mind to hold, and which France at least professes to have no less fully made up her mind not to give up. Neither are we going to say what, on any abstract principle, ought to be the issue, because nothing is more unlikely than that the strife should be ended by either side submitting to an abstract principle of any kind. But it is just as well that people should fully understand that side of the case which, with regard at least to the question of territorial cession, seems just now to be the less popular. Many people, even people who have on the whole taken the German side, are beginning to cry out at the German claim on the lands which, changed by French lips into Alsace and Lorraine, still keep on German lips their older names of Elsass and Lothringen. The claim is spoken of as if it were something strange and monstrous, something of which the like had never been heard before. Other people know better than this; they know that, if Germany seizes Elsass and Lothringen, or a slice of French territory much greater than Elsass and Lothringen, Germany will simply be doing what all conquering States have done since wars began among men. But they argue that Germany ought now to set a

grand example, that she ought to begin a new era in which cessions of territory shall no longer be heard of. We are told that we must not nowadays have another Vienna Congress, in which "souls" shall be handed about from master to master without any regard to the wishes of the souls themselves. We are further told that the annexation of these provinces would be no gain to Germany, but rather a loss; that, as it is not just, so neither is it profitable, to reign over unwilling subjects; that by exacting a cession of territory a wound would be inflicted on France which would rankle in the national breast till some form of vengeance has been taken; that, in short, Germany, by demanding the cession of these provinces as a condition of peace, would in fact be sowing the dragon's teeth for another war.

Now we should suppose that no thoughtful German or partizan of Germany would deny that in some of these arguments there is no lack of strength or appearance of strength. Whether we believe all the stories of conversations with Count Bismark or not, we may be sure that the last at any rate of these arguments has been and will be carefully weighed by German statesmen before the final decision is come to. That will be done which to certain very clear heads may seem to be most likely to lead to the lasting profit of Germany. Meanwhile it may be well to try to put ourselves into the position of an ordinary well-informed German, and to see how the question is likely to appear to him.

First of all, it is as well to remember that Germans do not, like ourselves, live in an island. The fact of our living in an island makes it somewhat hard for us thoroughly to understand the case of Continental nations with regard to the purely artificial barriers which often separate them. Because Great Britain is something with a real physical being, with boundaries which cannot be changed except by the act of God, we are apt,—often quite unwittingly—to look on France or Germany, or any other Continental country, as something which is equally unchangeable in the nature of things, and whose boundaries it is as unnatural to enlarge or to contract as it would be to enlarge or to contract the boundaries of Great Britain. Secondly, we should remember that Germans, as a rule, understand the past history both of their own and of other countries very much better than either Frenchmen or Englishmen do. There are a great number of points which have no small bearing

on the present case, about which an Englishman generally knows nothing at all, about which a Frenchman is positively fed upon falsehood, but which every well-educated German understands thoroughly. The Frenchman certainly believes that there is some special sanctity about his own country and nation which gives it privileges above all other countries and nations. It is in the eternal fitness of things that the French frontier should always go forward and never go back; that France should dismember other countries at pleasure, but that she should never be dismembered herself; that on every accession of power by a neighbour she must in common justice receive a compensating increase of territory, but that it is something wicked and preposterous for even a conqueror encamped on French soil to think of keeping any portion of his conquests. It seems to him perfectly right that France should, even without provocation, invade other countries and besiege their capitals, but that a foreign army should, even in strict self-defence, invade France and besiege her capital, seems to him not merely the adverse fortune of war, but something monstrous, unnatural, and sacrilegious. The Frenchman keeps on saying all this till he believes it himself, and till the Englishman half believes it also. The Englishman of himself unconsciously fancies France to be, not an arbitrary space on the map, but something as eternally traced by the hand of nature as his own island. He is fully prepared to think it something contrary to nature for the France of the map, like the Great Britain of the map, to grow smaller. And when he has been duly lectured by the Frenchman on natural boundaries, he half believes that the occupation of the west side of the Rhine by some Power other than France is something analogous to the occupation of the west side of the German Ocean by some Power other than England. Furthermore he gets a confused idea that a compact and united France is something which has existed from all eternity, while a compact and united Germany is a dream of yesterday, which perhaps first came into men's heads at Frankfort in 1848. Altogether he gets, wittingly or unwittingly, a kind of vague impression that the annexation of French territory by Germany is a process of a much more dreadful kind than the annexation of German territory by France.

Now the German has a different tale to tell. In his eyes France is very far from

being a holy and unchangeable thing which has existed, or ought to have existed, from all eternity. It is simply that extent of territory which the Dukes, Kings, Commonwealths, and Tyrants of Paris have, in one age or another, contrived to win and keep. If he chooses to speak of France as a revolted province of Germany, he will not be speaking without authority. "A regno secessit Gallia nostro" is a very old saying indeed. If he is uncivil enough to speak of a large part of existing France as made up of the stealings of the last six hundred years, he will be saying what the historian cannot take upon himself to deny. Instead of allowing that France has any natural and eternal boundaries, he knows that the boundaries of France are of all boundaries the most fluctuating. He knows that there was a time when Strasburg and Metz, when Lyons and Marseilles, were not yet French. He knows that there was a time when Hamburg and Lübeck, when Rome and Triest, were French, so far as French occupation could make them so. He is tempted to think that, as French occupation has ceased in the one case, there may perhaps be no eternal law forbidding French occupation to cease in the other. He sees that all the acquisitions of France have been made at the expense of the Empire of which Germany was once the head, that a large portion of them has been made at the expense of the German Kingdom itself. When this war began, he saw within the French territory towns and districts which once were part of Germany, which still bear German names, and whose inhabitants still speak the German tongue. He saw one noble German city, the site of the great master-pieces of German art, held by France by virtue of an impudent robbery committed by a French King in a time of perfect peace. He saw mile after mile of the shore of the German stream turned into a French province and strengthened with fortresses directed as a menace against Germany. He knows, moreover, that other German lands, that the whole length of the German river, had been marked out as the next spoil, and that in this very war he is simply beating back those who would have seized them. He sees, in short, in France simply a constant, restless, insatiable aggressor on every German land. At last the tables are turned. Instead of the Frenchman being encamped on German soil, the German is encamped on French soil. What then are likely to be his feelings? It would not be very amazing if he gave way to feelings of pure vengeance, if he deemed

that the time was at last come when he might do by his enemy as his enemy had so often done by him. Such feelings might be unchristian, unjust, impolitic, but they would certainly not be unnatural. If the conqueror were to dismember the conquered land according to no law but his own pleasure, he would be simply doing after the manner of conquerors. To declare Rouen and Bordeaux to be incorporated with Germany would not be more violent, more contrary to nature, than it was to declare Hamburg and Lübeck to be incorporated with France. It is worth bearing in mind that the furthest extremity of vengeance on conquered France would be simple retaliation, would be simply what conquerors have done over and over again upon incomparably slighter provocation. It might be easy to argue that in dealing with a State which has spent a life of aggression for the last six hundred years, the only way to hinder future aggressions is to crush it once and forever. Is there anything wonderful or blamable if German statesmen demand such a cession of fortresses, such a rectification of frontier, as may defend Germany at least for a while from the attacks of her restless neighbour? Is anything wonderful or blamable if German popular feeling goes a step further, and, taking a more purely historical and sentimental view, demands that a Power whose eyes are so ceaselessly set upon German lands shall be made to give up every inch of German land which it has still within its grasp?

And here it will be as well to notice how strictly the views of liberal and well-informed Germans, as distinguished from the possible views of either statesmen or soldiers, confine themselves to the districts which are still German in speech. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, for instance, takes infinite pains to make its leaders distinguish between *Deutschlothingen* and *Wälschlothingen*, between that part — much the smaller part — of the Duchy which still keeps to its German speech, and that part which has become thoroughly French in speech as well as in allegiance. *Elsaas* and *Deutschlothingen* must be kept; but the notion of keeping *Wälschlothingen* is cast aside with a sort of horror. Statesmen and soldiers may settle as they will about the fortress of Metz; but Germany, as Germany, simply claims so much territory as still remains German, and not an inch beyond. Strasburg is won, and he must be a sanguine Frenchman indeed who hopes to get it back again. And with

Strasburg the more enlightened feeling in Germany demands all that, like Strasburg, is still German, and rejects anything that is not. That a large body of German opinion carefully insists on this distinction at least shows that the conclusion which it supports, whether sound or unsound in itself, is a conclusion based on argument and reflection, and is not the mere instinct of insatiable conquerors.

The obvious answers which a neutral may be expected to make to any form of the claim have been already hinted at. They chiefly amount to this. The people of the districts proposed to be annexed do not desire annexation. Even where they are German in speech and origin, they have long become French in feeling, and altogether abhor the notion of separation from France. Their annexation would therefore be in itself unjust. And it would also be impolitic. No strength can be gained by the acquisition of unwilling subjects, and France would be so embittered by the dismemberment that she would never cease from efforts to regain the lost provinces, and a succession of wars would be the probable result.

To arguments of this kind the German would probably answer that the rights of the people to choose their own government, and not to be transferred from one government to another against their will, though a good general rule, cannot be held, and is not held, to apply in all cases. He might possibly ask whether all of those who use this argument against him would be willing to trust the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland to a universal ballot of Irishmen. He might go on to ask whether some of his opponents did not deny the right of the Confederate States of America to choose their government for themselves. If the safety of Germany — he would perhaps add of Europe — calls for the cession of the whole or any part of *Elsaas* or *Lothringen*, he would argue that the wishes of the inhabitants cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the safety of Germany. These arguments, these retorts, may be sound or may be unsound; but they are so obvious that they are sure to be made. The German might go on to argue that the unwillingness of the people of these provinces would not be very long-lived; that, if they turned easily from Germans into Frenchmen, they would still more easily be turned back from Frenchmen into Germans, and that the next generation would be good Germans born. He might also perhaps argue that the times are now very different from the

times when France annexed them. It might well be that the district which in the seventeenth century was transferred from the rule of some petty German prince to that of the great French monarchy may very well have immediately gained by the change, but that for the same district to be transferred back again, not to the rule of any petty German prince, but to form part of the great German nation, with its mighty future before it, was a gain yet more incontestable. As to the alleged bitterness which the dismemberment would leave behind in France, he would answer that France, as it is, will be so embittered by mere want of success, by the crushing of her schemes of aggrandizement and by the invasion of her territory, that the increase of bitterness caused by

the dismemberment would not be perceptible. Moreover one alleged object of the dismemberment is, by giving Germany a stronger frontier to do something to secure her against the effects of the bitterness which the present war cannot fail to leave behind it in any case. Such arguments as these may not convince neutrals, they certainly will not convince Frenchmen; but it is as well to bear in mind that Germany has arguments on her side, arguments alike historical, sentimental, and politic. And it implies no approval of annexation to bear in mind, what is beginning to be forgotten, that the most that Germany threatens to do in her war of defence has at any rate more to be said for it than the least of what France threatened to do in her war of aggression.

MANY thousands of workers will rise this morning to pursue their work; many thousands of critics (their natural enemies as the workers would say) will rise to pursue their work.

Without undervaluing criticism, we may admit that a great deal of needless pain is caused by it; and that, as a general rule, we all sympathize more with the doers than the critics.

The object of this short essay is to aid the criticized in bearing criticism.

The first thing is not to pretend not to care for hostile criticism. That form of insincerity never helped any man.

One of the best comforts in the case of hostile criticism is to remember the proverb, "Many men, many minds." Any man who has done anything which provokes much comment, will tell you that it is astonishing how diverse are the opinions of persons whom you would admit to be equally qualified for criticizing. That which pleases one, disgusts another; and vice versa. This diversity of opinion in mankind might alone suffice to comfort those who furnish matter for the criticism in the world.

But, unfortunately, the worst part of criticism is misrepresentation. No man can pretend to be quite indifferent to that. You, the person criticized, are made out to have said this, thought that, done the other thing; and, in reality, you did not say this, think that, or do the other thing. This is undoubtedly a great grievance.

But look at the whole matter as a question of forces. So much force is lost by this misrepresentation; but do not take the matter to heart, as if misrepresentation were a circumstance that belonged to you alone. It besets all human effort.

Look at the whole matter as a merchant would at any separate venture of his, of which he cal-

culates the gain or loss by double entry. There were such and such prosperous winds in favour of the good ship *Mary-Anne*, and there were such and such adverse winds against the good ship. She came into a port where there were no British goods, or she came into a port which was overstocked with them. In a word, separate the venture from yourself, and consider it a distinct transaction.

Vain and retrospective persons suffer most from hostile criticism. Go on working. What you have done — what has been said about it — soon moves into the region of the past, and it moves much more quickly for you, when you give your mind to attempting something new.

As a general rule, never reply to hostile criticism; do not waste your fire by returning the shot aimed at you from behind a stone-wall. This, of course, applies only to anonymous criticism, which is now the principal public criticism in the world.

We must beware, however, of confining our views of criticism to that branch of it which deals with politics, literature, or art. Domestic criticism is perhaps the most common form of criticism, and not the least difficult to bear. But the general rules given above are not inapplicable in this case. And this additional rule may be given — namely, that the person criticized, who is most probably the active and decisive person, should reflect that there is little else left for the other persons but to criticize; and he or she would not like their minds to be inert. It is only slaves who do not venture to criticize. Every ruler, whether of a family or of a kingdom, must admit that his actions and his decisions would hardly be of interest to himself if they would not endure, and ultimately triumph over, the criticisms of those whom he governs.

Arthur Helps.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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The following beautiful lines, written by an officer of the United States army, have, unknown to the author, come into our possession. They breathe forth the true spirit of poetry, and we take the liberty of publishing them.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Now go, O noisy train,
With all the haste of steam,
And leave me in these Autumn woods
To dream.

O kind and welcome hill,
To bear this leafy bed,
And shield me from the chilly wind
That blows o'er head.

I thank thee, generous Sun,
For this rich beam,
Which warms me into sweet repose,
And makes me dream.

Say, crimson, falling Leaf,
Why quit thy home so high?
Must all thy glowing beauty fade
And die?

Or art thou only passing hence
That in some fruit or grain
Thou may'st with glories all increased
Live on again?

While moving to 'rds that higher state,
Perhaps for a brief hour,
Thou'lt linger in a sweeter form,
A flower.

Or will some unseen fairy hand
Thy essence crush?
Thy matchless colour save, to form
A maiden's blush.

Will watchful angels catch that blush,
Thy soul to keep?
Ah! who can tell? Away vain dream
And let me sleep!

October 20, 1870. Louisville Daily Commercial

THE EVEN BRINGS A' HAME.

Upon the hills the wind is dark and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wandered from Thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints — oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming — when the light de-
parts

At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no
star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far —
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts
thicken;
O Thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken,
At evening bring us home.
"Shadow of The Rock."

AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

The sun rises bright in France
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie.
It's nae my ain ruin
That weets aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin!
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly lowed my ain hearth
And smiled my ain Marie!
O I've left all my heart behind
In my ain countrie!
O I'm leal to high Heaven
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countrie.

SONNET.

Nor that Disease his cruel hand has raised,
And clutched away thy beauty and thy
strength,
Threatening to hold them all thy sad days'
length; —
It is not this which made the eyes that gazed
Falter, and fill with trembling tears that dazed
My inward vision, like my outward view,
Till hope and courage faded, and I knew
A bitter dread, which left me dumb, amazed.
No, it was this: that fell disease should gain
Over thy virtues and thy steadfast mind
A hold, which through long years of health to
find,
All sins, and all temptations sought in vain.
Ay, 'tis this dread which sometimes makes me
dumb:
Death, tho' I love him, ere this comes, oh come!
Macmillan.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ART.*

THERE are few men of our time who have been more largely praised or more bitterly attacked than Mr. Ruskin. There are none who have deserved more praise or more resolutely challenged attack. He has been so lavish in his approbation of certain artists and schools of art, that he has raised against them a cloud of opponents. He has been so unsparing in blame of certain others, so curiously inventive of terms of reproach, so audacious in his tilting against received opinions, and so felicitous sometimes in his hits, that he has forced into combination against him a number of determined foes. Of all men he should be the last to object to criticism, for his own sword seldom seeks the scabbard. And on the whole, though he professes with a certain archness a desire for peace, nothing gives him so much pleasure, or brings out his intellect so well, as war, when it is on a subject with which he is acquainted. He will run on, giving birth to paradox after paradox in an apparently gloomy manner, choosing for very wilfulness the obscurity of the Pythoness, as long as his listeners sit rapt and receptive at his feet. But the moment one of them, seeing that the paradoxes are becoming intolerable, starts up and meets them with a blunt contradiction, and declares war, Mr. Ruskin becomes radiant with good humour, his intellect becomes incisive, and he rushes to the fight with joy. Nothing is worse for him than worship; and if he had had less of it, he would have done the State more service. Half of his morbid and hopeless writing comes directly of this—that he has not been of late sufficiently excited by respectful opposition to feel happy.

It may be said that he has had plenty of opposition of late, but it is not the sort which makes a man draw his sword with pride. Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossi-

ble to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. Throw upon them a clear light, and they disperse—

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither have they
vanished?”

We cannot say with Macbeth, “Would they had stayed;” but when we look back on the extraordinary series of proposals for regenerating the country, and remember the criminal classes set to draw canal boats under the lash, and the poor dressed all in one sad-coloured costume, and other things of this character, we may follow with Banquo's words,

“Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?”

In this way he has brought upon himself the loss of the impulse he derives from respectful and vigorous war. He has left the Delectable mountains where he fed his sheep, and gone back to the valley of the shadow of death. There, impressed with the withered image of Carlyism, which having surrendered hope sits now like giant Pope shaking its hands at the pilgrims of the world, and unable to do more than mutter curses at Liberalism, and invoke the help of the aristocracy to sanctify and redeem the people: enthralled by this phantom of a past glory, he has found it almost impossible to go on drawing, with the peace necessary for an artist, the tombs of Verona, or to note down the fleeting loveliness of a sunset cloud. While the poor were perishing for want of fresh water and decent houses, he seemed to himself, we conjecture, to be like Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. So he abandoned his own sphere—in which, whatever may be his faults, he was supreme by genius—to follow, *haud passibus æquis*, in the track of our Jeremiah, whose style is open to the same charge which Mr. Arnold makes so pathetically against the Jewish prophet. But the prophetic cry does not suit the gentler temper of Mr. Ruskin. With all his efforts we are thankful to say that he cannot arrive at

* Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford, &c. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.

making the uncouth noise Carlyle made, and the uncouthness of which gave what he said more than half its force. He is too tender-hearted to curse heartily, and he cannot bear, like his prototype, to pour forth torrents of blame without proposing remedies for evils. But the remedies Ruskin has proposed are unpractical at this time and in this country, owing to his ignorance of the state of the poor. No man is less fitted to understand their true position. He is too sensitive to beauty, to cleanliness, to quietude, not to exaggerate the apparent misery of a life passed in the midst of ugliness, dirt, and noise. He thinks all the poor feel these things nearly as much as he does, and he cannot conceive, as we see from these lectures, that they should endure to live. We should suppose that he has never lived among them, nor seen how things among them are seasoned by custom. Those who have gone from room to room in the courts which Ruskin thinks so unendurable, know that there is, on the whole, as much happiness among them as there is among the upper classes; that there is more self-sacrifice, more of the peace of hard work, more good humour, more faithfulness to others in misfortune, more every-day righteousness. Their chief evils are drunkenness, which has only lately vanished from among the upper classes; the torrent of alms which has been poured upon them, and which has drowned their independence and postponed their learning the lesson of prudence as opposed to their reckless extravagance. Their main wants are a really active sanitary board, directed by gentlemen in the cities and provinces, who will see that the common work is done with common honesty; and education, especially education in physical science. The commonest training in the first principles of physiology and chemistry, given accurately, will soon produce that state of active anger at their condition, and determination to have it rectified, which no State interference can give them, and which State interference sends to sleep. True, Ruskin advocates this kind of education, and has advocated it well; but he has done it as part of an elaborate system of direction by the State and by the upper

classes,—direction which would be as evil to its victims as Romish direction is to the moral force of its patients. No nation has ever been saved by foreign help: the poor can never be saved by the action of the rich, only by their native exertion, and everything that Ruskin says on the subject, in these Lectures and elsewhere, is open to this most grave objection, that it takes away from the people the education which is gained by personal mistakes and personal conquest of mistakes.

Owing to these two things then,—ignorance of the real state of the poor,—and the vicious idea of interference from above with the poor,—the remedies which Ruskin proposes are unpractical. At the same time many of his hints, divorced from their principles, are valuable, and we cannot doubt the earnestness and charity with which he speaks, nor refrain from loving him, though we disagree with him. But with the want of practical knowledge has come exaggeration, and with exaggeration disproportioned remedies, and the world, listening to the recital of woes rendered unreal by the violence of the denunciations, and still more unreal by the proposals for their abolition, has lent its ear to Mr. Ruskin for a transient hour, and smiled and gone on its way, and he, having expended so much force for nought, and meeting no real opposition, has slid into melancholy, and from thence into despair.

Moreover, the treatment of such subjects at all, at least their direct treatment, was a great mistake on his part, the error of mistaking his calling. He has been given great powers, as great as those bestowed on any man in this century. He has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He is in every sense a student. But he is far more, in that he is a man of genius; for he can not only see rightly (see the outline beneath the fulfilment), but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our

power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the Poet does it by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feeling through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and the beauty of the fact, and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells his story. Nobody before him took the trouble to tell us what mountains were like, for the descriptions of the geologist bear the same relation to the actual mountains that the detail of the skeleton bears to the living man. Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and evening, familiar as a household word, nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as as much objects of daily observation and delight as the ways of our children or the face of those we love. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave-form of the other a recognized pleasure. Wordsworth gave us much help, but he taught us to feel more than to observe and understand. But Ruskin has taught us to observe and understand, not as the scientific man does for the ends of science, but for the ends of *delight* received from the perception of truth, and no more faithful and splendid work has ever been done. One would say that this observer of the vaster aspects of nature for the end of Art, would be likely to fail in seeing the loveliness of the infinitely little, of the "beetle panoplied in gems and gold," of the "daisy's shadow on the naked stone," of the opening of a sheaf of buds, of the fairy wilderness of an inch or two of meadow. But neither here has he failed, and the reader of Mr. Ruskin's books may lie on his face in a field for half an hour, or watch the water of a stream eddying round a mossy trunk, and not only feel unremitting pleasure in what he sees, as Keats or Wordsworth would make him feel, but know why he feels his pleasure, add to his stock of artistic fact, and gain additional power of knowing beauty. All our hours of recreation have been blessed through him.

The same delicate sensitiveness to beauty combined with acute critical perception of minuter points of excellence has been ap-

plied by him to poetry. Since Coleridge we have had no finer work done on the Poets. It is a pity that his criticisms on Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and others, are not collected out of his volumes and published separately.* A book of this kind would be of infinitely more value than the useless "Selections from Ruskin;" a book which irritates one, even more than selections usually do, and has given an entirely false impression of his work to that luckless personage, the general reader.

The work which he has done on Pictures has been equally good of the same kind. He was perfectly capable of explaining their technical excellence, but he did not choose to write for artists, and we are glad that he laid this sort of work aside. For, however good it might be for special students, it gave no help to the public, and only led certain would-be connoisseurs to prate about morbidezza and chiar'oscuro, and bold handling and a hundred other things, which in their mouths were little better than cant. We have been delivered by Mr. Ruskin from the technicalities of ignorant persons. He has led us more than all others to look for the conception of a picture, and to study the way in which the artist carried out that conception. He has taught us to compare it with the facts of nature which we are capable of observing, and to judge it partly from the artist's reverence for truth. We can now, having a certain method, enjoy the thing done with a great deal of delight, without knowing how it is done. Of course the enjoyment is not so great as his who can not only appreciate the ideas but also the mode of work; but it is something, and the smattering we had before of artistic phrase was worth nothing. Those who have time and inclination can go further, but the many who cannot, have now a real pleasure; they can give a reason why they like a picture instead of talking nonsense. Of course the dilettante Pharisees

* We do not mean to say that we agree with all Mr. Ruskin's views on Poetry. On the contrary, we often disagree with him, entirely so, for example, when he represents Keats as morbid and sad — a man of the healthiest nature and of the most happy temperament, till disease laid its hand upon his splendid but undeveloped powers.

are angry, but that only increases the general thankfulness of the public.

Mr. Ruskin has not only shown us how to go to work. He has a rare power of seeing into the central thought of a picture, and his wide knowledge of the aspects of nature enables him to pronounce upon truth of representation. He has performed this labour notably on Turner and Tintoret. Turner's phrase, that "he sees meanings in my pictures which I did not mean," is the exact truth; and Shakespeare would no doubt have said the same had he read Schlegel. He has revealed the genius of Turner to the world by comparing Turner with Nature; and those who have spent hour after hour in the enchanted rooms of the Ducal Palace, or wandered day after day through the sombre galleries of the Scuola San Rocco, know what he has done for Tintoret. It has been said that the world appreciated Turner before Ruskin spoke. A few persons and the artists did (no one ever imagined that the artists did not heartily acknowledge his genius), but artists have not the gift of speech, nor, with an exception or two, such as Eastlake, the faculty of criticism, and we have only found out at last from their biographies what they thought. It is absurd to quote their isolated sayings as a proof that the public understood and valued Turner before Ruskin wrote. Artists say that they pointed out Tintoret to Ruskin, but why did not they point him out to the world? The public wish to be taught, and the artists are silent. We expect it is that they have not much to say. They know what is good; so does Mr. Ruskin. But he takes the trouble to tell us what is good and why it is good, and we owe no gratitude to the artists and a very great deal to him.

Now to do all this, to read Nature, Poetry and Painting for us, and to continue doing it, was Ruskin's peculiar work, and the greater part of it was most nobly done. We ask, with sorrow, why he abandoned it? We have suffered no greater grief than when he left it and took up other labours, for which he was eminently unfitted, and the effect of which was to spoil his powers for his especial business. Sanitary reform, political economy, the dressing of England, manufactories, crime, poverty! *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* A man must have iron nerves and little acute sense of beauty, to play his part in that battle-field, and the result on Ruskin has been like that which would follow on sending a poet like Shelley into one of the war hospitals. He ceases to be

able to write poetry and he kills the patients.

This is one of the great mistakes which are scarcely ever remedied, and we trace its results in every one of these Lectures, which are weakened by the forced introduction of irrelevant matter, and by the hopeless tone which much musing on miserable subjects has brought into his temper and his style. We trace the latter in the very first page, where he says that it "has chanced to him of late to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope that he can scarcely recover so much as he now needs of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." We appeal to him to throw by altogether the peculiar class of subjects of which we speak, and to believe that when God has given him so plainly a particular work to do, it is his first duty to stick to that work, and to put aside everything which interferes with it. Hope will return when he does his proper labour, and the noble pride of the workman in his toil will give him strength when a crowd of importunate duties outside his sphere are sternly shut out, and he concentrates himself on the one great duty of his life — the unveiling to men Truth and Beauty in Art and in Nature.

We trace this despondent tone, and the consequent false view of the world, still more pathetically in a passage in the "Catalogue of Examples," where he describes himself as walking in his garden early in the morning to hear the nightingale sing, and sees "the sunlight falling on the grass through thickets of the standard peach, and of plum and pear in their first showers of fresh silver looking more like much broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees," and hears the roar of the railroads sounding in the distance, "like the surf of a strong sea," and thinks that "of all the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames — not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed." It is so strongly expressed and so prettily ended, and has so much of fact to bear it out, that one at first is inclined to believe it all. But it is very far from the whole truth. Every year sees more grass in London and more trees; the parks are more crowded with children and working men and roughs, who with all their rudeness respect the flowers and enjoy the

meadow; the song of the thrush is not quite gone from the gardens of Kensington and Victoria Park; in spring and summer time, owing to the very railways which Ruskin seems anxious to abolish, thousands pour out of London every week to Epping and Richmond and Hampton and the Downs, and even drink the sea-breeze at Margate and Brighton. Our poor see far more of the country and of lovely places than they did in the past times which we glorify so foolishly; and bad as London is, it is better now that we have proved that we can actually stamp out the cholera, than it was in the days when the Black Death strode unopposed through its streets, and reaped a harvest in its filthy lanes and reeking cottages, which it could not reap at the present time, when the whole nation is ten times cleaner.

It is a picture by Cima of Conegliano, which he introduces to the students with this burst of sorrow, and he bids them look upon it when they would be in the right temper for work. "It will seem to speak to you if you look long; and say again, and yet again, *Idó úpov*. His own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them." Professor Ruskin seems to infer from the whole of this passage, and from others in the Lectures, that when these delicate and beautiful pictures were painted by Bellini, Cima, and others, there was more enjoyment of the country and of lovely things by the poor, (as if our love of landscape was not ten times more wide-spread than that of the Venetians!) and that the poor were better off, and lived a cleaner and healthier life, and had better dwellings than they now possess in London. Neither Bellini nor Conegliano, we imagine, troubled themselves as much about the poor as even a vestryman of St. Pancras, and if we take the city of Venice, to whose school Cima belonged, the facts which speak of dirt, disease, and ill-living, are appalling. In 1392 the Doge Morosini died of a great plague which swept away 19,000 souls. Not quite a century afterwards, in 1476, the Pest came again, and in 1481 it was again raging with unrelenting fury. In 1556 plague and famine again devastated the city. Checked for a time, it broke out again with desolating violence in 1576; and in 1630 the great church of S. M. della Salute, which guards the entrance of the Grand Canal, was built by the vows of the Senate to beseech the prayers of the Virgin to avert another

awful destruction from the people. We know now pretty well, by our own sad experience, what these visitations mean. They mean that the curse of darkness and low living, and vile dwellings, and pestilential crowding was as deep over the sun-girt city where Cima of Conegliano worked, as it ever has been in England, as it is not now in England. None of the other Italian cities were much better off, though plague was naturally worse in Venice, from its closer connection with the East, from its vast population, and from its want of fresh-water and drainage.

This curious inability of seeing facts, when he is entangled with matters irrelevant to his proper work, has spoiled some of Professor Ruskin's past labour, and diminishes the influence of these Lectures. In another man it would be culpable negligence. In his case, he is partly blinded by his crowning mistake, to which we have alluded, and partly swept away by his theory. But men should not be blinded, and should not be swept away, and Ruskin's work suffers in consequence. For by and by (and this is frequently the case) he is sure to see the other side of his theory and to dwell on that with equal force. Both statements are set over one against each other, but in different portions of his works; and the world of readers naturally declares that he has contradicted himself. He denies this, saying that he has stated both sides of the truth; but stating both these sides separately and with equal vehemence, without having balanced them, he runs into exaggeration in both, and, instead of distinctly defining one truth, rushes into two mistakes. The result is that those who admire and revere his teaching, as we ourselves most sincerely do, are greatly troubled at times to defend him and to understand him. They are wearied by the efforts they have to make to set aside what is due to impetuosity, and to find by a laborious comparison of passages what the truth really is which he desires to tell.

We hoped, for example, that in the lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morality" he would have laid down plainly what he meant on this vexed subject. But we are bound to say that he has done so in a confused manner. His first phrase is, "You must have the right moral State or you cannot have the Art." He does not say you must have certain moral qualities in an artist or a nation, or you cannot have noble art:—he makes the immense requirement of a *right moral state*, which is either too vague a definition, or means

that the whole state of any artist's moral character must be right or he will not produce good work. Everybody at once denies this, and brings examples to disprove it. Ruskin says that those who have misapprehended the matter have done so because they did not know who the great painters were, such as those "who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi, and the crags of Cadore." Well, let us take him of Cadore. The life of Titian is not the life of a man in a right moral state, in our usual sense of the words; nor does it agree with Ruskin's sketch of a moral life, in which he includes "any actual though unconscious violation of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life and the pleasing of its giver." Titian lived the life of a noble natural character, but his morals were entirely unrestrained by any considerations belonging to high morality. He was the friend of Aretino, and that speaks volumes for his moral standard. Tintoret, a much higher moral character, despised Aretino. Titian dined with that vile person with the vilest of women. It does not say much for his reverence that he had no objection to chant the Magnificat over a dish of savoury partridges. He lived freely, he spent his money freely, he drank freely, though wisely. Nor was the society of his city in a right moral state. It had not sunk down into the faded baseness of Venice before the French Revolution. It had still a reverence for truth, and honour, and generosity, but these were combined with an audacious immorality of the body, with fiery jealousies, with the most headlong following of passions.

A good deal of this, we acknowledge, is confessed by Professor Ruskin, but his confession only proves that his original phrase is much too large for his meaning. What he does mean, if we take the illustrations which follow as explanations, is this, that whatever is good in an artist's work springs from some corresponding element of good in his character, as, for example, truth of representation from love of truth. But this only predicates the existence in him of some moral qualities, not that he is in a right moral state, which means that the whole of his character is moral. With these moral qualities may exist immoral qualities, such as sensuality, and the evil influence of that will also be seen in his work. Stated thus, Ruskin only means that a man's character is accurately reflected in his art, and this, with respect to the *ideas* of his work, we

are by no means disposed to deny, seeing it may be called a truism.

But in other places, in scattered phrases, he seems to speak directly from the large statement, and to assume that it is true in its entirety, though he has modified it again and again. This is the element of confusion in the lecture, and it is at times extremely provoking.

It is worth while, perhaps, to look at the subject more closely. Noble art is the splendid expression, through intense but subdued feeling, of noble ideas. Nobleness of conception is its first element; but it is also necessary that the ideas should be represented simply, directly, and in a manner true to natural fact; that the harmony of the work should be complete, and also its finish; that the subordination of the parts to the whole, and their several relations, should be clear in statement, unbroken by any extravagance in any part, or any indulgence of mere fancy; and that the technical skill employed should be almost intuitive in absolute ease, accuracy, and knowledge.

Does all this presuppose a right moral state in the Artist? The first element does partly do so, for it is not possible that a base person can have noble thoughts or express them nobly,—at least in the ear or to the eye of a noble person; the imitation is at once detected; nor is the feeling of a base person ever intense, and even should he possess some passion, he cannot subdue it to the calm in which a great thought can alone take its correspondent form. Even that love of sensual pleasure which is so characteristic of artist life, and which by no means supposes a base character, though often an immoral one, spoils, we think, the predominance of high imagination in artistic work. No one who has studied Titian and Tintoret can, in our opinion, compare the two, so far as moral majesty of thought is concerned, and grandeur of imagination. In these points Tintoret as far excels Titian as his life was simpler and purer than Titian's. The same may be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But on the other hand, a man like Angelico may be in a much more right moral state than Titian, and yet never reach his nobility of conception.

It is plain, after all, that the possession of Imagination is the first thing, and of Individuality the second, and that the moral condition only influences and does not secure or destroy the ideas of genius. What really reduced the work of the later artists of the Renaissance to its poverty of ideas while retaining exquisite technical

skill, was not their moral state, which was by no means so bad as Ruskin says; but the way in which all individuality was over-ridden by the predominance of the Past. They became imitators, not inventors, and even Raphael's work shows that this deadening influence had begun. The Renaissance began by intensifying individuality and setting it free, in the case of Art, from the shackles of religious conventionality; it ended by laying a heavier yoke of convention on Art than even religion had done. Art could not endure that, and it perished.

On the whole, then, noble conceptions in an artist's work only presuppose *some* moral elements in his character, and it is not seldom the case that when an artist's moral state is absolutely right, there is a want in his work of healthy naturalness, of fire and warmth, of bold representation of human life. He is liable to be overawed by his own morality, he is likely to direct his work to a moral end as his *first* aim; and that would be the ruin of Art.

But putting noble ideas aside, and taking up the other qualities of great Art, such as preciseness of handling and the rest, do these necessarily presuppose a right moral state in the artist, or even analogous moral qualities? Ruskin boldly declares that they do. The infinite grace of the words of Virgil is due, he says, to his deep tenderness. The severity—severe conciseness, we suppose—of the words of Pope, to his serene and just benevolence. Both of these excellencies may have been influenced by the moral qualities mentioned; but we suspect they were mainly due to the literary work which preceded the *Æneid* and the *Essay on Man*. Pope was the last great artist of that critical school which began, we may say, with Dryden. Virgil developed into perfection the gracefulness which the Roman world of letters had been striving to attain for many years. They entered into the labours of other men, and added to these the last touch.

Professor Ruskin goes still further with respect to Art. After speaking in his best manner of the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Veronese, and of the unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of a skilful fencer; of the muscular precision and the intellectual strain of such movement, and of its being governed every instant by direct and new intention, and of this sustained all life long, with visible increase of power,—he turns round and adds: "Consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort

of an ethical state of body and mind that means! Ethic through ages past! What fineness of race there must be to get it; what exquisite balance of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, mean anxiety or gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man," &c. &c. (p. 72). In this he has left his modifications behind and swept back to his large statement, and, without denying the portion of truth in the sentence, it is plain that the inference is not at all a necessary one. These qualities of the artist may be the result, partly of natural gift, and partly of a previous art development, into the advantages of which he steps at once. They presuppose that the artist has been born into a school which has brought its methods up to a certain point of perfection, from which a completer development is possible. His genius adds to the past what was needed to perfect it, and Titian or Turner orb their special Art into its perfect sphere. The ethic state into which Ruskin demands that he should be placed, because of his precise hand, may not be an ethic state at all. His absolute power of touch says, it is true, that neither the artist himself nor his parents were desperate drunkards nor imprudent sensualists, that they kept their physical frame in fine order. But does that prove his morality or that of his parents? A calculating sensualist, who is prudent in his indulgence, may have a healthier body than the man who has fought against sensualism all his life. A man may be a liar or a thief, and his bodily powers be in exquisite harmony. Fineness of race does not prove an antecedent morality, nor perfection of handling an artist's truth or honesty.

Again, he may have the patient power of a great master, his government of the hand by selective thought, his perception of the just harmony of colour, and the man himself be at the same time neither patient, nor temperate, nor pure in his daily life. For all artists can lead a double life, life in the world and life in their art; and genius and morality are two things, not one. Their several qualities resemble one another, but they are not identical. The intense industry of genius, its patience, its temperance in the centre of passion, are of its very nature; but outside the sphere of an artist's work, in matters of common life, where these qualities would become moral in resistance to sloth, to bad temper, and to sensual in-

dulgence, they may and do completely fail; nay, even the restraint of the studio may lead directly to absence of restraint in the world. One cannot argue as Ruskin does from the possession of the one to the possession of the other, though we may with him distinctly argue from the artist's search for lovely forms, and thoughts to express, to his moral temper. We partly agree then and partly disagree with our writer, but we have no hope that people in general will ever know clearly whether they agree or disagree with Mr. Ruskin on this subject till he tells us plainly what he means by a moral state, for surely the prevalence of kindness and order in a character does not sum up the whole of its meaning.

With regard to the aim of Art, Ruskin is much clearer than on the question of Art in relation to Morality. He can no longer be attacked on the ground that he denies that the first aim of Art should be to give a high pleasure, for he states plainly that every good piece of art involves essentially and first the evidence of human skill and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it. We agree with him that, beyond this, Art may have two other objects, Truth and Serviceableness. Mr. Ruskin has done no work so well and so usefully as that in which he has proved that great Art is always true, and that so far as it does not represent the facts of things, it is neither vital nor beautiful. The statement has naturally to be modified when one comes to ideal pictures, but it bears modification without the contradiction of its principle; and the mode in which, in the "Modern Painters," these modifications are worked out within the sphere of the original statement is equally subtle and true. The necessity that there should be serviceableness as one element of the artist's conception appears chiefly in the Art of Architecture, and the general reception of the idea that everything in a building should be *motivé* towards the purpose of the building is largely due to the "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the present lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," he goes, we think, too far. The usefulness of truthful portraiture no man denies, but we do not believe in Art being serviceable to Geology, Botany, and History, except on the condition of its ceasing to be art. The great artist can draw mountains accurately without knowing geology, and flowers without knowing botany; but he cannot help either geologist or botanist by work which, if it is imaginative, must

generalize truth. Moreover, it is waste of time; as great a waste of time as Ruskin himself makes when he torments himself with business. A section of Skiddaw, sufficient for all purposes, can be drawn by any pupil in the School of Minca. Again, in the matter of history, it is a very pretty pastime to illustrate Carlyle's Frederick, to draw the tomb of Henry the Fowler, or the battle-field of Minden; but so far as service to the historian is concerned, a photograph of the tomb and a map of the field by the Ordnance Survey would be far more useful. The artist would paint his impressions of the tomb and of the field of battle; the pictures would be delightful, but Turnerian topography would not assist the historian much.

Art is not to be a handmaid to Science or History, but to exist wholly within her own sphere and for her own ends. Her utility is in the communication of beauty and the giving of a noble enjoyment. She is the handmaid, not of any particular class of men, but of mankind, and the best advice to give to students who wish to make art useful is this, "Don't draw for the help of Science or History, draw for your own delight in Nature and Humanity — and to increase the delight of others. If your work lives to stir or confirm an enduring energy, or to kindle a true feeling, or to lead men to look more wisely, kindly, or closely at the life of humanity or the world of nature, it will be of more ennobling usefulness than all the labours of scientific or historical scholars. Let this be your aim, to give high pleasure to men, and to sacrifice your life for that. Then the usefulness of your art is secured."

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the three last practical lectures on "Line," "Light," and "Colour." They go straight, with the inevitable digressions intermixed, to the objects of the Art School. The conception which Ruskin has of those objects is different from the usual one, but it is none the worse for that. It is well that one professor at least should see that one of the first aims of an art school at a university should be to teach young men to see beautiful natural fact and to love its beauty. In after-life they will demand it of artists, and the demand will react with benefit both on artists and art. They cannot learn this better than by drawing natural objects with accuracy. Ruskin has given himself to the teaching of this, and his method seems to be admirable. We refer our readers to the Lectures, but his

main object, in his own words, is this, to teach his pupils "to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them in with colours which shall match their colours." He is right in dwelling upon colour more than on light and shade, and in his protest against the theory that shadow is an absence of colour. No words in the whole Lectures, considered not only as truth, but as establishing in his hearers' minds a true ideal of Art, are more important than these two sentences. "Shadow is necessary to the full presence of colour, for every colour is a diminished quantity or energy of light, and, practically, it follows, from what I have just told you, that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows; that also every colour in painting must be a shadow to some brighter colour and a light to some darker one, all the while being a positive colour itself. And the great splendour of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much colour as light, often much more . . . while the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools in drawing their shadows always dark and cold renders perfect painting impossible in those schools." That is one sentence; here is the other: "Whether you fill your spaces with colours or with shadows, they must be equally of the true outline and in true gradations. Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble colour is possible nor noble light." Principles of these kinds worked out in teaching and taught by personal superintendence will make some of his pupils good workmen, and all good judges of the general aspects of art. To illustrate these things and others, and to inspire the students, Professor Ruskin, with a noble generosity for which he has not been sufficiently thanked—he has been so often generous that men have come to look upon his gifts as they look upon the gifts of air and light, so common that one forgets to be grateful—has given to the School of Art a whole collection of examples, many of them of great value and rarity, and many of them his own personal work, the results of years of accurate study and patient drawing. There are some artists who have been impertinent enough to despise and even to deny the artistic quality of Ruskin's work. But many of these drawings of flowers, of shell, of old buildings, and especially of such stonework as Gothic capitals, Venetian doorways, the porches of cathedrals,

are of the highest excellence, and possess a quality of touch and an imaginative sympathy with the thing represented, combined with an exquisite generalization of truth for which we look in vain in the work of many artists whose names stand high.

We believe that by Ruskin's work at the Art School in Oxford this result at least will be attained, that the young men who afterwards will become, by their wealth, patrons and buyers of art, will know good work when they see it, and be able and willing to rescue from the ruin of Italian restorers and destroyers pictures which are now perishing, unpitied and unknown. They will cease to waste their money. The expenditure, at present, of rich people, on the most contemptible nicknacks, on Swiss cottages and silver filagree, and Florentine frames and copies on china at Dresden and *pietra dura*, is as pitiable as it is incredible. Room after room in large houses is filled with trash which ought to be destroyed at once, for the demand for it keeps a mass of men producing things which are only worthy to pave roads with. The very production of copies of pictures is in itself a crime, and the only thing which is worse is the buying of them.

But we must close our paper. We have spoken with openness of the faults which we find in Professor Ruskin's work, and it has been difficult to assume the critic; for our own gratitude to him has been and is so deep, and we are so persuaded of the influence for good which he has had on England, that blame had to become as great a duty as praise before we could express it. And even in the midst of our blame, we felt the blessing of contact with a person of a strong individuality, the pleasure of meeting in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts out his own pattern and alters it year by year. His theories may, many of them, be absurd, but we may well put up with the absurdity of some for the sake of the excellence of others, more especially for the sake of the careful work which hangs on to them and can be considered apart from them. We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. It is quite an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactories which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his web of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of them. The good which a

man of so marked an originality does to us all is great, if it is provoking; and we had rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say. The intellectual excitement which he awakens, the delight and anger which he kindles in opposite characters, and the way in which his words create a stir of debate, mark the man of genius whose mistakes are often as good as other persons' victories, and who from this very quality of individuality, united to the personal attractiveness of his simple and sympathetic humanity, is calculated to be of great and lasting good to Oxford.

We have read many lectures on Art Subjects, many books on Art Criticism. They have their merits, merits which Mr. Ruskin's work does not possess. They are formal, easily understood, carefully arranged; all scattered thought, or impetuous fancy, or wild theory is banished from their pages. We walk through a cultivated garden, the beds are trimly laid down, the paths are neat and straight, the grass is closely shaven, the trees are trees of culture, the very limes on the edge are kept

in order, and walls surround it on all sides. At last, on the very outskirts of the garden, beyond the bounding wall, and looked down upon by a row of pert hollyhocks who have in the course of many seasons arrived at the power of producing double flowers in an artistic manner, we catch a glimpse of a wild bit of grassy land, full of grey boulders and some noble trees growing as they like it, and below a brook chattering pleasantly over the stones. Every flower of the field blooms here and runs in and out among the rocks and roots after its own sweet will. The woodbine, the wild rose sprays, the ivy and moss, play the maddest and the prettiest pranks by the brook-side. The sky is blue above, with a world of drifting clouds, and the ground below is a mystery of light and colour. It is true there are burnt spaces of grass and here there, and clusters of weeds, and now and then a decayed tree stem; but for all that, when we see the pleasant place, we do not think twice about it, we forget our garden, we leap the wall — and we live far more than half of our art life with the books of Ruskin.

I ENTIRELY agree with those who say that men seldom, or ever, die prematurely of overwork. What they die of, is the want of prosperity in their work. It was a wonderfully shrewd saying, whoever said it, that we do not die of the work we do, but of that which we find we cannot do. Men die prematurely of chagrin. That word chagrin is a very remarkable word. The sound of it almost conveys the full meaning of it. And here I may venture to remark that there are no two words which signify the same thing exactly. There are no such things as synonyms. For example, in this present case, chagrin conveys much more than disappointment. You may be very much disappointed, yet take it very little to heart. Pope says —

"Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

Belinda might still have been delightful, if she had been disappointed only.

Chagrin is a lasting thing. It means that part of disappointment which touches ourselves, and respecting which we feel that we are the guilty parties. It is almost wonderful to see with what complacency men will bear the greatest sorrows and disappointments in the causing of which they feel that they have had no share. People do not cry much over an earthquake: they are not chagrined by its effects. In order to have a lasting chagrin, you must,

yourself, have been largely the cause of the disaster which afflicts you.

To end, by what I began by indicating, I contend that men die, when they die of any mental disease, not from overwork, but from the sense of failure in their work. Arthur Helps.

ARTIFICIAL ULTRAMARINE. — THE mode of manufacturing the substance for the beautiful pigment obtained by the ancients from the lapis lazuli, or azure stone, was, says the *Scientific Review*, like many other great inventions, the result of accident. A German chemist, whilst experimenting with anhydrous sulphuric acid and sulphur, made the accidental discovery that an exquisite blue colour was produced. He came to the conclusion that the blue colour of the ultramarine was probably due to sulphur and sulphuric acid, and at once instituted some experiments with alumina, soda, sulphur, and sulphuric acid, and succeeded, after repeated failures, in actually imitating the precious stone. The artificial material is said to be successfully formed by evaporating 100 lbs. of a solution of sulphide of sodium mixed with 25 lbs. of dry china clay and 1-2 lb. of crystals of copperas; the dry mass is then heated in a muffle to a red heat, washed, and again heated.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRELIGHT CONFIDENCES.

Time passed on. As the Squire and Mrs. Dimsdale grew older, Fernyhurst was not so cheerful as it used to be. Tom had taken a curacy in an outlying poor London district to learn his work, and his visits were short. Charlie was away on a long cruise. Hastings generally now by a sort of tacit understanding came down without his wife, who paid her visits to her own people at the same time, which it is to be feared was looked upon by her husband as a double advantage.

When she did appear with her two spoilt, ugly children the pleasure of the visit was not increased. One day the Squire openly remonstrated. "I can't stand those children, May," said the old man; "you must manage to keep them up-stairs as much as you can when they're here. That boy's a perfect nuisance; he never says anything but 'I won't,' except when he says 'She shan't,' for the baby: and then they're so hideous!" It is a distressing fact that pretty children are suffered by public opinion to do things which in ugly ones cannot by any means be endured.

The cousinhood were sadly scattered: the Admiral had gone on a distant command; his constant wife had followed him with her little girls to Halifax, whence rumours of the conquests of the fair Milly arrived from time to time—the discomfiture of whole regiments of her Majesty's officers, both army and navy.

Clara Wilmot had married a neighbouring Squire. Her extreme fear of her mother had changed into a sort of jaunty indifference and compassion for Amy, who still remained the *souffre douleur* at home, and to whom she was always recommending rebellion. One day she had driven over to Brickwall, and was having a little talk with Amy in the garden as they paced up and down the terrace.

"I have a letter from Lionel by this mail," said she, "abusing me for not telling him more about May. He says his three years are almost up, and he wants, as usual, to hear what she is doing. I hoped he would have forgotten about her before this. She's not married, that is all the hope I can give him, and I'm afraid he'll take even that as encouragement."

"What's that you are saying about May?" said her mother, as they passed the book-room window, appearing unexpectedly, as was rather her wont. "I hope you're not getting up any absurd nonsense

about her with your brother. I know how perfectly he agreed with me in his opinion of her, for I spoke to him about it the very evening she was here last with him."

"Why, mamma," said Clara, bursting out laughing, "is it possible you haven't got farther than that? I remember asking him that same night what he meant by seeming to agree to your attacks on May, when I knew he thought so differently; and he said he'd only just nodded his head, and hadn't heard a word you'd been saying, he was so cut up by her refusal."

"Refused by May! he was a great deal too sensible to offer to her. I don't believe a word of it," said Lady Wilmot angrily, as she walked majestically away; and indeed it is much the best thing to be done: when facts are so impertinent as to refuse to obey infallibility, the only thing left to do is to ignore the facts altogether.

It was the more provoking, because the longer she thought of it the more convinced she was of the truth of Clara's words. It accounted for a number of little things which she had solved by systems as elaborate as Ptolemy's cycles and epicycles, and now came the "simplicity of the Copernican system," and explained them all. It did not annoy her the less—here had her three children been acting under her own eye in direct opposition to her expressed desires, and she had never found out anything that was going on. "May, too, of all people!" she repeated to herself. It was more convenient to complain of their duplicity than of her own blindness, which she did to her own perfect satisfaction. Clara was beyond her reach, and she was a little afraid of her daughter's tongue when they did meet, but she worried poor Amy to an almost intolerable degree. For the whole of the next week her aphorisms, and reflections, and axioms went on with remarkable vigour. "I might just as well be without a daughter at all," she ended one afternoon as she prepared to go out in the carriage.

"Shall you want me with you to-day, mamma?" said Amy gently.

"No, thank you," replied her mother loftily; "that sort of want of confidence is to me insufferable."

When she returned she found Amy, for a wonder, sitting idle in the dusk. "And that book I begged you to take to Mrs. Giles not gone!" said her mother with a certain pomp of displeasure.

"Mamma, Mr. Jones is come on a visit to the rectory, and he has just been here."

"What! you don't mean to say that tiresome man is come back!—not to stay,

"I hope?" replied Lady Wilmot with, however, only her normal ungraciousness and no suspicion of the state of the case.

"He came up here to ask me—"—and Amy hesitated for a moment—"to ask me to marry him."

"Marry him! How excessively impertinent!" cried Lady Wilmot, rising up to her full breadth and height to express the size of her indignation. "What could he be thinking of? And I'm afraid, Amy, you're not to be trusted to make him feel how extremely unbecoming on his part it was to propose such a thing!" and her portly silks ruffled and rustled at the very idea.

"But, mamma," replied her daughter timidly, "I like him very much, and I accepted him."

"What!" said her mother, turning upon her with her stoniest glare, and a voice which would almost have annihilated Amy at another moment, and sunk her (morally) into the earth; but to-day she held her own in a way which surprised even herself.

"Yes, dear mother, it isn't anything new. I was very sorry when he went away last year without saying anything to me; he tells me it was because he was afraid you wouldn't listen to it, but now he's got a better curacy, and altogether—"

"Don't let me hear a word more about any such folly," replied Lady Wilmot, angrily going out of the room. Besides her annoyance at the thing itself, to be thus caught unprepared a second time within a week was too much for her composure. But the oracle was too summary to succeed even for Lady Wilmot, and Amy stood her ground with the sort of quiet, persistent resolution which very timid people sometimes show when they are driven to the wall. She said very little, but it was evident that her mother's arguments (for she had so far descended from her high horse as to condescend to argue) fell off from her like so much water.

"Very obstinate in choosing to make yourself a beggar!" said Lady Wilmot; and indignant at such extraordinary and unlooked-for insubordination, she made herself at last so unpleasant that Amy took refuge in a visit to Fernyhurst, offering herself nominally to assist in nursing Mrs. Dimsdale, who was more ill than usual, without giving any other reason.

"Clara's had a long letter from Lionel," said she the evening after her arrival, as the two girls sat over their fire at bedtime—May in a blue dressing-gown, Amy

in the now classical red flannel—brushing their hair; an operation supposed to be favourable to confidences.

"Tell me about him," said May rather sadly; "I have heard nothing for such a long while."

"His time will be up now very soon. He is doing extremely well—on the staff, you know. Mamma had such a pretty message about him from the General the other day through his wife (she's somehow a cousin of Clara's husband), saying how capitally Lionel did his work, and how much they all valued him. He inquired a great deal about you, May, and what you were doing." Then, after a long pause, "Do you never intend to marry, dear?" she went on, emboldened by the twilight, for May was proud and reticent on such matters, and it was a little difficult to enter upon them with her.

"I have not made any intentions about it; but marry is a verb which requires an accusative case. I have never seen mine, that's all."

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, May? You have a great deal of interest and sisterly feeling for Lionel: why should they not do as a good foundation for marriage?"

"No, I think not; the chances of jar are too many. The intercourse is too close for friendship. One must start with a hotter fire to weld two into one."

"And then, dear, are you not running the risk of having your heart turned out of house and home, as it were, towards the end of life—of starving? And may you not be sorry to have refused even half a loaf, though it be so really to you?"

"Amy, if I were to propose to you to eat your dinner now," said May, half laughing "(as we are on feeding metaphors), because you had a long journey to make, and you might be hungry before the end, you would say, 'I don't want it. I can't give myself an appetite; I should only have an indigestion.' I cannot give myself an appetite for what I do not want now. I cannot provide for unknown future wants. And I don't think I need starve at all; there are always plenty of sick and sorrowing and lonely people in the world for one's heart to find food among, if one tries. Single life may be like moonlight compared with a happy marriage, but also as bright moonlight to a foggy or stormy day compared with a great proportion of marriages."

"One requires so many qualities to be happy as a single woman," said Amy with a sigh.

"Not qualities, only the power of interest in other people and things, I think. Do you remember the manna in the wilderness? If you put by more than you wanted, it decayed. I always think there is a great truth in that. If you grasp after more sweet and pleasant things than you really want, if you 'put by' for future occasions, they perish away, and are of no use. Give us this day our daily bread of love as of everything else, that is happiness here. So now I have work enough and love enough to 'fulfil' me, as the Prayer-Book says, it cannot be right for me to grasp after more. 'Thou camest not to thy place by accident.' A single life of gossip and sourness is very horrible; but that is not necessary, is it?"

"A man shall forsake, &c., &c."

"Yes, it is a difficult thing to settle in one's own mind. I don't undertake the general question; but I cannot think it could be right to forsake positive present duties unless at a very evident and strong call of one's affections elsewhere."

"But then, May, you cannot judge for others. You have always had a career, as it were — strong interests, objects for warm affections, liberty to carry out your own thoughts, and fancies too."

"I dare say I haven't been half grateful enough for that," answered she, musing.

"But just think of the sort of vexatious interference which so many unmarried women have to endure! 'Oh, a girl ought to be willing to sacrifice her own pleasure to every one else's!' says the world; and so her whole life is cut up into little bits: she has not even the satisfaction of seeing the ruin of her own day of much use to any one else — she has spent a pound to benefit them to the extent of a shilling. 'The public good' which, I heard Mr. Scrope once say, everybody ought to work for, would have gained by her making herself as good a tool for good work as possible. I can do nothing well. I know nothing thoroughly. If I had my bread to earn, no one ought to employ me — and why? I sit down to work at something which interests me, and mamma calls me down to give out the sugar, or to write a note, or to listen to some stupid library book, which neither she nor I care about, but which 'must be sent on;' or I'm to drive regularly with her at half-past two, just when the class at the school begins, which I want to attend."

"Can't you change the time, dear?"

"No; for in the morning it is, 'Amy, run and see whether I have left my glasses up-stairs' — My dear, go and speak to

Mrs. Carr about the butter' — 'Don't be out of the way: I shall want you in half an hour.' It is not even as if I had the interest of the responsibility of the household; no, it is all because 'it is so good for me.' If a woman's life is to be one of perpetual interference, if her time must be at some one's beck and call, I had rather it should be a husband's. A wife has rights, at least, as well as duties, in the eyes of the world. She has but one master, at all events. Don't you know how you see 'girls' of forty ordered about, and everything settled for them as if they were babies? The other day, mamma consulted Clara as to whether some book was fit for me to read. I am two years older than Clara, and have thought, at least, as much as she has; but she's a married woman, and I am only a 'young lady.' I've accepted Mr. Jones, May," she ended abruptly.

"My dear Amy," cried May, jumping up and putting her arms round her cousin's neck, "how could you let me go on prying about marriages in this way when you had this great thing to tell me? Don't you know I care more about your private happiness than for all the general theories in the world?"

"Yes, but I wanted to hear what you would say."

"And you have seriously accepted him?"

"Yes, very seriously indeed; it is no laughing matter, for my mother is so angry that I don't know whether she will ever let me marry him if she can help it."

"Well, he's a good man," said May slowly.

"May, you must remember all people have not the capacity for happiness as you understand it. All that intellect, and breadth, and width, and height, and depth which you want, would be lost upon some of us."

"I didn't know you could be so sarcastic, Amy."

"Well, I don't feel like myself to-night. I am a voice crying wisdom in the wilderness, that nobody listens to, I dare say. What I mean is, 'each after his kind.' If you give a lion grain, or a cow meat, it will starve, though the food be the best of its sort. I am an exceedingly commonplace thrush; a very commonplace garden, with very ordinary trees, will make me quite happy, and make me sing a little tune of my own, and a pleasant tune too to some people." And poor Amy's eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Amy, you know no one loves and respects and values it more than I do."

answered May, with another kiss. "I was only a little afraid whether Mr. Jones were quite worthy of his good fortune."

"When you come to know him better you won't think so," said Amy, with a smile and a tear and a blush. "You'll think I'm not nearly good enough for him."

"I wonder whether papa could get a Chancellor's living for him," said May thoughtfully, after being silent for a time, as she sat brooding over the fire, her long hair streaming over her in a cloud, and the tongs in her hands, as she made little spurts of light spring out of the wood. "He hates asking anybody for anything, but I know he would do it for you, dear, and that would make Aunt Wilmot perhaps more amenable."

"And I shall write to Lionel," said Amy, smiling, after another pause, "and tell him that at all events you have laid by no accumulation of manna for future days, and that you have a great idea of the virtue and necessity of being passionately in love. '*Petit poisson deviendra gros,*' and '*tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.*' How prettily you used to repeat that fable when Miss Edwards inflicted French punishments upon you!"

"You'd better not do any such thing. Amy," replied May anxiously. "*Il ne faut pas jouer avec le feu.*" if you want a French proverb. I want to be friendly and sisterly with him. Why not? I can't bear the idea of losing his friendship, but I don't want any more."

"I don't much believe in those friendships being possible," said her cousin sceptically, as she took her candle and went off to bed with a very sisterly kiss.

CHAPTER XVI.

FALLING LEAVES.

It was a very trying year for May. One after another of her friends had dropped off in different directions. Her brothers and cousins were away. All the companions of her own age were scattered for one reason or another. Amy was as fond of her as ever, but the cares and anxieties of a small, poor parsonage are very engrossing, and it had become almost impossible, in the secluded life the old people now led at Fernyhurst, for May to form any new friendships.

The children of her sister were not very interesting, and as they grew up were more and more away, and the Seymours, though they came down once or twice in the year, hardly filled up the old gaps.

And death began to tell upon the few who remained in her daily life. Poor old Nursey was the first to go, that stout old heart, loving and tender and true, which had watched over her childhood and delighted in her youth. It is a tie which is not so strong now as of old. The interval between classes is less, but the separation greater. May was with her at twelve o'clock at night, and her last words, in the vigorous tone of her old commands, as if her nursling was still a child, were, "Don't you be a-setting fire to your sleeves, dear child, with that there candle as you go down-stairs."

By morning she was dead, and May sorely missed the constant and warm affection which never failed. There is something in the feeling towards you of the elders who have known you and been kind to you from childhood which nothing can ever replace. "*Je l'aime parceque c'est lui,*" not for your talents or your virtues, or your position, but because "you are you"—a loving pride in your successes and your merits, a tender shade thrown over your faults. We never value the feeling, however, at its full worth till it has passed away, and we find ourselves in the hard outer world judged rigorously by what we are worth, and even that grudgingly allowed.

"May, you don't look well," said Tom on one of his now rare and rapid visits. "I shall make Cecilia ask you up to London for a little. You ought to have a change for a time; oughtn't she, papa?"

Accordingly, when the invitation arrived soon after, her father insisted on her accepting it.

Mrs. Dimsdale had been ailing for so many years that May had no feeling about leaving her for a short time, and she was enjoying her unwonted holiday when a sudden summons arrived from Fernyhurst. Her mother was dying, and before she could reach home all was over. It was a terrible shock to her, and though she was in no wise to blame, her conscience reproached her bitterly for having been away. Conscience is an excellent constitutional sovereign, under the checks of common sense and comparison of duties, but if ever it is allowed despotic rule it is often guilty of horrible tyranny. May was harassed and tormented in a merciless way by hers, until Tom's straightforward, downright query one day, "Why, one would fancy that you thought your being here would have kept my mother alive, May: surely we haven't the reins of Providence in our hands in this way," luckily

brought her humility to the rescue, and "shunted" her mind on a different rail, as it were.

The Squire felt the loss extremely. He and his wife had not been very congenial in their tastes, but they had a deep quiet fund of affection for each other; and the companion of so many years could not be lost without an aching void. The ailing, dim life of later days was lost to his recollections, and the earlier and brighter image of the beautiful young wife by whose side he had passed through so many joys and sorrows was the only one which remained.

As often happens when a number of contemporaries have grown old together, and fall like one ripe shock of corn after another at time of harvest, another loss was not long in following.

"I am afraid Mr. Drayton is failing fast," said the Squire sadly one day. "He told me he wasn't up to walking home with me from church this afternoon, the first time almost for above thirty years. 'Et nigra vesti senescans,' he ended with a deep sigh. 'It's well we haven't long to wait down here anyhow, and least of all for me.'"

It was not very long before Tom succeeded to the vacant post.

It was an interest and occupation, though a sad one, for the old man to get the Rectory into exquisite order for his son, and he used almost daily to go down there on his white pony at a foot's pace with May generally by his side.

"It's rather slow work old Deedes being the head carpenter, isn't it?" said Tom one day a little impatiently. "He told me himself to-day that he was seventy-three."

"You don't mean to say that you'd have me discharge Deedes?" said his father, in the tone of utter surprise he might have used if he had been asked to divorce his wife. "Why, he has worked on the place for fifty years. He can do as good a day's work now as anybody—quietly you know, if he isn't hurried."

Live and let live, was the law at Fernyhurst. When existence depends upon under-selling your neighbour three farthings upon fifty lbs., there is no room to care for an old man's feelings; but the grinding up of men's lives in the machinery of competition has not yet taken possession of such old country homes in England: there is still a place left for old trees and old men.

During the interval Tom went on living at the great house once more among his own people.

"Curiously like and unlike to old days," said May, smiling to herself. She found that she had to learn her brother over again; it is very different having a man, even a brother, as a guest and as a permanent resident. He was more difficult to live with than her father. Youth is intolerant and self-involved; both sympathy and many-sided interests come generally later in life. Tom, like most young men, too, pursued his own moods without the least calculating their effect outside. He had that curious want of power of distinguishing between bodily and mental sensations—the depression arising from the heart or from the stomach. A woman is more accustomed to analyze her own emotions; and moreover, if she were to be cross every time she is sick, life would become unendurable to herself and others. The most experienced mother or sister, however, will be often utterly perplexed at first sight to determine, when a man comes in at night, whether his deep depression arises from his having lost his whole fortune or waited too long for dinner; whether he has heard suddenly of the death of what he loves best, or got a fit of the toothache. On the other hand, the fit goes off as quickly as it comes. After he has comforted his soul with savoury meat, or his aches by their proper relief, he becomes as cheerful as ever, and perfectly unconscious that he has ever been otherwise.

"What made you so low, dear, when you came in to-night?" said May a little uneasily at first, after the fashion of womankind.

"Low, my dear! I wasn't a bit low. What fancies you take!" said Tom, after the fashion of mankind.

He was a good son and a good brother on the whole, very anxious to do his duty, but a little bit inclined, with the extreme good sense of the family, to lecture his father and sister, who were idealists very unlike himself in many matters. It was a great pleasure to May to have him once more at home as of old,—she was exceedingly fond of him,—but somehow, as life went on, they had become less and less intimate. He generally misunderstood her; and though she sometimes felt the want of the society of people of her own age, there were many things which she would talk of more readily, in which she could sympathize more warmly with her father, who was indeed far younger than any of his sons.

Tom had made up his opinions into bundles early in life, and tied them with red

or other tape, and as for the new facts and opinions which life might produce, if his arrangements were symmetrical, and his scheme of thought perfect without them, what was the use of bothering oneself by altering them? while his father, with ever new sympathy for the true, wherever it was to be found, followed it out, regardless into what difficulties the chase might lead him, "as a hawk follows his sport; at full speed, straightforwards, looking only upwards." The Squire's was the theoretic mind, always striving to find the reason why, to get at the root of the matter, apt at seeing the many sides of a question — too much so, perhaps, for carrying out his thought into practice, too far-seeing to care much for the immediate small gains which the present gives alone; Tom's, the practical limited intelligence which does what it has to do, minds its own little bit of good, mends its own bit of road, without troubling about its relation to any larger horizon, never dreaming of inventing a new or shorter line to its object. It is the conservative product of an old and settled civilization. "Alii cuor" is the motto of the first class; "Stare super antiquas vias:" of the other, and "both's best," as the children say: for the benefit of the world both characters are necessary. Only, as we shall never want a superabundance of the second in England, the first may be cultivated without any danger of superfluity in our climate.

CHAPTER XVII.

EBB AFTER THE TIDE.

As the months went on Mr. Dimsdale himself became more and more infirm, and was often confined to the house for days together. Tom had taken possession of his new home, but was constantly in and out of Fernyhurst, companionizing his father, which generally included a certain amount of newspaper reading. Railways were still new enough to be subjects of interest, and one day he began upon a paragraph concerning "another railroad accident."

"Listen, May, here's a pretty story for you: 'On the newly-opened line at — Station a little child slipped off upon the rails just as the luggage train came up, which did not stop there; a gentleman present sprang down, flung the child into the arms of the mother, who stood wringing her hands on the platform, and, there being no time to get up again, threw himself down between the wall and the line, and let the train pass over him, the iron steps slightly grazing his shoulder. When

he reappeared in safety there was a general cheer, but he retired before we (the reporter) could catch his name.'"

"What a fine fellow!" cried May enthusiastically, "how I should like to know who it was!"

"Hullo!" said Tom, as he looked over the paper next day, "here's a letter about the 'heroic action related,' &c. 'Courage, self-devotion' — all the rest of it, 'eye-witness,' &c., 'Mr. Walter Scrope, Barrister-at-Law!' So it was old Walter after all! run to ground, poor fellow, when he thought he had got off so neatly. Well, May, you were all in admiration yesterday. You think so little of Scrope, that I suppose now you'll declare it was a commonplace action, which everybody would do."

"Certainly," said May with a smile, taking up the paper, though, as there was nothing to be seen in it but the penny-a-liner's very indifferent remarks, it might be to "give herself a countenance." In a few minutes she got up and left the room.

"I'm sorry to have lost sight of that young fellow," said Mr. Dimsdale drowsily, not very distinctly remembering the "passage" between Scrope and May. "I wish he would come down here again." Then soon after, "Why don't you go on reading, Tom?" he went on a little impatiently. Whereupon his son "took a header" immediately, as he told his sister afterwards, and read virtuously straight on, leaders, correspondence, foreign affairs and all; after which his father fell asleep, and he went in search of his sister.

She was not to be found in the house, and he followed her into the garden. It was a sad autumn day, with a damp cold wind blowing the dead leaves about hither and thither:

"Yellow and black, and hectic pale and red,
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing."

as she repeated to herself. She was getting her allowance of air, without leaving her father too long, not over-cheerfully, in a somewhat dreary constitutional duty walk.

"Well," said her brother, coming up behind her, "I'm so glad that it was dear old Scrope. I'm glad there's come an opening, a loophole — though it's a very little one — through which the world can see what a gallant fellow he is, eating his heart out in those musty chambers, failing, and struggling, and fighting with life as he is doing, with such powers as his, when he

ought to be the head of everything if he had his due. I hate success!" and he vented his wrath on a very beautiful red-spotted fungus which came in his path, and kicked it a long way as he spoke.

"You usen't always to think so," said May, smiling, as she remembered their old fights.

"Well, but now I see what a fine time the idiots have of it in this world in most professions. Do you remember Walter said that men get success if they care for it more than for their liberty or their conscience, and that it was the lowest test you could apply to a man or a cause? I'm sure I never could understand why he didn't succeed with you, May. I should like to know what you refused him for — you *must* have thought very well of him."

"Yes, I thought very well of him."

"And you liked him?"

"Yes, I liked him, but not in that way."

"Not in what way?"

"Tom, I can't have you cross-examining me so. One may think very highly of a man, and yet he may not be to one's taste to marry; one can't command one's love."

"One's taste, one's love!" answered Tom angrily. "And I should like to know what one's taste and one's love are to be based on! Here was one of the finest fellows in England, head of the Harrow eleven, stroke oar on the river, — you laugh, May; you don't think much of that, but a man's a good deal more of a man, even you'll allow, for it," he added parenthetically, returning to his boy notions, — "who did very well at college, with as good a head-piece and as warm a heart as lives, wants to marry a girl, and she knows that she makes him miserable year after year, and then she says he isn't to her taste! So much the worse for her taste, I say. I'd rather have had that man in the family than have been made Archbishop of Canterbury!" And though the world might think honest Tom not a likely candidate for the office, the wish expressed a very true and heartfelt reverence for excellence quite worth winning. "But it's no use talking, he's forgotten all about it now, I fancy; he said he couldn't come here for Christmas when I last saw him in town, and never so much as asked after you. Well, I must get off home, I suppose, for there's old Marty sick, and I ought to see him before night;" and with a parting kick at the leaves and funguses, he disappeared at a long stride.

May went silently on with her walk. There was a certain amount of truth in Tom's reproaches. In the heyday of her

girl expectancies, in that full belief in heroes with which a true woman starts in life, she had thrown from her what she knew was a very true, deep, earnest affection from a man whom she respected, whose character stood very high, honourable, high-minded, unselfish, with good abilities, though she did not rank them so high as Tom did, — and why? She could hardly explain to herself why. "He had not pleased her taste." What was her taste? She liked the same books as he did; she had often been startled to hear him utter in words the same thoughts which she herself had been thinking. Then what were her reasons? He had little faults of manner, he contradicted, he was rather rough; he was very thoughtful in great things, he would make painful sacrifices and take trouble for other people that few would go through, but he was not considerate in little matters ("and trifles make the sum of human life," said May, musing to herself); he had not sufficient imagination to put himself in the place of others; he would bruise small feelings because he did not know that they were there; besides, he offended her sometimes with his pieces of democracy and a certain bluntness about art. Moreover, he was not only plain (May would have scorned to regard this), but he was uncouth in his look and manner. This was the amount of his shortcomings. She could find no others even after much search; still, as these things were so, he would not have made her happy, and she knew that she was quite right to have refused him, the which she proved to herself most satisfactorily several times.

Why, then, when she reached the other end of the walk had she to begin proving it all over again, and indeed many times over afterwards?

The fact was, as the years had run on, she had seen many men and much love-making with herself and others, and had found out that true, earnest, faithful love does not hang on every bush for the picking; and that high-minded, clever, good men, either with or without faults of manner, are not found at every turn of the road of life. She had had her choice of two very different natures, and had refused both. She had been grand, and declared to herself that she did not want to marry. If she met the archangel Gabriel, well and good; not else. There is such a luxury of affection, and everything else, in extreme youth, that it throws aside as commonplace what no comparison has taught it to prize. Few minds can meas-

ure the value of that which they have always possessed, or conceive pain which they have never themselves experienced. She was beginning now to feel that true love was worth something even when not coming from the archangel in person. Two years are to a character what distance is to a view: the great points stand out, the small features disappear. There is much to be said against London as a city, but when seen from the top of St. Paul's, you become aware of its grandeur, and forget its æsthetic crimes. The saving of the child on the railway had brought Walter's good qualities vividly before her, and she thought tenderly of the affection, which is the next thing to thinking tenderly of the man. "However" (as she always ended her reflections), "he has most likely forgotten all about it by this time, as Tom says; and as for me, if ever —" — she could hardly yet face the idea of her father's death even in thought — "I am engaged to Tom, and shall go to him, and live with him till he marries."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN'S WORK.

SHE had repeated this, and a great deal more, many times to herself one evening about a week after. Tom was gone to dine and sleep at a neighbour's house. She had finished a game at piquet with her father, she had read till she was too tired to go on, and had then played him to sleep, sweet and low; and through it all the under-current of her thought had gone on. Under the farming talk, and the discussion of the soup and the politics and the *Edinburgh Review* — although she had forced herself to be interested in them all — there had run on the ceaseless questioning of herself, to which she got no very definite answer.

The piano stood in the corner of the dimly-lighted room. Hers was not "company play," but it helped her through many long evening hours. Her father liked nothing so well as little simple airs, what he called "warbling" on the piano; and she strayed from one plaintive folks-lied and ballad to a German chorus — music which they used to sing and play in the merry old times, till the ghosts of dead joys seemed to fill the room; and all the cheerful tones of the past, the absent, the estranged, the dead, came back upon her with a sort of passionate regret, after nothing in particular, but the "brave days of old" in general, till at last she could hardly bear her own memories, and she

turned to a grand "chaconne" of Jomelli's, and calmed herself with its simple, earnest, straightforward faith. "As is thy day, so shall thy strength be also," one phrase of the music seemed to say to her over and over again. And, soothed and comforted, she came back to the lighted circle near the fire, and took up her work again, and the "every day" closed in on her once more.

"Let me see, what were we reading, dear child?" said her father, waking up. "Oh, that review of the war in Hungary. I think it is almost time to go to bed. Are you near the end?" And May was satisfied; she knew that all had been right.

Still she felt keenly sometimes that her tastes were changing a good deal. She had reached the stage in woman's life when learning for learning's sake begins to flag. The love of acquiring knowledge is generally greater in young girls than in boys, but most women are taught that their education is ended as the real education of their brothers begins. A girl is fully launched in society at eighteen. A boy is just going to college. May had, luckily for her, not been properly "brought out;" she had been very little in London; and though she had seen a great deal of society in her father's house, yet it was in a simple, straightforward way which allowed the girl to develop according to her own nature, not other folk's fancies. But in a woman the appetite for mere facts generally dies out early. She does not often read beyond a certain point without some object. Solitary thought is rare in woman. The desire to give or to receive sympathy is the strongest part of her. She will study the driest possible subject to be of use to her father, her brother, or her husband, but as a general principle she will not make reading absolute, as it were, the object of her life, after five or six and twenty. The life of the intellect alone will never naturally be hers; she must live through her affections and her moral nature also. If life does not give her her ordinary food for these, if her parents are dead, and she is not married, she makes parents and children both to herself out of the sick and the poor and those who are afflicted, and it is a happy as well as useful life.

Whether married or single, however, joint action is what she is evidently fitted for by nature, by her lively sympathies and quick intuitions. There seems to be a woman's as well as a man's side in all great philanthropic work, which cannot be

thoroughly carried out, unless both can labour at it heartily together.

The silent share which women have contributed to men's intellectual work is taken by them in general, at present, as simply as that of the compositor or printer's devil and is never known except from a magnanimous man here and there, like Mr. Mill, too rich in ideas to grudge such acknowledgment. To take only a few of the instances in lately-published biographies. Many of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" were composed by Fanny Mendelssohn, though at her own desire they all appeared under her brother's name; the assistance rendered by old Miss Herschel in her brother's calculations, and by Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Austen in the production of their husbands' works in metaphysics and jurisprudence; * the account given by M. Renan in a touching tribute to his sister's memory of the help he received from her — these are instances from the most opposite poles of thought, taste, and powers.

Again, that a large share of the higher moral and ideal work of the world may fairly be taken by woman is shown by the fact that, though the male and female population are nearly equal in number, the crimes committed by the former are nearly five times as numerous.

Mr. F. Newman "admires the instinct which made the old Germans regard woman as penetrating nearer to the mind of God than the man does." The idea of old Alruna women, the Sibyls, the Hebrew prophetesses, all point to the same function to be performed by women, *i.e.*, the preservation of the ideal, of the higher moral sense of the world. How often a man is heard to complain when a woman proposes to carry out some moral principle into action — "You are not practical! If you had the responsibility of doing it yourself, you would soon give it up." Whereas, according to this view, she is fulfilling her vocation, striking the key-note, sounding the pitch, as it were, ascertaining the degree to which common life is out of tune — the distance at which practice lingers behind absolute right. Women would then contribute something of that ideal part which the Germans are said to give to the intellect of the world. Even as it is, Egeria is the poetic form of many a prosaic reality.

* The *Edinburgh Review* says, "We are in truth indebted to these two ladies that the most profound and abstruse discussions on law and metaphysics which have appeared in our time became accessible and intelligible to the public."

Through all phases of persecution, Pagan, Catholic, and Protestant alike, women have never been found wanting. They can show a full share of martyrs for all causes, for all faiths — even in political questions, for which they are generally supposed not to care. It was observed in the French Revolution that the women suffered for their opinions as gallantly as the men, without ever for a moment putting forward their sex as a reason for exemption from death. A woman will stick to what she believes to be a principle most courageously; but from her poor education, the intense narrowness of her horizon, it is too often on some wretched little scruple, which she mistakes for it and dignifies with the name, that she wastes her energies. She worries her husband or her grown-up son for some silly little tithe of anise and cummin, while the weighty matters of God's great law of right and wrong are invisible and uninteresting because unknown in her poor, loving, short-sighted eyes. Yet a high-minded woman is generally less drawn aside by worldly consideration than a high-minded man. They are more willing to make quiet every-day sacrifices, to endure for righteousness' sake.

The power wielded by women, from the lowest to the highest, is at present so great that if men at all realized its extent, they would for their own purposes insist on their being better qualified to use it. Among the cottagers it is the woman who makes those marvellous calculations by which a whole family is fed and clothed per week out of the cost of a gentleman's single dinner. "I'll ask my missus" is no form of speech in a class which never stands upon compliments, but plain truth; the domestic rule does lie in the hands of the missis. And in the upper class the welfare of the household and of the children, up to eight or nine years of age, is almost exclusively with her. Indeed, if any man will candidly confess to himself the amount of influence which has been exercised over his life, at all ages, by women old and young, he will be almost appalled by the manner in which these potent beings have, for the most part, been left to pick up what education they could from an ignorant governess or an indifferent school; while their ideas of right and wrong, of religion and morality, have been generally obtained by being carefully kept from hearing that there is another side to any question. Whereas their brains being larger in proportion to their bodies than those of men, and their temperaments

more sensitive, they require good education for their guidance even more than they.

May, however, had suffered neither by the neglect nor the distortion of her life; it had been a full, a useful, and a loving one. But the high tide of occupation, influence, and affection was now slipping fast away from her. There was a blank more or less before her in the future, to which it was, however, no use to look forward, only to work on in trust.

CHAPTER XIX.

A "MARIAGE DE RAISON."

THE next day Tom appeared in the afternoon to sit with his father as usual. "I want to speak to you, May, as soon as I've done reading," said he, in a whisper, behind the broad sheet of the *Times*. "Go into the yew-tree walk and wait for me."

"Has he anything to tell me about Walter Scrope?" said May to herself as she put a bunch of late roses into a vase for her father's room. He scarcely knew one flower from another, but he liked the feeling of care implied by the act, and the sense of art and love of colour were gratified; it pleases the eye and varies the thought of the sick even when they are unconscious of it. Presently she heard Tom's rapid stride, and he had taken hold of her arm almost before she had got down the garden steps.

"I found the Longmores staying at Stapleton, May," said he.

"So you told us," she answered rather wearily. "I believe they have felt Mr. Drayton's death very much, but they really do —" Before, however, she could finish her sentence Tom went on —

"You know, May, it is very dull living in that house all alone, and there ought to be somebody to look after the schools and the old women now you're so shut up; and altogether . . . you see — I've asked Sophia to marry me."

"Sophia Longmore!" cried she in blank dismay.

"Yes, Sophia. Why not? I thought you'd be so pleased. She's a good girl, and she's very nice-looking and like a lady, and she'll have the ten thousand pounds which Mr. Drayton left them."

This was all true in a certain sense. There was no doubt that she had at least these three excellent qualities, but her head and heart were both of them narrow and small; and May knew that she would

drag down her brother instead of raising him.

"I'm sure I care for nothing but your happiness, Tom, and if she makes it, I shall be glad with all my heart. But it was a little sudden. I was rather startled. We had always talked of living together," said she, with an anxious attempt at a smile.

"Well," cried Tom impatiently, in a somewhat aggrieved tone, "and so we shall; and a great deal happier you will be with such a companion and friend. You wouldn't have liked at all to be tied always to me; besides I don't want you to be an old maid."

And the excellent Tom had almost persuaded himself, as he spoke, that he was marrying at a great personal sacrifice purely for the advantage of giving his sister a home.

"Tell me about it, dear," said May more cheerfully, pressing his arm and feeling that she had received the communication a little ungraciously. "How did it all happen?"

She had always sincerely believed herself to be anxious for her brother's marriage, but somehow it is one of those things, charming in the abstract, which in the concrete are pretty nearly always, with the best intentions, sure to be a little distasteful and ill-timed.

His share of the performance was soon told, and May guessed the remainder pretty accurately. Mrs. Longmore had inquired tenderly after her "beloved brother's loved parish;" Sophia had followed it up more delicately. How did the dear little ones in the infant school go on, and how was old Betty Martin's bad leg? What a charming spot the Rectory was! Sophia did not believe that there was a more perfect place in England than her dear uncle's garden and lawn; and then she sighed, and said that she had not seen it since . . . till poor Tom, bewildered by his sudden conscientious conviction that the "dear little children" had been a good deal neglected since May was so much confined to her father's room, and knowing how much he was bored by Betty Martin's elaborate description of her woes, touched by the sadness depicted in the fair Peri's face shut outside her paradise, suddenly made up his mind, slept on it characteristically with his sensible temper, in order not to feel in too great a hurry — with the cautious manner some men have of doing rash things — eat his breakfast on it, proposed, and was rap- turously accepted on the garden steps next morning before he started home.

"My darling child was born for a parish priestess," said Mrs. Longmore with a sob of delight; "and her uncle having left us his fortune, seems to make it so appropriate for her to live and do good in his own beloved parish; and my brother-in-law, the canon, has always said that there was no one better fitted . . . interesting duties connected . . ." Mrs Longmore's emo-

tions were of the most voluminous and gushing kind on this occasion.

"But I don't mean to marry her into the bargain, May, you may be very sure," said Tom one day in a sudden fit of decision.

May smiled her answer; it is more convenient when assent is all that is required, and you have not a very confident one to give.

ENGLISH malcontents, like those who sing the "Marseillaise" in Trafalgar-Square, and are greatly excited by the establishment of a Republican Government in France, would do well to clearly ascertain what are their real grievances. Do they lie in the form of government at present existing, or in the shortcomings of those who hold government? If we look to the sanitary condition and to the dwelling-houses of the poorer classes, to the adulteration of their food, to the tyranny and jobbery of local authorities, all arising from the muddle of our domestic legislation, we can well understand their dissatisfaction with their rulers; but if they are excited against the form of our government, it may be because they are led away by political terms applied without distinction to Governments differing from each other very much indeed. It is, perhaps, unfortunate, remarked the late Sir George Lewis, that usage had sanctioned the extension of the term monarchy to all States in which a king is chief—in other words, has identified monarchy with royalty; for, as the mind, even of the most careful, is insensibly influenced by words, the idea is naturally suggested that there is a greater affinity between a commonwealth with a king and a genuine monarchy than between a commonwealth with a king and a commonwealth with a chief elected for a term of years. The difference between a State in which one person has the whole sovereignty and a State in which the legislative sovereignty is shared among a large number, of whom many are chosen by popular election, is immense. The maxims and acts of the two Governments and their influence on the community must be most dissimilar. But when we compare a Royal commonwealth with a commonwealth not Royal (or, in common language, a limited monarchy with a republic) the principal difference is that in one the chief is hereditary and for life, in the other elective, either for life or for a term of years. It is not that the forms of government differ greatly, or the powers of a king, and of a president, doge, or stadtholder; but the manner in which those powers are acquired, and the time for which they endure. For instance, the Government of England resembles that of the United States of America (barring the differences caused by the nature of a federal union) far more nearly than

that of Austria or Russia. The representative franchise may be more extended, property may be more equally divided, in one State than in the other; but the principal difference in the construction of the sovereign power is that in one State the chief is determined by election, in the other by inheritance; that in one State the office lasts for life, in the other only for a limited time. Yet Austria, Russia and England are generally classed together as monarchies, and together opposed to the United States as a republic. Monarchical institutions in a limited monarchy are also frequently opposed to republican institutions, and the two are considered as incompatible. If at the Revolution the *name* of the King of England as well as his *power* had been changed, but he had nevertheless exercised precisely the same influence in the constitution as the Crown has exercised since that time, the Government would have been called republican, instead of monarchical, although the only difference would have been in the name of the first person in the State. The professional agitator of course will not take the trouble to learn these things; they are worth consideration nevertheless.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THIS is said to be an age in which people are exceedingly averse from taking responsibility. Perhaps this statement is an exaggeration. Probably in all ages people were very much averse from taking responsibility. But still this aversion is likely to be greater in a thoughtful period, when men have found out how much there is to be said for every side of a question.

How comes it, then, that the fear of responsibility seems to have so little influence in restraining men from repeating injurious reports of others, for which they have really no ground but hearsay? Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that for one person in ten who would not invent a calumny, or knowingly add to it, there is not one in ten thousand who would hesitate to repeat it, without having the slightest real knowledge of the matter—not appreciating the responsibility they are thereby taking upon themselves.

Arthur Helps.

From Temple Bar.

THE BATTLE OF LEGNANO, A.D. 1176.

BY SIR EDWARD CREAMY.

"THE Phoenix is a fable; but the resurrection of a people may be a reality." So in our own time wrote Guerazzo, one of those fervid Italian patriots, whom it was the fashion to listen to with praises for their eloquence, and with a secret smile at their visionary enthusiasm. Such, indeed, has been the manner, in which the world has regarded aspirations for the independence and the greatness of Italy, from the days of Rienzi and Petrarch down to those of Alfieri, Carlo Botta, and Monti. But now before our own eyes, those aspirations have been accomplished. The vision of four centuries has become a reality. There is a free and united Italy, complete in her independence and in her integrity; save that her old capital has not yet become her heart's core. But we know that this consummation can be no longer delayed. Even in this present month is ending the monstrous anomaly of Rome isolated in sacerdotal servitude under French patronage, while all else, from the Alps to Tarentum, is self-governed and free. Certainly, before a few months, probably before a few weeks, possibly before a few days have passed away, Rome and Romagna will be Italian and not Papal, so far at least as regards temporal dominion.

Even while deprived of her true capital, and while the natural centre of her national life has been clogged by anile pontifical despotism and foreign military force, the young kingdom of Italy has assumed and maintained a position of dignity and importance among the states of civilized Europe. If we predict for new Italy, when perfected and matured, a continuance and an increase of prosperity and power, we may do so on the authority not merely of enthusiasts and poets, who are apt "to mistake memories for hopes," but on the reasonings and calculations furnished by one who detested "Idéologues" of every kind; and who was always most austere practical when estimating the elements of political and military strength. This was the Emperor Napoleon. — Napoleon I., as he has been termed during the last twenty years, — Napoleon, the Napoleon, as his name will be emphasized for ages to come. In the Memoirs dictated by him at St. Helena, the narrative of his campaigns in Italy is prefaced by clear and full descriptions of the geography of the scenes of action: and, while giving those descriptions, the ex-Emperor entered into

the question of how far Italy is naturally adapted for being the country of a strong united nation; and also on the question of which of her cities is best adapted for being made the capital of the whole country.* Napoleon points out that the great defect in the geographical configuration of Italy consists in her length being too great in proportion to her breadth. This, in his judgment, has been a main cause of the calamities which she has endured, and of the subdivision of that beautiful country into a great number of weak states. He shows that a remedy for this evil may be found by Italy, if she devotes especial attention to her maritime resources, and makes herself a great naval power. In his deliberate opinion, notwithstanding the distinction that may be found between the north and south, Italy is essentially one sole nation. "The unity of manners, of language, of literature, must at some time — which sooner or later will arrive, — reunite finally all her inhabitants under one government." A primary condition for the continued existence of that government will be that it shall become a maritime power, so as to maintain "its supremacy over the adjacent islands, and to defend its coasts."† He adds in another passage the observation that — "No other part of Europe is situated in so advantageous a manner as the Italian peninsula for becoming a great maritime power." He points out the large amount of the sea-board of Italy and her islands, among which he justly classes Corsica and Sardinia, as well as Sicily. He dilates on the excellence of her numerous harbours, among which he specifies Genoa, Spezia, Naples, Palermo, Tarentum, and Venice. Of these, Spezia‡ should be her great war harbour for commanding the Ligurian seas; Tarentum for commanding Sicily, Greece, the Levant, and the coasts of Syria and Egypt.§

On the question of which city ought to be made the capital of the expected king-

* See, in *Commentaires de Napoleon Premier*, Tome I., p. 126 (Imperial edition of 1808) the sixth section of the "Description d'Italie."

† "L'Italie est une seule nation. L'unité de mœurs, de langage, de littérature, doit, dans un avenir plus ou moins éloigné, réunir enfin ses habitants sous un seul gouvernement. Pour exister, la première condition de cette monarchie sera d'être puissance maritime, afin de maintenir la suprématie sur ses îles et de défendre ses côtes." — *Napoleon's Commentaires*, Tome I., p. 127.

‡ "La Spezia est le plus beau port de l'univers; sa rade est même supérieure à celle de Toulon: sa défense par terre et par mer est facile." — *Ibid.*, p. 130.

§ "Tarente est merveilleusement située pour dominer la Sicile, la Grèce, le Levant, et les côtes d'Égypte, et de Syrie." — *Ibid.*, p. 131.

dom of united Italy, Napoleon considers the rival claims of Venice and of Rome, and decides in favour of the ancient Imperial city. He gives it as his opinion that "Rome is incontestably the capital which the Italians will one day choose."* That "one day" will probably have arrived before the words, which I copy, meet the reader's eye.

The advantages, which Italy possesses for becoming a great maritime power, have been greatly increased since the time when Napoleon wrote his Commentaries. The opening of the Suez Canal will soon cause the greater part of the commerce between the Far East and Europe to resume its ancient course up the Red Sea and across Egypt to the ports of the Mediterranean. The Italian Peninsula, which stretches down from the mass of the continent of Europe across the centre of the Mediterranean, has the best possible geographical position for becoming the chief depôt of that commerce. Oriental trade was, in fact, the main source of the wealth and the naval renown of Venice, Genoa, and the other maritime Italian States of the Middle Ages, before the voyages, which the Portuguese made round the Cape of Good Hope to India. The old line of traffic across part of Egypt or Asia was necessarily a mixed system, in which land carriage as well as water carriage was employed. That mixed overland system of commerce could not compete with the line of traffic opened by the Portuguese, in which cargoes were taken by the sea and in the same vessels from one terminus of the whole journey to the other. The trade with the south-eastern parts of the world passed accordingly from the hands of Italian mariners and merchants to those of the adventurers of Lisbon, and subsequently to those of the Dutch and the English, who, after the Portuguese, applied themselves to commercial navigation round Africa to India. But now the old direct line is open by water from beginning to end. Merchant ships are already beginning to crowd along the Suez Canal to and from the chief ports, not only of the Indian and Chinese, but also of the Australian territories. A truly golden opportunity is offered to the new Italian kingdom for reviving commercial wealth and naval strength, in a degree tenfold greater than Venice, Genoa, and Pisa ever possessed them in the days of their very palmiest splendour. Lesseps has restored what

Vasco de Gama took away; and the Italians, if they are wise, will have most reason of all European nations, to hail with gratitude the results of the genius and perseverance of the great Franco-Egyptian engineer.

No sane man expects that the world will ever see again a conquering and ambitiously aggressive Italy, such as she was, when the old Roman legions subdued and crushed all the once independent nations, whose homes were around or near to the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea. What we hope to behold, is an Italy with the civilization, the wealth, the splendour in art and science, the agricultural and commercial prosperity, which some of her States attained four centuries ago; and which, in the judgment of nearly the highest modern authority, have scarcely ever or anywhere been surpassed or even equalled.* We wish the peaceful glories of Mediæval Italy to be restored, with the addition of a strong central government, beneath which her combined resources shall be secure against attacks from either Gaul or Germany, and which shall prevent the growth of the civil wars and dissensions which were the bane of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages. Long as those free States have fallen, deeply as their populations have been down-trodden, it is still to them that the possibility of a great Modern Italy is due. They, during the centuries in which they flourished, exercised an influence on the progress of the human race which is imperishable. This brilliant period of Italian freedom commenced with the successful resistance which the Lombard free cities made to the arms of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, when they defeated him at Legnano in 1176. It closes with the capitulation of Florence to the army of the Emperor Charles V. in 1530.†

The recollections of it have been imper-

* "We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own excepted, has even at the present time, reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained four centuries ago."—Macaulay's "Essay on Machiavelli."

† Sismondi thus epitomizes the growth, the splendour, and the decline of the Free Italian Nation of the Middle Ages:—"Les dix premiers siècles qui s'écoulèrent depuis le renversement de l'Empire d'occident, préparèrent, par le mélange des peuples barbares avec les peuples dégénérés de l'Italie la nation nouvelle qui devoit succéder aux Romains. Dans le douzième siècle cette nation conquit sa liberté; elle en jouit dans le treizième et le quatorzième en y joignant tous les triomphes des vertus, des talents, des arts, de la philosophie et du goût; elle la laissa se corrompre dans le quinzième, et elle perdit en même temps son ancienne vigueur. Pres d'un demi-siècle d'une guerre effroyable détruisit alors sa prospérité, anéantit ses moyens de défense, et lui ravit enfin son indépendance."

* "Rome est, sans contredit, la capitale, que les Italiens choisiroient un jour."—Napoleon's *Commentaries*, Tome i., p. 129.

ishable among the Italians, and have kept alive those qualities, which Byron pointed out as their national characteristics, when he wrote of them that "the man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word is admissible, their *capabilities*, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty; and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,' the immortality of independence."*

This last mentioned quality is even a better guerdon for the revival of their national greatness, than the unity of manners, language, and literature, on which Napoleon relied, when he foretold the consolidation of Italy and her elevation to the rank of an important European power. And it was this same longing for independence which caused the first formation of the mediæval Lombard and Tuscan commonwealths, and which inspired their glorious resistance to the frequent attempts made by the German Emperors to reduce them to servitude.

The cities of Northern Italy had emerged gradually, during the eleventh century, from the subjection, in which they had been held by Otho the Great, and his two imperial successors of the same name. The holy Roman Empire had fallen, after the death of Otho III., into confusion and comparative weakness. Its chiefs found full occupation in the wars and rebellions, that broke out northward of the Alps, and in their long-continued disputes with the Papacy. The Lombard cities were left generally to themselves; and, though they did not openly and avowedly renounce the sovereignty of the Emperor, they became, in practice, self-governed States. They chose their own magistrates; they raised and officered their own militia; they voted their own taxes; they administered their own revenue; they sent ambassadors to other States; they made treaties; they formed leagues, and waged wars, as they thought fit. One great object with them all was to get released from their liability to receive the Emperor and his troops within their walls when he visited Italy. So long as the Emperor retained, and from time to time exercised, the right of thus taking armed occupation, the citizens felt that they had no secure possession of their liberties.

* This passage is near the end of the Dedication of the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."

They, in most cases, obtained charters or pledges, by which their titular sovereigns were bound to take up their abode, not within the city walls, but in palaces provided for them outside the fortifications. The increase of population and of wealth in these civic commonwealths was rapid and continuous. They acquired full dominion over the territories near them; they subdued the feudal baronage; and they compelled the nobles to become members of the civic communities, and to reside for at least a specified part of the year within the walls. While the aristocracy was thus brought down to the middle-class level, much was done to raise the mass of the population to a better position, than was enjoyed by the lower orders in other parts of mediæval Europe. Slavery and serfdom were practically, though not formally, abolished by the Italian commonwealths, both within the towns, and among the rural populations of the circumjacent territories. The peasantry generally tilled the land on what is termed the Metayer system, under which the cultivator and the landowner divide the produce of the soil in agreed proportions. Within the towns manufactures flourished; and the artisans, by whose skilled labour the wealth of the State was principally created, were not only allowed to carry arms, but were carefully trained to the use of them; and they exercised all political rights, as freely and as fully as the greatest merchants and capitalists. Literature and the fine arts were cultivated by many, and were honoured by all. Public works of utility and ornament were undertaken and executed in a lofty and liberal spirit; such as at a later time was shown and nobly expressed by the people of Florence, who, when they determined to replace their old church of Santa Reparata with a new cathedral, ordered that the work should be executed with "supreme and free-handed magnificence." The decree states that the utmost grandeur and beauty shall be aimed at, because

"The most judicious in this city have pronounced the opinion, in public and in private conferences, that no work of the Commonwealth should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspond with a heart, which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens united together in one single will."*

The dark side of this brilliant picture of

* Cicognari, *Storia della Scultura*, II. I47, cited in the note to Mr. Norton's translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante.

Italy in the days of her mediæval republics is well-known. Hallam has said, too truly, that "Their love of freedom was alloyed by that restless spirit, from which a democracy is seldom exempt, of tyrannizing over weaker neighbours."* The strong cities coerced the smaller, as Athens of old coerced her subject-allies. The smaller sought safety, or more often revenge, by leaguings themselves with one strong city against another. Milan and Pavia were superior to all the other Lombard States in wealth and power. These two hated each other as rancorously as ancient Sparta, in the Peloponnesian War, hated Athens, or as old Rome, in Cato's time, hated Carthage. Milan was conspicuous for her democratic zeal, and for her haughty repudiation of almost every remnant of the old Imperial supremacy. Pavia was ready to adopt the policy most opposed to that of her rival; and, when the attempt was made in the middle of the twelfth century to enforce the long dormant claims of the German Cæsars over Italy, it was in Pavia that the Imperialists found their staunchest ally against her sister republics.

Frederick, Duke of Suabia, surnamed Barbarossa, was elected by the Diet at Frankfort, in 1152, to be Cæsar Augustus, Head of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. During the reign of his feeble predecessor, Conrad III., Germany had suffered grievously by the dissensions and civil wars of her princes; and the electors were determined that their common country should now have the benefit of a strong government. They chose, accordingly, the Duke of Suabia, then in the thirty-first year of his age, and already renowned not only for his personal valour and other accomplishments, but for his vigilant strictness in administering justice, and repressing disorder. These were indeed the characteristics of the Emperor Frederick I. throughout his long reign. He also entertained the loftiest ideas of the Imperial dignity which he had acquired. He was resolved to assert and to exercise in reality the full powers, which Charlemagne and the Otthos had wielded to the south as well as to the north of the Alps. He considered (and many of the jurists, who now devoted themselves with zeal and honour to the revived study of the Roman law, upheld his opinion) that the rights of the sovereign head of the Roman Empire could never be lost, or waived by desuetude. He believed himself to be, of

right, absolute lord and master of Italy; and as soon as he had established temporary tranquillity in Germany, he prepared for the effective restoration of the Imperial authority in the Peninsula.

The Lombard cities, by their misconduct towards each other, gave Frederick specious reasons for interfering to check oppression, in addition to what he deemed the duty of vindicating the neglected majesty of the Empire.

The Milanese had reduced the people of the little commonwealth of Lodi to a state of subjection. The Lodésans implored protection and justice from the Emperor. Frederick sent a letter to the Milanese, commanding them to restore the people of Lodi to their ancient rights. The Milanese received Frederick's order with derision, and the Imperial despatch was publicly torn in their assembly. Frederick, in 1154, passed the Alps at the head of a powerful army; and he held a diet at Roncaglia, at which the deputies of all the Lombard cities, including Milan, attended and did homage. He was crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy at Pavia, and he then pressed forward upon Rome. Rome was at this time in the hands of a republican government, which was equally hostile to Pope and Emperor. Frederick crushed the Roman democrats, and was solemnly crowned Emperor by Pope Adrian. Disturbances in Germany made him recross the Alps, without pausing, on this occasion, to punish Milan; but he returned in 1158, and laid siege to that city, which had given him further cause of offence since 1154. Milan was starved into capitulation. Frederick now enforced his Imperial sovereignty throughout Lombardy in the most stern and arbitrary manner. The Milanese again took up arms, were again besieged, and were again compelled by famine to surrender. Frederick now levelled the rebellious city with the ground, and ordered its inhabitants to be dispersed among the villages of their territory. Awe-struck at this terrible example of Barbarossa's severity, the other Lombard states, that had formerly sided with Milan, now crouched submissively before the Emperor, while Pavia and the other old foes of Milan rejoiced over their enemy's downfall.

But Italian freedom was not yet annihilated. As Shelley has beautifully written,

"Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan;"

or, we may adopt the almost equally poetic words of Hallam, and say that "there still

* Hallam, I, "Middle Ages," 367. (Ed. 1868.)

remained at the heart of Lombardy the strong principle of national liberty, imperishable among the perishable armies of her patriots, inconsumable in the conflagration of her cities." The exiled and dispersed Milanese found shelter in the other Lombard States, even in the territories of those that had lately been hostile to Milan. The narrative which these refugees gave of their sufferings during the siege, of the profanation of holy places, and the demolition of architectural masterpieces by the besiegers, and of the oppressions practised on those, who, after the fall of their city, endeavoured to live as villagers in its territory, moved the compassion of every Italian who heard them. All, whether they professed Imperialism or the politics most opposed to it, felt and resented the coarse arrogance, with which the barbarous warriors from the north treated all natives of the Italian Peninsula. We may judge what the demeanour of the Emperor himself to the subject population must have been, from an anecdote, which has been preserved, respecting his mode of punishing one of his own German nobles who had offended him while in Italy. Barbarossa made Gebhard live chained under his table, like a dog, for three days. A common sense of suffering and of shame led, by degrees, all the Lombard States, except Pavia, to unite in a second League against the German despot's oppression. Fortunately for the confederates, Frederick was about this time involved in disputes with his great vassals northward of the Alps, and was thus prevented for several years from directing his full force against the malcontents in Italy. Even when he next appeared there at the head of an army, he was obliged to direct his march upon Rome, where both Pope and people were now hostile to him. He took the city: but the occupation of it proved fatal to his troops. The deadly effect of the autumnal climate of Rome upon Transalpinians was never more signally manifested. So rapid and fatal was the spread of the pestilence, that the Emperor was obliged to retire from Rome almost without attendants. He made his way through parts of the North Italian territories, where he knew that he was bitterly hated; and he returned to Germany as a baffled fugitive.

The Venetians now allied themselves with the Lombard cities; and Pope Alexander became the patron of the League. Milan was rebuilt, and its brave citizens again gathered together in their restored and reorganized commonwealth. Pavia still adhered to the party of the Emperor;

and his interests were also supported by the Marquis of Montferrat, the only one, among the old princes of Lombardy, who had retained substantial power. The confederate Lombards founded a new city (which they called *Alessandria* in honour of the Pope), in an advantageous situation for curbing their home-enemies, the Marquis of Montferrat and the Pavians. Frederick came with an army to aid his partisans, and he besieged *Alessandria*, but without success. Still the pride and determination of the German Emperor were not to be broken by reverses in operations against stone walls. Nothing short of a defeat in the open field could teach him that the Italians were formidable enemies, with whom he must make terms, and not mere civic rabble, whose rebellion could be easily trampled down, if they ventured on fair battle against the German chivalry. The needed lesson was given to him by the Milanese in 1176.

Early in that year it was known that the Emperor intended to make the territory of Milan the scene of his next campaign, and another siege of the city might be expected. The long resistance which the confederates had made to Frederick, and their success in several slight engagements with German forces, had now raised the martial spirit of the Lombards; and they determined to advance against the invaders, and to encounter them in a pitched battle. The Milanese made the greatest possible efforts to obtain success. They raised from among the best and bravest of the youth of their State two special troops of cavalry. One of these was called "The Cohort of Death." It consisted of 900 chosen men, who took an oath to die on the battle-field for their country rather than fly. The other troops formed the especial guard of the sacred car, the *Carroccio*, on which the great standard of the city was borne and displayed in action. The great mass of the population, that was capable of bearing arms, was arrayed in six battalions, each of the six wards of the city supplying a battalion under its own local officer. The Italian militia-men of those days were well armed. The greater number of them carried the pike,—that "queen of weapons for infantry," as the great Italian General, Montecuculi, in aftertimes termed it. Their defensive arms were helmet, shield, greaves, and gauntlets. Some companies carried halberds and cross-bows. The horse-soldiers wore a breastplate and a small shield, as well as the helmet, and defences for the arms and the legs.

The Emperor's army came down from the north upon the Milanese territory in May. His first operation was to besiege the castle of Legnano, which is about fifteen miles from Milan. The Milanese had not yet been joined by all the contingents of the confederate cities; but Placentia, Verona, Brescia, Novara, and Vercellæ had sent in some chosen squadrons; and with them the men of Milan determined to go forth and give battle. They marched along the road which leads from Milan to the Lago Maggiore, as far as Barano, where they halted, and sent a detachment of 700 cavalry forward to reconnoitre. The Emperor was aware of their approach, and led his army in order of battle towards them. He directed 300 of his horsemen to move in advance, followed by the mass of the German cavalry. It was on Saturday the 29th of May, 1176, that the battle of Legnano was fought.

The advanced bodies of horse of the two armies came suddenly upon each other near a small wood. The Italian 700 at first had the advantage; but, on the mass of the German horse coming forward to support their vanguard, the Italians were driven back; and, when the two main bodies of cavalry encountered, the Germans had the superiority, and at one time all the horse of the League, except the Cohort of the Standard and the Cohort of Death, were flying from the field. But the Lombard infantry stood firm, and Frederick's cavaliers strove in vain to break in upon the forest of pikes. Frederick led in person a charge against the part of the Lombard line, where the sacred car and the standard of Milan were posted. He cut through the Cohort of the Standard, and the foremost Imperialists almost grasped the Carroccio. At this crisis the Cohort of Death charged to the rescue, and beat back the seemingly victorious column of the Emperor. Frederick had the mortification of seeing his own imperial banner captured by those despised citizens of Milan; he was himself struck down; and he lay for a time helpless, but, fortunately for himself, unnoticed on the ground, while a squadron of Milanese cavalry rode almost over him. The Lombard horse, that had been defeated in the beginning of the action, rallied, and returned to the fight; and the arrival on the battle-field of a fresh body of the confederates turned the repulse of the Germans into total defeat. They fled in disorder, horse and foot blended together; and many of them perished in the waters of the Ticino, whither the victorious enemy pursued them. Their camp and military

stores all became the prize of the Lombards. It was for some time believed that Frederick had perished, but by the efforts of a devoted attendant, who remained near him when he fell, the Emperor was removed from the field in the night after the battle, and supported to the city of Pavia, which was still loyal to his cause.

The wisdom of Barbarossa now prevailed over his pride. He opened negotiations with his antagonists; and he first obtained a reconciliation with Pope Alexander. A truce of six years was agreed to between the Emperor and the Lombard cities; and ultimately the terms of pacification were arranged and solemnly ratified at the Diet of Constance in 1183. A pompous preamble set forth the Imperial dignity, and eulogized the calm serenity of the mercy, which he was showing to the Lombards, and the pious feeling of peacefulness, with which he received them back into the number of his loyal subjects. But while Cæsar Augustus thus received abundance of empty praise, the solid advantages of the treaty were all on the side of the confederates. Their League was recognized by the Emperor, and they were authorized to renew it at their discretion. They were to take an oath of allegiance to the head of the Holy Roman Empire; but they were to retain all rights, and all authority, and dominion both over their city districts, and within their walls, which they could claim by usage. The right of levying armies, of erecting fortifications, of electing magistrates, and of full criminal and civil jurisdiction are especially mentioned, and confirmed to them. They were, in fact, though not in style, recognized as sovereign independent States; nor did Frederick through the remainder of his reign attempt any encroachment on the liberties which he thus acknowledged.

That the freedom which the Lombard Republics had thus nobly won, was ill-used and ill-preserved, is unhappily too true. But their enthusiastic patriotism, their enlightened appreciation of commercial grandeur, their still nobler readiness to pay due honour to intelligent industry, their love of literature, science, and art, were revived in a still higher degree, and long maintained by the sister-republics of Tuscany. This never could have been, if the Emperor had succeeded in crushing Italian freedom in the twelfth century. The success thus achieved by the Lombards ensured to the future benefit of their southern fellow-countrymen. The glories of Florence, as well as those of Milan, were established by the victory of Legnano.

From Saint Paul's Magazine.
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS.

PART II.

THE night of the Dowager Countess's grand rout was in future to be known as the night of "The Earthquake,"—or rather of the second shock; for a first agitation of the earth, so it was generally maintained,—had occurred exactly four weeks earlier in the year. The previous shock, however, had been of a very slight and unalarming nature in comparison with the severity,—or what terror magnified into the severity,—of the second upheaving. And now a prophetic cry of a very formidable kind rung forth: a most multitudinous echo, as it were, of the awestricken moans of Lady Dangerfield, as she lay swooning on the floor of her drawing-room. It was whispered faintly at first in dark corners and private places; presently it was shouted clamorously in the full face of day,—publicly proclaimed from the house-tops. The muttered suspicions of the quidnuncs became the confirmed and bruited conviction of the whole nation. "Beware of the third shock!" went the universal chorus. The second shock had been four weeks after the first: the third shock would for certain, it was predicted, be four weeks after the second. There was a chance that the interval might be a calendar, instead of a lunar, month. By which calculation the world's destruction would be deferred for some three days, perhaps; just as payment of a bill of exchange is not demandable until after the expiry of a certain term "of grace," as it is called. But more was not to be counted on. And the destruction of the world was certain, said the seers. The earthquake would gather force somewhat after a system of arithmetical progression. The second shock had been more violent than the first; the third would be so much more terrific than the second that it was vain to think of an afterwards in regard to it. None might hope to survive the direful calamity that was impending. "The globe has had notice to quit," said a wag at White's. "How are we to get post-chaises to another planet?" For there were people who could even crack jokes at such a crisis. But then there have always been callous and irreclaimable jesters. A book might be made of the "good things" uttered on the scaffold by the condemned in the presence of their doom. And in the instance under mention many of the jests, probably, proceeded from very quivering lips,—were but efforts to laugh away

alarms entertained by the jester quite as much as by any one else.

With all the exaggeration and extravagance that were rife, certain indisputable facts need to be strictly stated. There had been an earthquake. Of that there could be no question at all. "In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last," Mr. Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann, "the earth had a shivering fit between one and two. . . . I had been awake, and had scarcely dozed again,—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang the bell; my servant came in frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up, and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some: two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses." "The shock," says Smollett, who was in London at the time, "consisted of repeated vibrations, which lasted some seconds, and violently shook every house from top to bottom. Many persons started from their beds and ran to their windows in dismay." Abundant evidence of this kind could be adduced if it were necessary.

The Dowager Countess was very ill indeed after her rout, and its strange and sudden dispersion. Her sufferings were rather mental than physical, however. The doctors were called in, and with professional pertinacity endeavoured to minister to a mind diseased. Panic was the real name of the lady's complaint. It was hardly to be remedied by recourse to the most precious appliances of the Pharmacopœia. Her medical attendants bled the lady copiously. She was not much the better for the operation. Perhaps rather the worse.

Still she would not keep her room. She could hardly be prevailed upon to remain quiet for two minutes together. A feverish restlessness possessed her. She paced the floor; she sat down and rose up again; she wandered from room to room of her mansion. She ordered her coach; then countermanded the order; then ordered it again. She proceeded to Chelsea to listen to the preaching of Mr. Whitfield at the house of his chief patroness, my Lady Huntingdon. It had lately become the vogue to attend the ministrations of Mr. Whitfield. "That apostolic person," as

my Lord Bolingbroke had designated him, was now attracting even more crowded audiences than Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane. My Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Thanet, my Lady Townshend, and other of the most eminent personages of the time, had been to hear Mr. Whitfield. But what had been done from a perfunctory regard for the fashion in the first instance, was now performed out of pure fear. The destruction of the world being now so imminent,—as all the world declared it was,—it was deemed very advisable to be on good terms with Mr. Whitfield, who had long spoken of the approaching catastrophe openly and fearlessly, as though he possessed intimate acquaintance and relations with it. A sort of wild notion prevailed that the famous preacher might be able, if he chose to exert his influence, to secure for those who had notoriously shown themselves his friends and followers some special favour from the destroying angel.

Lady Dangerfield, however, did not derive much satisfaction from the discourse of Mr. Whitfield. He had been severely comminatory,—almost vindictively so, as she fancied. He had dealt out doom with a liberal hand to all classes alike. If anything, he had been more denunciatory of people in her ladyship's exalted position, than any other. She returned home trembling so that she could scarcely stand. She stripped off her finery, and attired herself in a sack of crape, but very slightly trimmed with bugles. She washed so much of the red paint from her cheeks, that she looked almost like a ghost of her former self.

Still her ladyship's temper was not much bettered, nor more than usually under control. The old Adam,—or perhaps we should rather say the old Eve,—was not eradicated. The Countess so far forgot herself as to swear at her maid, and she even attempted to slap Lady Barbara. It was but a feebly directed and palsied kind of blow, however. Bab had been able to avoid it without much difficulty. The granddaughter had suggested that certain of the Countess's male relations should be sent for, and had even been so amazingly indiscreet as to mention the name of Captain Brabazon. The grandmother's wrath had been excessive.

For Bab, she was terribly frightened, but in a vague, childish, unreasoning kind of way; rather because she saw those about her frightened, than that she could herself perceive any real cause for alarm. Indeed, she felt that earthquake or no

earthquake, if she could but have her swarthy cousin the Captain by her side, her fears would be greatly dissipated. But that was out of the question. Harry Brabazon was forbidden the house. And, as we have shown, she had been nearly slapped by her granddam for thoughtlessly letting fall his name.

In this regard, therefore, she felt very miserable, and much inclined to cry. And certainly the Countess's conduct was very trying. She scolded her grandchild and all about her on very slight occasion. She was so disturbed and discomfited herself that she seemed determined everybody else should be reduced to a like condition. She shivered with fear one moment, and the next was quivering with anger. She was now muttering prayers, and again she was screaming imprecations. She was now weak, now strong; now sick, now well again. She would sit down to cribbage quite quietly; then suddenly she would fiercely fling away the cards, and ring for her prayer-book or a volume of sermons. Poor, cowed, bewildered Bab was compelled to read aloud dry, if precious, pages of divinity until her voice died away in her throat from sheer exhaustion, or she was relieved from this task to take a hand at quadrille until her dimmed eyes could scarcely discern one card from another. It was noticeable that the Countess was never so urgent in her need of Tillotson's sermons as when the luck at cards had gone against her. Tillotson had been found with some difficulty by the Countess's librarian. The book was very dusty, and had not, it was clear, been removed from its shelf for a very considerable period,—fifty years, let us say. Lady Dangerfield's course of reading had not been wont to take a serious or devout direction. Now, however, nothing but sermons would content her; and she sent down to the kitchen a large stock of plays, novels, and frivolous literature, for the cook to light the fire with. She had no further need of the trash, she stated, and, indeed, loathed the very sight of it.

And yet it wanted some weeks of the time fixed for the third shock of the earthquake. Bab began to count and tell off the days, perhaps rather with hope than with dread. The Countess's conduct was becoming so unbearable. One by one the servants gave warning and quitted the house. They could not live, they alleged, with a lady who "went on" as the Dowager Countess had been going on. Their places were not filled up. What availed it to engage new attendants, to make any

sort of arrangements for a future on earth, when it was so manifest that in a very little while there would be no earth at all to speak of: or, at any rate, no soul alive upon it? Yet the Countess scolded her butler well, taxing him with ruinous extravagance, for having opened a bottle of her best Burgundy. She still wished it to be reserved for great festal occasions. Upon her own calculation there was not much time for them.

"Let the earthquake come then," thought Lady Bab, though in no very defined way; "at least, it will end this dreadful condition of things." For she felt, with the servants, that the Countess's goings on were more than could be borne. Only she longed to see Harry Brabazon again. And often her pretty, pale face was to be seen peering from the windows of the great house in St. James's Square, on the watch for that stalwart officer. She did not see him, however. He never came, or she was not at the window; was busy in obeying her grandmother's behests, when he happened to be passing. Once, indeed, she fancied she caught sight of a gentleman in a scarlet uniform quitting the square, who looked to possess something of the figure and bold bearing of the Captain. But she couldn't be sure about it. "Why did he not wait but a minute longer?" she asked herself. "Why isn't he more patient? And yet impatience seems to become a man somehow. I wouldn't have him different. But if he loves me,—as he says he does, and as I love him,—would he not wait and watch the windows for a little from the outside, as I watch from the in? I think he would. But if he'd only come back for a minute, I'd forgive him for not waiting. What could he do, indeed, that I couldn't forgive?"

Some things grow the stronger for being pruned and lopped. Bab's love for her cousin fed somehow upon her grandmother's opposition to it. The seeds of love had struck deep in her young heart, had thriven greatly, and promised to bear rich fruit in due season.

Once, moreover, it seemed to Bab she had heard her cousin's voice. She now occupied the chamber of the Countess, and passed many disturbed nights in attendance upon her aged and suffering relative. Early one morning she had been roused by a loud cry in the square without. It should have proceeded from the watchman; but the watchman's tones were harsher, huskier, by a great deal. "Past two o'clock, and an earthquaky

morning!" It was Harry's voice Bab felt convinced. There was a firm, military ring about it. She had heard the Captain command his company in the park, shouting in much the same way. "Past two o'clock, and an earthquaky morning!" The Dowager Countess heard the cry too, and groaned aloud, turning restlessly, and thumping her pillow in terrible perturbation of mind. "The third shock!" she cried.

But the four weeks had not yet expired.

VI.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the Dowager Countess was much more frightened than her neighbours. The alarm was general. It pervaded the whole social system, spreading from rank to rank rapidly and surely as an infectious malady. Indeed the doctors began to regard it in that light, and at last, after their manner, found a name for it,—*"Epidemic Terror."*

Her ladyship had always been inclined to vehemence of demonstration, so that now she manifested her dismay more positively than many. She possessed some strength of mind, or was reputed to be so endowed, but hardly to an extent sufficient to enable her to master her emotions of alarm. So, as it seemed, she threw her mental force into the scale of her fears, and was more strongly and thoroughly terrified than the rest of the world. Feebler folk exhibited their timidity in a weaker and dimmer way. Upon a cry of "thieves!" there are some people who can but simply cower and shiver under the bed-clothes, speechless, holding their breath. Others, equally frightened, but of robuster constitution, are able to sit up and emit wild screams of "murder!" Her ladyship pertained to this last-mentioned class. Her consternation was obstreperously expressed. It is only deep waters you can stir into waves: puddles can but be rippled.

Lady Betty Laxford stepped from her chair in the hall of the house in St. James's Square, and paid a visit to Lady Dangerfield.

"Isn't it awful, my dear Countess! There's no mistake about it. The world's to come to an end on Thursday, the 5th of April. We may be reprieved to Sunday, the 8th; but there's no relying on it. And I'd a thousand things to do. I begin to think what a wicked woman I've been all my life. Not that there's so very much to be laid to my charge. At least, there's a many I wot of in a much worse plight.

Still, I should have liked a little longer time for preparation, if it had been only to put things to rights a bit and pay my tradesmen what I owe them. Not that, poor things, the money will be much avail to them where they're going to,—where we're all going to. Heaven knows where that is! I fear the worst, of course. One always does in these cases. The very thought makes me goose-flesh all over. You're not looking very well, Countess. A cough only? Try some ground-ivy tea,—do now,—a quarter of a pint at breakfast and as much going to bed. Her grace of Portland is a wonderful friend to it. Or two or three snails boiled in barley-water. I've known it work marvels. Only persist for a few weeks,—a few weeks! Good lack! how I talk! What will have become of us all in a few weeks? We shall be swallowed up by the earth like so many pills. Heigh-ho! I wish I was wicked, and didn't care. Or I wish I was good, and prepared. But I'm young still, and have a good complexion by candle-light,—so my friends tell me—I'm a trifle yellow in the day-time, I don't mind owning; and I do feel it very hard to be snuffed out like a candle, all on a sudden. One thing, we shall all go together. Earthquakes don't pick and choose much, I take it."

Lady Betty's converse did not afford much comfort to the Dowager Countess. She groaned aloud. But Lady Betty was a good talker. She was frightened in her way. But her fears seemed to make her, as it were, effervesce into speech. She had much to say, and perhaps she felt that, according to the general showing, she had but little time to say it in, and must therefore make the most of her restricted opportunities. So she chatted on in an exuberant, half-hysterical way: wildly and incoherently, and quite unconscious of the disordered and distressed condition to which the Dowager Countess was now reduced.

"But a handful of people at the ridotto last night. And they say there are to be no more masquerades this season. Never any more, I suppose that means. And the theatre's quite deserted,—that is, almost; for I own we made up a party the other night to see Garrick in *Fribble*. I didn't like to miss him. The wretch mimics so many of one's friends so delightfully. I longed to hug him. A tragedy I couldn't have borne. Sure, one's got miseries and mortifications enough to bear as it is. And just now my nerves are like fiddle-strings. I'm ready to scream at the least touch. La! where shall we all be, and what shall

we all be doing, this day month, I wonder! Isn't it dreadful to think of, Countess? You never mean to stop in town, do you, my dear?"

"Does it matter where we are overtaken,—town or country?" demanded Lady Dangerfield, in a sepulchral tone. "Do you think you can fly from Providence?"

"You make me shiver, I vow. That's just Whitfield's awful way. But I shall go in the country,—and so will most of the quality. Somehow the country don't seem so wicked as the town, and I feel myself almost good when I get amongst green fields, out of the sight and the talk of cards, the park and the play-houses. And then, my dear, it will be safer. One will be out of the way of the falling houses,—if they are to fall."

"But there are houses in the country, I suppose."

"But not so many of them.—There's quite a large party of us going,—all people of the highest fashion, I assure you. We've hired a quiet country inn, five miles from town, on the northern road. We shall be dull, perhaps; but, you know, we can play at brag, if we find we can't pass the time in any other way."

"And the inn roof will fall in, and crush you all as you sit at table!"

"Gracious! don't talk like that. We shall sit out of doors when the time comes,—all night, if need be. We're making earthquake gowns on purpose."

"For shrouds?"

"Mercy on us, what a dreadful notion! Don't speak of shrouds, or I shall faint, I vow. Earthquake-gowns are quite the vogue. White flannel, trimmed with pink ribbons, with a train. They're not unbecoming; and vastly comfortable for out of doors."

"And do you think the coming judgment is to be escaped in this way?"

"I must go, Countess. You frighten me to death. I can't bear to hear such dreadful words. And I've half a hundred visits to pay. Good-bye. Mind you go away, and take my pretty Bab with you. The poor child looks but pale and pining. I don't wonder at it, I'm sure. I feel worn to a threadpaper myself. But I shall get quit of London, if it's only to give myself a chance of safety. I don't want to have a gang of common fellows searching and fishing for my poor bones among the rubbish. There's plenty saying they leave town only because it is such fine weather for the country. But I go down plainly because I'm a coward, and want to keep a whole skin, if I can. Good-bye. Please

God, we may all be as well as we are now this day month!"

The Dowager Countess had other visitors, whose talk did not greatly differ in regard to tone and topic from Lady Betty's. The most frivolous people were awed into seriousness for the nonce, although strength of habit, of course, asserted itself, and after five minutes of gravity they were apt to decline suddenly into giddiness, to revert presently, with a start, to their earlier and more solemn condition of mind. Indeed their airs of earnestness were most sadly leavened with levity. Devout utterances were intermingled with the idlest sallies. Now they desponded, and now they giggled. Fans fluttered, and snuff-boxes closed with a snap, and silks and satins rustled and crackled, as lamentations arose on all sides, and desperate forebodings of approaching doom were in every one's mouth. The expediency of leaving London was greatly discussed; and "earthquake gowns" and the general doctrine of "judgments" alternately figured in the conversation.

Meanwhile, to meet the materialist opinion in regard to "epidemic terror" which medicine had initiated, divinity stirred itself, with the view of asserting the Church's right to share in, possibly to benefit by, the general commotion. The pulpit and the press poured forth sermons and exhortations in great abundance. Secker, Bishop of Oxford, besought all good Christians not to hurry from their homes, but await Heaven's good pleasure prayerfully and patiently. The advice was prompted by his lordship's fear of losing his Easter offerings, avowed sceptical critics. Sherlock, Bishop of London, followed suit in a pastoral letter, improving the occasion. Ten thousand copies were sold in two days, and fifty thousand were subscribed for after the exhaustion of the first two editions. And never was there a sermon or a pamphlet published on the subject of the coming earthquake but a copy was sent to the Countess's house in St. James's Square, and laid upon her table. The publications were directed for the most part in what looked like a feigned hand, which yet, so Lady Barbara fancied, bore some resemblance to the writing of her Cousin Harry. Yet why, she asked herself, should Captain Brabazon be troubling himself about the matter? What was it to him?

And then the general convulsion, the prevailing state of panic, was not without preposterous incidents, at which the world would surely have laughed loudly at any

other time,—its courage a trifle less undermined and shattered. Turner, the famous china-man in Pall Mall, was demanding twenty guineas for a jar he had asked but ten for a week earlier. And now it was cracked, — but cracked by the earthquake, as he declared! "The only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake! Well worth twenty guineas. You see the thing's unique!" he explained.

Then, one day, there were hundreds of people crowding to Edmonton, — the Dowager Countess among them. There was reported to be on view there a hen which had recently laid an egg, with, inscribed on it in capital letters, the legend, "Beware of the third shock!"

VII.

It was within a few days of the date fixed for the great catastrophe. The "stampede," as it would now be called, had been something wonderful. Some seven hundred and thirty coaches, carrying whole families into the country, had been counted passing Hyde Park Corner within three days. "Read's Weekly Journal" informed the public that "thirty coaches filled with genteel-looking people, were, at Wednesday noon, at Slough, running away from the prognosticated earthquake;" adding, "and it is known that thirty-four p—rs, ninety-four c—rs, and two p—ds of —, fled to different parts of the kingdom this week on the same account, in order to avoid the vengeance denounced against them by a late pastoral letter."

As yet, however, the Dowager Countess had not followed the fashion and quitted her house in town. Something perhaps of the old indomitable spirit of her race remained to her. Terribly blanched and harrassed, she was still possessed with a notion of holding her own against all foes, — of dying, if it must be so: but not until she had made a fair show of fighting, — of standing to her guns, as it were, — even though her fortress was beleaguered by an earthquake. It was perhaps when she had been well fortified, by recourse to strong waters, that she inclined more particularly to these determined opinions; and of late, it must be owned, her ladyship's applications to the spirit-store in her closet had been frequent and extensive. But then she was, as we have shown, a lady advanced in years, and age needs stimulative sustenance, especially under such trying conditions as Lady Dangerfield was now subjected to, — her

ladyship, it must be remembered, having been proclaimed, on all hands, to be no longer the woman she had been. She had been carried in her chair to the Mall,—now almost deserted by the quality,—and, leaning upon the arm of her grandchild, had paced for a while up and down that pleasant, gravelled, tree-shadowed promenade. She had felt the need of fresh air and some change of scene, for her house had become, for the moment, unbearable to her,—and indeed, altogether, her ladyship wore an infirm and strangely altered look.

At one end of the Mall was assembled a little knot of persons, gradually augmented by idlers, until it became a considerable throng. Lady Dangerfield's attention was attracted by the gathering. As she approached to ascertain its cause she perceived in the midst the figure of a private soldier in the uniform of the Guards, mounted upon a bench, engaged in the delivery of a speech. Soon there rang upon her ladyship's startled ears the sound of the now familiar words, "Beware of the third shock!" Frightened, and yet fascinated, she drew nearer.

"Louder, my man, and don't mince your words," said a dark-complexioned officer standing by, and he tossed the man a crown.

The assembly was for the most sympathetic with the preacher, allowing for the presence, here and there, of the scoffer and the sceptic, to be discerned in all congregations.

The preacher was a wild-looking man, with rolling eyes and dishevelled dress. He had loosened his cravat and belts, and unbuttoned his coat, on account of the heat and for his greater ease in speaking. His gestures were animated to extravagance. His language was of the most frenzied kind. His text was the earthquake; and he spoke of it, and the effects to be expected from it, after a manner that was at once simple and horrible. Stimulated by the attention of his auditors, and possibly also by the crown tendered by his officer, his eloquence, as he proceeded, grew more and more inflammatory, soared to higher elevations. He drew a garishly-coloured picture of the impending doom,—the swallowing up of the whole metropolis, and the destruction of its inhabitants to the last man of them. He called attention to the Abbey towers in front, picturesque on the horizon, and prophesied their speedy downfall, burying all beneath them, and utter disappearance for ever. Of the entire city, he foretold, not one stone would

be left upon another, nor one living soul remain to contemplate the scene of devastation. Something as, almost a century earlier, Solomon Eagle had preached during the great plague and fire, did this private soldier deliver himself in the Mall for the edification and warning of his audience.

The Countess, trembling all over, listened like one entranced.

Captain Brabazon availed himself of the opportunity to approach Lady Barbara, and whisper in her ear.

"Fear nothing, Bab. The world's mad, that's all. Whatever happens, I'll be by your side. If you remain, I remain. If you go, I go. I wear the pompon next my heart still. That's my talisman. I shall be near thee always. No harm shall come to thee. I love thee, darling, ever. I dare say no more now." And he was gone.

The preacher had stopped; rather it appeared, however, from lack of breath than exhaustion of matter. Panting, he dabbed his wet forehead, and arranged somewhat his tumbled dress.

The Countess nervously forced her way through the crowd. Hurriedly she pressed her purse into the hand of the soldier. For a moment he glared at her with bloodshot, insane eyes.

"Hag!" he cried at the top of his voice, "do you think you can buy salvation with gold and silver? Hence! It is you, and such as you, who have brought this judgment upon us!" And he levelled at her a volley of denunciations and imprecations the more dreadful from the sort of parody of scriptural phraseology in which they were couched.

"Take me home!" gasped Lady Dangerfield, clutching her grandchild's arm. "Find my chair. I feel faint. Let me get home. I shall die if I stay longer. Heaven knows what's to become of us all! We must quit London, Bab! Oh, that I had never seen this city of iniquity!"

And she hurried from the Mall.

Immediately afterwards a file of the Guards appeared upon the scene.

"Arrest that scoundrel," said the officer in command. It was my Lord Delawar. The preacher was forthwith haled down and pinioned.

"But that I deem he's fitter for Bedlam than any other place, I'd have the rogue flogged straitway."

The preacher, who was certainly insane, surrendered without opposition. Indeed his sense of military duty for the moment made way through his madness, and as

sented itself curiously. He drew himself up stiffly and formally saluted his officer, before he fell into the ranks as a prisoner.

A decent-looking woman came forward. She had been sitting quietly on the bench in charge of the preacher's bayonet and cartouche-box.

"Don't harm him, my lord," she said with a courtesy. "He didn't mean any wrong. I'm his wife, and ought to know. They say he's mad, but indeed he isn't. If your lordship could get any sensible man to examine him you would find him quite in his right mind."

"Stand back, good dame," said his lordship, with a laugh. What could he do but laugh? "Quick march!"

VIII.

THE Londoners' only chance of safety consisted in "camping out." That was the prevalent opinion. A sort of compromise was to be effected with the earthquake. It was to take the town, and spare the country. The citizens had, as it were, capitulated upon terms securing to them something of the honours of war. They abandoned their city to be pillaged and laid waste by natural convulsion, while they were permitted to march forth assured in some degree of personal safety, and possessed of such small chattels of value as they could carry with them.

All the roads leading from town were crowded with the retreating army of Londoners. The quality were in chairs and carriages; the citizens in gigs and carts and stage coaches; the humbler folks trudged wearily on foot. The open fields without the walls of the metropolis were filled with an extraordinary assembly of all classes. They were as the spectators of some grand show; particularly interested in its results because they could not be quite certain that they might not at any moment be required to relinquish passivity and take an active share in its incidents. It was as a bull-fight, at which upon very short notice any one happening to be present might be imperatively required to descend into the arena and assume the perilous part of matador.

There was notable exhibition of alarm undoubtedly. Yet a certain show of courage is not incompatible even with the existence of such a panic-driven crowd as we have here under mention. Each individual is buoyed up by a kind of belief that however much the safety of his neighbours may be menaced, a fair chance exists nevertheless of his own preservation. So, altogether, the conduct of the congre-

gation was not so indecorous as might have been anticipated. With all the fear and trembling there was yet considerable aspect of composure. The general attitude was one of waiting. The dire event which had been foretold was to occur within four-and-twenty hours, or, upon the most liberal calculation, within a period of some four days, — that is to say, between the Thursday, the 5th of April, and Sunday, the 8th. If nothing happened in that time it seemed to be the general opinion that people might safely return home and resume their ordinary course of life. Still it was also the general opinion that something, of a more or less awful character, would certainly happen in that time. Meanwhile, however, it was the duty of all to wait the issue of events, and to endure the agony of suspense with such serenity as was possible under the circumstances.

Such a general system of camping out, however, brought with it, of course, its camp-followers: a somewhat noisy and troublesome troop. There were shoe-blacks, link-boys, ballad-singers, and vendors of oranges and other fruits and articles of food. An open-air concourse in England involves many of the characteristics of a fair. There were people bound to turn the indispensable penny, even though the destruction of the globe was imminent. The partnership of hand and mouth cannot afford any suspension, however momentary, of the intercourse and understanding that should subsist between the members of the firm. So there was much plying of trades for a living, albeit the probability of the cessation of life altogether was universally averred to be very instant.

Science did not help people much. The savans were inclined to ascribe the strange situation of affairs vaguely to electricity. "Just as," Walpole wrote on the subject to a friend, "formerly, everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac Newton's gravitation." The opinion did not satisfy the general, who for the most part affected the less impugnable argument of a "judgment." The rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, showed himself stoutly on the occasion. Influential female parishioners had besought him to devote prayers in his parish church against the coming shock. He excused himself on the ground of a severe cold, and said coolly: "Besides, you can go, if you list, to St. James's Church, and hear the Bishop of Oxford preach there all night long about earthquakes."

Lady Dangerfield had secured rooms at

a somewhat squalid little tavern in the neighbourhood of Highgate, and, clad in an earthquake gown of substantial fabric and hideous device, awaited on the summit of the hill the utter destruction of the distant city,—vaguely discernible on the horizon,—a cloudy panorama of buildings, towers, and spires, crowned by the great mist-encircled dome of St. Paul's. Lady Barbara, of course, accompanied her grandmother, and was made useful in many ways; as a crutch to support the tottering limbs of the elder lady; as a cushion to be leant against, and pushed, and thumped into shape accordingly as the comfort of the invalid seemed to require, as her temper was fretted, or she needed occupation; as a whipping-boy, or whipping-girl rather, if the term be permissible, to suffer vicariously for the many transgressions of the past, that now burthened the memory and morbidly disquieted the conscience of the self-accusing Countess. Quite apart from all thought of the earthquake, the time was an acutely trying one for poor Lady Bab. The child did her best to tend and soothe her imperious and unreasoning relative. Until her arms ached and numbed, she upheld her granddam's shaking frame and feeble gait. Each moment some new service was demanded of her. She dared not quit her post for a second. Every requirement of the Dowager's she was expected to meet and satisfy forthwith: if not, indeed, to anticipate: to bathe her aching, wrinkled brows; to fan her if the heat oppressed her; to wrap her round more securely if the damps and chills of evening brought suggestions of rheumatic agonies; to read to her; to pray with and for her; to ply her well, when her strength declined, or symptoms of nervous distress became very pronounced, with some selections from the ample stock of stimulants which her ladyship had brought with her from town in her chariot, such as aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-water, ratifia,—“the most noble spirit of Clary,”—and other notable restoratives, upon which the fashion of the period had set its approving seal. Poor Lady Barbara! she was fairly worn-out with the severity of the duties that had devolved upon her. And no word of gratitude rewarded her for all her earnest toil and painstaking. Even the sight of her anxious pale young face, was a cause of offence to the Countess, who indeed scolded her for looking so ill, reproached her for her feebleness, charged her with affectation, when she was near fainting from fatigue incurred on behalf of

the cross and crazed old woman. Fortunately, perhaps, the Dowager's frequent applications to the potent restoratives she had supplied herself with, resulted at last in her sinking into a comatose state. Her form drooped and sunk upon the pillows arranged for her support; her eyelids lowered, and her head nodded.

A hand was laid upon Bab's arm. She turned, and found Lady Betty Laxford beside her.

“Hush! I've come to relieve guard. She's killing you, my poor child. It mustn't be, earthquake or no earthquake. I'm terribly frightened, but I haven't quite lost my wits yet. I won't answer for what may happen before we've done with this dreadful business. Go, Bab, my dear; look behind yonder furze-bush. You'll chance to find a friend there.”

Before Bab could reach the furze-bush, she was met by Captain Brabazon.

“I can bear it no more, Bab,” he said; “you've been a victim and a slave long enough. How pale and pinched and ill you look, my poor darling! I'll have no more of this. It quite maddens me. It sets my heart aching more than I can bear. This way, Bab.”

“What would you with me, cousin?”

“Release you from the tyranny of that crack-brained old harridan.”

He led her to where a coach with four horses was standing. The steps were flung down. He lifted his hat as he proffered his hand to assist her in mounting to the lofty vehicle. She hesitated, trembling, and turned towards him a white, quivering, inquiring face.

“Trust me, sweetheart,” he said simply.

“Dear Harry, only be good to me!”

She burst into tears, and sobbed upon his breast, flinging her arms round his neck.

“Is there a creature living,—save only yon mad she-cat,—could do thee harm, dearest one?” he said. “To town.” This was to his coachman, who wore a certain soldierly look. He was, in truth, a private in the Captain's company of Guards.

“To town?” repeated Bab, opening wide her blue eyes. “But the earthquake?”

“The earthquake's all fiddlesticks,” said the Captain. His blunt delivery on that subject appeased Bab's fears with curious promptness.

“Oh, Harry,” she said presently, “I feel so happy sitting with thee here. You love me, cousin? Do I love thee, dost ask? Surely I do. Is there need to doubt it? My brave, true Harry! I love thee,

Harry, and I'm happy; and yet I am trembling and crying the while, and feel like to swoon! But I was ever weak and foolish, as you know. I needed your strong arm to sustain me. But how could you ever find the courage to take me from my grandmother? What will she do? Were she to see me here, Harry, she would kill me!"

"She shall kill me first. And I take some killing, I warrant."

"But where are we hurrying?"

"Dearest Bab! one of the chaplains of the Fleet shall make us man and wife ere an hour has sped. They're famous forgers of the bonds of Hymen, though I've seen worthier blacksmiths."

"Harry, I dare not."

"This earthquake stuff still scares thee? Nay, I'll not have thee frightened. My goddess grand-aunt has worked wickedness enough of that kind already. We'll not re-enter town then. We'll turn the horses' heads towards the north and cross the Tweed. One of the priests of the border shall marry us, if thou wilt have it so, pretty one. I'll grudge nothing,—not even delay in making thee mine,—that tends to thy greater happiness."

"Oh, Harry, take me back. You must, cousin, indeed you must," cried Bab, after a pause.

He was startled at the strange earnestness of her beseeching.

"I cannot leave her, Harry. I must do my duty, cousin. You would not have me deemed wicked, cruel, heartless?"

"None dare think so of thee, Bab."

"All will, Harry; and they will think rightly, if I quit her now, at this moment of all others. She is very old, strangely feeble, terribly downcast, just now, with excess of fear and sickness. My place is at her side. Bethink, thee, she is almost my only living relative. My parents both have been taken from me, as you know. I have borne with her vexing humours a long while, but surely I should have patience to bear with them only a little longer, it may be! I have thought her cruel——"

"And she has been cruel indeed to thee, Bab," muttered the Captain, with an oath.

"But she may have meant kindly by me. Let us try to think so. Indeed, it will be best. And she is not always so harsh to me as she hath been of late. And however she may have sinned against me, is it for me to pay her back trespasses at such a time? Take me to her."

"It shall be as you will, Bab," quoth the Captain, with a sigh.

"And you're not angry with me, cousin?"

"Can I be angry with an angel? Ah, Bab! if all preachers had thy tender persuasive way, there'd be fewer sins to be frightened into righteousness by earthquakes and such dreadful matters!"

The coach was turned, and slowly climbed the hill again.

Lady Betty had grown alarmed at last, finding the Countess remained for so long a time quite still and speechless. Upon examination it was found that the poor lady was insensible. There was froth upon her lips, and a drawn look on one side of her face, symptomatic of a paralytic seizure.

"Quick, a surgeon!" cried Lady Betty. "Is there no one present who can breathe a vein?"

Medical aid was forthcoming. It was held advisable that the Countess should be borne within doors. She had not missed her grand-daughter. She was never indeed to know of Lady Barbara's brief absence: her flight with her lover, and her return to her duty.

IX.

For some days the Countess lay at Highgate, in the dingy bed-room of a roadside inn. She was insensible,—motionless,—and could give utterance to no articulate sounds.

Early in the ensuing week she was carried back to St. James's Square. She bore the journey tolerably well. But the town physicians at once declared that her ladyship's recovery was not to be looked for. It was only a question of a few days with her, they decided. Her constitution had wholly given way.

Lady Bab was constant in her attendance by the sick bed of her grandmother. She had not seen the Captain since the night of her short ride with him in the carriage towards town and a Fleet marriage. She was thinking of him fondly—and of her own troubles, and of the dying Countess—the sum of whose sins and failings death was gradually dimming and dissolving, so far as the vision of survivors was concerned.

It was nearly an hour past midnight. The taper burned very dimly. White as her draperies, and terribly worn with watching, looked poor little Lady Barbara. For a moment she closed her weary eyes, and sleep stole over her. She bowed her head upon her breast—then awoke with a start, almost with a scream.

Lady Dangerfield was sitting up in

bed, staring at her grandchild with fixed glassy eyes,—"Where am I?" she demanded in a thick, muffled voice. It was the first time she had spoken since her seizure upon Highgate Hill.

"At home, in your own house, grand-mamma."

"Who brought me here? What's the day of the month?"

"The 12th of April, grandmamma."

There was a pause.

"Then the 5th has passed? And the 8th? And—no earthquake?"

"No earthquake."

"No earthquake! Then I've been made a fool of. We've all been made fools of. Why wasn't there an earthquake?"

To this query, Bab could find no suitable reply.

The Dowager Countess, with a groan, sank back in her bed, and turned her face to the wall. Bab re-arranged the disturbed coverings, and resumed her chair. Sometime afterwards the taper flickered and went out. But there was no longer need of its light. Day had dawned. Bab opened the window-curtains ever so gently, to admit the first cheering rays of the sun. Then, something strange about the look of her grandmother's hand, as the light fell upon it lying open upon the coverlid, arrested her attention.

The Dowager Countess was dead.

The footsteps of the watchman, going his rounds without, were to be heard. "Past five o'clock, and a sunshiny morning!" She knew the voice.

She raised the window. Captain Brabazon stood below, gazing up at her.

"Harry!" she cried to him plaintively.

"All is over!" There was a choke in her voice. She could say no more.

Her heart seemed overcharged with, wholly occupied by grief just then. Still, by-and-by, the comforting thought came to her, that she was not alone or uncared for in the world; that her Harry was true to her; and that she was free now to give him her love and her hand, without aid from the chaplains of the Fleet or the Tweed. Could she sorrow then so very much for the demise of the Dowager Countess? Indeed, the life of the late Lady Dangerfield had not been of a kind to justify much lamentation, on the part of any one, over her death.

"Be good to the dear little woman, and

do your best to deserve the love of her whole heart, that she has given thee, Harry," said Lady Betty Laxford to the Captain. "Sure, what have you ever done to merit the happiness of wedding my sweet Bab, and what can she see in your roystering, guard-room airs, to think of taking thee for her husband? And yet, if she hadn't, I almost think I could have shown pity for thee myself, Captain; for I do believe there's an honest heart in that broad chest of yours, beating sturdily under your red coat. Try and deserve your good fortune, Harry; that's all you can do—really deserve it, you never will. Treat her tenderly, and love her all your life. We're strange creatures, we women, and we need a world of indulgence and forbearance. You must humour us, and pet us; we're but babies at the best. And yet, for all our fancies and follies, our vapours, frights, faintings, monkeys, fashions, china, patches, washes, tattle, and impertinence, there's something of the angel about us too, if you'll only think so. Heighho! How pleased and fond and silly you both look, and yet, you know, you should be miserable, seeing what's happened. I can't find heart to scold you, however, for looking so happy. Things are all upset, somehow. This comes of earthquakes! Well, they need not happen very often. The poor Countess!—I must wear crape, I suppose, though I look quite a wretch in black, always. Now she's gone, is there harm in my saying—no!—now she's gone, I'll bite my tongue off, rather than say anything against her! There, positively, if you two fools can't get on without kissing each other, I'll—turn my head away!"

The date of the demise of the Dowager Countess was remembered afterwards, so far as it was remembered at all, in connection with the time fixed for the Great Earthquake—which did not occur. But the Earthquake soon ceased to be a topic of conversation—was speedily, indeed, forgotten almost altogether. Folly does not long lie fallow; punctually produces fresh crops, with scarce the interval of a season between them; and needs little cultivation or labour to stimulate her natural fertility. In a very little while other subjects, quite as preposterous in their character, gave occupation and entertainment to the frivolous world of society.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.
THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF;

OR, THE KING'S SACRIFICE.

(From the Irish Chronicles.)

[THE battle of Clontarf, fought A. D. 1014, annulled for ever the Danish power in Ireland. During two centuries and more the sons of the North had landed on the Irish coasts, sacked the monasteries, burned the cities and churches, and in many places well-nigh destroyed the Christian civilization of earlier times, although they were never able to establish a monarchy in Ireland. The native dynasties for the most part remained; and Brian the Great, then King of all Ireland, though aged and blind, led forth the native hosts against the invader for one supreme effort. He placed his son Murrubh in command; but he offered up, notwithstanding, his life for his country, and wrought her deliverance. His sons and his grandsons partook his glory and his fate. His death was a favourite theme with the chroniclers and bards of ancient Erin. When Bolingbroke wrote his *Patriot King*, he little thought how near him he might have drawn, from a period and a land deemed barbarous, the most signal example of that regal greatness of which he aspired to set forth the ideal.]

I.

'ANSWER, thou that from the height
Look'st to left, and look'st to right,
Answer make, how goes the fight?'

II.

Thus spake King Brian, by his tent
Kneeling, with sceptred hands that leant
Upon that altar which, where'er
He marched, kept pure his path with prayer.
For after all his triumphs past
That made him wondrous 'mid his peers,
On the blind King God's will had cast
The burden of his fourscore years :
And therefore when that morn, at nine,
He rode along the battle's van,
No sword he lifted, but the sign
Of Him who died for man.
King Brian's fleshly strength decayed,
Three times in puissance waxed his spirit,
And tall like oak-trees towered his merit,
And like a praying host he prayed;—
From nine to twelve, with crown on head,
Full fifty prayers the King had said;
And unto each such power was given,
It shook the unopened gates of heaven.

III.

'O King, the battle goes this hour
As when two seas are met in might,
When billow billow doth devour,
And tide with tide doth fight :

I watch the waves of war; but none
Can see what banners rise or fall;
Sea-clouds on rush, sea-crests on run,
And blood is over all.'

IV.

Then prayed the King once more, head-bare,
And made himself a cross of prayer,
With outstretched arms, and forehead prone
Staid on that topmost altar-stone

Gem-charged, and cleansed from mortal taint,
And strong with bones of many a Saint.
In youth for God and Eire* had yearned
His heart : now thrice his youth returned :
A child full oft, ere woke the bird,
The convent's nocturns he had heard,
In old Kincora, or that isle
Which guards, thus late, its wasted pile,†
While darkling winds the tall towers shook;
And he would peer into that Book
Which lay, lamp-lit, on eagle's wings,
Wherein God's Saints in gold and blue
Stood up, and prophets stood, and kings;
And he the martyrs knew,
And maids, and confessors each one,
And — tabernacled there in light —
That blissful Virgin enough bright
To light a burnt-out sun.
The blazoned letters well he kened
That stood like gateways keeping ward,
Before the Feast-Days set, to guard
Long ways of wisdom without end;
He knew the music notes black-barred,
And music notes, like planted spears,
Whereon who bends a fixed regard
The gathering anthem hears,
Like wakening storms 'mid pines that lean
Ere sunrise o'er some hushed ravine, —
The thoughts that nursed his youth, that hour
Were with his age, and armed with power.

V.

So fifty Psalms he sang, and then
Rolled round his sightless eyes again,
And spake — 'Thou watcher on the height,
Make answer quick, how goes the fight?'

VI.

'O King, the battle goes as when
The mill-wheel circles round and round;
The battle reels; and bones of men
Beneath its wheel are ground :

The war-field lies like Tomar's wood
By axes marred, or charred with fire,
When, black o'er wood-ways ruin strewed,
Rises the last oak spire.'

VII.

Then to his altar by the tent
Once more King Brian turned and bent
Unceptred hands and head discrowned
Down from that altar to the ground,
In such sort that the cold March air
With fir-cones swept his snow-white hair;
And prayed, 'O Thou that from the skies
Dost see what is, and what must be,
Make mine and me Thy Sacrifice,
But set this people free!'

VIII.

That hour, he knew, in many a fane
Late ravaged by the Pagan Dane,

* One of the ancient names of Ireland.
† Iniscaltra.

God's priests were offering, far and wide,
 The Mass of the Presanctified :
 For lo! it was Good Friday morn,
 And Christ once more was crowned with thorn :
 God's Church, he knew, from niche and shrine
 Had swept those gauds that time consumes,
 Whate'er sea-cave, or wood, or mine
 Yield from their sunless wombs :
 Veiled were the sacred images,
 He knew, like vapour-shrouded trees ;
 Vanished gold lamp, and chalice rare ;
 Because upon the crosses, stone-dead,
 Christ lay that hour disarmed.

IX.

He prayed — then spake — 'How goes the
 fight ?'
 Then answer reached him from the height : —

X.

'O King, the battle goes as though
 God weighed two nations in His scale ;
 And now the fates of Eire sink low,
 Now theirs that wear the mail :
 O King, thy sons, through God's decree,
 Are dead — save one, the best of all,
 Murrugh — and now, ah woe is me,
 I see his standard fall !'

XI.

It fell : but as it fell, above
 Through lightning-lighted skies on drove
 A thousand heavenly standards, dyed
 In martyrdom's ensanguined tide ;
 And every tower, and town, and fane
 That blazed of old round Erin's shore,
 Down fell, it seemed, in heaven again ; —
 So dire that thunder's roar !
 The wrath had come : the Danes gave way ;
 For Brian's prayer had power that day ;
 Seaward they rushed, the race abhorred,
 The sword of prayer had quelled their sword.

So fled they to the ship-thronged coast ;
 But, random-borne through Tolga's glade,
 A remnant from that routed host
 Rushed by where Brian prayed ;
 And, swinging forth his brand, down leap'd
 Black Brodar, he that foremost rode,
 And from the kingly shoulders swept
 The old head, praising God ;
 And cried aloud, ' Let all men tell
 That Brodar, he that leagues with Hell,
 That Brodar of the magic mail
 Slew Brian of the Gael.'

XII.

Him God destroyed ! The accursed one lay
 Like beasts, there buried where he fell :
 But Brian and his sons this day
 In Armagh Church sleep well.
 And Brian's grandson strong and fair,
 Clutching a sea-king by the hair,
 Went with him far through Tolga's wave —
 Went with him to the same sea-grave.
 So Eire gave thanks to God, though sad,
 And took the blessing and the bale ;
 And sang, in funeral garments clad,
 The vengeance of the Gael.
 Silent all night the Northmen haled
 Their dead adown the bleeding wharf : —
 Far north at dawn their dark ships sailed ;
 But on thy shore, Clontarf,
 Old Eire once more, with pale cheeks wet,
 Gave thanks that He who shakes the skies
 Had burst His people's bond, and yet
 Decreed that Sacrifice :
 For God is one that gives and takes ;
 That lifts the low, and tells the proud ;
 That loves His land of Eire, and makes
 His rainbow in His cloud.

Thus sang to Eire her bards of old ;
 Thus sang to trampled kerne and serf
 While, sunset-like, her age of gold
 Came back to green Clontarf.

THE POWER OF THE LEAF. — IN the first place, says the *English Mechanic*, let us fully understand what we mean by *worker* — or let us agree as to the definition of the term. To illustrate, we say of the locomotive that it performs a certain amount of labour, it turns so many wheels, drives so many looms, draws so many cars so many miles an hour — we speak of it as a worker. So, too, of man — we speak of him as a worker. He performs so much labour, physical or mental. Yet the locomotive, with all its ponderous bars, its mysterious valves, its great levers, its hidden springs, can do nothing. It is dead, inert metal. True, too, of man — that wonderful combination of bones and muscles and nerves and tissues can do nothing but decay, and be resolved to dust again. The brain cannot think, the eye cannot see, the ear cannot hear, the nerves cannot thrill, the muscle cannot

contract. In the *same sense* the leaf can do nothing. Yet in the *same sense* that a locomotive can draw a train, or that man can think and labour, is the *leaf* a labourer that outworks them all. The locomotive is a combination of material things so arranged that through or by them we discover the operations of force. Man himself is nothing more. The leaf is the same. Better, perhaps, that we say that these are the *workshop* wherein force exhibits itself, and produces results. When did the leaf begin its work ? It was the *first* to rise on creation's morn and go forth to labour. Ere the almost shoreless ocean dashed upon the low Silurian plain, the leaf was at its work. And through all the long ages it has worked — worked to develop better and higher forms of life. And the earth's broad face is written all over with the evidences of its faithfulness.

From The Spectator.
THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

IN the midst of a very great war, a war the history of which will be studied centuries hence with minute care, a clever young woman is engaged to a promising but as yet undistinguished young man, and the English world pauses in its contemplation of the conflict to consider that event. And it is an event, that is the puzzle of it. There are not ten educated Englishmen in the Empire who do not feel a quiet but still definite sensation of pleasure in hearing a sort of official announcement that the Princess Louise is to marry the Marquis of Lorn on some day in next February. The Marquis, though the heir of a very ancient race, for centuries closely bound up with our history, is of no particular importance to anybody but his father's tenants; and the Princess, though in the line of the succession, and popular from an impression which, true or false, is entirely unwarranted by evidence, that she is very unlike other Princesses, is very far removed from any chance of the throne, but still everybody is in reality very much interested indeed, and a good deal pleased. The truth is that the announcement is a social event, that the English, who in State politics are republican, are in social politics either aristocratic or democratic, and that this alliance interests and pleases them, because it involves a triumph of both those ideas over the monarchical one. A member of the Royal Family marries a subject, no matter how great, with the Sovereign's assent, and we are, therefore, coming back to rationality — that is, rudely expressed, the public sentiment. The Royal Marriage Act is perhaps, of all laws ever passed in Europe, the most brutally insolent in idea, but although incessantly attacked and never defended in principle, it has never been repealed. The country has felt that the Act did in a very bad way get the people out of a very dangerous scrape, — a conflict between two irreconcilable sets of ideas, the wish to obey democratic principles, and the determination to maintain monarchical institutions. It is all very well, and quite true, to say that one person is as good as another; but the Prince who married a housemaid would not reign in England, and, if unrestrained by law, the tendency of princes is to marry housemaids, or worse. Their touchstone of the distinctions between people below them is pleasingness or displeasingness to themselves. The Act bound all descendants of George III. who wished to marry to obtain the previous consent in writing of the

reigning Sovereign, and though any such demand for consent was wholly at variance with the English system of thought, — which at heart relies on this doctrine, that every man or woman ought to marry whom he or she likes, provided the public thinks the liking reasonable — still it was felt to be expedient. The Act was very badly drawn up, for it did not interfere in the most important matter of all, the choice of the reigning Sovereign, — did not, for instance, interfere with Queen Victoria's right, if she liked, to marry a music-master; but still its effect was to drive the Royal caste back upon itself for alliances, — and people, on the whole, approved that. They did not want to see Mrs. Fitzherbert crowned. Of late years, however, the Act wore out its popularity. There were a good many children and grandchildren of the House, and it seemed likely to come to this, — that a good many young gentlemen, with immense rank, no property, and no chance of the throne, could not marry heiresses, and were therefore claimants on the public, and kept in a meaningless slavery as to their choice in marriage; and a great many young ladies, also of high rank, about whom England felt in some inexplicable way a distinct interest, were forced into marriages of convenience. It was felt that a change should come, yet also felt that a legal change would be inexpedient, and a wish was expressed in a half-forgotten case, which it is not needful to discuss further, that the rule should, as regards those in the succession who are unlikely to succeed, be relaxed by the Sovereign herself. It has been relaxed, and the general satisfaction may be shared by those who, like ourselves, are unable to understand, though they fully acknowledge, the kind of charm which the Royal caste exercises over European minds. The respect felt by the mass of mankind for high birth, is intelligible enough, continuity of any kind always impressing the imagination; but the special respect felt and paid to two families — or rather to the Catholic and Protestant branches of one particular family — as if the stock of a particular German Emperor were in some mystical way *sacro-sanct*, has never been satisfactorily explained. Why are not the Savelli respected more than the Bourbons or Guelphs, being as they are at least ten centuries older; and why should it seem natural for a Greek Parliament to choose Prince George of Denmark as King, and unnatural to choose, say, Lord Stanley? The superstition, however, exists, and in permitting the marriage of

her daughter with the chief of the Campbells the Queen does break through the mystic seclusion of the Royal caste, and that is a very good thing. The *Times* tries hard to exaggerate the position of the Campbells, and no doubt it is in one respect peculiar. They alone among English families are not subjects who have been raised by the Crown, but the representatives of sovereign princes who have accepted a position within the Empire,—the Marquis being the lineal representative in unbroken succession of the Maarmor of the West, who, as a sovereign owing allegiance to no one, led his followers to battle against Macbeth. Nevertheless, the Duke of Argyll is legally only a subject, and in marrying the son of a subject the princess departs from an etiquette unbroken in England since the days of Catherine Tudor, and regarded in Germany as almost sacred. It was time the superstition should be broken, and it is broken with the least possible shock to public feeling.

The alliance, whether or not it becomes precedent, will give rise to some questions of etiquette, which will greatly interest heralds and that section of European society which cares about such discussions. Will it be acknowledged on the Continent? It is probable, because the right of giving a final award in all such disputes has for ages been attached to the Imperial Crown of Germany, which in a few years must be borne by the brother-in-law of the Princess, who in Germany belongs to a family now included among the feudatories of the Hohenzollerns. Will the descendants of the Princess be Princes of the Blood? That point may require to be settled by Act, or Royal Order, for as matters now stand we may have younger sons of younger sons of a Duke, who, but for this alliance would be undistinguished gentlemen, ranking as Royal Princes, without any means for the maintenance of the position, while even in the elder line the arrangement really introduces a new order of nobles, who will take precedence not by date of creation but by birth. A Prince-Duke is a novelty in our peerage. That difficulty would be much more complicated, were it not for the great distance of the Princess from the Succession, to which she stands, we believe, just now about twentieth in reversion, the intervening nineteen being boys and girls of singularly healthy and long-lived families. If she were ever so close to the Throne, indeed, we should approve the alliance, but we doubt if the country would, fearing the precedent rather than

the particular alliance, and even we repudiate utterly the constantly reiterated opinion that Sovereigns ought to be as much guided by affection in their marriages as other people. The welfare of a nation is infinitely more important than the welfare of an individual, and a Sovereign has no more right to indulge his affection to the injury of his State than to indulge his spite. At this very moment a great nation with seventeen millions of people is distracted by apprehensions of anarchy because her only possible Sovereign chooses to indulge his personal taste in the choice of a wife. But for Ferdinand of Coburg's marriage, Spain might be a prosperous and orderly community.

From The Spectator.

PRUSSIAN CHAPLAINS IN WAR TIME.*

HERE we have a glimpse of Prussian military organization from a new point of view. The details given us of the system under which both the great confessions represented in the Prussian Army were provided with chaplains, of the difficulties encountered by the chaplains in keeping up with the troops and being at hand when a rapid march was succeeded by a sudden engagement, of the religious spirit displayed by many of the soldiers and of the impression it made on the enemy, are often very interesting. The effect of the book indeed is fragmentary and sketchy, but the circumstances of its publication put literary criticism out of the question. The English compiler admits that the issue of the work has been accelerated by the present war, and with this fact before us we need only turn our thoughts to the materials collected, and present a summary of them to our readers.

Of course the most striking part of a chaplain's duty lies on the battle-field and in the hospitals. Prayers and spiritual consolations by the side of the wounded and dying, help given to those who have just fallen under the rain of bullets, will naturally be most impressed on the memory of both actors and spectators. But we prefer to dwell on less painful scenes, especially as the horrors of 1870 are still filling the papers, and there is no need to compare them with those of 1866. While

* *The Chaplain in the Field of War: being the Experiences of the Clerical Staff during the Prussian Campaign of 1866. From the Official Report of the Rev. B. Rogge, Chaplain to the Prussian Court.* By George Gladstone, F.R.G.S. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

the troops are still on the march, or when they are reposeing from battle, the chaplain's presence may not be so urgently desired, but he can make himself more generally useful. There is time then for more stated services, for good influences being brought to bear on the men, for advice and exhortation being listened to with calmness. In the hurry and heat of battle, and the excitement which follows it, while the care of the wounded absorbs the chaplain's efforts, the rest of the army may forget all his teaching and give way to excesses. This ought not to surprise any one who thinks of the natural effect of such an overpowering stimulus as victory, but the Prussian chaplains appear to have thought their men proof against all temptations. It seems certain that the religious feeling of the army was very much above the average, and we meet with expressions which might recall the days of Cromwell. Some of the soldiers, on being reminded that they were much prayed for at home, replied, "Yes, we thoroughly felt that such was the case in the hot days of Nachod and Skalitz. The Austrians attributed our success to our arms, but we know better: it was not our guns, but our Lord God who helped us." In the same way an artilleryman, looking at the guns captured from the Austrians, said simply, "Ah! God was with us." That these were not mere phrases appeared from the general conduct of the troops before they were touched by exceeding success, and by being quartered upon a conquered people. The Prussian chaplains speak warmly of the zeal with which public service was attended. At one place six hundred, and at another two thousand men partook of the Sacrament, and we can well understand that such celebrations were the most impressive the chaplains ever witnessed. "Two hundred men in double file," says one chaplain, describing the scene, "stepped forward simultaneously, forming themselves into a half-circle; a soldier accompanied me, carrying a jug of wine, as I passed up and down the ranks, and in this way the service proceeded rapidly. Those who had partaken of the supper sat quietly in the shade at the border of the forest, and at the concluding prayer closed in again in a large circle round the altar." Somewhat similar to this is the account given of a public thanksgiving offered by the order of a Prussian general after one of the battles. The division, which had started at four in the morning, halted at seven, piled arms, and formed into a square. The chaplain, who had ridden

with the officers of the staff, dismounted, stepped into the middle of the square, and held a short service, consisting of a hymn, accompanied by the regimental band, a sermon, and an extempore prayer, after which the march was resumed.

In this case, as in many others, the General in command was desirous of offering the chaplains every facility for the performance of public worship, but all were not so favourably disposed. We hear of one colonel who was bitterly offended at a regimental delinquency being mentioned in a sermon. A wine-cellar having been broken into, and the chaplain having heard that certain soldiers had been concerned in the act, he thought it right to comment on this breach of what he and the English compiler call the Seventh Commandment. But this did not suit the colonel, who said bitterly to the chaplain, "If my men do not profit by being punished for the offence, nothing will be attained by your preaching." There is a story of a naval captain who once sent the chaplain of his ship a written order to preach according to the Articles of War. Apparently, the Prussian colonel objected to anything so sacred being introduced into a pulpit. With the best intentions, however, it was not always easy for commanding officers to second the chaplains' efforts. Hours of march would interfere with hours of service. One Sunday a certain time had, after many ineffectual attempts, been fixed upon for the celebration of the Sacrament, and the bread and wine had been procured with great difficulty, when orders came from head-quarters for an immediate advance. Necessarily, too, there were other difficulties. It was hard to find fit places to accommodate large military congregations. When service was performed in the open air the weather was often unfavourable, and once, says a chaplain, "We stood up to our ankles in mud, and the rain poured down in such streams that I was obliged in the communion service to cover the bread over with the lid of a box whilst consecrating it, and with the sleeve of my gown while dispensing it." The chaplains do not seem to have thought anything of the hardships of a campaign. They were provided with carriages, but if they wished to be of any use they had to ride with the staff, for their carriages might be delayed for days with the rest of the baggage-train, or might be entirely cut off from the rest of the army. A Roman Catholic chaplain very nearly fell into the hands of the Austrians, while he was pushing his way to the front alone, after

having missed two battles, where his presence was much needed. His Protestant colleague had started in his carriage, but finding himself shunted into a meadow and likely to remain there all day, he took to his horse and was able to make himself useful. Another chaplain stayed behind with some wounded, and fell into the hands of the Bavarians, who first took away his horse and then made him prisoner. Prince Luitpold of Bavaria ordered the confiscation of the horse, and being appealed to in touching terms by the chaplain, answered, "You hold an office which is indeed honourable, and in which I wish you God's blessing, but, — the horse belongs to me."

One feature of the campaign of 1866 which is especially noticeable is the harmony which seems to have existed between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Chaplains of both confessions were provided by the Prussian Government, and worked well together; but this was not the only nor the most striking instance of agreement. The way in which the Protestant Prussians were received in parts of Austria, though it may have been the effect of conquest, and, therefore, of a transitory character, has in it much that is gratifying. Naturally the churches belonging to the Roman Catholics were used by the Prussian soldiers, just as they used "circuses, dancing-saloons, tap-rooms, theatres, waiting-rooms at railway-stations, courts of law, council-chambers, barns, and sheds for waggons," as places of worship. The apparent incongruity of singing Lutheran hymns in buildings decorated with pictures of St. Dominic or Ignatius Loyola of course impressed the Prussian chaplains, but in some places the Roman Catholic priests themselves gave their assistance. We are told by one chaplain that "many Roman Catholic priests met me so far as to provide the communion wine, and begged me to use their *vasa sacra*. They also generally attended public worship with the people, especially in Hungary. The priest at R—— saluted me with these words, 'Though we may be enemies in name, we are nevertheless brothers in Jesus Christ.'" Still more remarkable was the expression of a priest who found himself saying mass while a Protestant chaplain preached in the same building: —

"The chaplains always acknowledged the kindness received at the hands of their Roman Catholic brethren by avoiding, as far as possible, any interference with their stated services, as well as with their prejudices. One case, however, is on record where the two services were carried on simultaneously; but this happened quite un-

wittingly, and, as the sequel shows, it created a bond of friendship rather than a scandal. We will let the chaplain tell the story in his own words: — 'It was arranged by the sergeant that the use of the church should be granted for the service appointed to be held on the following day. At seven o'clock in the morning the company mustered in front of the church; the latter was open and empty, in expectation, as I imagined, of our coming, so we accordingly entered. I took my stand before the rail enclosing the space round the altar, and began the service. The townspeople present I took to be inquisitive spectators. During the singing the priest belonging to the place made his appearance, went into the sacristy, came out again by a side door behind my back, and stepped in front of the altar. He held mass, the bell rang, the pyx was exhibited, and the people fell down upon their knees, whilst I preached from the words "Be a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Had I known the actual circumstances of the case, I might have stopped; but I supposed that the priest considered the two services might be advantageously united, and I preached on. After the service the whole mystery was cleared up. No request had been communicated to the priest for the setting apart of the church for our service. The lieutenant of the company, whose duty it had been to send the order, had been sitting on live coals all the time, wondering what would happen at the close. He came forward at once, looking very much disconcerted, and accused himself as the sole author of the disturbance. The worthy priest consoled him with these words, "We have each served God in our own way." Combined churches are not uncommon but I think this combined service will not easily be matched.'"

The account of the sisters of the Order of St. Borromeo reading Protestant books to the Prussian soldiers shows the same spirit, though it is not equal to the instances given us of a Jew acting as interpreter at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and appearing to be much impressed by the service.

AMERICAN TRAVEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

IN the following letter, a young English girl gives a bright and vivid account of the experiences of herself and sister on a journey from New England to the West: —

"CHICAGO, September 8, 1870.

"Dear —, — Yes, here indeed we are! the dream of my youth is accomplished, I am at the West, — the new country, with all its freshness, is around me, the prairies stretch for hundreds of miles between me and either ocean.

"People asked us before we started if we ladies were not afraid to travel two thousand miles and more through unknown country, without escort; and we answered that we neither of us felt the least nervousness, indeed, that the thought of our independence heightened the pleasure of anticipation, and that our faith in the politeness and kindness of railway officials and fellow-travellers towards unescorted ladies was entire. A party of bright, pleasant friends, however, were to pass the first day and night with us.

"Very early in the morning we left Philadelphia. Such a strange, dull morning it was!—the air thick and heavy, depressing one with a sense of weight and discomfort. Our fellow-travellers told us that the haze from which we were suffering was the smoke of burning Canadian forests. Hundreds of miles of wood were on fire.

"All morning we travelled through the cultivated hill and dale of the Susquehanna Valley, the scenery being very much that of the Thames above Maidenhead. We were in a slow train, chosen on purpose that we might see the country and study the people who would get in and out at the way-side stations. Then we left the Susquehanna, and rushed up the narrower, wilder valley of the "blue Juniata," which, however, was never blue, but always brown or green. Such a romantic little river!—with steep, wooded hills, and sudden bends and turns that seem to transform the stream into hill-locked lakes. Whether it was the charm of the name, or the memory of the "bright Alfarata" and her "warrior bold," I do not know; but I felt a love at first sight for the wild little river, and I was sorry when we turned away from its wooded banks to grind up by steep glades the sides of the Alleghanies. For miles you creep up one mountain spur, trees above you, trees below you. No break to the trees but the railway cutting; then you round the edge, and a deep valley is before; while the mountain takes a great sweep in the form of a horse-shoe, and your fellow-traveller points to another mountain spur across the deep ravine, and tells you you will be there in fifteen minutes. Slowly the train winds on, the deep ravine below, the wild mountain above you; then you round the extreme bend, and the mountain's arms seem to enclose you; and then your engine puffs and pants, and the carriages creak, and the wheels grind slowly on, and the last spur is reached and the horse-shoe is behind you, and you are on the top of the Alleghanies. Such a view is spread before

you,—range after range of hills, and hundreds of acres of trees; no house, no steeple, nothing in sight to tell you that the world holds anything but trees and mountains. It was getting dusk as we made the descent, and half the glories of the scene were hidden from us; but as we swung down in the twilight, we could still see that forests of trees were above and below us. We stopped for the night at Cresson, a cluster of small houses, a railway station, and a monster hotel, perched among the trees half-way down the mountain side. After tea we took seats in the rather barn-like dining-room, which was cleared for dancing, and lighted by numberless small lamps in tin sconces. There was a crowd of children—those typical American children who haunt every fashionable resort—the little girls dressed in the latest fashion, with the self-possessed manners of women who have been in society for fifty years. We watched the antics of the poor little souls till the heart was heavy, for in their looks and ways was nothing of the meek loveliness of childhood.

"Next morning rose bright and clear; all the dull haze was gone, and a sweet, fresh breeze was blowing, which was inexpressibly delightful, after the fatigues and depressing atmosphere of the day before. After breakfast we parted from our pleasant companions, they coming down to the small wayside station to see us off. We had a pleasant compartment in a sleeping-car, which looked by day like an ordinary car, except that it is cleaner, and the seats are wider apart, and two by two face each other, four seats making a compartment. We had each a window, and could watch with interest and delight how the country changes, and the stations and villages grew hourly wilder and more western in appearance, and could mark how the rivers and streams, which before in all our journeyings had flowed eastward, now set in the contrary direction, hurrying one and all to swell the waters of the mighty Mississippi. At two o'clock we reached Pittsburg, the American Birmingham, a smoky, dirty city, lying in a cleft of the hills, placed there seemingly with the hope that the smoke should have no chance of escape from its tall chimney-tops. Here we dined and changed cars. In twenty minutes we were again in motion. There was some little difficulty in finding sleeping-berths, and for the first dozen miles we travelled in the ordinary cars, which we found crowded and dusty, filled apparently with emigrants on their way to the far

West; poor tired women, with worn-out, dirty children, and broad-shouldered, brown-faced young men of the Mark Tapley type. There were evident signs of kind feeling and good-fellowship amongst these poor travellers, and we noticed that each woman had two or three brown-handed chevaliers ready to carry bundles, nurse a child, or bring the weary baby and its mother tin cups of ice-water from the filter with which every car is supplied. We caught the spirit of the place, and soon established most friendly relations with our neighbours; a fat, solemn little fellow of two years old going fast asleep on my knee with the utmost readiness. My small friend had a well-shaped head and earnest little face, and I thought as I watched him that perhaps my knee pillowed the head of the future President of this wide country. I was really quite sorry when at the next stopping-place the conductor came to us, and told us that there was now room in the saloon, and he would show us the way; it seemed almost cruel to go away and leave our poor friends, and take refuge, by means of extra dollars, in the spacious, clean, comfortable saloon, the first-class of these Western trains. We found excellent places, and had our belongings stowed away around us, and then went to the dressing-room at the end of the car, where you can wash your face and hands with scented soap in ice-water, — a most refreshing occupation.

"All through that bright September afternoon we rushed at express speed over the prairies, that wide green ocean of high grass. For many miles the ground was low and marshy, and covered for acres with small white water-lilies, three or four heads growing on a stem a foot high. The edge of the railway track was bordered by a little thicket of sunflowers or wild chrysanthemums, the prairie flower surely that Shawondasee fell in love with —

"'Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.'

Can you see the picture? The bright border of flaunting yellow heads, the large patches of dazzling blossoms, the glimpses of blue water, and the green plain which would have stretched away for ever had not the sky come down and stopped it in a cloud of grey-blue haze. We watched the sun set behind low lines of crimson clouds, and while the air was full of golden light, stopped at a prairie village for supper. The meal was spread in the large wooden refreshment-room of the station; we were very hungry, and rushed with

one accord to the food; but though our movements had been swift, we found the table almost filled, and the meal half over. Such is Western expedition!

"We were soon in our seats again, whirling over the wide green earth in the grey twilight, which soon grew to darkness, made visible by two miserable lamps. I retired into a dark corner to muse and meditate, or to slumber; it was only seven o'clock, rather too early to go to bed. So I got out my book, I tried every position in our compartment, held my book at every angle to try to catch some ray of light, but in vain. Never was a helpless damsel more miserable; but help came to Andromeda before the beast, and my Perseus appeared before I was in utter despair. He came truly like an angel of light, for he bore in his hand the guard's lamp, and, approaching me with a bow, proposed to hold it for me while I read; and in five minutes we were comfortably seated, the lamp between us, he deep in his paper, I in mine. My Perseus was a broad-shouldered young man, with a handsome face, and soft Western accent. After we had read an hour or more he began to talk, and I found that my companion came from Helena, in the territory of Montana. We talked, of course, about the West and its marvellous capabilities, and he told of the wonderful growth of Helena; how it was only five years old, and had 30,000 inhabitants, and how he should have to travel 500 miles by stage before he reached it, and then how he had served in the war, and been captured and confined in the Libby Prison, and of all its horrors, and the life in a prison encampment in the woods, without shelter and almost without clothing or food, and of his escape, and fight with bloodhounds. The time passed away quite pleasantly till the conductor came to make up our berths. He pulled the seats to pieces, put down mattresses, spread sheets and counterpanes, arranged pillows and bolsters, and hung up in front heavy woollen curtains, behind these we crept, one into the top shelf, the other into the lower. The novelty of the position, the jolting of the car, the constant and steady downfall of grit from the engine kept me awake for hours. Through the windows, just on a level with my pillow, I could see the stars swinging and rolling backwards and forwards, and the black telegraph lines dipping up and down across them. Then the train pulled up at a little shanty to take in water, and lights flashed up and down, and men shouted to each other, and then the bell rang, and away

we rushed off again under the swinging heavens. And who can tell of the horrors of the grit! When we awoke in the early dawn we found our pillows and everything about us covered with a thick layer of this pleasant substance, and we had to call to mind the successful enterprise of Benzoni and Layard before we had the courage to attempt to arise. With much perseverance and more patience we performed our simple toilet; the only position in which this could be done, owing to the shaking of the cars, was by kneeling on your shelf, your head firmly pressed against the roof above. This over, we staggered to the rear of the car and washed our faces in the never-failing ice-water. Soon our mattresses, pillows, and curtains disappeared, and we were seated once more on our red velvet cushions, the windows open, and the sweet fresh air pouring in, and the wide green ocean lying like a kindly future before us, mysterious in the dim, tender lights, blue, grey, and gold, of sunrise.

"After breakfast our Montana friend joined us with the morning paper, and on the rolling prairies, four thousand miles away from Paris, we read the words of Jules Favre, uttered twelve hours ago, declaring for the deposition of the Emperor and the Republic of France. 'There's Chicago!' said our companion, in the midst of the war-talk which followed. We sped on, past acres of level ground covered with one-storeyed wooden houses, past immense lumber yards, machine-shops, gas-works, and through streets and across railways, and pulled up at last in a big, dusty, dark, wood-built, barn-like station. There on the platform stood our friends — whom last we had seen in a London drawing-room — looking bright, fresh, and handsome as if there were no such things as dust and cinder-grit and impossible toilets!

"And now we have been for some days in this wonderful city, this child of the present, growing up on the most approved systems. Everywhere I am struck with the perfectness of the arrangements. The streets remind me of Paris, so evenly paved, so clean, and so broad, with wide sidewalks and rows of trees; the pavement is of wood, and the carriage rolls over it with delightful ease and quiet. There are handsome shops and warehouses built of stone and marble, ornamented with pillars and cornices and French roofs. There are monster hotels, theatres, concert-halls, art galleries, and long boulevards going out for miles towards the

country, lined with handsome houses, as fine as any you might see in Fifth Avenue, New York. Between these lie the acres of neat white and green wooden houses, where the workmen are located.

"We have been to see an *elevator*, a huge wooden tower where grain is stored. We watched the cars backed under its great archway, and the yellow loads shovelled out into a trough, and whisked up over our heads in little buckets fastened on a strap; this unloading went on at the rate of ten trucks in five minutes. Then we mounted hundreds of steps to the top of the tower, where we found the little buckets hard at work tilting the grain in a yellow stream into huge bins. Here it is weighed. From these bins it is poured through wide tubes into the vessels lying at the wharf below, twenty minutes being sufficient to give out a cargo of eighteen thousand bushels. We were told that the elevator we were in had stored in the last twelve months twenty millions of bushels of grain. And these golden seeds, which have waved in the sunshine over the generous soil of Wisconsin, Iowa, or Illinois, mostly go to help to make a penny roll, to be bought by a ragged street Arab in some small shop of a dirty alley in Seven Dials.

"And now we have seen the great river of the West. As we stood upon the platform of the cars, suddenly among the trees we saw, glinting and glancing in the sunlight, the waters of the Mississippi, and soon afterwards we began to lumber over the high tresselwork bridge that is built on three islands, and spans the wide flood; but rather seems as you move across it to rise straight out of the water, and hold you without railing or protection of any kind just above the rushing river. Later on we took an exciting walk across the huge rafts that lay at the water's edge, the logs waiting to be carried into the large wooden saw-mill, which we were told was the largest in the United States, and which we visited next morning. There we saw the great trunks of trees that had flourished in Canadian forests, and had floated hundreds of miles down the river, drawn up as if by magic from the water, and relentlessly pushed into the jaws of a great monster, whence they reissued in a few moments transformed into white planks, to be sent off by trains that waited below to all the surrounding States.

"But our sail at sunset upon the great river! My memory of it is that we moved on noiselessly in molten gold, and that we

came to a fairy island where the trees were wreathed with heavy festoons of creepers; where there were red and purple and yellow flowers bending at the water's edge and reflecting themselves into double beauty; and where splendid butterflies flitted about in the sunshine that flickered and glinted through the trees. The beauty was enough to carry one out of oneself, and out of the world almost. Then the sunlight faded away like the smile from a beautiful face, and we turned our boat, and were borne swiftly homeward by the tremendous current."

From The Saturday Review.
WHAT "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT"
DOES NOT TELL US.

We have often had occasion to complain, and others have echoed our complaint, that "Our Own Correspondents" tell us a great deal which is not worth telling, and much that is not fit to tell, about the details of the war. We have had more than enough of what is disgusting, and at least enough of mere gossip and foolish personal detail. It requires no great stretch of imagination to picture for ourselves that roughing at the outposts is unpleasant, or that junketing at headquarters is an agreeable change. To describe graphically the drawing of champagne corks, or the difficulties about getting a horse and carriage or to photograph the interior of a Parisian cockney's villa after it has been occupied by the Prussians, fills a column, many columns, but scarcely adds to our knowledge. We now venture to complete our bill of complaint against "Our Own," and after having noted what they have done and are doing which they might as well have left undone, we proceed to point out some of their shortcomings and deficiencies. France generally, and Paris in particular, presents at this moment, and has for some weeks presented, a phenomenon not only of special interest, but absolutely without precedent in political and national history. There is a remarkable combination and concurrence of two sets of circumstances. The country, or at least a great portion of it, is subjected to a successful invasion, and the country is also without a Government. Either of these conditions of national life, or life in death, may have occurred before; but in their simultaneous occurrence consists the special interest of the hour. Now what we want to know, and what we

are certainly not told, is how in this emergency national and social life goes on at all. What all of us mean by life is not the exceptional circumstances which war brings with it, but the inner daily existence of the population. We want to be informed how the social machine labours and pants, and yet somehow does not altogether break down. We should like to know more about the administrative arrangements which are made, or which have shaped themselves, to meet conditions without precedent, unforeseen, and incapable of being provided against or provided for. Now, to take the case of ordinary Englishmen, for whose information, we suppose, Special Correspondents write; as a matter of fact they know but little of the domestic constitution of another country. We travel in France, or take a holiday in Paris, but we have too much to do to inform ourselves of the common institutions and life of the French people. The theatres, the boulevards, the galleries and museums, pictures and statues, and café life attracts us. We go to Paris for amusement, not for instruction in dull statistics, or to learn the social organization of the country. Somehow there is a system going on which, differing we dare say, but how we do not much care, from our own, produces much the same results. But now we have to realize how France gets on with its heart paralysed, what Paris is when isolated from the whole body politic; and reasonably enough, if we want to guess out how things are there, we begin to speculate how things would be here with us in England and London under similar circumstances.

It is curious, but it seems to be a fact, that with all the contemporaneous memoirs, private diaries and letters, and biographies and State papers, which have from time to time been published, we know so very little how France got on during the great Revolution. During the Reign of Terror we have been told that the *salons* were kept open, and that the intercourses of society were maintained; but we do not know how the courts of justice and of police discharged functions without which all would be chaos, how the taxes were levied, if levied at all, how the daily circulation of the State's life was kept up. It is so now. It is absurd to imagine that there is no hitch and break, no solution of continuity, in the national life of France. We do know that there is a forced currency, and we do know that what passes for a Government finds the

means of spending an enormous sum of money; but where the money or credit, or whatever it is that is in use, comes from, we do not know. We know that France is not altogether in a state of anarchy; but whether there are public writs, or in whose name judicial proceedings run, whether ordinary processes and suits are carried on just as they were three months ago, we can only conjecture. What becomes of appeals—if there is, as there must be, an appellate system—there may be many acquainted with the French system who can tell us; but ordinary Englishmen, who only think that England cut off from London and Westminster would present a very strange spectacle, are merely puzzled by thinking about it. The monetary circulation again, and all the banking and all bill transactions, the ebb and flow of bullion inside the Bank of France—and nobody knows where the Bank is at this moment—is a huge and inexplicable riddle to us. The national revenues, customs and such dues, are of course somehow collected; but if the capital no longer exists practically, though the seat of government has been transferred to Tours, to whom is the money forwarded, and how is it that the whole machinery of the State is not stopped, when offices, archives, clerks, boards, departments, officials, and centralization cease to be? How should we get on without the Stamp Office, Somerset House, the Custom House, the Bank, the Courts at Westminster? The Ministers and a few officials, if London were invested, could establish themselves at Manchester, and a Parliament might meet, as it has met before, at Oxford; but how could the business of the country go on without the central machinery for carrying on the ways and means? And yet, as it seems, or at any rate as far as we are told, there is no fatal hitch. Of all wonders, the political—we mean the international political—condition of France at this moment is to an ordinary Englishman the most wonderful.

And when we come to the details of actual life it might be well if the picturesque chroniclers who tell us enough and to spare about the uniforms of the Mables, and the alternate fits of gaiety and sullenness on the boulevards, would enlighten us on the daily life in Paris in a state of siege. Of one broad aspect of life in Paris we do not want any assurance. Business and manufactures and trade must be at an end; and, with trade, wages must have ceased to be. The building-trade, for ex-

ample, must have been annihilated. What we have to picture is London with all the masons, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and "amalgamated trades" out of work; not merely the shipbuilding of East London annihilated—and we know what came of that—but all trades stopped; all the producers of articles of Paris, and all the smart shopkeepers and shopkeepers' staffs, at one blow struck down. No doubt there are compensations. All the six hundred thousand soldiers, or so-called soldiers, who are employed in the defense of the city receive pay and rations. A vast deal of new and exceptional work, and with work wages, supplied by the Government, fills up some gaps in the labour-market. Defences are thrown up. M. Gambetta informs us that guns are daily cast, and an immense amount of ammunition produced, in Paris. Men who were behind the counter and at work in the factories are doing garrison work, and are paid for it; tailors and women and milliners have perhaps their hands full of uniforms and necessities for the defence. But the amount of labour absorbed by Government employment cannot reach one-tenth of the ordinary trade of the capital of France. Judging from what we all know of the working-classes of London, it is certain that, after making the most ample allowance for the exceptional employment which the siege affords, there must be thousands and thousands of bread-winners, as they are called, in Paris, who earn no wages because there are no wages to earn. Factory hands must be dismissed when the factories cease to work; domestic servants must be dismissed when households are broken up or reduced to short commons. If the workman life in France is, as it must be, much the same as it is in England, what a vast horde of men there must be who merely earn their twenty or thirty francs a week, and spend it every week in rent and across the counter for the ordinary necessities of meat, drink, and clothing? How do they contrive to live without wages? There can be no credit given; we do not hear that Paris has relapsed into a state of barter, which however, would be of little use, seeing that the *ouvriers* having nothing to barter. We are told that Government has fixed the price of flour and meat, but we do not hear that Government has issued five-franc pieces to pay for the meat and the flour. And how all the people in Paris who have not a twenty-franc piece—we were just going to say a Napoleon—manage to get food we are not

told. If the shopkeepers, which is absurd, give unlimited trust, we should like to be assured of the fact; but if life can be sustained in a huge city without money or credit, it would be very interesting to be told by the Special Correspondents how this is done.

But all this only relates to able-bodied men. We presume that Paris contains, as every city and indeed every village or community in the world must to some extent contain, a huge mass of pauperism. France has not our English Poor-law; but France has institutions—they have been described in the *Saturday Review*—which do give meat and raiment and lodging to those who from old age, sickness, and the accidents of life cannot keep themselves, and have, even when all is peace and prosperity, no friends and relations on whom they can depend. How do the helpless and aged poor fare in this dreadful emergency? That they are not as a matter of fact turned out of Paris, or left in Paris to be starved, we know; because if it were so we should have heard of it. Something, somehow, is done for them; and what we should like to know, but do not know, is what exceptional remedy for this exceptional state of things has been devised and is now at work. Again, in Paris as in every civilized capital in the world, there must be, as we know that there are, a great many voluntary institutions of charity—hospitals, infirmaries, and charitable schools—supported, as among ourselves, by voluntary subscriptions. These sources of support are dried up. If the subscribers still give, or are ready to give, their money, that money cannot reach Paris. Are these institutions closed? If not, how are they kept open? If they are closed, who now supports their inmates? Again, amongst ourselves the pawnshop is the working-man's resource on a rainy day. Pawnbroking is a State affair in Paris, and we did hear that the Government had authorized the *Monts de Piété* to return all pledges of less than 10 fr. value; but have they gone further, and authorised loans of money to those who have no goods to deposit? To return to a poor Parisian his bedstead or his holiday suit would be somewhat of a mockery when what he wants is the ten francs. These are some and they are only specimens, of the subjects suggested by the France of the moment, on which we should much prefer some authentic information to long narratives of Mr. Russell's adventures with his horse, or the diary of his breakfasts and gossip.

Many of the questions which we have mooted are no doubt at the fingers' ends of "Our Owns," and some of them are what every schoolboy—that is, Lord Macaulay's every schoolboy—knows. But then some of us are not omniscient schoolboys or pantological Correspondents; and we may as well own our ignorance and our opportune or inopportune thirst for useful knowledge. And if, as is, we believe, the case, "Our Owns" have not attended to these matters, the sooner they do so the better; and then their jaunty talk will promise to be, which at present it does not, of some use to future historians.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.

THERE are certain questions of high importance to society, which are always debated whenever they practically arise, and never settled, for the simple reason that both parties are in the right. Each has irrefragable arguments to offer in favour of his view, and neither can convince the other or bring an impartial judge to his side, because their lines of reasoning never coincide or meet in some common issue on which judgment can be given. A familiar instance is to be found in the discussion, which every fresh occasion is certain to renew, on the right or wrong of martial law in the popular (not professional) sense of the phrase. Every one knows that martial law, in this country at least, is synonymous with no law at all. Every agent of power who executes its decrees on a citizen is guilty of legal crime and punishable by the regular tribunals. And every one knows, which is more seriously to the purpose, that its arbitrary character, and the inflamed state of feelings under which it is generally administered, lead to great excesses and abuses. All this is undeniably true. And yet it is equally true, on the other hand, that the right to apply it must exist, and will most certainly be resorted to whenever the authorities are convinced that a resort to it is necessary to avoid greater evils. No society, whatever its form of Government, will submit to see its peace and its very existence endangered from reluctance to use summary means for its own defence. All that can really be done is, to exercise the utmost caution as to the occasion on which it must be employed and the hands to which its execution is confided. Con-

trovery on the general subject, on bases on which the two parties are not and never can be agreed, is really idle.

Precisely the same impossibility of solution applies to the problem which is now so vehemently, and we must say so vaguely, agitated about the so-called right of irregular resistance to invasion by regular soldiers. Civilians who take up arms for the defence of their invaded country or of their own hearths and homes threatened with military occupation are patriots according to one doctrine, robbers according to another. And the two doctrines will certainly continue to prevail in contradiction to each other, without the possibility of decision between them before the tribunal of public opinion or any other tribunal, so long as the great abuse called war continues. War has its recognized code in civilized countries, and acts done within the limits of that code are sanctioned by it. Outside the limits of that code all is vague. There is neither law nor recognized morality. No one can seriously condemn the "partisan" or "freeshooter" or "guerrilla" who is driven into the field either by the sense of personal injury or by love of his country, and takes the life of his uniformed opponent. No one can seriously condemn the military chief who seizes on him and puts him summarily to death. Each acts in obedience to his sense of duty; the one defends his fatherland, the other protects the lives of his soldiers. The only ready award between them is on what we may call (without disrespect) the feminine principle, though commonly adopted in time of need by masculine reasoners also:—I am in the right in this war, you are in the wrong; therefore I may shoot at you from behind a hedge, but you may not retaliate by hanging me.

And no nation was ever so lavish of this kind of reasoning in the mouths of its chieftains as the French, who now have to pay the penalty of many a wanton indulgence in it. The proclamations and despatches of the First Napoleon may be consulted with advantage as a perfect manual of the audacious fallacy which proceeds on the assumption that the speaker is in the right, and therefore that ordinary rules of morality are nullified or reversed as between him and his opponent. In Calabria, the Tyrol, Spain, Russia, his language was always the same: a short shrift, with as little as might be of preliminary inquiry, for the civilian who had slain or resisted a French soldier. There was no affectation of regret, no endeavour

to establish the nice doctrine that a man might be a patriot, a hero or a martyr in the eyes of his own people, and yet must be shot as a victim to the necessary law of self-defence by another people. In those resolute eyes of his they were all "brigands" alike, and their extermination was not only indispensable, but a debt due to justice. And yet, as we all know, when the tables were turned on the great conqueror, the opposite line of doctrine was at once assumed and preached with the same absolute self-confidence. The peasantry of Champagne were urged in 1813 by the most vehement appeals of their Emperor to take up every man his musket, to throw themselves on the rear of the invader, to cut off his stragglers, to annoy him with street-fighting, to remember that every citizen in case of invasion is dispensed from the conventional, professional law of military men, and has to do his best or worst in defence of country and Sovereign. Now the orders of Napoleon were really justifiable in both cases. In regular warfare, neither the invaded peasant who shoots the invading soldier nor the invading officer who commands the execution of the peasant can be condemned according to any recognized principle. The only thing really noticeable is the cynical daring with which Napoleon pronounced judgment on both sides. The recently published extracts from the last Emperor's intercepted correspondence raise a painful reminiscence connected with the same question. Maximilian writes to him from Mexico announcing, though with sensitive regret, the measure into which military pressure had driven him—the proclamation of death to all "guerrillas," that is, bands of Mexican "patriots." They were killing his French soldiers, and from his point of view he had the right to do it; but the exercise of that right cost him his life, and, in strictness, not unrighteously.

These are commonplace maxims, doubtless—though, from the angry passion which the exploits of French *france-tireurs* on the one side and the retaliation exercised by German soldiers on the other excite, not only in the nations engaged in the strife, but in neutral observers also, it would seem as if they were very easily forgotten. But there is one particular in which their application is, so to speak, novel, and requires very close watching from those who are clear-minded enough to see through the smoke and tumult of the hour. The two irreconcilable principles the opposition of which we have pointed out arose and have been as yet

considered under the hitherto ordinary circumstances of European warfare—a relatively small number of disciplined soldiers engaged against each other on the two sides. In such a case, without pronouncing on abstract moral questions, a fair arbitrator might easily say that it was best with a view to speedy peace—best with a view to humanity—that those who were paid to fight each other should be left to fight it out; and that any violent interference with their proceedings on the part of irregulars, whatever allowance might be made for particular cases, must on the whole be discouraged as contrary to higher interests than those of common patriotism. But it cannot be reasonably denied that modern invasion, as carried on by Germany in the present instance, does require to be looked at and judged from a wider view than that which has hitherto prevailed. The German army, as the admirers of the system boast, is no longer a mere army; it is an armed nation, launched in one fierce impulse against the heart of another nation. Many more than half a million of men armed and uniformed and coming within the denomination of regular soldiers, occupy not a few fortresses and camps, but a considerable part of the surface of France. And myriads more are on their way thither. The “landwehr,” in its conception strictly a defensive army or militia, is converted for the nonce into an invading force, and adds its multitudes to those of the first contingent. Now, under these circumstances it is natural, at all events for the Frenchman, to say that the ordinary conditions of the problem what licence is permitted to civilians against soldiers are a good deal modified. Your army, he may tell the German, is not an army in the old popular sense, but an organized nation; you have the start of me, but you place me under the necessity of rousing up an unorganized nation to meet violence with violence. My franc-tireur is not a brigand and your recruit a soldier because the first is improvised for the occasion and the second has had a couple of years’ drill. Neither is, in the old professional sense, a “militaire” a member of a peculiar caste in the nation, fenced round by recognized privileges. Such, we say, might be the not unnatural reasoning of the Frenchman, were Frenchmen addicted to reasoning instead of hysterics. The terrible consequences to civilization of doctrines sanctioning a *guerre à outrance* are plain enough; but what shall we say of the novel organizing of military nations which suggests such doc-

trines? The truly admirable and unrivalled discipline of the Prussians, the patient spirit of self-denial—for it really seems no less—which in the main controls their armies, may on the other hand justify for the moment on their part a claim that the privileges allowed by international usage to the professional soldier in time of war ought to be extended to their citizen soldiery also. But no one can count on the continuance of such conditions as these. And the only immediate moral to be drawn is this—Let him who disposes of so vast and anomalous a power as the German army of 1870 abridge his employment of it as much as he possibly can. Let him hold the hitherto unheard-of nature of his weapon for an additional reason for being the less exacting as to the terms on which he will sheathe it. Otherwise he provokes another Nemesis besides that which threatens the ordinary conqueror.

From The Spectator.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

THERE is an idea rapidly gaining ground among our own people, in Germany, and in America which ought to be discussed. Is it not possible, ask grave men, astounded by the events of the war, that France is something more than defeated,—that she is in decadence, that her history is over, and that she will never revive? The question, though only uttered in Germany, is whispered in a great many households in England, and it is well worth a serious discussion. If France is to cease to be, the history of the human race is modified for ever, and the world has lost one of its first advantages, the existence in Europe of an effective and propagandist intellect radically different from the Teuton. Not only the dominion of the world, though that is much, but the dominion of the thoughts of the world will have passed to a single branch of the human race, for the Anglo-Saxon is but the Teuton modified by centuries of freedom. This may be the best, as it is clearly the strongest branch of the human stock, but still a branch with no right and no capacity to supersede humanity. *Prima facie*, many of the events of the war justify those who apprehend so frightful a calamity. Fighting power, if not a high form of power in a race, is an essential form if the race is to keep its independence, and France appears to superficial observers to have lost its fighting power. We all,

friends and enemies alike, ask with General Blumenthal, in simple amazement, what change has come over the French? Why do they run away? The linesmen who in one place—Metz—fight to the death, everywhere else run, or capitulate, or mutiny, or do something or other for which explanation seems as difficult as apology. The citizens in many places give themselves up on mere rumours of a German advance. The departments seem utterly unable to organize anything, not only an army, but a regiment, a company, anything of any value for defence. No leaders, it is said, turn up even in civil matters, and not only no leaders, but no policies, nothing even like the vague but triumphant thought expressed in Lincoln's rude formula, "We must keep on pegging away." Vast regions full of men and wealth and spirit sit apparently inert, doing nothing, while in the occupied districts Frenchmen seem cowed to such a point that they dare not even attempt to cut a railway. What can it all mean, if it be not that France is in decay, that the attack has not made ruin, but only revealed it?

It is horribly true, all that, and yet we believe we may absolutely reject the deduction pessimists are inclined to draw. We should reject it even if all the facts were unfavourable, believing that a people, like an individual, may be temporarily paralyzed, that no conclusion can fairly be formed as to the condition of a nation from an experience of only six weeks; but many of the facts are favourable to France in a high degree. Take those, first of all, which affect the question of military spirit. The Army, as a whole, has shown want of discipline, want of staying power, and want of self-reliance; but, till disheartened by the revelation of the incompetence of its chiefs, it fought fairly well, and one section of it, exactly like the rest in all but discipline, has displayed a courage, tenacity, and carelessness of life worthy of the best days of France. It may be said that the soldiery ought to be more stubborn even if badly led, but the answer to that is that they never have been, that all the triumphs of France have been accomplished with armies of highly nervous, excitable men, of not very high physique, who make good leadership their condition of victory. That is not the English condition, and may not be the German; but it has always been the French, at least since the Revolution allowed the rank and file to form an opinion on their commanders. Outside the Line, again, the people have revealed in the majority of instances a very high

degree of spirit. Trochu has with him a hundred thousand men who in reality, if not in appearance, are volunteers, power to coerce them having disappeared; and they behave, even according to hostile accounts, very well indeed, holding their ground after the linesmen have retreated,—a dreadful trial to raw recruits. These men are provincials, and at least two hundred thousand more of them are in arms "behind the Loire" and in the South, and seem by all accounts determined men. The stories about the fall of Orleans, which, by the way, are absurdly misconceived both at Versailles and in England, do not affect the Mobiles, who stand as long as their Generals will let them, or their want of artillery renders standing possible. The citizens of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have shown equal readiness, the Lyonnese in particular having faced an insurrection with the utmost determination, and have organized themselves so fairly, that France may be said in six weeks to have produced a hundred infantry regiments of 3,000 men each by voluntary enlistment. They are badly armed, equipped, and drilled; they have new and therefore ignorant officers, and they are deficient in subordination off parade; but those lamentable facts only show how strong the spirit must be which brings them in such masses to the front. One victory, one sound piece of evidence that they can beat Germans, that the latter are fighting men and not geni, and these men will be formidable soldiers,—unable, it may be, to defeat Prussians—who are clearly the most tenacious fighters in the world—but able to make victory worthless to them. The French, be it remembered, are *not* fighting for home and hearth. They can have peace to-morrow by surrendering a strip of territory of which they have scarcely heard, but that surrender involves humiliation for France, and they fight on, not very confidently, for they see the regulars run, and not very ably, for they have no leader, but still with resolute pluck. So far from thinking that France shows signs of martial decadence, we think she shows signs that her people have improved, that they are more ready to fight than they have ever been, much more ready than in 1713 or 1815.

Then, as to civil capacity, look to the whole record, instead of part of it. Look how swiftly and strongly the National Guard of Paris—not the Mobiles, who were outside—poured to the assistance of the Government when threatened by the Reds,—poured in an instant, with

clear determination to put disorder down. Or read the really wonderful account, by a most hostile critic, of the way in which the Battalion Croix Rousse at Lyons, 3,000 workmen — silkweavers who, two months ago, never saw a rifle — swept Cluseret and his followers into space on behalf of a Prefect whom they disliked, but who represented order. Could Colonel T. Hughes's regiment have done better? Even these dangerous Reds are most dangerous because of the revolutionary energy with which they desire to defend France, and take for their leader a man wild enough no doubt in his ideas about property, but with some brains. Cluseret's plan for forming an army by a conscription under penalty of death, and the substitution of the non-commissioned officers for the distrusted caste, was as a revolutionary scheme, the ablest yet propounded, and has, in part, been accepted by Gambetta. Men say every day there are no leaders, but let us just look at that. Natural leaders, of course, there are none, for Senators, Deputies, officials, Generals, were all Imperialists, and the aristocracy has apparently ducked under, but where but in France could civil chiefs be so rapidly improvised, or so readily obeyed? Here is a Marseillaise lawyer, of Genoese extraction, who drops out of a balloon, remarks that he is going to save France if he can, and from Tours to Marseilles accumulates all authority into his own hands. Who is "pronouncing" against Gambetta? The leader has not yet appeared — whenever did the Man of Destiny turn up in six weeks? — but what other country ever improvised a Government so well out of such materials, built a working machine by such a device as entrusting a Dictatorship to the members for the Capital? Just imagine the sort of obedience English counties would pay to self-elected Secretaries of State, representing London vestries, and supposed to be of dangerous, though uncertain political tendencies! We do not know all or much that this Government is doing, but we do know that it finds money to go on, that it has fortified Paris, that it has established two centres of government; that it is improvising armies, one of which — the Parisian one — impresses Baron von Moltke — not a bad judge of such things — with evident respect; that it is creating an artillery; that it does somehow carry on the official life of France. *How* it does it we do not know, for no correspondent so much as alludes to such matters; but it does it somehow, and that in the teeth of gigantic difficulties, — such, for example,

as the "League of the Fifteen Departments," that is, of a virtual declaration of independence on the part of Southern France. That very declaration shows a power of local action which, badly managed as it is everywhere, is a sign of life, of political vigour and capacity we had scarcely expected in the provinces of France. That the old machinery did not work, that France did not, as the Germans at first expected, fight from department to department, raising over new levies in regular fashion as the Hohenzollerns would have done, is true, the failure being the necessary consequence of the Revolution; but the Republicans show everywhere that the old creative power still exists, and is stimulated by one of the greatest safeguards of States, a strong, indeed an almost overweening sense of patriotism. It may be very silly, as some Englishmen may think, for France not to yield and confess herself beaten; but the refusal itself, the certainty expressed by all travellers that any Government which agreed to cede territory would be destroyed, is of itself a proof that the national spirit has not decayed, that revival is not far off, and may be very near at hand. The State organization of France has perished, but not France.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

ALGERIA AND THE FRENCH.

RUMOURS of threatened disturbances in Algeria sound so plausible that we are inclined to discredit them. They seemed so inevitable that the report was sure to be invented, and the only mystery is that troubles should not have broken out before. There was a French colony, composed of a flying population of Frenchmen, subsidized and cherished more or less directly by a paternal government — men who lived and toiled, but looked no farther than the morrow when they should be restored in possession of a competence to the embraces of La belle France. There was a native population, half reclaimed — an inferior caste, hewers of wood and drawers of water. And these were girdled in by a chain of posts, entrenched within a line of fortresses against Kabyles of the Atlas and Arabs of the desert. The colonists, French and native, were as unlike the stuff to make good a military frontier — as unlike the inhabitants of the Austrian military frontier on the lower Danube, for example — as could well be imagined.

French spirit is apt to evaporate and French muscle and fibre to deteriorate under a sultry African sun. Moreover, the policy of the Empire was to relegate the colonists to the works of peace, to set them to develop the resources of the soil under the protection of a strong military guard. When Algeria was a *place d'armes*, a training ground for the overgrown forces of a vast military system, civilian soldiers would have been a superfluity and a nuisance. Accordingly no newly settled country, in the close vicinity of dangerous neighbours, was ever more paralyzed for defensive purposes. They were taught to rely implicitly upon others. There might be a black storm brewing on the desert horizon, but it scarcely troubled the settlers of the settled provinces more than an Indian mutiny of our own does the farmers of Kent. There was a strong, almost an excessive garrison of regulars, and it could be reinforced to any extent at a moment's notice, for Marseilles and Toulon were within easy sail of Algiers, Constantine, and Bona. But, in spite of all that, every now and then the old fire which nearly scorched the Orleans Government and their marshals out of the country would blaze out. Semi-barbarians are slow to yield to the logic of facts; and a population that prizes freedom nearly as much as life, and delights in war above all earthly pastimes, is scarcely to be persuaded to accept the ordeal of battle as conclusive. Like a dull man, they are always ready to reopen the familiar argument, although in the foregone certainty of its leading up to the same inevitable conclusion. Add to that, in the case of the Arabs, that element of fanaticism which is a perfectly unknown quantity, and you had a tense situation which always kept the French outposts on the *qui vive*. You cannot calculate even upon the prudence of grey-headed statesmen and veteran warriors when they have to count with the passions of the people they lead. These elderly children doubtless dreaded the French fire they had *essayé* so often and with such fatal effect; they knew the French generals had graduated in their system of desert warfare, and in perfecting the flying column had bridged the fosse interposed by a foodless, waterless waste. But then their sagest statecraft was at the mercy of any prophet-descended santon, of any marabout who had established his claims to sanctity by a life of filth and privation, who chose to preach a holy crusade and set a torch to the powder magazine. The French at the best of times lived on the borders of a smouldering

crater, and the constant precautions they took against the event of an eruption evinced their sense of its likelihood.

How do things stand in Algeria now? The Arabs were bridled before by French prestige and French material force. For the former, the Germans are at Versailles, the Emperor is at Wilhelmshöhe, and the soldiers whose names were familiar in the Arab tents as household words are for the most part dead or disgraced, or they have disappeared. For the latter, the country is held by an enfeebled garrison, practically cut off from communication with its French depot, and its supports, so far as Algerian claims are concerned, totally annihilated. Nor in all probability is the quality of the remaining Algerian garrison what it used to be. True, they have not been driven out of entrenched positions by the Germans, they have never broken ground before landwehr, nor changed retreat into rout at the sight of the Uhlan uniforms. But demoralization is contagious; and the solidarity of sentiment in a grand army holds good in disaster as after a long succession of triumphs. They themselves know, and the Arabs are also aware of it, that they no longer belong to the invincibles of France. Our own Indian experiences show us how evil news spreads among the Orientals who are interested in hearing it. Secrets are so well kept where religion and hate of race mingle with politics, where death is the sure penalty of indiscretion, that the war is apt to precede its proclamation, and the country to be wrapped in flame before you suspect that old animosities are smouldering anew. It is not difficult to understand what must be the feeling of the high-spirited tribes of the Sahara towards the people who crushed them by overwhelming numbers and superior science joined to diplomacy. If Abdel-Kader has really loyally accepted his defeat, we may take it for certain he does not represent the feelings of his race. The Arabs must surely feel that France's extremity is Algeria's opportunity; and if they do it is hard to conceive what arguments will persuade them to hold their hands. Before them is a dispirited, distracted people, demoralized by defeat, and looking anxiously over their shoulders for support that cannot come for many a day. Behind them are their co-religionists of Morocco, whose sympathy they are sure of, and who have frequently offered them active assistance, spite of the dread of France. Morocco would be too glad to see the continent of Africa rid of an infidel Power — of a people that diminishes her legitimate in-

fluence, and despises her as barbarian. If the Arabs want arms or allies, they have had ample time to buy and smuggle in the one or to recruit the other from the fierce tribes of the Riff coast or the regency of Tunis. We remember a thrilling little episode in "Eöthen," where, fallen among thieves, the author professes himself utterly at a loss to conceive what could be the arguments urged by those of the tribe who proposed letting him pass unharmed on his way. That episode seems to us eloquently expressive of the present state of things in Algeria. We confess ourselves quite unable to suggest a reason for the extraordinary tranquillity of the Arabs. Mr. Kinglake said, we remember, that he fancied the mechanical click of his pistol locks, as he cocked and uncocked them, may have sensibly influenced the course of the discussion. It may be that the gallant attitude of the French troops has its effect in the Desert councils. After all, compared to our own case in India, the French will have every advantage of preparation and numbers, and it may be that even the fiery Arabs think discretion the better part of valour.

Of course the French cannot retire from Algeria now, but may they not be tempted to do so later? Perhaps the Arabs may be sage enough to understand that the course of events may give them more surely all they could gain by open war. Of what value has Algeria been to France? It has demonstrated that Frenchmen were not born to colonize, even at their own doors and in a climate and among productions closely resembling those of Provence. In Algeria the French have paid an enormous price for colonial failure. Algeria has given them a framework for the corps of Zouaves and recruited them regiments of Turcos, and thereby damaged their excessive claims to civilization. That placing the Turcos at the head of the host that was to civilize Germany may in the end be the cause of troubles unnumbered to France. Finally, the occupation of Algeria gave France that training ground she was so proud of; that training ground which, in the opinion of the ablest German strategists and by the avowal of the best French generals, has been the proximate cause of her present disasters. Having learned their lessons among semi-savages, the Frenchmen found themselves "plucked" when they came up for competitive examination with scientific soldiers. The next French Government must perforce be one of retrenchment, but it is doubtful whether any Government would

venture to propose retirement from Algeria for any consideration of economy or on the ground that it is a costly encumbrance. But we cannot help fearing there may be troubles in store for Algeria before the arrangement of its future goes beyond the domain of speculation.

From The Athenæum.
PARIS AND THE WAR.

(Par Ballon Monte.)

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1870.

IMPRISONED in Paris! Pleasant prison, perhaps some will say; but it is not the bird that enjoys the gilding of the cage, and besides, it is sadly tarnished. Paris is now a dusty, unkempt garrison town, full of armed men, or rather boys; the gay carriages are replaced by heavy waggon and carts laden with the most vulgar but most welcome merchandise; and the horsemen are replaced by mounted troopers and strings of led horses, not Arabian. The *cafés* are almost deserted, except just at the moment of the appearance of the papers, and they are all closed at ten o'clock; the great jewellers' shops are stripped of their diamonds, and mostly closed by iron shutters, and the few that remain open exhibit a few pieces of silver or electro-plate, more by way of sign than stock; there is scarcely a note in any money-changer's window; the famous pastrycooks' are deserted, and the appearance of a well-dressed lady is so rare in the streets that every one turns to regard her, and half the world set her down as a spy. Fancy, if you can, Paris without *sergents de ville* or police of any kind, with a great sprinkling of drunkards, and troops of beggars; it is said that numbers of the vagabonds expelled by the late Government have returned, and I believe this to be true; and although there has been little disorder, there is danger of it, and the Government must do something to ensure the peace of the streets.

The journals are dropping off one by one. The *Official Journal* is reduced to a half-sheet, for fear of exhausting its stock of paper, and those which continue to appear all repeat each other, having little else to give us but accounts of the doings of the army, with comments and suggestions. Since Sunday the 18th inst. not a paper or letter has reached us from England or elsewhere. On Tuesday not a single postman visited the quarter where I reside, and I believe that not a single bag

of letters has been got out of town and sent on its way. If this does not indicate imprisonment, in an intellectual sense, it is difficult to say what does.

Of course the chance of this reaching you is small, but I shall continue to send you such scraps as I think may be welcome, should they escape the vigilance of the enemy, twice a week; and having thus thrown my leaves on the waters, hope that by some chance the stream may bear them to your door. I may mention that the *Athenæum* reached me only on Saturday, but that other journals are missing. The enemy is all around us; there has been fighting at the foot of the Meudon hills, at Clamart, Châtillon, Fontenai-aux-Roses, Villejuif, and Vanvres, almost under the walls of Paris. General Ducrot was out for two days with a considerable force, but only his artillery did anything, the weight and range of that of the enemy preventing the possibility of bringing many of the troops into the action. A regiment of Zouaves, principally young recruits grafted on to the remnant of a regiment, it is said, behaved very badly, were joined by a number of men belonging to other regiments, and fled in complete disorder: a court-martial is being held on them to-day, and the population is furious against them. The Garde Mobile in one case was seized with panic, threw away everything, and fled in utter disorder; while a corps of the National Guard, on the contrary, behaved admirably, kept the bridge of Sèvres all day long against constant attacks of cavalry, and enabled the engineers to complete the arrangements for its destruction. This bridge, as well as those of Saint-Cloud and Billancourt, have now all been destroyed. Last night, the 20th, a considerable force went out in the direction of Saint-Ouen and Saint-Denis, and while I write I hear cannonading going on in that direction.

William of Prussia has made his headquarters in the town whence Louis le Grand thundered forth his edicts to the Rhine, and Versailles once again aims at ruling France, while the Crown Prince takes up his quarters at Saint-Germain, and doubtless hopes to follow the example of Henri Quatre and bring Paris to his feet, and that without the concession of the mass. It is positively asserted, though not officially, that Jules Favre left Paris for the King's headquarters on Sunday morning, and the *Electeur Libre*, which is under the direction of M. Picard, says—"The Vice President of the Government would not have undertaken such a mission

without the certainty of being received in a manner worthy of France and the well founded hope of a good solution. Lord Lyons would not have interfered in the matter, nor Jules Favre quitted his post in order to bring back a rebuff. There is then, reason to believe that an armistice will be concluded, and that peace will soon be the result,—an honourable peace France will accept no other." This sound encouraging, but I do not think the population put much faith in it. It is said that on Friday last M. de Bismarck said to a diplomatist that he did not intend to bombard Paris, for that such an act would draw upon him more hatred and contumel than the place was worth; but that he would make all sacrifices to invest it entirely, if it took a year to do it.

The Statue of Strasbourg continues to be the most attractive object in Paris; it is so loaded with flowers, wreaths, flags, and inscriptions that scarcely anything but the face is visible; it is said that an inscription is about to be engraved on the pedestal, to the following effect:—"Siege of Strasbourg, 1870. Heroic resistance of General Urich. Aux héros Strasbourgeois. La patrie reconnaissante."

The alteration in the inscription on all the public establishments is being carried out systematically; the Provisional Government has appointed a *citoyen*, whose name has escaped me, to erase the word *Impériale* and replace it by *National* everywhere. The unfortunate bas-relief of Louis Napoleon on horseback, placed over the great new entrance to the Plac du Carrousel, has disappeared, and the inscriptions and insignia are being removed from the New Opera House. This building, by the way, has been inaugurated at last; it has become a great military dépôt. In the first place, it being known that there was a large supply of water below an immense cavity has been cut in the concrete and a great reservoir formed for the supply of the engines in case of fire in the neighbourhood; in the compartment beneath the stage are stored a strange assortment of objects: first, all the books and manuscripts belonging to the Opera and, secondly all kinds of provisions, except hay and straw, and immense quantities of ammunition of all sorts except powder—wheat, oats, flour, preserved meat and wine sufficient to supply the army for a month, mountains of balls, and quantities of equipments. Hundreds of railwagons were emptied into it in the early part of the week. On the main floor is established an ambulance; above this, hug

kitchens for the preparation of soldiers' soup; while on the roof, in front of Apollo and between the Pegasus and the Muses, are erected an observatory, a semaphore and electric light. Such is the inauguration of the somewhat tawdry and overgrown temple of music and dancing. The Imperial carriage-way was found vastly useful in conveying the beds for the wounded to the main floor, and the Imperial pavilion will form an admirable dispensary. The housing of the poor creatures driven into Paris from the suburbs has given great trouble. Many have found shelter in empty houses; some have erected places that sadly resemble pigsties in gardens and bits of vacant ground, and the Northern, and perhaps other railways, have taken a most admirable and benevolent step—they have devoted all the carriages to these unfortunate people, each family having one or more compartments to itself, and furnish all that require them with provisions.

I have just heard that M. Jules Favre's visit to the Prussian head-quarters is a complete failure. He found the King and M. de Bismarck at Meaux; had an interview with the latter, from whom he could obtain nothing satisfactory, and returned to Paris last night; so the hopes of an armistice or of immediate peace are dashed to the ground.

The Mobiles from Brittany seem determined to win a name. Before going out to fight the other day they had a wild national *danse* to the tune of their own horns and bagpipes!

September 30.

OUR letters continue to go out, and, we hope, in safety, by balloon; in one instance we have notice of arrival outside the Prussian lines by pigeon express. The day before yesterday a larger quantity than usual left Paris—two large balloons and a small one being united together by transverse poles, to which the cars were attached. These balloons carry Government agents, as well as letters, which are now limited to four grammes in weight; but a system of postal cards has been established: these are of a certain size—about that of an ordinary envelope, and must not weigh more than three grammes; they are to be despatched by small free balloons, and take their chance; and there is no doubt that an immense number of persons will avail themselves of this mode of sending a few words to their friends. We are still without a single letter from England. I hear that ar-

rangements have been made for diplomatic couriers to pass the enemy's lines: cannot our Foreign Office do something for private correspondence also?

We have been very quiet for some days outside, and there is a hope that the enemy is in great difficulties about food: the *francs-tireurs* have done something to increase that difficulty—they have blown up the tunnel at Saverne, on the Eastern line, and thus interrupted the communication with Germany. It was a daring undertaking, performed effectually, almost under the eyes of the Prussian sentinels; and the damage done would take a long time to repair. The *francs-tireurs* are exhibiting the greatest daring and skill upon all occasions. New forces are expected in a few days from several quarters, and the enemy may find himself between two fires, and, as he is not likely to throw up the game, there is a belief that a sudden and vigorous dash will be made at our fortifications; in fact, it was looked for to-day; and when I heard cannonading at daybreak this morning, I imagined the assault was about to be made; but the enemy must first pass the line of forts, which is not easy, and this is what they may have tried this morning. In order to guard against surprise, we have quite an army outside the walls now every night.

The weather is superb, even hot—I never remember such an autumn; but we sigh over it, as favourable to the condition of the enemy's army.

We cannot tell when the Constituent Assembly may be able to meet, but the Chamber has been completely arranged to contain 764 representatives of the people, with places for the press and the public as before.

M. Jules Simon is not content that even the siege should put a total stop to education. He has made arrangements for opening some of the *lycées* and public schools for day scholars, who may stay all day in the building, provided they carry their *déjeuners* with them. In the case of the primary schools, it is said that on account of the absence of so many of the parents, the children will, for the present, be fed as well as taught. Considering the enormous difficulty of getting anything attended to but military matters, M. Jules Simon's perseverance is most praiseworthy.

The public libraries, like the galleries, are all closed for the present, and precautions of all kinds are taken against accidents. The windows of the Louvre, the

Ecole des Beaux Arts and other places are being filled up with sacks of earth, and large vessels of water are arranged in all the galleries; while the courts are all unpaved, or covered with sand. The most precious manuscripts have been removed into the safest places available; and, lastly, all the persons engaged in the establishments are formed into corps, and will keep guard alternately night and day. M. Arsène Houssaye, who has been re-appointed Inspector of Fine Arts for the provinces, has issued a circular to all the keepers of galleries and museums, respecting the means to be adopted against accident. The disappearance of the splendid collection of armour from Pierrefonds caused considerable sensation, as it was believed it had been sent out of the country, but it has been found packed and stored at the Louvre. I am sorry to find that the destruction of the portrait of Marceau, and that of La Smala, by Horace Vernet, is confirmed; such wanton destruction of works of art is disgraceful to the country of so many admirable artists.

I may mention that, amongst other changes of name, the Lycée Napoléon is now called Lycée Corneille, and another Lycée Descartes.

New money is about to be coined, and M. Charles Blanc has addressed a letter on the subject to the *Temps*. He claims for the coin of a country the importance of a national monument, and protests against anything of an inferior character being produced, and that it should not be disfigured by the effigy of any individual, and adds — "No artist of Corinth, Athens, Syracuse, &c. would have consented to have struck such a figure as that which for twenty years has made the press groan in France." He demands that France "should cause to disappear from circulation the head of a man who, having drawn the barbarians upon us, capitulated to them. The continuance of that laurelled head would be a scandal. . . . Are those the laurels of Sedan which encircle the head of the Cæsar of yesterday? it would be asked. . . . The coins that circulate from hand to hand should not exhibit an image which is so offensive." M. Blanc proposes the adoption of the die of the second Dupré — Hercules between Liberty and Equality, with the motto, *Union et Force*, cut in 1792. The die was altered somewhat in 1849: the Cap of Liberty on a pike was changed for the hand of Justice, and the motto to *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. M. Charles Blanc prefers the original form, but the new Government has adopted the

latter: it is now to be seen at the windows of all the police stations in Paris, and, nonsensical as it is, I suppose it will be adopted on the coin also. The matter might be compromised by having no motto at all.

Citizen Courbet, artist, painter, and president of the commission for the preservation of the museums and objects of art belonging to the nation, has proposed to the Government that the metal plates of the Column of Vendôme shall be used up by the mint; he gives as his reasons that the work has no artistic value whatever, that it commemorates war and conquest, which are offensive to a republican nation, to the genius of modern civilization, and to the universal fraternity which ought to prevail; and, lastly, that it renders France ridiculous in the eyes of democratic Europe. M. Courbet also suggests the same application of the statue of the Emperor Napoleon, which lately stood at Courbevoys, but has disappeared — *Iconoclast, va!*

The *Maires* of Paris have held an assembly under the presidency of Citizen Floquet, at the Hôtel de Ville. At this meeting the question of the separation of Church and State was raised, but left to be discussed by the Constituent Assembly after the Peace, at the suggestion of M. Jules Ferry, a member of the Government.

A postman who left Paris on the 20th inst. with fourteen packets of letters for the Departments, got back safely on the 27th. He went by Neuilly, Saint-Denis, Maisons-Laffitte, Chanteloup, Trul, Meulan, Mantes and Vernon, and brought in with him about 150 letters. Y.

From The Saturday Review.
TERMS OF PEACE.

THE question on what terms peace can be made is rapidly becoming the one great subject of pressing importance. So far as human fore-sight can go, the reduction of Metz and Paris is only a matter of time, and not of a very long time. Either peace must be possible by Christmas time or the war will drift into a totally new phase, and France will only not make peace because it will be too despairing and broken down, too completely a prey to anarchy and confusion, to be able or willing to treat with the enemy. But peace is by no means impossible now. Bazaine is in treaty with the Germans, and although he has no recognized authority,

yet any terms of peace which he was prepared to recommend France to accept would have a great chance of finding favour with his countrymen. Every rumour points to the fact that some steps have been lately taken, and are still being taken, to bring about an understanding between the German leaders and the two or three men in France whose acquiescence might probably determine that of the country generally. If General Trochu and Bazaine, and two or three of the leading members of the Committee of Defence, were to agree in recommending terms of peace, the country would perhaps be disinclined to continue the struggle. It is scarcely to be expected that the Republican Government should assume all the odium of making a humiliating peace; but if the necessity of bowing to evil fortune were enforced on Frenchmen by the authority of General Trochu and Bazaine, who are the only two military leaders whose names now command much respect, and of whom the first is said to be an Orleanist and the latter an Imperialist, the most important parties in France would possibly consider themselves sufficiently represented to yield to the opinion thus expressed. There would of course be a howl of indignation from the furious section of the population of the towns; but France has repeatedly shown that it can and will defy the clamour of these useless and dangerous and utterly ignorant people, provided that the rest of society makes up its mind to act together. There is one thing, however, that is certain. No peace is possible unless it involves the cession of some portion of French territory. The Germans insist on this, and will insist on it, and the first question is whether the French can make up their minds to acquiesce in it. At present they all say that they would never dream of such a thing; to which the Germans reply that they must be made to feel they have no choice. It appears to be the policy of the German leaders to put France under some novel and extreme pressure before any further discussion of the terms of peace is held. Metz may be made to capitulate, two or three of the forts near Paris may be reduced by the heavy guns which may any day open on them, and a few more of the large and flourishing towns of the North-west and the Centre of France may be put under requisitions by the invaders. We do not know whether this may be necessary and wise, or not. It is sufficient that the Germans think it so. They are going to try this last means of bringing

the French to their senses. But if they succeed they will only have made the French see what outsiders think is evident already, that they are hopelessly beaten. We then may already begin to ask on what terms peace is possible, and although it is for the parties to the negotiation to settle the details, it is not very difficult to trace the limits within which negotiations must be conducted.

The first thing is to determine whether any of the plans which have been proposed for avoiding the cession of French territory will hold water. Three such plans have been put before the public. The first was that which had the countenance of the manifesto of the late Emperor, a document said to be apocryphal, but which was too characteristic not to have come from him indirectly. This proposal was that the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine should be dismantled, and that the French should engage not to rebuild them. If such a treaty could be permanently enforced, it would attain the object which the Germans say is most at their heart. It would constitute a very strong protection against an attack from the side of France. But experience shows that such treaties cannot be permanently enforced, and are a constant source of irritation and quarrelling. Germany would, under such a treaty, have a right to add fortress to fortress up to the edge of French territory, while France would be obliged to leave her Eastern provinces defenceless. The inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine would be Frenchmen whom France could not protect, and their impatience under this, and the profound humiliation which Frenchmen would feel at being obliged to neglect their complaints, would make a lasting peace impossible. Germany, too, would have to watch every building erected in the large towns of three or four French departments to see that what were called barracks or public offices or railway stations were not really capable of being used as military strongholds, and the accusations and evasions which this would cause would keep open a continual sore between the two countries. From the German point of view it must be allowed that this would be very little for the conquerors at Sedan and the masters of Metz and Paris to exact. The next proposal was that the strip of territory lying between the Vosges and the Rhine should be given to neutral Powers, such as Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, so that France and Germany should no longer touch each other. To

this proposal the objections are, first, that the population thus transferred would not wish to be transferred, and it would be a most high-handed proceeding for the neutral Powers to make Swiss or Dutchmen of Alsatians and Lorrainers, and, secondly, that the nations to which the transfer was made would be equally disinclined to accept it. Switzerland would be forsaking all the traditions of her prudent policy if she ran the enormous risk of engaging to defend her new territory against a great Power until her distant guarantors could come to her assistance. These objections are so obvious and so fatal that a third proposal has been made this week, which is that England, Austria, and Russia should engage to go to war against that one of the two present combatants who should originate a new war against the other. It showed great courage to make a proposal so utterly chimerical. England would indeed be mad if she were a party to any such arrangement. Our fortunes and our honour would be perpetually endangered by the intrigues and schemes of foreign diplomatists. Incessant efforts would be made to break up this new and most unstable alliance between England and two distant Powers. It would be curious to ask the inventor of this plan what he conceives the value of the arrangement would be to Germany, supposing England and Russia were engaged in a great Oriental war. It would come to this, that Austria would have undertaken to help Germany; and she would certainly fulfil this engagement or not, exactly as she thought best for her own interests. Austria and Russia, again, may any day come into conflict for the possession of the Danube, and then all that the Germans would have got as the price of their victories would be that England would be more or less bound to side with Germany; and as on many recent occasions English statesmen of both parties have explained what they consider to be the real force of guarantees, it would be most rash if the Germans expected England to take an active part with them when the emergency arose.

Germany must have something much more solid. It has got a great opportunity now, and it cannot be expected to throw away its chance. It wants French soil and it wants French money. It wants to hold a stronger position for the future, and to hold this position in its own hands, and not to trust to any of the devices or assurances of neutrals or of the French themselves. It also wants to be paid for

the expenses of the war. The only real practical point to discuss is, how much territory is to be ceded and how much money is to be paid. We may set out with saying that the Germans cannot be expected to give up Strasburg. It is close to Germany—so close that it has laid a German town in ruins. It offers a bulwark for the protection of South Germany, and the German leaders have publicly announced that their honour is pledged to South Germany that her hearty co-operation in the war shall at least be so far rewarded that she shall for the future have Strasburg German. Strasburg and the expenses of the war, up at least to a limit which France can reasonably hope to pay by an addition to her public debt, are the very least the Germans can at the outset of the negotiations be invited to accept. What more will they ask? Metz will be in their hands, we must suppose, when the terms of peace are being discussed, and they will inquire why they should give it up. The only two arguments that will have, we should suppose, any weight with them are, that they run the risk of losing in money what they gain in territory, and that if the cession of Strasburg and of Metz is to carry with it the cession of Alsace and German Lorraine, they will run the further risk of having to rule a population permanently disaffected to them. If they ask for so much territory that France is driven to despair, they will obviously lose in their pockets. They will enormously increase their own expenditure, while they will deprive France of the power of ultimately recouping them. France might probably be able to raise a very large sum as she stands now in order to pay Germany; but if the war lingered on till provincial France was ruined, till society was broken up, till the resources of the country were really dried up, she would not be able to get the money, or to bear the increased taxation required to defray the interest of the sum borrowed to pay the Germans. It would have been impossible for the Northern States at the close of the American civil war to ask for a money payment from the Southern States, for the Southern States were utterly ruined. If the Germans please, they may, after taking Paris and Metz, retire to the line of the Moselle, hold Metz and Strasburg, demolish the other forts of Lorraine and Alsace, and only vary a defensive war by occasionally dealing a crushing blow to the rising military force of France. If they did this they would in all probability hold

Alsace and Lorraine in spite of everything the French could do to prevent them. But they would lose all hope of getting their war expenses repaid, while the sum of these expenses would be greatly increased. To ask for too much territory, therefore, means for Germany to incur an avoidable outlay of so many millions of money that we have no means of estimating their amount. There is, too, a political danger in annexing to Germany a population that is hostile to it. But it is very difficult to say how far the population of Lorraine and Alsace is hostile to Germany now, and still more is it difficult to say whether this hostility would last. Of course there can be no doubt that French Lorraine would be permanently hostile, but it would be difficult to prove to a German that this would be the case with German Lorraine and Alsace. All the parallels of Ireland, Poland, and Venetia appear irrelevant. It is more to the purpose to ask whether, if France were strong enough to take and keep, and shield from the dangers of future wars, our Channel Islands—whether we believe that, loyal as they now are to the Crown, they

would feel a permanent hostility to France. Well as Strasburg was defended, the most trustworthy reports show that every day it becomes more and more contented with being reunited to Germany. Strasburg is for many reasons an instance exceptionally favourable to Germany, but the argument from the presumed hostility of the population seems really an argument as to the quantity of territory to be ceded. With Strasburg, and a small portion of territory along the border, given to Germany, there might be no hostility at all. With too much exacted there might be a population incorporated in Germany which would be permanently French. Metz, again, is not necessary to protect Germany so much as to weaken France; and although Count Bismark may begin by asking for Metz, it by no means follows that he could not be induced to recognize the distinction. The key to peace is for France to become aware that Strasburg and some further indefinite quantity of territory must be given up, and then, with the assistance of friendly Powers like England, to get Germany to discuss fairly how much that further quantity is to be.

A STORY comes across the sea, from one of the numerous light-ships that define our coast, which is highly curious if the inference from the facts be correctly drawn. A light-keeper relating his experience of the common tendency of sea birds to dash towards the lanterns and settle upon the rigging of light-vessels, adds that he has noticed the birds remain on the ship if the night has been cloudy, but take their departure as soon as the stars have become visible. Hence he infers that the birds are enabled to shape their course for land by the stars, thus proving themselves astronomers by instinct. Strange if true: and it may be true, for animals have powers of observation of which we have small conception. But we rather suspect that the bird eyeing a star, flies towards it as towards a terrestrial light, ignorant of its distance. They who have studied the seemingly mad flight of winged things against lamps and bright windows, are pretty confident that the light is rushed at as an aperture of escape from darkness. The tendency of animate things is to seek light spaces; and when we see a bird or a moth dash at a flame, we may be sure from the very force and rapidity of its motion, that it regards the bright spot as a hole or window, through which it can dart into some space more brilliantly illuminated than that in which it is flying. Put a few flies into a bottle, and lay it

uncorked with the bottom towards a source of light; the flies will crowd to the lightward end and never attempt to escape by the open neck. Turn the glass prison neck to light, and the flies will escape directly. Glass is a substance out of a low creature's cognizance. Flies, birds, and animals dash stunningly against windows, because they know not of the invisible barrier. Lighthouse-keepers see birds maimed and killed by the force with which they come against the lanterns. In all such cases the behaviour of the animal shows that it mistakes the light for a hole. And we can easily conceive a night bird rising after rest upon a ship and directing its flight in the direction of a star. We commend this subject to the study of naturalists; if examination should confirm the old light-ship keeper's notion that sea birds are guided by the stars, all the more interesting will the study become.

Gentleman's Magazine.

SINCE Mr. Howlett wrote his paper lately read before the British Association, another synodical revolution of the sun has again manifested a marvellous display of spots in the same regions of the northern hemisphere.

Athenæum.

From The Examiner.
RUSSIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

WE shall not have long to wait for the European consequences of the ruin and partition of France. The power of the West to hold in check the ambitious schemes of the two great military States of Central and Eastern Europe has been suddenly paralyzed, and the minor States of the Continent, both North and South, lie at their mercy. While the issue of the campaign on the Moselle was doubtful, Russia pretended to be asleep. Her Government would do, and her journalists would say, nothing. For family reasons, her diplomacy was actively and successfully exerted to prevent the Danes from committing themselves to open sympathy with France. But not even for form's sake could the Czar be persuaded to articulate audibly a word on behalf of Belgium. If Uncle William found it necessary to infringe the neutrality of Luxembourg or Brabant, Alexander II., like a good nephew, would not interfere to prevent him. The turn of subsequent events took Russia doubtless by surprise, and found her unprepared. Her war department, long the paradise of jobbing and malversation of all kinds, had not even made up its mind about the pattern of the improved musket to be supplied to the army; her commissariat was on a peace footing, and her military chest was well nigh empty. The first impulses of jealousy at German success were appeased by exultation at the humiliation of the victor of Malakoff; and second thoughts inspired the policy of going in with the winner, exulting with the fortunate, and conferring decorations on the princely leaders of the conquering host. Still, it is certain that Prince Gortschakoff no more anticipated the collapse of the French Empire, and the capture of the French army and its chief, than certain diplomatists and Ministers nearer home; and until within the last few weeks there was consequently no need to note particularly the speech or writing of the classes who, for the most part, have lain politically dormant in the dominions of the Czar during the last ten years. But the catastrophe of Sedan has waked up Russia as by the stroke of a talisman. The change wrought in her position is palpable, tangible, incontrovertible. The great military

Power, with whom alone till now she condescended to be matched or measured, has for the time being ceased to exist. Another, possibly a greater, has suddenly started into colossal development; but the instincts and the interests of Prussia can never be antagonistic in the same sense or to the same extent as the instincts or interests of France; and a thousand considerations of neighbourhood, trade, and dynasty make Russia and Prussia naturally sincere allies. Each, if it cannot give, can guarantee the other all it wants; and there is comparatively little either covets which the other would quarrel about. Give and take is the obvious policy of St. Petersburg and Berlin. Russia will readily assent, therefore, to France being despoiled of Alsace and Lorraine, Prussia not objecting to the realization of the Empress Catherine's dream. The power of veto is gone. Europe has stood by and seen France ridden down; Europe still stands looking on, watching the work of decimation and destruction as it is daily rendered more complete. Europe must, therefore, take the consequences—not the aggrandizement of Prussia alone, but the reversal of the sentence of Sebastopol, and the re-establishment of Muscovite dominion on the Lower Danube and the Dardanelles.

It may not come to-morrow, or the day after, but it will assuredly come; and then, what shall we have to show for the forty millions of money borrowed for the Crimean expedition, and for which we levy taxes to pay an interest of three per cent.? It was voted a glorious expenditure at the time; and what Lord Palmerston would say or do were he here to be consulted on the matter, we do not undertake to tell. But he and Napoleon III. are equally silent now; and we, who paid the money and shed the blood, ask, but ask in vain, what will it avail a twelvemonth hence? Russia's opportunity is come at last. Baron Brunnow and Count Ignatieff may deny it, feign not to see it; like admirable actors, may mildly laugh at it. They are very wise to do so, for the opportunity has come unawares, and time must be gained to make ready. But the opportunity is here, such as there has not been for more than half a century—we should rather say such as there has never been before.

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AUTUMN WOODS.

East in the Northern gale
The summer trees of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape
round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and in
gold,
That guard enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours
glow;
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green field below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at
play,
Flies, nestling, where the painted leaves are
strewn,
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile —
The sweetest of the year.

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are
bright;
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where, flickering through the shrubs, its wa-
ters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make the forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To roam and dream for aye:

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad — the tug for wealth and
power:
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste the little hour.

Public Opinion.

FROST.

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine
bright
With smooth plate-armour, treacherous and
frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And States shall move free-limbed, loosed from
war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either side,
Tinkle as through their fresh-sparred grots they
shiver,
In grass-arch'd channels to the sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard
crow,
The silver'd flats gleam frostily below,
Suddenly drops the gull, and breaks the glassy
tide.

Transcript.

LOWELL.

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON, A
CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

THE modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a brave marble can —
"Here lies a truly honest man!"
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither Church nor King;
One of those few that in this town
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome;
He lov'd his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When age and death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for;
Death tore not therefore, but, sans strife,
Gently untwinn'd his thread of life.
What remains, then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, on thy brow,
And by his fair example's light
Burn in thy imitation bright?
So, while these lines can but bequeath
A life, perhaps, unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be —
His life still kept alive in thee!

RICHARD CRASHAW.

From The Edinburgh Review.
GERMANY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.*

THE unclouded skies of a glorious July seemed, at the commencement of that month, only to reflect an equally cloudless tranquillity on the face of Europe. Danger indeed there was, from long-continued military preparations — not made without the intent of turning them to account. But we lived on in fearlessness, as men live, by custom, under some impending cliff, or the huge toppling mass of a ruined castle; that which has quietly hung over them so long, may leave them in peace yet longer. The strain of high expectation cannot be indefinitely maintained; man must have repose. So the resolute attitude of Prussia did not alarm us, and we were lulled into confidence by the fair assurances of France. But before one week of the month had passed the storm burst upon the world. First came diplomatic mutterings, for which a few days only were allowed. Then followed the ring of weapons making ready for the encounter, and the tramp of armed men. On the 2nd of August, in the insignificant affair of Saarbrück, the Emperor of the French assumed a feeble offensive. On the 5th, the Prussians replied energetically at Wissemburg. And then, what a torrent, what a deluge of events! In twenty-eight days, ten battles were fought. Three hundred thousand men were sent to the hospitals, to captivity, or to the grave. The German enemy had penetrated into the interior of France over a distance of 150 miles of territory, and stretched forth everywhere as he went the strong hand of possession. The Emperor was a prisoner and deposed; his family wanderers none knew where; the embryo at least of a Republic born of the hour had risen on the ruins of the Empire; while proud and gorgeous Paris was awaiting, with divided mind, the approach of the conquering monarch and his countless host.

* 1. *La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa*. Par EMILE DE LAVERGNE. Deux Tomes. Paris: 1870.
2. *Correspondence respecting the Negotiations preliminary to the War*. Presented to Parliament by command. 1870.

This might seem to be enough, for rarely indeed has the womb of Time added so much within so brief a space to the roll of history. But all which has been mentioned was upon the surface. That which lay, and yet lies, beneath, only the future can adequately explore. Some part of it, however, is visible even to us. These events have unset, as it were, every joint of the compacted fabric of Continental Europe. There is not one considerable State, whose position and prospects were not fundamentally modified between the 5th of August and the 5th of September. Of some States, indeed, they were more than modified. France had lost, at the latter date, the military primacy which she had borne at the former, and which she had loftily carried for two hundred and fifty years. She had registered a vehement, and may we hope a final, protest, not so much against Napoleon, as against what we may term Napoleonism; and she had once more set out from the shore, weary and desponding, to traverse the boundless main in search of a Constitution. Belgium, by her own manly and sagacious conduct, and by what Mr. Disraeli, honourably to himself, called the "wise and vigorous" support of England, had, amid the shocks of the political earthquake, acquired a deeper and more solid standing-ground than she had enjoyed at any former period since the kingdom was called into existence. Another yet smaller State, but of greater, indeed of world-wide, interest, has been affected in a very different manner. France, as was natural, found it needful, on the outbreak of the war, to withdraw her troops from Rome; the decrepit structure of the Pope's civil Government, on the removal of its prop, immediately began to totter. We may now pronounce it level with the ground; there seems to be scarcely a hope or a fear of its restoration, and possibly the day may come when it may be generally believed that the downfall of the temporal power of the Popedom has, in its ulterior results, been the greatest and most fruitful, among all the great and fruitful consequences of the war. If we turn to the greater Powers, we find that they have all instinc-

tively perceived the importance of the crisis to themselves. Russia, the Colossus of the East, asks herself with anxiety what will be the policy of a powerful Germany with respect to the Turkish Empire, to the designs for the union of the great Slavonic family, to her own German Provinces, and, above all, to the administration of Poland. Austria, if less directly interested in the first question, is also vitally concerned in the second, the third, and the fourth. Even Italy is sensitive and alarmed, lest at the head of the great German race her ally of 1806 should revive the schemes which had shortly before been promoted by Austria, under her latest access of vigorous ambition, when Prince Schwarzenberg was the official head of her government, and the moving spirit of her affairs. But besides the alterations thus brought into view in the direct bearings of North Germany on her neighbours, all feel that they have passed, as if by magic, under the action of a subtler and deeper change. Their relations to each of the two States engaged in the war are modified, and, with these, their relations to one another. The dominant force of the European system has travelled from one point to another; the centre of gravity has shifted. We alone, from our island home, are comparatively beyond the range of attractive and repulsive power in their new directions; and are, or ought to be, capable of calmly estimating, as well as circumstances so stirring will allow, the present and the prospective interests involved in the gigantic fray.

Now, it unfortunately happens that the means of passing judgment on these great events are not in proportion to their magnitude. Not only are they so near the eye as to render accurate vision almost impossible, but they make such powerful appeals to passion and emotion, as greatly to compromise the action of the judicial faculty. Most welcome therefore should be the aid of thoughtful writers, who divert us from an exclusive attention to phenomena, by bringing into view their causes and consequences.

Nothing can be more timely, when regarded in such a light, than the work of

M. Emile de Laveleye on the positions held by Prussia and Austria respectively since the short but pregnant war of which the issue was determined by the battle of Sadowa. The name of this diligent and able writer has hitherto been chiefly known among us in connexion with the comparatively narrow, though most important, subject of the effects produced by the minute subdivision of land. But, in the volumes before us, as also in his Essays, he has shown an ample capacity for dealing with the widest range of questions affecting the constitution and well-being of society. It is in authors of his stamp that we may find the true sense of the term "publicist," much used on the Continent, but little understood among us. The publicist is one, if we rightly comprehend the phrase, who treats of public events and interests, not as isolated facts, but according to the principles they involve, and the sources from which they spring, their true place in history, and their office and share in working out the greater problems of our race.

Two-thirds of the work before us are given to Austria. They contain an instructive, as well as a minute and elaborate, picture of the dangers through which that empire has been passing, and of the difficulties with which she has still to contend. These difficulties are so formidable that we could scarcely hope for her extrication from them, but for the encouragement derived from the manner in which she has already effected so many hairbreadth escapes. Her motto may well be

"O passi graviores; dabit Deus his quoque finem."

Of these difficulties, the foremost is that which is presented by the endless varieties of race within her borders, summed up in three or four great bodies, which have by no means as yet arrived at any permanent adjustment of their reciprocal relations. The most powerful of her nationalities, represented by Hungary, has indeed obtained in a virtually separate and independent Government the object of her desires, and has attracted to herself the Transleithan Slave population of the South. But the amplitude of the concession in-

volved in this system of dualism, on the one hand, instead of solving, complicates the remaining portion of the problem which affects the Cisleithan populations, while it has not as yet, on the other hand, decided the question whether two sovereign autocracies can work together as one Empire. While centripetal and centrifugal forces are thus engaged in mortal tug, a feud of extraordinary bitterness likewise prevails between Church and State. The worst excesses of the Papal claims received a solemn consecration in the Concordat of 1855. Upon recovering her liberty, Hungary in a moment shook off the intolerable yoke of this unhappy instrument; and the ground on which she repudiated it was the firm ground of its illegality when tested by her known constitutional traditions. In the rest of the Empire, it was first irregularly contravened by successive laws; and it has at length, within the last few months, been formally renounced. But the spirit which devised it is not exorcised either from the priesthood or the rural population; and this ever-wakeful influence, reckoning on the circuitous attainment of its end, may join itself to the other disintegrating forces already at work, and may greatly impede the consolidation of the Empire. The Austrian and Hungarian bishops have indeed well sustained their share of the contest at Rome against the last extravagance of Papal infallibility. But the conduct of the Spanish Episcopate at the Council of Trent proved, that a sentiment of nationalism in an ecclesiastical body is no sufficient guarantee of a generally liberal mind.

Besides all this, financial difficulty of the gravest kind appears as an item in the long account of political embarrassments. Constant deficit, and accumulating debt, have brought matters to such a pass, that Austrian credit is now much lower than that of any of the European Powers of the first rank. And yet it has been found, or thought, necessary by the Austro-Hungarian Government to spend several millions sterling since the month of July, with a view to the maintenance of its neutrality in the present war.

It may strike the reader that, in this painful enumeration, we have made no

reference to that which the world considers without doubt as the greatest of all the calamities which have fallen upon Austria — her recent losses of territory and rank, and her exclusion from the German Confederation. The omission has been deliberate; and the reason is, that in our view these events have supplied the starting-point of her new life, the necessary conditions under which alone she could attain a state of health and vigour. The present state of Austria is at least one of hope. It is a state far better than when Metternich made war by his system alike upon morality, freedom, and the sentiment of nationality; or even than when Schwarzenberg, with a notable combination of skill and resolution, defeated the first efforts of Prussia to attain the hegemony of Germany. Then the superstructure was undisturbed, but the foundations were gradually and surely eaten away. Now the superstructure has been disturbed, but the foundations are in course, at least, of progressive renewal. As long as Austria kept her grasp upon Italy, she could not establish Constitutional Government, and she remained always liable to assault from France. As long as she remained a great German Power, she was tempted to think herself strong enough to refuse the claims of Hungary to her historic rights. In almost every one of her constituent provinces, she was at war alike with the aspirations of freedom, and with the traditions and sympathies of race. Never was there a war shorter than that of 1866; but its consequences were immense. It restored the national existence of Germany, and brought within view its complete consolidation. It consummated the national unity of Italy. It put an end to all possibility of refusing the demands of Hungary. As part of the Hungarian arrangement, it secured free government for the whole Austrian Empire. And, lastly, in thus restoring the power of utterance and action to that country, it shattered the fabric of Ultramontanism which had been built up by the Concordat of 1855. Such were the results in the South of those few weeks of war. Of the motives of the assault, of its immediate causes, we need not speak. In this country the career and attitude of

Prussia, when it broke out, were generally condemned; and a decided change in the public sentiment, which was manifested at its close, was ascribed to a cause no worthier than the servile worship of success.* This being so, it is satisfactory to learn that our own change of sentiment only reflected a corresponding change in Germany itself. At least M. Laveleye describes as follows the prospects of Prussia at the commencement of the struggle:—

“En présence de si redoutables ennemis, la situation intérieure était désolante : le peuple, et ses représentants, en hostilité ouverte avec le gouvernement; la bourgeoisie indignée de voir une lutte effroyable s'engager entre Allemands, guerre odieuse, rendue inévitable par la volonté d'un seul homme; cet homme, le ministre dirigeant, M. de Bismarck, d'une impopularité si universelle et si exaspérée, qu'elle armait le bras d'un jeune étudiant venu de l'étranger pour délivrer son pays d'un tyran détesté; toute la population civile furieuse d'être arrachée aux travaux de la paix et aux profits d'une activité industrielle merveilleusement prospère; une partie importante de l'armée, la *landwehr*, si irritée qu'elle allait, disait-on, tirer sur les officiers de la ligne plutôt que sur l'ennemi; toutes les entreprises subitement arrêtées, les ouvriers sans emploi et par suite sans pain : partout la défiance, la ruine, le désespoir; l'enthousiasme nulle part.” (Vol. i. p. 4.)

But the war, then so detested in Prussia, is not now deplored even by any one of all the portions of the Austrian Empire.

“Aucun d'eux, pas même Vienne, ne regrette le coup de la destinée, qui a brisé le joug commun.” (Introduction, p. viii.)

It is indeed wonderful to reflect, that only seven years† have passed since Austria appeared to be on the point of establishing an absolute supremacy for herself in Germany, by introducing into the Confederation the whole of her non-Germanic population. How well for Europe that she has escaped that ill-omened and ill-conceived consummation! But her efforts to achieve it may be taken at least as tending to prove that she felt she could not remain as she was. It had grown to be a necessity that she should become either more German or less so : that if she could not compensate Germany for her want of organization, unity, and national life, by a great accession of material force, she should relieve it from the incubus of her absolutism and her Ultramontanism; from the discredit of her policy, so obnoxious to the most legitimate sentiments of nationality,

and, worse than all, from the dualism which baffled the policy of a great and united Germany, and neutralized her power in the European family.

While we are far from believing that Austria has reached the end of her troubles, we are sure that, in encountering them, she carries with her the sympathies of every liberal-minded man in this and every other country. Her task is the difficult one of combining many different races and provinces into one firm and yet free political organism. In this effort she has right on her side; for her ancient capital and throne form the best and the most natural centre for the whole of the inhabitants of the Empire. That they should be broken up into the minute subdivisions indicated by their specific varieties, would be good neither for Europe at large, nor for the great Eastern question; nor, above all, for themselves. Something in the nature of a Federal monarchy, with a balance of power resembling that which has been established in the American Union by the great war of 1861-5, is probably the adjustment best suited to her case; and to the best result, be it what it may, we trust that she may gradually feel and find her way. She contains within herself immense elements of material and moral power, and she may yet discharge on behalf of Europe most important functions in connection with the question, or rather questions, of the East. But, if she is to prosper, it will be well for her to practice for a time a great abstinence, and to decline, unless it be on the clearest grounds, entering into the whirlpools of the general politics of Europe. For here, as for Italy, the work of internal consolidation is the business of the hour; and this work can only be procrastinated or marred by the feverish desire, or the costly and perilous practice, of struggles for influence abroad. In attempts to maintain the mere credit and appearances of the first rank of power, either of them might place in jeopardy the solid conditions of a really powerful and prosperous future.

Singularly contrasted with the fortunes of her southern sister have been those of Prussia. The Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, indeed, are both of them families traceable to a municipal origin—the one in Switzerland, the other in Würtemberg. But while the one, in the person of Rodolph, sprang six hundred years ago at once into the full dimensions of greatness, the other came very slowly to its maturity and strength. They might be likened to two youths, one of whom has grown with

* M. Laveleye joins in the sneer, vol. i. p. 241.

† Vol. i. p. 235.

portentous rapidity in early boyhood, and has suffered for it in after weakness; the other, gathering solidity during the time when he was outstripped in stature, has ultimately attained an equal or greater height, with a compact instead of a loose and ill-assorted figure, and with a tough and well-ripened constitution. At the beginning of the last century, when Prussia became a kingdom, her population had only reached the figure of fifteen hundred thousand. When Frederic II. took his inheritance, it was two millions and a half. It passed to his nephew with above five millions. At the epoch of 1815, it reached ten. Half a century of peace and intelligence, without territorial acquisitions, brought it in 1865 to nearly twenty millions. Thirty millions are now either directly subjects of the Prussian Crown, or represented and governed by it for every purpose of diplomatic weight and military power; besides eight millions more, inhabitants of the South German States, among whom the national sympathies have been shown to predominate over every municipal feeling. It has in truth passed beyond all doubt or dispute, that Germany will establish her virtual unity, and that Prussia will be its head.

Down to the time of the French Revolution, no continental Power had played a part so considerable on the European stage in proportion to its population as Prussia. The terrible chastisement, that she underwent at the hands of Napoleon, appeared to reduce her to a comparative insignificance. But she was destined to prosper by affliction. It was the direct effect of the measures imposed by the conqueror to drive her upon the use of such remedies, as directly went to fit her for the gigantic efforts with which she now astonishes the world. She sought her strength in high intelligence, and in thoroughly effective organization. She emancipated her peasants; she established her system of national education; and, bound by Napoleon to keep no more than 42,000 men under arms, she resorted to a system of short service in the ranks with strong reserves, which enabled her to train so considerable a portion of her population, that so soon as in the great European crisis of 1813 her armies already numbered three hundred thousand men.

She had not, however, as yet fallen upon an opportunity for fully re-establishing the military fame, which had suffered so much at the outset of the revolutionary war, and at Jena. She obtained little martial credit for the victory, morally so inglorious, which

she won against Denmark. When the time came for her meeting Austria in arms, the friendly spectators trembled for the result, and the hostile awaited it with exultation. Europe then underwent a great disenchantment. But when once more she had to don her armour against France, again a tremor thrilled through her well-wishers; even her own valiant people, while resolved to do or die, and hopeful as to the result they might finally obtain by a dogged perseverance, nevertheless anticipated a dark and stormy opening to the war. Nay, we believe, that if the heart and mind of her rulers could have been read, many even among them, though without doubt as to their duty, were not sanguine as to the impending destiny of their country. In part, this may have been due to the belief that France had gained some ten or fourteen days in point of preparation; but it must have been mainly owing to the natural and modest apprehension of a conflict of life and death with the first military Power in Europe, which had enjoyed its primacy on the continent for two centuries and a half, which during almost the whole of the revolutionary war had seemed to hold every nation in the hollow of its hand, and which finally succumbed, at the close of that great struggle, only under the double force of nature madly defied amid the snows of Russia, and of the combination of a crowd of foes. Again has come upon us the shock of surprise, and with a violence never felt before. The wealth of France is greater than ever. Her high courage has not declined. The splendour of her martial traditions has been such, that she came into the arena almost with the halo of invincibility around her. The chassepots are admitted to have commanded ranges entirely beyond the power of the needle-gun. Her *mitrailleuses* were met by no corresponding arm, and are allowed to be, for certain uses and in certain positions, most murderous instruments. Nor, perhaps, if performance in war could be measured by the absolute amount of loss in life and limb inflicted on an enemy, were her achievements ever greater. Yet, as each well-aimed blow descended on her, it has done its deadly work. Straining every nerve to repair her losses, every new reinforcement that she sent forwards did but add to them; until at length,

"In ten great battles ruining, overthrown,"
she arrived at the recent surrender of the Emperor, and the capitulation of ninety

thousand soldiers, now prisoners of war, awaiting in Germany the commands of those whose capital they once thought to enter on another errand, and with a different bearing. There is, indeed, something almost of miracle or of magic in the administrative perfection, to which the combined action of necessity and sagacity has worked up the Prussian system. Or, if we dispense with the language of figure, and if we set aside for the moment the moral of the case, we surely must conclude that the army of the North German Confederation has been brought by the skill and wisdom of its rulers to the highest mechanical perfection ever known in history.

The nation has put forth its whole power, with all the order and symmetry that belong to bureaucracy or to absolutism, and with all the energy and fire that belong to freedom. In Prussia proper, and now as it appears through all Germany, the most consummate army ever known is put into the field with the greatest expedition, and at the smallest cost. Besides all the known and usual departments of activity, those services which lie outside the common routine have all been studied, and all developed with an equal prudence and care. The quantity and quality of the artillery have been alike remarkable, and have, like the skilful massing of superior numbers, contributed largely to success. If the steady fighting of the Germans is admired, their flying service, which scours the country, presents itself at a thousand points at once, and makes perfect the stock of information, is viewed with nothing less than wonder. Other armies can destroy a railway; the Germans carry the means, in men and tools, of making one. It seems that even gravedigging is provided for by a special corps. We need not be surprised, then, if their commissariat has fed in a foreign land, without apparent difficulty, more than double the number of mouths for which the French had to provide on their own soil; a duty, which they did not perform without grievous complaints of insufficiency and failure. Every man seems to be in his place, and to know his proper business. The finished intelligence, of large reach and measure, which presides over the whole strategic operations of Von Moltke, is proportionally represented in every military organism from the *corps d'armée* to the company. Miscarriage or mistake seems no more to adhere to their ordinary operations, than to the working of the machinery of a cotton factory. But when

any of these masses are resolved into their parts, the units, too, of which they are formed have each had their separate training, and each is capable of acting alone in his own sphere. Undoubtedly, the conduct of the campaign on the German side has given a marked triumph to the cause of systematic popular education. "*Dis magnum*," says Sallust, "*intra mortales certamen fuit, vine corporis, an virtute animi, res militaris magis procederet*." The mind has now gained a point in the competition with its material partner, its "muddy vesture of decay." But the moral of the case must not be set aside; and moral forces, too, it must be owned, wrought at the outset with an undivided efficacy in favour of North Germany. The material and mechanical process could not have been so consummate unless it had been backed by the elements of a higher strength; and the world is not yet so depressed, nor the law of the stronger so absolute, as that physical power and the calculating faculties should alone determine the great issues of combat. There was of old some secret might which enabled Greece to withstand Darius and Xerxes, and Switzerland to withstand German and Burgundian invaders, and Scotland to withstand England, and America to withstand both. The sense of a good, that is, speaking generally, a defensive cause, of fighting for hearth and home, of delivering no blow except in answer to one given, or intended and prepared, is not only a moral warrant, but a real and fertile source of military energy. A strong undoubting persuasion of being in the right, of itself, though it be not omnipotence, is power.

This immense advantage the Government of France most rashly and wrongly gave over into the hand of its already formidable antagonist. War was proclaimed and waged by France. Doubtless the spirit of her soldiery and of her people has been aroused by a sense of duty to their country. But even the sense of duty to our country cannot have that moral completeness which is necessary for the entire development of human energies, unless the country, which commands the services of her children, has herself obeyed the higher laws of public right. The Frenchman capable of reflection could hardly escape from the sad alternative—either the war was aggressive, or it was dynastic; in the one case Germany was to be a victim, in the other France. What, then, was the immediate plea, which France alleged for this deadly quarrel?

Though it is painful to lay open a dismal chapter in the history of a great and famous nation, yet truth compels the admission that a spirit of perverse and constant error seems to have governed from the first the ruling powers of France in the conduct of the diplomatic controversy, which preceded and ushered in the war. We shall state the facts as they appear on the face of the papers presented by Parliament. It appears as though an adverse doom were hovering in the air, and a lying spirit had gone forth from the courts of heaven to possess and misguide, with rare and ineffectual exceptions, the prophets of the land. The late French Government, for whose faults that gallant people is now paying such tremendous forfeit, selected first its own ground of quarrel. In this it had no small advantage. The foreign policy of Prussia, if it has been *sans peur*, has assuredly not been *sans reproche*. One stain upon that policy it scarcely lay in the power of the Imperial Government to notice, for, when in 1863-4 the British Government proposed a combination of the two Powers to prevent any violent settlement of the question of Schleswig-Holstein, their proffer was very decidedly declined, and the German aggression was left to take its course. Still it is believed that acuteness and skill far less than France has always at her command might have availed to show at least plausible grounds of complaint against Prussia for her proceedings in and since 1866, and to represent some of them as constituting offences against the law and menaces to the tranquillity of Europe. Be this as it may, that chapter of argument remains unopened. Prior misconduct of Prussia, though it might have been brought into the account, yet actually constitutes no part of the *res gestæ* which laid the ground for the war. It was the candidature of the Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the crown of Spain on which, and on which alone, the Imperial Government chose to raise the quarrel.

Now, viewing the case with a cold impartiality, and deeply impressed, as we have ever been, with the value and importance not only of friendly relations, but even of something in the nature of a special amity, between France and our own country, we sorrowfully place upon record the conviction that the whole proceedings of the French Government in the conduct of its controversy constituted one series of unrelieved and lamentable errors; errors so palpable and wanton that when men observe them in the conduct of a

Government which rules perhaps the most richly-endowed nation in the world, they appear so wholly unaccountable, upon any of the ordinary rules of judgment applicable to human action, that they are almost perforce referred by bewildered observers to blind theories of chance and fate.

The first question in order which arises is upon the original theme of quarrel. Did the Hohenzollern candidature, with its expected acceptance by Spain, afford such a cause of complaint to France, as would have justified the resort to arms? Upon this point it may certainly be said that, even if the negative be true, yet the affirmative, when considered in the light of European history and tradition, involves no violent offence to the common reason and feeling of the world. And yet, perhaps, it might be fairly asked whether if France, in 1870, was entitled to object to a Hohenzollern in Madrid, Europe might not with as much reason have objected, in 1852, to a Napoleon in Paris?

However, we assume, as the British Government assumed, that on the whole the French demand for the withdrawal of the candidature was so far legitimate, as to entail a very heavy responsibility on those who could resist it.

But, at the very first moment, the demand had been associated with proceedings tending in the highest degree to increase the difficulties of compliance with it. The case was one in which the Imperial Government ought evidently to have invoked the aid of a friendly State, and for the time to have placed their cause in its hands. Or, if they were not prepared to make over its advocacy to others, they ought at least to have addressed their request through the usual channels to the two Powers complained of. Prudence and principle alike enjoin the rule that, when an injury is alleged by the party supposing himself wronged, and redress is demanded without any prior proof of the case before an impartial authority, at least the manner of requiring the removal of the alleged wrong shall be such as will not inflict public shame on the person, whose guilt is, after all, only proved to one side. But, instead of this rational mode of action, it was to the Legislative Chamber that the very first communication of the French Government was made, with an intimation that, if the demand were not complied with, the quarrel must be carried to the last extremity. Thus the Ollivier Administration, while urging a requisition in itself open to controversy or cavil, did

all it could, by its unwarrantable method of procedure, to make concession difficult for the Powers from whom it was required.

The aid, however, of the British Ministry, and that of other Powers, had been requested by France. Whether because of the advantage of proximity, or of a more disembarrassed promptitude of action, or because the world has been more fully informed of our national part in the proceedings than of that taken by other countries, the British Government appears to have been principally concerned in obtaining the withdrawal of the candidature by Spain, and a renunciation by the father of the Prince in the name and on the behalf of his son. Spain undoubtedly deserves credit for the readiness with which she acceded to the demand; and the more so, because after all the difficulties which she had encountered in her search over Europe for a King, it was no small sacrifice to the general good which she made when she surrendered an arrangement which for her own purposes, among which we do not suppose she reckoned a war with France, she had reason to think eligible.

So far all went well. But as Prussia, by an act of the Sovereign, if not of the State, had been a consenting party to the proposal that Prince Leopold should take the Spanish throne, it was perfectly just to expect that she should also declare in the same manner her consent to his withdrawal. Without this, indeed, the withdrawal could not be considered to be complete; and Prussia might, in some future contingency, have made it a ground for the revival of the design, or a matter of controversy or quarrel. But this point also, notwithstanding the ill-starred mode in which the demand had been preferred, was gained, and the King became a party to the cancelling of the whole arrangement. What was, hereupon, the conduct of the French Government? They had defined for themselves the cause and the limit of their complaint. It was now fully removed. They acknowledged the removal, and they declared the quarrel to be closed as regarded Spain. But, to the astonishment of the world, they imported a new term into the controversy, and thereby gave some warrant to a suspicion that they were determined not to part with their grievance, but to turn it to account. The Duc de Gramont announced, that the communications with Prussia were not yet at an end; and he required of the King an engagement that under no cir-

cumstances would he consent to the revival of the Hohenzollern candidature. It was not possible that anyone conversant with the laws of just self-respect, to say nothing of those of punctilio, could suppose the King of Prussia would, or ought to, comply with this demand. But, heaping blunder upon blunder, the Government of France overlooked the fact that, in the view of the world, Prussia could at most be only regarded as an accessory to the offence, whereas Spain was the principal. Yet the principal was absolved upon the mere abandonment of the candidature, while the accessory was required to declare he never would offend again. Once more we say, this inequality could receive in the eyes of the world only one explanation — that the situation, the military preparations of four years, the start supposed to have been gained over Prussia, were too good things to be parted with. It is hard to say that a motive so indecribably wicked was consciously and deliberately entertained by the Emperor, or by the Cabinet then at the head of affairs in France; but, setting aside this odious supposition, what a picture of folly, inconsistency, and temerity is presented to our view in the France of 1870, as she has been unworthily represented by the Imperial Government!

We need scarcely stop for more than a moment to remark that, in their almost preternatural perverseness, the French Government had certainly given to the friendly Powers, whose aid they asked, a very serious ground of complaint, had there been a disposition to take advantage of it. Let us consider how the case stood between them. A State lays its grievance before its neighbours. It desires their assistance for its removal. They accede to the request, and commit themselves in the cause, not in obedience to any clear dictate of justice, but on grounds of policy and prudence, and because of the great importance of giving satisfaction, and so preventing bloodshed. They succeed in obtaining the demand they were asked to make. The complaining Power then changes its ground, and refuses to accept at the hands of its friends what it had laid before them as the object of its desires. We contend that this is a breach of a virtual covenant spontaneously undertaken, and is a proceeding wholly at variance with international obligations.

But, if the Government of France was less than courteous to its allies in this strange proceeding, it was more than cruel to itself. It is beyond all doubt that

when the candidature had been withdrawn, France stood possessed of a great diplomatic triumph, gained with a marvellous rapidity. She had the option of retiring as victor from the field, of leaving the Prussian Government under a *souppçon* of discredit, and of closing the question with a manifest increase of credit and influence in Europe. But, instead of quietly harvesting their very considerable gains, her Ministers thought proper to advance a fresh demand which only a great amount of military success could have covered from severe and immediate censure, and which now adds a real disgrace to the conventional dishonour of adverse fortune in arms.

The British Government evidently felt that, having become a mediator of France at her own request, they were now entitled and in duty bound to pass judgment, though in the mild and measured terms required by friendly intercourse on the ulterior proceedings of their ally; and accordingly, without losing a moment, Lord Granville represented at Paris that the demand made on Prussia by a prospective engagement could not be justified, and ought to be withdrawn. This representation was at once parried by the reply that an insult had just been offered by the King of Prussia to Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador, which rendered it impossible to consider the British representation. The ground for this plea was a paragraph in a newspaper considered to represent the Prussian Government. Shortly after it proved to be erroneous. But what can we think of those who could declare the appearance of such a paragraph to be a reason, not for explanation or apology, but for the refusal to consider the request of a friendly Power, and for an immediate resort to the arbitrament of war?

Yet another effort, however, was made by the Government of this country. The Congress of Paris, in 1856, had recorded in a Protocol its unanimous opinion that, before having recourse to arms, any Powers engaged in controversy would do well to refer their cases to arbitration. An appeal founded on this Protocol was addressed to both Prussia and France. The Prussian Government replied to the effect that they were passive in the whole affair, and that it did not fall to them, accordingly, to take the initiative. But the terms of this reply were such that, had France been willing to move, Prussia could not, consistently, have refused her concurrence. Unhappily the answer of France was, though not a discourteous, yet a positive refusal, on the

ground that the matter in question was not suited to a reference of this nature. And thus, driven on by that worst and most terrible of the Furies, the fury in the breast of man, the Ollivier Administration pursued its insane career.

We must not, however, omit to notice that in this most strange history the errors of detail, grave and constant as they have been, were swallowed up in one master-error. The course of the Bismarck policy in Germany had not been one of the smooth and easy progress which, from what has now happened, we might be apt to suppose. That policy was threatened from a variety of quarters. The democratic party was intent upon more free institutions. The Ultramontane party, with its root and centre in Bavaria, abhorred the transfer to a Protestant Crown of the ruling influence in Germany. Local attachments, among the populations of the absorbed and the menaced States, dreaded the power of centralization. The members and friends of royal houses which had suffered abounded in ill-will. The unscrupulous character of many of the Prussian proceedings must have tended to estrange upright and tender consciences. True, all these forces were overborne by the one instinct which made Germans desire to find their strength in unity, and by a state of facts which showed them that their hope of unity must, in order to be practical, have Prussia for its basis. But they were dissipating and disturbing forces; they were drawbacks and deductions from the might of a great people. One way there was to rally them, in so far as they contained national elements, and to drive into utter insignificance such elements of their composition as were wholly dark and irreconcilable. It was that an attack should be made on Prussia by her ancient enemy, not for her sins, which may have been many, but for her virtue, which was one, and which to the German mind, not unnaturally, outweighed and eclipsed them all — namely this, that she was the strength and hope of Germany. The Germans knew that there had been promulgated in France almost a gospel of territorial aggrandizement at their expense; that the statesmen and orators of that country were largely imbued with the idea; * that of its recognized parties,

* In the "Daily News" of September 15, there appeared a letter, friendly to France in its general upshot, from which we extract the following passage. We fear that the list it contains is not far from being correct: — "The Orleanist, the moderate Liberal, the Republican, in short, the whole of France shared and still share it. Men of all parties expressed it; the Roman Catholics Montalembert,

either none wished or none dared to disavow it; that the evil traditions of former times taught or tempted every French Government to assert the right of interfering in the transactions and arrangements of neighbouring countries, on the ground of the exigencies or interests of France. The demand which was made on the King of Prussia received from the heart and mind of Germany but one interpretation; it was taken to be an assertion of the right of France to dictate, and a proof of her intention to use that right so as to stain the honour, baffle the hopes, and degrade the destinies of the German race.

So much for the diplomacy anterior to the war on the side of the Government of France; a chapter which, for fault and folly taken together, is almost without parallel in the history of nations. But wonder rises to its climax when we remember that this feverish determination to force a quarrel was associated with a firm belief in the high preparation and military superiority of the French forces, the comparative inferiority of the Germans, the indisposition of the smaller States to give aid to Prussia, and even the readiness of Austria, with which from his long residence at Vienna the Duc de Gramont supposed himself to be thoroughly acquainted, to appear in arms as the ally of France. It too soon appeared that as the advisers of the Emperor knew nothing of public rights, and nothing of the sense of Europe, so they knew nothing about Austria and the minor German States, and less than nothing about not only the Prussian army but even their own.

Some degree of mystery still hangs over the faults of the military administration. We do not know in what proportions were combined the various elements of neglect, weakness, or corruption, in the conduct of the Emperor, in appointments great and small, in recruiting, in the provision of *matériel*, and in forwarding to the frontier. The result was in universal and dismal

contrast with the boast uttered by M. Rouher in a moment of unhappy exultation, that the last four years had been spent in bringing the warlike preparations of France to perfection. But we shall consider the military features of the campaign in another part of this Number, and we do not propose to dwell on them here.

The same perverseness, which had marked the diplomacy of the Duc de Gramont before the war, still clung to that infatuated minister. It seemed not merely that many things must be done wrong, but that nothing could be right. Even when there was a case, yet from want of skill nothing could be made of it; and when the action chanced to be a proper one, it was to be spoiled by the mode of acting. Of this there was a conspicuous example in the case of the treaty proposed by the British Government to the belligerents for better securing the neutrality of Belgium. The proposal reached Paris sooner, by several days, than it came to the knowledge of Count Bismarck, and its first reception, according to the statements made to Parliament, was favourable. But soon the Duc de Gramont began to haggle. First one explanation was necessary, and then another. Nor was its principle left without criticism. The treaty might be signed, but the French minister could not see the use of it. Now, surely, it required very little discernment to perceive the use of it for France, whatever it might be for Belgium. The Bismarck-Benedetti project had startled and had shocked the world. The explanations which followed amounted to no more than a game of battledore and shuttlecock, in which the charge remained exactly as it was, and was tossed backwards and forwards between the two disputants on very even terms. Indeed, the case was rendered worse by the allegation of each party that not on this occasion alone, but on many more, his virtues had been solicited by the busy iniquity of the other. Under these circumstances it was a great advantage to have an opportunity at the earliest moment of manifesting the sense at least of the actual Government of France, by giving an undertaking to England, not only to respect but to defend Belgian neutrality. This advantage Count Bismarck at once perceived. One and the same day sufficed for him to form his own judgment, to obtain the consent of his sovereign by telegraph, and to bind himself, by a conclusive acceptance, to the British Government. The lagging answer of the French Ministry, thus distanced in the race, was some time after-

the apostle of free trade Michel Chevallier, the Orleanist Thiers, the moderate Republican Jules Favre, the Republican poet Victor Hugo, the socialist Republicans Louis Blanc and Barbes, and all their parties and followers spoke or wrote of the necessary acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine. The whole of France, of all parties and Governments, the present generation and the present Republican Government included, advocated the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, viz., acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine, and the division and humiliation of Germany." It is right to state that a defensive plea, whether sound or unsound, has entered at times into this claim; the plea that the transfer of the old Ecclesiastical Electorates to Prussia had materially altered the balance of power to the prejudice of France, and that the existing French frontier was open to invasion.

wards given; but the whole advantage of priority, which circumstances had secured for them, was lost.

No less injudicious was the French diplomacy on other points. In the difficult question with respect to the export of munitions or arms from neutral countries, it was plainly for the advantage of the country which commanded the sea, and which depended more than her foe on foreign supply, to adopt frankly the American view, that the export should be free. And of this view she claimed the full benefit, when we learned, from the mouth of Count Palikao, that 40,000 rifles were to be brought forthwith from England. With what surprise, then, will it be also learned, that Belgium, which might have passed American or British rifles into North Germany, or might have exported the product of the factories of Liège for her own benefit, was, under pressure from France, and not without a protest, forbidden both the transit and the export?

Again did the Imperial Government find occasion to go wrong with reference to Denmark. At the outset of the war, the situation of the Danes was this. The people had no gratitude to France; she had declined to act with England on their behalf in their supreme struggle of 1863-64. But they had a very decided resentment against Prussia, as they conceived her to be chargeable with crafty and violent injustice. So that her popular sentiment was strongly in favour of joining the enemy of Prussia. But the Government of the country wisely recollected that they had more to think of than the gratification of even just antipathies. They seem to have asked themselves the very natural question, What would happen if Prussia were victorious in the war? France could give them no guarantees of a nature to be available in such a contingency; they might lose that hold on the moral sense of Europe, with regard to the Danish part of Schleswig, which they now retain; and Prussia might have a case, plausible at least, for completing her work by the absorption of the little State. And yet the Government of France, apparently without feeling its ground in the first instance, committed itself by sending, with some parade of publicity, the Duc de Cadore to Copenhagen, to request the Danes to put in jeopardy their existence as a nation for the purpose of making an addition to the French means of warfare, which in no case could have been very great, and which, in the course that events have taken, would have been wholly

insignificant. The impolitic proposal received a just rebuff. And it is almost needless to add that the popular sentiment of Denmark on the point has changed. The people are now full of gratitude to the Government for its wisdom, forethought, and self-restraint. Let us hope that from mercy, from policy, or from the sense of decency on the part of Prussia, it will obtain its reward.

Yet once more have we to point out the singular mismanagement of the French Ministry. As the war proceeded, the North German Government was gradually overwhelmed with the number of the wounded. After each bloody engagement it found itself in charge of suffering multitudes, not German only, but also French. Until after the sixth battle, that of Gravelotte, had been fought, the German authorities encountered this difficulty as they best could. And we can hardly go wrong in giving credence to the consentient accounts from every quarter, of the humane, liberal, and kindly treatment, which they have accorded to the wounded captives. But town after town, along a lengthening radius of railway, was charged up to its full capacity. One district within moderate distance remained free; the district of Aix-la-Chapelle. But it was not accessible by railway through Prussian territory. The line which leads to it passed through Luxemburg and through Belgium. The North German authorities applied to the Governments interested, either territorially or by guarantee, for permission to make use of this line of transport for the wounded, under the condition of their passing without any military guard. Belgium declared herself ready to assent. Great Britain recommended the proposal to favourable consideration. But the Government of France interposed a peremptory objection *in limine*, on the ground that it would give the enemy facilities for forwarding men and supplies to the front. Now we are far from denying that a Power engaged in war may, without being subject to summary condemnation, even require that a large amount of relief shall be withheld from the enemy's wounded and her own, if it can be proved that the measures, by which that relief is to be secured, will greatly strengthen the enemy's aggressive means, and thus aggravate presumably the general mischiefs of the war. But, on the other hand, it is obvious to remark that a mere diminution of the back freight for the trains which brought up the German men and *matériel*, by opening a new channel

through Luxemburg, would seem to be a matter of small account in regard to any additional facilities it could give for carrying the forward loads to the seat of war. Something, too, was due to the great humanity with which the French wounded had admittedly been treated within the German borders, and yet more to the vast amount of suffering unrelieved. But that which constituted the palpable offence in the case was this, that no proof or serious explanation was given of the alleged military advantage to the enemy; no middle term was proposed, such, for example, as the release *ipso facto* of all French wounded who should pass the neutral frontier; there was only a hard and high-handed assertion of extreme rights, tending to deepen the painful impression which so many of the steps taken by France in this deplorable controversy had produced.*

To this review of the immediate causes and diplomatic incidents of the war, in itself sufficiently painful, the recollection of the long alliance between France and our own country, which has marked for good the history of this generation, adds a sadness that is inexpressible. It is not possible indeed, after the disclosures of the Bismarck-Benedetti project, to look back upon that alliance with the unqualified satisfaction in which we should have gladly indulged. We may feel the impulse to exclaim,

πῇ δὴ συνθεοῦται τε καὶ ὀρκία βῆσεται ἡμῖν;
II. ii. 389.

But we may also check that impulse; and rather dwell with pleasure on such recollections as those of an honourable war waged in common, of sentiments in great part concurrent on the weighty question of the reconstruction of Italy, of generous sympathy in the crisis of the Indian Mutiny, of timely support received at a critical moment of correspondence with America, and not least of that Treaty of Commerce which has done so much, independently of its merely economical results, to weave between two great nations a web of concord so firm in its tissue that, though at this moment it may naturally be subject on the side of French opinion to a strain, we trust and believe it never will be broken.

* Our argument has been justified by the more recent facts. Since the battle of Sedan, it appears that, from the sheer necessity of the case, German wounded have traversed Belgium in considerable numbers, without notice from the Government of the country.

We shall not attempt to sketch the career or character of the man who perhaps now contemplates the undulating landscape from the brow of Wilhelmshöhe, as his uncle from the rock of St. Helena gazed upon the sunset and the ocean. Some points of conduct, relating to the present war and the battle of Sedan, we advisedly pre-empt. They are more likely to receive full justice at the hands of Continental than of British writers. In Napoleon III. we should "damn the vices we've no mind to." But there are some things that may be said on behalf of the fallen. Two services he has conferred upon the world. He gave the first, and as it proved the effectual impulse to the restoration of the national existence of Italy, and thus to closing one of the traditional battlefields of Europe. And he principally of all men, unless we except Mr. Cobden, contributed not only to the development of French industry but to the principle, so to speak, of that extended, free, and essentially friendly intercourse among nations which grows out of open trade. They were not the friends of the Emperor, who declared that the Treaty of Commerce must be torn with cannon. And up to a certain time it cannot be denied that France owed him much, at least in point of influence and power. The period of ten years from the Crimean war was for France a period such as she had never known from 1815 to 1848, a period unquestionably of towering influence, prosperity, and power. But the Nemesis of the *coup d'état* pursued the Emperor; and the Emperor involved the Empire.

"Numerosa parabat
Excoelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Causus, et impulsus præceps immane ruinæ."
Juv. Sat. x. 106.

The Mexican expedition, and the whole scheme of ideas with which it was connected, constituted such a compound mass of blunders, like a huge agglomerated iceberg rising high to heaven and sinking far into the deep, that it might have been deemed incapable of adoption even by an ordinary human being, if it had not captivated what was then considered the astuteness of the Emperor. With him it inveigled the most upright and intelligent of Austrian princes, and that pure flower of Royalty, the Empress Charlotte, who in every quality of mind and body excelled among the women of her age, and whose intensity of character received a mournful, but we will yet hope not a final witness from the disturbance of the seat of reason produced by political misfortune. In this

transaction was first clearly disclosed the singularly chimerical cast of his mind.

The disastrous issue of the Mexican affair damaged the position and influence of France, dissolved the halo that seemed to surround the Emperor, raised the hopes of the enemies of his dynasty, and put him, we fear, upon a series of abortive efforts for the recovery of what had been lost. One of these, indeed, would have deserved all praise, had it been followed up with that consistency, which is the best evidence of good faith. The abandonment of personal government was however too conclusively shown to be unreal, when the power of appeal to the people which cannot govern, over the heads of its representatives who can, was reserved on behalf of the Emperor. The trumpery affair of the Belgian Railway, some eighteen months ago, was so handled as to indicate distinctly that there existed a restlessness among the ruling powers of France; but M. de Lavalette, the author of the admirable circular of September 1866, was then happily the Minister of Foreign affairs, and the controversy was after a time composed by the zeal and skill of Lord Clarendon. And so at length we arrived at the epoch, when the evil star of Napoleonism had mounted to the highest heaven. Disaster, by the side of which that of Moscow grows pale, has overtaken it, and it has been struck, in all likelihood finally struck, to the ground.

If we think this great event a cause of congratulation to Europe, it is by no means because the Emperor is responsible for all that the name implies. Nor, unhappily, is it because the rival names represent opposite and sounder principles. It would be difficult to take the character of the King of Prussia for a symbol of political wisdom or moderation, or that of his powerful Minister for a guarantee of scrupulousness and integrity. But the deepest and most formidable complication of the present crisis on the Continent is, in our view, that which has reference to the internal condition of France and to the character of its people. The extraordinary race by which that land is inhabited appear to be richly, nay supremely, endowed with every gift but one — the gift of true political sagacity. Hence it is that, while they are the greatest framers of logical processes, and the most prolific parents of abstract ideas for the solution of all manner of problems, they seem to show in their own case little practical tact available for the management of human affairs. In every other race of excellence they com-

monly conquer or vie with the foremost of European nations; in national self-knowledge they seem to be behind the hindmost. France does not know, and cannot discover, how to constitute herself. Gifted with great administrative faculties, her people have now, for near a hundred years, exhibited a woful incapacity for adapting their institutions to their wants, or for imparting to them a character of durability. No French constitution lives through the term of a very moderate farmlase. The series of perpetual change is not progression; it is hardly even rotation, for in rotation we know what part of the wheel will next come round, whereas the French polity of to-day in no degree enables us to judge what will be the French polity of to-morrow. Accomplished and consummate in the branches of an almost universal knowledge, in this single but great chapter of the appliances of civilized, not to say human, life they have yet to learn their *a b c*. What might France not be if, instead of allowing her mouth sometimes to water for the annexation of Belgium, she could import from beyond her northern frontier the political common sense, which makes that small country one of the best governed and most respected members of the European system?

With this crudeness, ch angefulness, and barrenness in point of achieved political results, France becomes before all things a calamity to herself, but she becomes also of necessity a standing cause of unrest to Europe. She spreads a kind of tremour through its ordinary atmosphere. There is always a fear lest something or other should be required to satisfy her dignity, to slake her thirst for fame, to sustain, almost to titillate, her consciousness of predominance. Nor, when she is unable to arrive at any stable or permanent views with regard to her constitutional government, can we reasonably expect that she should be able firmly to grasp the principles of mutual respect, and several independence, which must regulate a well-ordered family of nations.

Now justice forbids us to saddle the responsibility of these radical evils upon the Second Empire. If in regard to any of them it was a cause, it had first been an effect. It may be said that it has had its own special sins: the taint of its inception, the traditions of a brilliant but ominous and evil name, and the capital and standing fault of being in an eminent degree apt to work the foreign policy of the country for dynastic purposes. But, if we are to bestow censure on the particular party

which has recently ruled in France, for flattering aggressive traditions and for stimulating, through a powerful standing army, that professional spirit of the soldier which, if it be a necessity, is also apt to be an evil and a danger to every country, it is fair to ask what other party opposed to the ruling one, what other period of recent French history, shall we select for approval? The policy of Louis-Philippe and M. Guizot was in the main pacific; but this very fact was one of the causes of their fall and expulsion.

Is there then no charge, which lies against the Empire as especially its own? Unhappily there is. They were warlike and not peaceful memories which, clustering round the name of the First Napoleon, made that name a passport to public favours in the person of his nephew; and, founded in its origin on a combination of force and fraud, the Empire perforce became thereby an example of that degrading form of human things, in which right is based only upon power. The Emperor promised, and possibly at times desired, to give to France freer institutions. But it was only after he had held supreme power for seventeen years, that he dared to set about what was too soon shown to be after all only a nominal fulfilment of the promise. Unhappily, he then, by the reservation of the right of appeal to the people over the heads of their representatives, deprived the new-born system of all that vitality which belongs to genuine freedom. So that through the whole reign the French nation was really under despotic rule. A people so intellectual and so advanced could not thus forego its liberty without profound injury to its national life. The highest example was not edifying. Moreover, in the midst of such a people, absolute rule could only subsist by the zealous and energetic aid of a body of satellites, who were compensated for the unsavoury character of their functions by the high rate of their wages. The profuse and enormous luxury of the Imperial family tended to raise this rate still higher. "*Pro pudore, pro abstinentiâ, pro virtute, audacia, largitio, avaritia vigeant.*"* Where at head-quarters prodigal enjoyment, approaching in its character to public pilage, was the rule, the example set by such Authority was followed with a close fidelity in each lower and wider circle of administration. If such a system was adverse to public honesty, it was fatal to public spirit. While all was thus unsound

beneath, on the surface all was gorgeous; and the glare of Parisian gayety and splendour more than ever imposed upon the eye, and tainted the conscience, of the world. It was a close and foul atmosphere, of which the evil odour was only kept down by clouds of incense and floods of perfume. Admitting freely that there were good deeds, and great deeds, which leave trails of light upon the course of the Second Empire, we feel that for France it was a snare, a calamity, a hopeless impediment to solid well-being. Strange indeed that, being such, it should have received thrice over the solemn sanction of an overwhelming popular suffrage; and happy the release from the illusion, though it will be achieved in the midst not only of disaster but of agony. Nothing can compensate a people for the loss of what we term civic individuality. Without it, the European type becomes politically debased to the Mahometan and Oriental model. For many generations it has been waning away in France. The great Revolution did not restore the institutions necessary to rear it. Napoleon I. ruthlessly destroyed, in the municipality and the commune, the remaining depositaries of public spirit, responsibility, and manhood. The system of Napoleon III., which worked despotic power under the mask of universal suffrage, aggravated the evil by concealing it.

"While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen." *Hamlet.*

It will take long to build up this part of the social edifice. Nothing, probably, but the direst calamity could have availed to show the necessity or prompt the effort. May the time have come! for none can despair of France, and least of all those who strive to lay bare the sore as the first step towards healing it. But, until France can lay more firmly the foundations of her own government, she never can fulfil all the duties of good neighbourhood to Europe; for those who rule her, feeling themselves dependent on momentary and factitious aids for the maintenance of power, will endeavour to extract from an imposing and ambitious policy abroad the materials of popularity at home. It is a fatal condition for a people when its rulers descend from their high position to inflame its passions and trade upon its besetting and traditional infirmities, and when, in the dynastic controversies which sway the land, the aim of each party seems to be to stir the national vain glory to fever-heat. Of this mischief the recent war

* *Sall. Catil.* c. 8.

has afforded a painful and egregious instance. The reproach of a pacific policy from powerful opponents helped at least to drive the party of the Emperor into a mood determined upon war, and seeking only the occasion. It was found in the Hohenzollern candidature. The victorious Germans have since been bidden to stay their onward steps, on the ground that the war was not the war of the French people. We fear that, as between nation and nation, there is little force in such a plea. It is impossible to exempt a people from plenary responsibility to another people for the acts of its Government. And yet the allegation in itself is true. It was a faction in the narrowest sense, which sympathized with the worse and overruled the better minds of the Emperor and his Government; and which, by clamour in the Chamber and intrigue in the Court, hurled France into the war, from the anticipated success of which they reckoned receiving a new lease of power and of emolument. There is too much reason to believe that the agency of the Government was employed in Paris during the early part of July to draw from the excitable, the venal, and the worthless, an artificial but violent applause, and to check and discountenance any public expression of the sober judgment of the country, which would have spoken in very different accents. For many a long year France will rue the consequences of this terrible political offence. In fame, in influence, she must be content with a lower rank, perhaps even for generations to come; and though her wealth will still be vast, even this will certainly be reduced, as a consequence of the war, by several hundreds of millions of pounds sterling.

It may seem strange, after an outrage so grave, and a disaster so overwhelming, if we discover in the facts any ground of comfort or of hope; but we hold advisedly that the growth of pacific ideas and habits may be traced in the recent history of France, though not in its very latest chapter. Of the five wars, in which the Emperor Napoleon III. has engaged, none have been demanded by the public opinion of the country. The Crimean and Italian wars, which contemplated purposes useful to Europe, were certainly not forced by opinion upon the Government; while it may with truth be said that the Mexican and German wars were forced upon the people. But may we not draw hope for the future from the terrible chastisement of a rash and unscrupulous ambition, and from the heavy burden of debt which the

war will entail; a burden such that we shall not be surprised if France should obtain the unenviable privilege of a public debt nearly or quite equal to our own in amount, and heavier in yearly charge? The disenchantment may be effectual. Such a state of ideas may come to prevail in France, that the people will not hereafter, even passively or for a time, be led astray by the demons of territorial and military ambition. When the vast and varied energies of that people are left free for the pursuits of peace in thought, in art, in industry — when France, instead of looking askance with a covetous eye at objects fatal to European peace, becomes only a vigilant sentinel against any who would disturb it — she will gradually rise anew to her ancient influence and power, and will in all likelihood commence a happier though not a noisier era of existence than any she has ever known.

But, for the present, —

“All is passed : the sin is sinned.”

Tennyson's Guinevere.

We have seen on the side of the French, tradition and expectation, the mitrailleuse and the chassepot, and a supposed start in the first moment of the war. With all this, a feeble and corrupt army-government, and a proneness to deep military disorganization among both officers and men.* Against them the Germans brought numbers, discipline, organization, a vast artillery, a complete system of scouting and intelligence, and an incomparable leadership. Nothing, indeed, can be more perfect than what we may term the cast of parts on the German side: the venerable age and hardy courage of the King, the genial intelligence of the Crown Prince, the resolute will and clear eye of Count Bismarck, the profound strategy of Von Moltke, seconded by the ablest coadjutors, and disposing of human life with an appalling profusion, though in regu-

* We extract the following passage from a captured letter of an officer of MacMahon's army, dated August 26 : —

“L'insuffisance des distributions et le désordre des premiers jours de notre retraite sur Saverny et Lunéville, a jeté la plus grande indisciplin dans notre corps. Partout on pille et on vole même dans les maisons; les villages où nous avons passé sont plus désastres qu'ils ne le seraient par les Prussiens. On se vole aussi dans l'armée, même entre officiers; c'est une démoralisation abominable. Notre général en chef fait depuis deux ou trois jours de louables efforts pour faire cesser ces désordres, mais il aura beau faire; notre armée, qui a déjà les généraux les plus incapables, et les officiers les plus ignorants de l'Europe, a aussi les soldats les plus indisciplinés. Nos troupes d'Afrique sont une plaie; elles ont gâté le reste de l'armée sous le rapport de la discipline.”

“N. N.”

lated proportion to its supply and to its ends.

In the course of these observations we have proceeded upon the supposition that, at some period in the history of this, as of former, wars, the views of the respective parties would be brought, by the force of circumstances, within measurable distance. It is painful to observe, at the latest moment before we go to press, that this period has not yet arrived. The public sentiment of this country has approved the evident opinion of the British Government, that the desire to do good does not relieve those who may entertain it from the duty of accurately considering the means at their command, and moreover of refusing to make attempts, which are not entitled to the credit of benevolence unless they proceed upon an intelligent computation of the likelihood of a beneficial or a mischievous result. But the silence of a Government need not be copied by those who, not invested with authority, aim at assisting the public mind and conscience by discussions. We, therefore, need feel no scruple in saying that it is difficult to accept the present reported position either of the one party or the other.

In France, the Government of National Defence commenced its career by imprudently asserting the doctrine of the inviolability of a soil which, having recently received addition, seemed also to be capable, in the abstract, of suffering subtraction. As though raising pretension were the best way of securing performance, it was further declared that every fortification must remain entire. We will yield, it was said, "*ni un pouce de notre territoire, ni une pierre de nos forteresses.*" Since this declaration was first made, the Germans have taken Strasburg, repulsed new efforts of Bazaine to break their lines before Metz, invested Paris, and proved, in several actions, the incapacity of the force which composes its garrison to make impression on the enormous beleaguering host. The French Government of Defence meets this state of facts by reiterating a boast which is so wofully out of proportion to its powers and its prospects, that it sounds to Europe like a hollow mockery, while it probably serves to cherish in France the most ruinous delusions.

On the other hand, Germany, by the circulars of Count Bismarck, declares that together with indemnity for the past, she must have security for the future; and, laying down not less absolutely the practical application of her very just principle, adds that this security must be

taken in the abstraction of French territory. Now this means French territory with its inhabitants. And the question immediately arises, is there to be no regard paid to their feelings in the matter? We do not dispute the title of Germany, as matters stand, to be secured by special stipulations; to place France under such limitations in regard to the exercise of her sovereignty in the districts claimed, as shall virtually guarantee their military neutrality; nay, to extort the territory itself from France, provided the population be willing parties to the severance. But not until it has proved, that transference of the territory is the only way of giving security to Germany, can she be justified in even raising the question without some reference to that essential element.

Unhappily, however, M. Jules Favre reports that in the Conference of September 20, Count Bismarck used the following extraordinary language, in speaking of the inhabitants of Alsace and a portion of Lorraine, which he had announced his intention to appropriate:—" *Je sais fort bien qu'ils ne veulent pas de nous. Ils nous imposeront une rude corvée; mais nous ne pouvons pas ne pas les prendre.*" This, if it were really made, is a harsh, almost a brutal announcement. Of the whole sum of human life, no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it. To wrench a million and a quarter of a people from the country to which they have belonged for some two centuries, and carry them over to another country of which they have been the almost hereditary enemies, is a proceeding not to be justified in the eyes of the world and of posterity by any mere assertion of power, without even the attempt to show that security cannot be had by any other process. We hear much of the civilization of the Germans. Let them remember, that Italy has been built up, at least from 1860 onwards, upon the groundwork of the expressed desires of the people of its several portions; that England surrendered the possession of the Ionian Islands in deference to the popular desire, expressed through the representative chamber, to be united to Greece; that even the Emperor Napoleon took Savoy and Nice under cover of a vote, as to which no one can say that it clearly belied the real public sentiment. This is surely a great advance on the old and cruel practice of treating the population of a civilized European country as mere chattels. Are we to revert to that

practice? Will its revival be in harmony with the feeling, the best feeling, of Europe? Will it conduce to future peace? Can Germany afford, and does she mean, to set herself up above European opinion? We can hardly hope that M. Favre has misrepresented Count Bismarck, since the commentary of the Chancellor on M. Favre's report takes no exception to this part of it; but we still trust that Count Bismarck has misrepresented his country. But if neither is the case, then we must take leave to say that Germany will yet have to prove her civilization by some other means than by boasting that six, or that six hundred, letters have been written in good Sanscrit by the soldiers of her army to their friends at home.

Yet, great and overpowering as are the questions of the war itself in their present forms, they draw after them the shadows of something greater still than the terms of peace on which it is to be concluded — their consequences on the future of Europe. They may operate in either of two diametrically opposite directions. The one would be as injurious, as the other would be beneficial, to the civilized world. It is unhappily as yet quite uncertain which way the bias will incline.

Amidst the many additions which this age has contributed to the comfort and happiness of man, it has made some also to his miseries. And among these last is the deplorable discovery of methods by which we can environ peace with many of the worst attributes of war; as, for instance, with its hostility to the regular development of freedom, through the influence of great standing armies, and the prevalence of military ideas; with its hostility to sound and stable government, through crushing taxation, financial embarrassment, and that constant growth of public debt which now, with somewhat rare exceptions, marks the policy of the States of Europe; with the jealous and angry temper, which it kindles between nations; and lastly, with the almost certainty of war itself, as the issue of that state of highly-armed preparation, which, we are affectedly told, is the true security for the avoidance of quarrels among men.

This state of things had reached a point, more than a quarter of a century ago, at which Sir Robert Peel, then representing the Tory or Conservative party in England, with the Duke of Wellington as his colleague, thought it grave enough to be the subject of a solemn appeal to the right feeling and good sense of Europe for its abatement. What has since happened?

The nations, which were then chastised with whips, are now chastised with scorpions. Apart from the momentary exigency of the present war, the standing armies of Europe must comprise double the numbers, and must be maintained at fully double the expense, which were then deemed intolerable by persons of such great authority. Growing military establishments, growing debt, growing danger; such is the summary but true description of the course of affairs down to the awful climax of the present crisis. And the question now stands for a speedy solution, whether the terrible waste of blood and treasure which is still proceeding is to stimulate yet more madly for the future the mania of recent years, or is to usher in a period of disarmament and common sense, with some rational chance of tranquillity.

There is one consequential change which we must take for granted — a disposition to approach to, or borrow from, the military system of Prussia. To that military system, which has now become the system of Germany, we are aware of but two objections — these, namely, that it is founded on the principle of compulsion, and that its scale is enormous. The most perfect of all armies in its equipments, the Prussian army is maintained at a charge of 735 francs, or about 29*l.* 10*s.* per head. The French army, which shares with it the economy resulting from compulsory, and therefore underpaid, labour, and which cannot boast anything like its efficiency in the non-combating departments, costs above one-third more, or 41*l.* 10*s.* per head.* It works by short service and large reserves. It interferes very little with domestic ties. The system it employs for the choice of officers secures the highest efficiency for that capital and governing element of the service, by a severe and practical training, without being open to the objections that attach to mere promotion from the ranks. It can hardly be doubted that other countries, and that we ourselves, shall endeavour to learn all we can from the Prussian system. Indeed, in our own case, under the wise administration of Mr. Cardwell, which has effected so many improvements, this process has already well begun, in the adoption of the system of short service. It must be established among us with due regard to the circumstances of difference which mark the British Empire; but we trust with no further deviation from its

* Laveleye, vol. i. p. 81.

principle than such differences absolutely require. What is, if possible, yet more important is the resolute reform of our method of officering; and as Prussia is a country rigidly aristocratic, we trust that the adjustment which has led there to such admirable results, may be found to be either in its earlier or later form applicable to our wants. The relative augmentation of a really light cavalry; the local organization of the regular force, which seems to afford such great facilities for repairing casualties; the means of rendering army officers available for the auxiliary forces, and the question how far civil employment can be put into beneficial connection with army service, by way both of reward and reserve; these are among the questions which the present crisis is likely to bring into practical discussion. Lastly, Parliament and the country will, without doubt, remember that among the features of the German system none is more marked than its economy; and the same principle, with due allowance for the greater cost of labour, and of free labour, will, we trust, be steadily kept in view.

But it will be a dismal period indeed for Europe, on which we are about to enter, if ever the countries which unhappily still put in force the system of coercive service in the army, under whatever name it may be called, shall be tempted to embrace that one Prussian principle which, as a general rule, compels every able-bodied man to be a soldier. We venture to predict that no European State, which shall place itself in a condition to put the mass of its people under arms like Prussia, will effect this great object at anything like the Prussian rate. Even in Germany, this method of organization has led to a heavy increase of taxes; in other countries of dearer labour and less careful administration, such as France, the charge would be ruinous. It is impossible to estimate aright her future military policy, without taking into view the great — nay, the vast increase of charge for debt which this war will entail. So heavy, in our opinion, will this be, that it will be barely possible for her to sustain it without reductions. She will, therefore, be almost compelled to avoid the cost of yet further extended military establishments; and she will also, without doubt, experience a powerful reaction from that system of Bonapartism and “bloated armament,” which has cost her so dear. We therefore cherish the hope that this great nation, hitherto so military in ideas and tendencies, may henceforth become the head of a pacific

policy on the continent of Europe. Should the popular constitutional tendencies in Germany prevail — should she qualify the principle of universal soldiering — which has now worked out its only rational aim, the independence of the country — the general establishment of this better policy will be easy, and its success pretty certain, at least until time enough shall have passed for men to forget the errors of their forefathers, and the sufferings which those errors have entailed, and shall again begin to tread the same dreary round of folly and remorse.

But even if Germany, gloating upon conquest, and enamoured of the instrument which has achieved it, should decline to remit the hard law which dooms the capable man, will he nill he, to a certain period of service, it will not follow either that she will thereby increase her influence in Europe, or that the pacific policy itself would fail. For France, whom we have supposed to be its chief promoter, would be secure of an immense European support. Italy and Austria would be certain to follow her; Spain, Portugal, and Belgium might almost as confidently be reckoned on. From England she would, we cannot doubt, receive the most unequivocal favour. Nor should we despair even of Russia. The truth is, that nearly the whole of these countries have, by military prodigality, brought themselves to a pass in which accumulated financial difficulty threatens to become, within a short period of years, not merely an embarrassment to a minister, but a grave danger to the State; and we should wrong them in point of common sense, not less than of higher motives, if we supposed them to be without some desire to avail themselves of an incomparable opportunity for a serious conversion to a more rational, a more safe, and a more Christian policy.

We will not inquire how far the phlegmatic German will, as such, be a safer depository than the mercurial Frenchman, of vast military power, and of an acknowledged primacy in Europe, wrung from the grasp of his rival. Between the piety of the King of Prussia — which we believe never failed him during the Danish transactions — and the policy of the Chancellor of the Confederation, which, whatever else it may have been, has not been Pharisaical, we are sore put to it to decide whether, in the administration of its great prerogative, Germany will be worthy of the confidence of Europe. We may hope, but we cannot venture to affirm.

But it is not the nature of the animal

alone which determines its conduct in harness. It is in the power of the bit, the efficiency of the driver, the regimen on which it is made to subsist. Our metaphor may not be a very perfect one; but we should venture to suggest that, as applied to this subject, the regimen represents the national temperament, the bit signifies the control of neighbouring Powers, and the driver is that lofty influence belonging to that general and fixed opinion entertained by civilized man, which happily in our times no state or nation, however powerful, can afford to disregard. Placed in the very centre of Europe, Germany would have puissant neighbours east, west, and south of her, in Russia, France, and Austria. Overweening and aggressive conduct on her part would be more easily checked by their combined action on her various frontiers, than would similar conduct on the part of any of these three Powers if we suppose them to have the power and the will to pursue it; for none of them would be so directly subject to the repressive military action of the rest. We have not yet spoken of England; but of her we confidently hope that, which is also likely to be the case with Italy—that is to say, that her hand will be not unready to be lifted up on every fit and hopeful occasion, in sustaining the rest of Europe against a disturber of the public peace. In truth the nations of Europe are a family. Some one of them is likely, if not certain, from time to time to be the strongest, either by inherent power or by favouring opportunity. To this strength great influence will attach, and great power over the lot of others. Such influence and power may be abused. In one important respect Germany may be peculiarly open to temptation to abuse the power which she has undoubtedly acquired. She alone among modern nations has discovered a secret which releases her from one of the main checks on a disposition to go to war. She has learned to make it pay; to exact from the enemy the cost of her operations in the shape of pecuniary indemnity. At least, if the people do not find themselves reimbursed, the German Government undoubtedly drives in its wars a highly profitable trade; for the great sums, which were obtained in 1866 from Austria and from her allies, did not pass, as they would with us (if we ever got them), to the national exchequer, but remained at the disposal of the Sovereign and the Executive. On the other hand, from the very nature of their military system, no great people suffer so heavily from war as the Germans in two

vital particulars—the sacrifice of the most valuable lives, and the contraction and interruption of the national industry. On the whole, it seems reasonable to hope that the practical character of our Teutonic cousins, together with their huge actual mass of domestic sorrows, will assist them to settle down into a mood of peace and goodwill. But whether they do or not, it is idle to believe that they have before them a career of universal conquest or absolute predominance, and that the European family is not strong enough to correct the eccentricities of its peccant and obstreperous members.

And now, in conclusion, what is to be our share, as one member numbered in that family, of the political lessons of the war, and of its results? Certainly it will be our own fault if they are anything else than good and useful. Happy England! Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect Will into Right, and the lust of aggrandizement. Happy, not only because she is *felix prole virum*, because this United Kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed as a whole in its energies and endowments. But happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off, by that streak of silver sea, which passengers so often and so justly execrate, though in no way from the duties and the honours, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighbourhood of the Continental nations.

Let us examine this matter a little more closely. In the mixed dispensation of human affairs physical incidents often carry or determine profound moral results. Shakspeare saw, three centuries ago, that a peculiar strength of England lay in her insular and maritime position.

“That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders—
—that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes.

King John, Act ii., Scene 1.

And yet no long period had then elapsed since that little arm of ocean, which France still calls the Sleeve, had been from England into France, if not from France towards England, the familiar pathway of armed hosts. The prevision of the poet has been realized in subsequent history. Three hundred more years have passed,

and if, during that long period, we have, some three or four times, with no great benefit to our fame, planted the hostile foot in France, the shores of England have remained inviolate, and the twenty miles of sea have proved to be, even against the great Napoleon, an impregnable fortification.

It may be said the case is now different. It is; and the differences are in our favour. Now as then, the voyage is a danger; now as then, leagues of sea, regarded as mere space, do not yield, as an occupied country may be made to yield, the subsistence of an invading army. Now as then, the necessary operation of landing affords a strong vantage ground of resistance to the defending force. Now as then, the sea entails some uncertainty in the arrival of supplies. But now, as it was *not* then, maritime supremacy has become the proud — perhaps the indefectible — inheritance of England. Nay, recent experience has lifted us even to a higher stage than we had reached before; for whereas, in the days of wooden ships, we were inconveniently dependent upon foreign supply for our materials, we now being the greatest iron-makers, are thereby also the greatest and most independent shipbuilders of the world; and while the change of armament has greatly diminished the mere number of crews, and thus reduced the drain upon a population scarcely equal to the demands of our empire, on the other hand freedom of trade, instead of extinguishing, has enlarged that nursery of seamen from which in case of necessity we might hope to man at adequate wages an almost unbounded fleet. Steam, applied to navigation, has done at least as much for a defending as for an invading Power; even the stores of coal needed for marine locomotion are principally ours; and while, by the aid of this powerful agent, the ships of both nations may scour the coasts, with favourable weather, at from twelve to fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, the railways which gird the land, to say nothing of the telegraph, may in all weathers carry the armies which are to guard it and their *matériel* from point to point, at twenty, thirty, or forty. Lastly, the enormous appliances of modern armies, their weapons, ammunition, transport, clothing, subsistence, and all the non-combating departments attached to them, are so much of dead weight attached to the live weight of the expedition, which clog and hamper its passage over sea; so much so, that it took weeks for the united power of England and France to arrange and effect the transport

of 50,000 men, provided only with means for the moment, from Bessarabia into the Crimea, though not a vessel, nor a gun, nor a man, were on the ground to prevent their landing. It is hard to say whether, or when, our countrymen will be fully alive to the vast advantage they derive from consummate means of naval defence, combined with our position as islands. Our lot would perhaps be too much favoured if we possessed, together with such advantages, a full sense of what they are. Where the Almighty grants exceptional and peculiar bounties, He sometimes permits by way of counterpoise an insensibility to their value. Were there but a slight upward heaving of the crust of the earth between France and Great Britain, and were dry land thus to be substituted for a few leagues of sea, then indeed we should begin to know what we had lost.

It might as a general rule be supposed that where there were such inestimable aids towards immunity from attack, there might also be facilities for offence, dangerous to the peace of others. But here it is not so. While everything combines to make us safe, everything also combines to make us harmless. To judge from recent experience, the relative share of maritime force in aggressive warfare is dwindling; and we are an essentially, incurably, maritime Power. It can never be our interest to impose on ourselves the vast injury which would be caused, where labour is for the most part so valuable, by any attempt to vie with the mere numbers of the standing armies of the Continent; and all the sea does for us, as defenders of our own shores, it would impartially do against us when we proceeded to attack the shores of others. And yet we are not isolated. With such a bulwark, and under such restraints with regard to all purposes of violence, we are placed, and that by the very same means, in the closest proximity with Continental countries,

“For seas but join the nations they divide.”

With every one of them, and with vast multitudes of persons in each of them, we have constant relations both of personal and of commercial intercourse, which grow from year to year; and as, happily, we have no conflict of interests, real or supposed, nor scope for evil passions afforded by our peaceful rivalry, there is nothing to hinder the self-acting growth of concord. Withdrawn from the temptations of Continental neighbourhood, we are withdrawn also from the direct action of most of the quarrels of Europe. But so far is this

state of facts from implying either a condition or a policy of isolation, that it marks out England as the appropriate object of the general confidence, as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power. In every quarrel, in every difficulty, it is her aid that is most courted; it is by her agency that parties, if they seek a mediator, prefer to come together; it is under her leadership that neutrals most desire to move. And this, not because she is believed to be exempt from infirmity, but because she is known not to be exposed to temptation. All that is wanted is that she should discharge the functions, which are likely more and more to accrue to her, modestly, kindly, and impartially. She will not be popular at all times and with all. In a deadly quarrel such as this, a rigid equity is likely to present to both parties an appearance of coldness and want of sympathy.* She will not be able to keep pace with ardent expectations, which will reproach her with insensibility to public right, with degeneracy from her old traditions of energy and activity, with a tradesmanlike devotion to her peaceful industry. But all these reproaches are only the measure of the anxiety of those who utter them, to obtain the full advantage of that moral weight which her action, if conducted with tolerable judgment, is sure to command.

But, in order that she may act fully up to a part of such high distinction, the kingdom of Queen Victoria must be in all things worthy of it. The world-wide cares and responsibilities with which the British people have charged themselves are really beyond the ordinary measure of human strength; and, until a recent period, it seemed the opinion of our rulers that we could not do better than extend them yet further, wherever an opening could easily or even decently be found. With this avidity for material extension was joined a preternatural and morbid sensibility. Russia at the Amoor, America at the Fee-Jee or the Sandwich Islands, France in New Caledonia or in Cochin-China—all these, and the like, were held to be good reasons for a feverish excitement lest other nations should do for themselves but the fiftieth part of what we had done for ourselves. These fancies we have outlived.

* It would be easy at this moment to point out the occasional unjust accusations and treatment from both sides in the war, to which we are subject; but it is our duty as well as our wisdom to remember, and to allow largely for, the effects of the excitement attending a mortal struggle, and to believe that our friends, both in France and Germany, will themselves, when calm is restored, speedily perceive the truth.

We have awakened to the fact that our duties are already more than adequate to our capacities, that we are hindered, embarrassed, weakened, by the weight of our engagements, and that the secret of strength lies in keeping some proportion between the burden and the back. As regards our Colonies, we have gradually reached the invaluable knowledge, that one and the same secret of a free autonomy is a specific alike for the relief of the mother-country, the masculine and vigorous well-being of the dependency, and the integrity of the Empire. As regards the Empire in India, we more and more strive to realize the generous conception, according to which we hold a moral trusteeship, to be administered for the benefit of those over whom we rule. As regards the three kingdoms, the policy of Parliament is aimed at making them a perfectly compacted body, and raising them to the highest level of intelligence and civic energy. Ireland, our ancient reproach, can no longer fling her grievances in the face of Great Britain. Ignorance can no longer plead that it is compulsory because the road is barred to knowledge. Industry can no longer plead that it is excluded from political power; and never again can the land be racked with the discreditable intrigues of 1866, to arrest the extension of the franchise. We have ceased, or are fast ceasing, from the feverish contest for influence all over the world; and we are learning that that influence which is least courted, and least canvassed for, comes the quickest, and lives the longest. If we no longer dream of foreign acquisitions, we are content in having treaties of mutual benefit with every nation upon earth; treaties not written on parchment, but based on the permanent wants and interests of man, kept alive and confirmed by the constant play of the motives which govern his daily life, and thus inscribing themselves, in gradually deepening characters, on the fleshly tablets of the heart. We may well ask, and in a happier sense,

"*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*"
Æn. i. 460.

One accomplishment yet remains needful to enable us to hold without envy our free and eminent position. It is that we should do as we would be done by; that we should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the

mind, and coming to sway the practice, of the world; a law which recognizes independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific, not the bloody settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent and not temporary adjustments; above all, which recognizes as a tribunal of paramount authority, the general judgment of civilized mankind. It has censured the aggression of France; it will censure, if need arise, the greed of Germany. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" It is hard for all nations to go astray. Their ecumenical judgment sits above the partial passions of those, who are misled by interest, and disturbed by quarrel.

The greatest triumph of our time — a triumph in a region higher than that of electricity and steam — will be the enthronement of this idea of Public Right, as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious inheritance of all lands, but superior to the opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one, which by its conduct shall gradually engender in the mind of the others a fixed belief that it is just. In the competition for this prize, the bounty of Providence has given us a place of vantage; and nothing save our own fault or folly can wrest it from our grasp.

CHAUCER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THERE is a pervading wholesomeness in the writings of this man, — a vernal property that soothes and refreshes in a way of which no other has ever found the secret. I repeat to myself a thousand times, —

"When that Aprilē with his showrēs sotē
The droughte of March hath perced to the rotē,
And bathed every veine in swich flour,
Of which vertue engendered is the flour, —
When Zephyrus eek with his swotē breth
Enspirid hath in every holt and heth
The tender croppē, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the ram his half ē cors yronne,
And smali foulēs maken melodie,"

and still at the thousandth time a breath of uncontaminated springtide seems to lift the hair upon my forehead. If here be not the *largior ether*, the serene and motionless atmosphere of classical antiquity, we find at least the *seclusum nemus*, the *domos placidas*, and the *oubliance*, as Froissart so sweetly calls it, that persuade us we are in an Elysium none the less sweet that it appeals to our more purely human, one might almost say domestic, sympathies. We may say of Chaucer's muse, as Overbury of his milkmaid, "her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June like a new-made haycock." The most hardened *roué* of literature can scarce confront these simple and winning graces without feeling somewhat of the unworn sentiment of his youth revive in him. Modern imaginative literature has become so self-conscious, and therefore so melancholy, that art, which should be "the world's sweet inn," whither we repair for refreshment and repose, has become rather a watering place where one's own private touch of the liver complaint is exasperated by the affluence of other sufferers whose talk is a narrative of morbid symptoms. Poets have forgotten that the first lesson of literature, no less than of life, is the learning how to burn your own smoke; that the way to be original, is to be healthy; that the fresh color so delightful

in all good writing, is won by escaping from the fixed air of self into the brisk atmosphere of universal sentiments; and that to make the common marvellous, as if it were a revelation, is the test of genius. It is good to retreat now and then beyond earshot of introspective consciousness of modern literature, and to lose ourselves in the gracious worldliness of Chaucer. Here was a healthy and hearty man, so genuine that he need not ask whether he were genuine or no, so sincere as quite to forget his own sincerity, so truly pious that he could be happy in the best world that God chose to make, so humane that he loved even the foibles of his kind. Here was a truly epic poet, without knowing it, who did not waste time in considering whether his age were good or bad, but quietly taking it for granted as the best that ever was or could be for him, has left us such a picture of contemporary life as no man ever painted. The pupil of manifold experience, — scholar, courtier, soldier, ambassador, who had known poverty as a housemate and been the companion of princes, — his was one of those happy temperaments that could equally enjoy both halves of culture, — the world of books and the world of men.

"Unto this day it doth mine hertē boote,
That I have had my world as in my time!"

The portrait of Chaucer, which we owe to the loving regret of his disciple Ooxleve, confirms the judgment of him which we make from his works. It is, I think, more engaging than that of any other poet. The downcast eyes, half aly, half meditative, the sensuous mouth, the broad brow, drooping with weight of thought, and yet with an inextinguishable youth shining out of it as from the morning forehead of a boy, are all noticeable, and not less so their harmony of placid tenderness. We are struck, too, with the smoothness of the face as of one who thought easily, whose phrase flowed naturally, and who had never puckered his brow over an unmanageable verse.

North American Review.

CHAPTER XX.
CONSTANCY.

It's no use putting off anything for my sake, Tom," said his father when he heard the news. "Now you've made up your mind, marry her as fast as you can. It would be a satisfaction to me to know that you were settled and had a comfortable home for her," said he with a tender look at May, who could scarcely bear it and turned away.

There was a great gathering at Mrs. Longmore's; bishop officiating, canon assisting, all proper ceremonies ecclesiastical and other—everything that was honourable and elaborate; but Mr. Dimsdale was too ill to leave home, and May was not sorry for the excuse, by which she was able to reduce her share in the festivities to the smallest possible amount consistent with her love for her brother.

Tom had written to ask Walter Scrope to his wedding: he responded very warmly, but his uncle had just died, and his father had a lawsuit concerning some entailed property with the heir, whom they none of them liked, and he could not get away from the business connected with it. His mother too was ill. "But I dare say I shall come down and invade the Rectory before long," he ended.

"But he won't come here now, I know," said May to herself, with half a sigh. "He doesn't wish it—there'll always be some excellent reason why he can't come."

The marriage turned out better than May had expected, as far as she herself was concerned. Sophia had a certain awe of the great house which even the authority of "my uncle the canon" could not expel: and she did her best for Tom, and behaved with feeling to his father and sister, and May was grateful to her for her good desires, if her capacity was small. She was not quite so silly either as of old. Life does something to teach the well-intentioned (though wonderfully little with some natures); and she worked at the children, and looked after the old people of the village as earnestly as if she had been a wiser woman.

All that winter the old man had his children more or less about him. And May sat on day after day by her father's side. Sometimes he got out for a little drive, or a few steps on the terrace. They were always together. She read, and she discussed, and she companionized both his thoughts and his feelings; but "with every gust some leaves did fall" out of his few remaining days; and life was begin-

ning with her to mean looking back, which is always very sad to see in the young.

She loved him with an entire and tender love. "*La vieillesse est rarement aimable, parceque c'est l'époque de la vie où il n'est plus possible de cacher aucun défaut; mais l'homme que le temps n'a point abattu en a reçu des présens que lui seul peut faire;*" and she goes on to talk of the quiet sagacity, the large-minded charity, the disinterested affection of such an old age. "*La tendresse que vous inspire un tel parent est la plus profonde de toutes. Il réunit sur vous tous les genres de sentimens, il vous protège comme si vous étiez un enfant, vous lui plaisez comme si vous étiez toujours jeune, il se confie à vous comme si vous aviez atteint l'âge de la maturité,*" says Madame de Staël, with a tender feeling born of her own respect and affection for her father.

It had been an exceedingly rainy day, dark, and sad, and dreary. With the Squire's out-of-door habits, his confinement to the house was very irksome. He was patient, but May had found it more than usually difficult all the afternoon to keep him cheerful, when she heard Tom's voice in the gallery, and her face lighted up as it always did at that, to her, welcome sound. He came in to them looking cheery though dripping wet; it was like a breath of fresh air in the room.

"You look like the deceased Jumbo fresh out of the pond. But you mustn't sit in those wet things," said May, laughing as she tried to take off his coat.

"I can't stay, and a wet coat will do me no more harm than it did Jumbo," answered he.

"I know I wish I could get wet through again," sighed the Squire a little ruefully; and then recovering himself he went on with a smile, "We shall have to lay down drain-tiles in the drawing-room floor after you, my boy."

"I've brought you the letters from the second post, papa, as I happened to be in the town: more by token that there's one from Charlie to May. What does he say? he hasn't written to me I don't know when. What a long and doleful epistle!" he went on, looking over his sister's shoulder as she read.

"Wait for your turn: who knows what secrets there may be?" said she laughing.

"Hard hit," replied he, keeping hold of his corner of the letter, and without attending to her. He was a boy still in his father's house, however much in other eyes he was the reverend rector of the parish. "So he's fallen a victim to Miss Milly's

charms! I thought how it would be, and he on board the Admiral's ship, when we heard about all those receptions and dinings out at Halifax. Do you remember that dreadful duet he was always practising with her that winter they were here together before they all sailed, and which never came to a head? I'm sure excruciating was no word for the noise he made."

"Poor old Charlie, what a disconsolate letter!" said May compassionately. "I never thought he'd have taken any one girl's loss so much to heart—tenderly flirting with six young ladies at once, as he has always been till now; and knowing too, as he does, how strict my uncle is, and how determined against all cousins' marriages."

"I had set my whole heart upon her, and at my age it's not very likely I can ever care for any one again," wrote Charlie with that nice appreciation of his own character which young gentlemen so often show on such occasions.

"I think I've heard that 'sintiment' once or twice before," observed the Squire with his quiet smile. "I hope it is still possible comfort may return even to the afflicted Charlie!"

"Here's a bit more for you, Tom," said May, picking up a piece of the letter which had fallen to the ground.

"Halloo!" cried he as he read on; "no wonder she refused him, she's engaged herself to Lionel! Just fancy, the grave, the prudent, the preux chevalier, the sensible, virtuous Lionel to be caught by that little damsel, who would flirt with the tongs rather than keep her eyes quiet; seventeen and twenty-nine too. What can my uncle be thinking about to allow it!"

Her father turned with an inquiring look and a little uncertainty towards May, but she was honestly smiling, and though a good deal surprised and a little taken aback, was rather amused at this *dénouement* of Lionel's passion.

"After all one needn't be so very anxious about the profound effect of one's own charms," she laughed to herself a little mockingly. "I've wasted a great deal of good care and thought about his pain, while meantime he was flirting very comfortably with Milly!"

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNSET.

"I give him to you as a good man, not as a prodigy of goodness," says Manzoni of one of his heroes in the "Promessi Sposi."

"I don't like papa's look at all, Tom," said May next day, after an anxious watch-

ing. "He is more drowsy, and his pulse so feeble, he can hardly sit up in his chair, and he won't go to bed. I think we ought to send for Hastings. Papa has always said, 'Not yet, dear,' when I have proposed it. But I don't think it would be right to put off letting him know now," she said, with a quiver in her voice.

Railroads were open by this time, and Captain Dimsdale soon appeared, but, unfortunately, his wife with him. Something had gone wrong in their most uncomfortable household, and she had declared that unless Hastings took her to Fernyhurst she must go to Brighton, and this his finances would not stand, so, as usual, she had her own way.

"You cannot go to him to-night, I am sorry to say, Hastings," said May sadly when they came in. "If he is disturbed so late as this, there is no chance of his sleeping."

"I should like to see him as soon as possible," observed Alicia, intending to be kind; "so many people are lost just for want of a little something right, you know."

"Of course," said her husband hastily, annoyed by her tone, "everything has been done that is possible and best for him, my dear."

"He does not know yet that you are here, and Dr. Baker said that the smallest excitement would put out the little flicker of life," replied May.

"I wonder whether you've had sufficient advice," went on Alicia importantly. "I don't think much of Dr. Baker myself. Papa was entirely cured by Dr. Chambers last winter with mustard plasters, when he'd such a dreadful cold we thought he must have died. Have you tried mustard plasters?" she insisted again and again.

"I'm afraid that my father's complaint is not in the least like Lord Cannondale's, unfortunately," said May sadly.

"And then there's that wonderful powder which cured Lady Emily Sanders' little girl. I can't think why you don't have Chambers, he'd know all about it. You should insist on having Chambers," she called out again as May left the room to return to her charge.

The next morning she came down after a night spent by her father's bedside to give her brother the last news of the sick-room, and feeling tenderly to all the world at such a moment, she did her very best to be affectionate to Alicia.

"My father will see you as soon as you have done breakfast, Hastings." Then

turning to her sister-in-law," "Would not a little fresh air do you good this beautiful day, my dear? Shall I order the carriage?"

"Thank you," said Alicia, "for thinking of it, but Hastings will take all that trouble off your hands now, he has already been to the stables and settled about the horses." She was too obtuse to see even that she was ungracious.

Hastings rose quickly and went out, and May followed him, for she evidently could not do much good by remaining.

"Well," said the old man, as his son sat down beside him, "the end is very near, Hastings — *le roi est mort, vive le roi*. I hope you'll make a good king, and carry out many things that I have failed in through life."

"You haven't failed, papa," cried May.

"Well, come short, if you like the word better," said her father with a smile; "we won't quarrel about the word. There's plenty to do. I meant to have added to the school-house this year and drained the pond meadows, and I believe there ought to be new outbuildings for Dowling's farm; but you'll see to all that now," he said, with failing breath but cheerful interest in everything on both sides the river, which to him was so little dreadful.

"We won't talk of all that, sir. I hope you'll feel better yet," said Hastings affectionately. He really cared for his father a good deal in his somewhat selfish way.

"Yes," replied the old man smiling. "I shall be better soon, but it'll be a long way off from the draining and roofing. I should have liked to have seen how the new Poor-law acted, and the steam-saw finished, else I don't think I much want to stay here, — except for May, except for May," he added. "Poor May! I'm afraid she'll feel lonely without somebody to look after and plague her."

She could not stand it and went out quietly that her father might not see her tears. As she passed along a passage she came upon Alicia, giving orders to the housekeeper. "You understand that the children are to go into the south nurseries," she was saying, "and you will have them ready on Thursday. I think those will be best, May," she went on, turning to her sister-in-law.

"I'm afraid the noise will be too much for papa," replied she.

"It's just because I thought the children will be so good for him that I am sending for them," answered Alicia with dignity.

The woman looked wonderingly at May,

but she passed on. She went in search of her brother, however, later. He was sauntering about, not knowing very well what to do. It is a difficult situation for a man; he cannot be of much use in the sick-room, and waiting, which constitutes so large a portion of a woman's life, is a real suffering to a man's active nature.

"Hastings," said she, putting her arm within his, "Alicia is sending for the children, and has ordered their rooms. I'm afraid papa would be annoyed if he heard they were come without his asking them. Those nurseries are just over his head, and he knows perfectly all that goes on in the house. I am sure you would say wait. It is for a very little while, dear," she said with quivering lips.

Hastings shook off her arm somewhat impatiently. "I wish you women would settle these things among you," he said; but he went in and ordered his wife, who was in general extremely indifferent to their company, to put off her babies.

"How excessively strange of May!" she repeated angrily; "why they shouldn't come to their own home, I can't think."

But, except when her charge was touched, May scarcely perceived anything without; the great sorrow made all lesser annoyances die before it.

"Grief should be majestic, equable, sedate, Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free; Strong to consume small troubles; to commend Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

In the sick-room the great fact of life — death — seemed so large that it overwhelmed all small irritations, as the rush of a river which covers all the pointed stones and small obstacles in its bed.

There she sat watching the ebb of that tide which was surely and quickly carrying away from her to the great sea that life to which she clung so tenderly.

The Squire was pleased to have Tom with him, who did his duty to his father most affectionately, but their minds did not run together.

"I think it sometimes more reverent to say 'I don't understand,'" ruminated the old man one day. "What was that you were reading yesterday, May, about God's truth being boundless, and that both sides suppose that it is a pond, which you can walk round and say, 'I hold the truth?'"

"It was a bit of Robertson's," said she, looking it out. "What, all the truth? Yes, all; there it is, circumscribed, defined, formed, and you are an infidel if you

do not think this pond of mine, that the great Mr. This or That dug, quite large enough to be the immeasurable Gospel of the Lord of the universe."

It was to May that her father clung for the help of soul and body every hour of the day. He liked to have her near him; he missed her presence even when his eyes were closed; he lay generally in a silent repose, perfectly conscious, calm, and cheerful; with the feeling of the homely old hymn, he did really "dread the grave as little as his bed." The valley of the shadow had no terrors for him. His faith was that of the Lord's Prayer—the fullest trust in "Our Father," in love and truth.

He did not take to his bed, but sat up in an arm-chair, supported with pillows. And May was cheerful too; she read, she had a smile ready whenever she came near him, and the fullest intelligence concerning Russell's new out-house. They talked together of heavenly things and of earthly ones as well, but he was very reticent even to her about his deepest feelings. "I'm so curious to see the other side, and those questions of identity are so wonderful. What will recognition depend on? Can the constantly improving being be said to be the same? With some people there seems nothing to recognize, but I must believe that we shouldn't have had all this love for each other put into us in vain. See how He seems to have loved his mother and his friends—that was the consecration of earthly friendships." "The Master calleth thee," he repeated after her in a low voice another day as she read to him, "to be ready when He calls, to do what He asks, that must be life, in whatsoever world, for all." At the same time his interest was strong for the progress of the copse-cutting, and how the cottage folk were getting on. Death was no terror-striking demon to either of them, but the loving hand of a loving Father laid on them in mercy, dividing them not for long. At last the end came, so gently that no one could tell when the sleep sank into death.

"Non come fiamma che per forza e spenta
Ma che per se melesun: si consume,
Parea posar come persona stanca,
Era quel che morir chiaman gli schiocchi."

CHAPTER XXII.

TRACASSERIES.

ALL arrangements now fell on Hastings, and May was too thankful to remain

quietly in her own room, and what was still her father's. The sons-in-law appeared in time, but Cecilia was abroad, and Mrs. Dibden happened to be ill, and could not come over to Fernyhurst for the funeral.

"Why doesn't May come down-stairs?" said Alicia, rather peevishly, within May's hearing. "I'm sure it would be so much better for her than to have her meals sent up in this way—it will do her good to see a few people."

Accordingly, from that time, May appeared regularly until the day itself.

It was a hard time. She was physically a good deal worn out, and the change to her was great, all that she loved seemed to be dropping away from her. After having been the darling of so many hearts, the one whose smile made father, brothers, and friends rejoice, she had become simply an indifferent guest in her own old home,—her feelings, her tastes, her comfort, less than nothing in the eyes of most of those around her.

She went to the funeral herself, rather to Alicia's annoyance, who did not like to go, and did not like to stay away. The tree had fallen in its ripeness; May could not lament for her father's gain, but she felt as she stood by that quiet grave in the green graveyard of the little grey old church where he was laid by her mother, as if into it had sunk the best part of her life.

"You'll come to us to-morrow, dear; I think it will be best every way," said Tom affectionately to her as they parted. "I never saw anything more touching than May's self-command, and her unwearied love all through these illnesses," he went on to his brother as they walked back together.

"Yes, I believe so," said Hastings kindly, though coolly. He was doing, however, all that he could think of for the comfort of his sister in every way.

"I wonder what May would like best to do," he said to his wife a little later—"whether to live on with us or go to Tom's. She's very fond of him. You must ask her which she will prefer."

"Oh! we can't possibly have her here," answered Alicia in a determined tone; "that's quite out of the question. And I don't think she'd like it at all, except perhaps for a visit; besides, she told me that she was going to live at the Rectory."

Hastings was surprised; it had never occurred to him that his sister was not to share his home if she pleased. He said nothing more, but quietly and kindly made

his own invitation to May, which she as quietly and kindly refused.

There is no doubt that theoretically a man may ask whatsoever friend he pleases to his own house, but practically, in private as in public life, there is a prime minister behind the sovereign. His wife may make that house so hot, or she may administer such continued little cups of cold water, that the friend, if at all a sensitive one, will not feel much inclined to accept the invitation again.

The next day the different relations departed their several ways after breakfast.

"I don't think your crape is nearly deep enough, my dear May; just look at mine," said Alicia as they returned together from the front-door, and measuring her own immaculate hems against her sister-in-law's as they walked together. "It's more respectful."

"Papa'd a great dislike to 'inky cloaks,' as he always called them," answered May, trying to smile; "so I told them to put on as little as possible. I did it to please him," she ended tearfully.

"My dear, he can't see you," replied Alicia with a superior smile.

May winced. "I think perhaps I had better go up and set about my packing," said she as they reached the bottom of the stairs; "I have a good deal to do before I go up to the Rectory."

"Are you going to-day?" said she. "Oh, I remember. I'm very sorry about the carriage, I don't see how you can have it, as it will have just been to the railway, and you see our horses, my dear — perhaps to-morrow . . ." She did not wish to be ill-natured, but the ownership of the horses was what was prominent in her mind at the moment, and she was, perhaps unconsciously, exerting herself to be disagreeable from a lurking fear that Hastings might still persuade his sister to live with them.

"Thank you," said May, "but they expect me, and I'd much rather walk. I am going to collect a few books and things of mine scattered about the house, which I should like to put together, and they can be sent any time that is convenient," and she went up to finish those last sad preparations, the parting from home for ever; nothing could ever make it home to her again. She had just finished her packing, when coming down to fetch a missing volume from the library, she heard loud voices in the room beyond, and saw her own maid come out in some excitement. She went in immediately, anxious to keep the peace.

"Your maid has been quite uncivil, May," said Alicia in an aggrieved tone, "wanting to carry off that inkstand and those Japan vases."

"I am very sorry," replied she; "but I had sent her for all my different little things, which I thought had better be put aside."

"But that inkstand is very pretty, and the vases ornament that end of the room. You mustn't take them away," said Alicia peevishly.

"The inkstand was a present from papa when Cecilia married, and Charlie brought me the vases from India years and years ago," said May a little hotly. "But you're quite welcome to keep them as long as you like for the present."

"And I'm sure you can't want them now, even if they are yours."

"If!" said May to herself as she left the room to fetch her bonnet without another word. She was troubled with herself at having been vexed. "How can anything signify to me at such a time?" she repeated.

As she passed behind the stables, by the quietest walk to the Rectory, she met Hastings.

"Where are you going to, May?" said he.

"To Tom's," said she, trying to conceal some inopportune tears.

"What, not to-day, my dear, I hope? Well, if you really prefer a little change, it may be best," said he, uneasily, thinking of his wife; "but you must always consider Fernyhurst your home, remember. I'll walk up with you," he went on kindly, taking her arm. "Do you really prefer walking?"

"Yes, very much," said she hurriedly.

"And your bags and boxes?"

At that moment he saw a gardener with a wheel-barrow laden with luggage coming out of the house. Hastings bit his lips, he saw at once how it was. At the same time, his own little boy came running out, shouting, "Aunt May's going in the wheel-barrow. Aunt May's riding up in the wheel-barrow."

"Alicia says the carriage has been out already. I shall want next to nothing for the present," said May, apologetically, when she saw her brother's annoyance.

Hastings was exceedingly angry, not only at the fact itself, but at the disrespect shown to a sister belonging to him. He hurried into the stable yard, and ordered the carriage, in a loud voice, "to take Miss Dimsdale's boxes up to the Rectory. She will walk herself with me," he added, in a

tone which much delighted the household, who had been greatly shocked at the disrespect shown to their young lady. The housekeeper's room, indeed, had prepared for rebellion, and declared they wouldn't stand such ways, and would resign *en masse*; but the place was traditionally comfortable, and they had been there too many years to change voluntarily, so they all thought better of it, — things look different before and after tea.

It was not a pleasant walk to either May or Hastings. He was extremely annoyed with his wife, and with himself, for not keeping her in better order; but the indolent half of him knew that he should be worsted in the long run, and this put him still more out of temper. Indeed, it was nearly as much in vindication of his own dignity, as out of regard for May's feelings, that he came with her to the Rectory door, and delivered her scrupulously over to the Rectory keeping.

He did not return home till the latest moment before dinner. "Alicia," he said, in a disgusted tone, "you might inaugurate your rule more wisely than this. Do you think you are likely to gain honour by sending away my sister, the daughter of one who was loved round the country, alone, with her bags in a wheel-barrow?"

"I didn't know they were going in a wheel-barrow. Why couldn't she wait till it suited me to drive up to the Rectory?"

"Drive up to the Rectory! A mile! Suited you!"

"And she's been wanting to half strip the house," she said peevishly.

"Strip the house, Alicia? You're too absurd."

"She sent her maid to carry off such pretty things out of the drawing-room."

"Well, I suppose they were hers."

"But we can't part with them, anyhow. Why should they be hers?"

"I say, Alicia, you're out of your senses. Send her everything that belongs to her; and let me hear no more of such ridiculous folly."

And he walked out of the room. But the things were not sent. Hastings inquired no more about them, and did not know which they were; and Alicia, if she had been asked, kept the excuse always ready, that they would go "some day."

May was so completely overdone, mind and body, that, to her great distress, the next morning, she was too ill to come out of her room at the Rectory. "A sort of low fever — overstrain of the nerves — headache. Perfect quiet," repeated the doctor. "She will soon get round here," he said, rather significantly.

It was nearly a week before she could appear at all.

The first day she came down-stairs was a bright, frosty March morning, and she lay sadly looking at the pleasant little garden, and thinking of all the pains her father had taken to make it and the house as perfect as he could.

"And here's the newspaper for you," said Sophia, bringing in an old *Morning Post* rather pompously. "Oh dear, have you seen all this about Lord Ardmore?"

She had that curious pleasure in reading diligently all the scraps she could find concerning "the aristocracy," without knowing any of them, which is not uncommon, or the information would not be supplied so liberally. Such great facts as that "the Marquis and Marchioness of Blankshire have returned to their town mansion," do not appear to be particularly interesting to those who have not the honour of the acquaintance of the marquis or the marchioness and are not in the least likely to enter their "town residence," but they seem to supply a queer sort of imaginative romantic food agreeable to the humdrum, — glances into a glorified existence of beings, supposed to live in perpetual fine clothes and jewels, in a golden whirl of croquet parties and dances, or riding on Mr. Disraeli's "Anatolian chargers," equally interesting whether considered as preternaturally wicked or charming. Indeed, without this craving, Mr. Disraeli would hardly have ventured to give the world some seventeen volumes chiefly devoted to the study of the natural history of Dukes, their wives, their sons, their daughters, their sons-in-law, their men-servants, their maid-servants, their horses, their small talk, their houses, their petticoats, and all that is theirs, with an occasional diversion upon the habits and customs of Marquises, and even as low down in the Peerage as Earls, though we feel this to be a fall in dignity which we rather resent after breathing the purer air of Dukedom. It is a kind of mild equivalent to the fairy tales of a younger age, of those kings and queens, and caliphs and princesses of Cloudland, who always walk about with their crowns upon their heads, and commit love or murder with equal serenity; though I myself plead guilty to liking the latter best — "le roi Charmant" and the "Prince Sincir" are pleasanter company. If I am to read of fine chariots, I prefer the one belonging to Cinderella's god-mother; and if of "strings of pearls" and "jewels, diamond and emerald," I like them by the plateful, such as Aladdin used to send to the Princess Badoura. It

is quite as real, and one has more for one's money. But this is a matter of taste, and I know this love of fairy tales was thought "silly" by Sophia.

"Look here, Tom," she went on, examining the paper: "'Decease of Lord Ardmore, aged twenty-nine.' Is not that the cousin of your friend, Mr. Scrope, whom you were at college with, and who used to come to Fernyhurst?"

"By Jove!" said Tom, taking the *Morning Post* from her, "is that young fellow dead? 'Fall from his horse—dragged'—how very sad. I wonder whether he has left a son. I remember Scrope saying he married two years ago."

"Here's another paragraph saying that 'we regret to state he has only one little daughter,'" said his wife, "and poor Lady Ardmore just going to be confined! Heir-presumptive the Honourable and Reverend Philip Scrope."

"To be sure; I forgot that," cried Tom, much excited. "Walter's father is the next heir. I'm sure I hope the poor woman will have sense enough to have another girl. There can't be much of the property, I'm afraid, left for anybody, for I remember Scrope once saying that the entail had been broken, and the young lord was making ducks and drakes of the estate; there was a long squabble, and they went to law about it."

May had a considerable access of fever that night, and Dr. Baker said she had been down-stairs too soon; but she knew better; she had been settling a point with herself. Walter would now probably be the heir to a position, if not to much property; she had refused him when he had nothing and was nobody; she never would degrade herself in her own eyes by doing anything to bring it on again, "For it would look—it would look" (and her cheeks glowed in the dark night as she lay and thought) "as if I had changed my mind because his position was changed."

Every day she investigated the newspapers. She had not long to wait; "Lady Ardmore of a still-born child" was soon announced. Tom was greatly excited, and wrote off his full tide of sympathy to his friend. The answer, as usual, was very affectionate, but a good deal of business had fallen to Walter's share, in consequence of his cousin's death, which his father was unable to transact; he intended, however, he wrote, to come down to his old haunts as soon as possible, and he ended with a very earnest message of condolence to May at Fernyhurst on her father's death, and of sorrow for the loss which he knew must be so great to her.

"He could hardly say less than that in common humanity," said she to herself. "Papa was so kind to him, and so fond of him."

She did not improve, and lay on the sofa utterly powerless to do anything, scarcely even to think, but quite able to suffer. Moreover, about this time Alicia began to come up continually to the Rectory, and insist on seeing her.

"You look so much better," she declared each time, seeing the crimson flush on May's cheeks, "that there can't be much the matter with you, my dear." She went on repeating the same to Sophia, and May began to see that the very respect for authority which had made Sophia behave well to the great house in the past time, now inclined her to transfer her allegiance to the powers that were, and do and think as Alicia directed.

"You must be sent to the seaside, Miss May, if you don't behave better than this," said the kind old doctor one day, with her fluttering pulse between his finger and thumb.

"I'd better be out of the way, if 'he' really does come," said May resolutely to herself, when the time for Walter Scrope's visit approached, and she accepted the banishment with a sort of fatalism. There was a small quiet village in a beautiful bay not twenty miles away, where a few houses let lodgings, and to which she was accordingly sent.

"She ought to have had the barouche. Why didn't you offer it, Alicia?" said Hastings, as he saw the fly drive past the lodge, too late for his kind thought for his sister to bear any fruit.

"I didn't think she was to go so early. We ought to have offered that you should have gone with her," said Tom, coming at a stride across the fields too late to do more than give a distant wave of the hand to May.

"Oh no, that wasn't necessary at all; Alicia says she's not nearly so ill as she thinks."

"My dear Sophia," he said affectionately, "how can you quote her? I declare ill-natured talk is as catching as small-pox. Considering all that May has gone through and lost lately, it isn't surprising if she knocked up a little."

And he arranged a visit to his sister without saying anything more to his wife. Whenever he really saw what was kind he did it, although he was a little narrow in his appreciation of the wants and wishes of others, and weighed them too absolutely by his own standards of thought and feeling.

The solitude was balm to May both in mind and body. The great solemn sea sympathizes more with the sad than the quiet, cheerful inland scenery. Moreover, she had made up her own mind, and it is indecision which wears out the nerves of soul and body too.

"I daresay I've been too masterful with life," she mused to herself, as she paced up and down the smooth sand day after day; "too anxious to carry out, not the right so much as my idea of what is right."

"It's a very different thing," she went on another time, as she watched the little white sails beating up against the wind, "to will to give up one's own will, and one's own comfort and all that, for other people; after all, that's only a refined way of having one's own way—and to have sacrifices forced upon one by others. I dare say it's the discipline one wanted, but it isn't nice," she ended, with a little cry of compassion over herself, as if it were for some one else.

Luckily, before her half-questioning had time to become morbid, Tom had arrived to see her, and he had no taste whatever for digging up the roots of life to see whether they were growing. There is no doubt that much of such husbandry is hurtful, but with none at all, our experience is apt to bear but little fruit. His visit, now, however, was like a bit of her old days, and helped to rouse her. He was exceedingly kind and affectionate in his own way, they walked and sat still, and talked of his own interests, and thoughts, and pursuits exclusively, not hers,—after the manner generally of a man, and which often makes his sympathy very useful to a woman as carrying her more entirely out of herself,—and then they were silent, the ever constant sounding sea making a chorus which filled up, as it were, the spaces of silence, and harmonized their talk, like the base in a symphony.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIFE'S SCHOOLING.

WALTER SCROPE'S visit, however, had again been indefinitely put off, and she smiled again at herself for her unnecessary expenditure of heroism. At the end of three weeks she came back to life again, fresh and ready for the strife, but feeling a little as if she had buried her youth, and begun prematurely a middle age.

Fernyhurst, however, could now never be more than a temporary halting place to her. Sophia was a particular housekeeper,

and though May paid scrupulously for her board, she felt she was an interference to various little economies which Mrs. Tom hardly liked to have seen. Beside which, May knew that Mrs. Longmore was hovering near, waiting to occupy the only good "spare room" at the Rectory; and however little desirable such society might be for Tom, she could not be the person to deprive him of it. Moreover, it was hardly possible for her to go on with her former work in the parish without interfering with somebody. She found that she was always getting into hot water on what seemed to be the most innocent subjects.

"May, did you desire that the girls at the school should have the geography lesson with the boys?" said Sophia one day, coming in deliberately and sitting down on the sofa opposite her with a solemn air.

"The new schoolmistress asked me what she was to do about it, and I said she had better go on in the old plan until she had asked Tom," replied she.

"Alicia thinks, and I entirely agree with her," went on the parish priestess, somewhat consequentially, "that there's no use in geography for girls, and that there's been a great deal too much taught them in the schools here; it only makes them uppish."

"Alicia knows so much herself that she thinks knowledge dangerous — poaching on her preserves, I suppose," said Tom, laughing.

"But you wouldn't shut out geography altogether, surely," observed May a little anxiously.

"That they should know about Palestine perhaps is all very well, but what's the use of *that*, I should like to know," said Sophia with much disgust as she pointed to a map of England which May was mounting at the moment.

It was no comfort to May that her brothers stepped in, and required that the obnoxious instruction should still be given; it only made her sisters-in-law more determined in their own way, and more set against hers; and after a few more ineffectual attempts to discover some inoffensive work which should clash with with nobody's views, she gladly accepted a very warm invitation from Cecilia. Colonel Seymour was a kindly man, and an observant one. He had been considerably annoyed by what he had seen of Alicia's manner to May; while Cecilia, though with something of the same kind of spirit as Hastings, had been greatly moved by his account — "No sister of hers should

be treated in that careless way," she declared, and half from pity and half from opposition to Alicia, she had shown herself really anxious to receive May.

Mrs. Dimsdale, relieved from all fear that May would expect to live with them, began to bow a little to public opinion, which set clearly in the direction of the departed dynasty. She had been considerably bored by the perpetual inquiries after May—"her charming sister-in-law would soon return to them of course," "such a companion," &c. Aristides himself could not have been more tiresome. At last she insisted on May's coming to pay a parting visit to Fernyhurst. To stay in the house was a trial, almost as great as any she had yet had to encounter; it was bitter to her to see Alicia and her ways in the dear old haunts. She had seemed to take a pleasure in changing everything that could be changed in a small way, and the very flourishing about of the furniture had disturbed some of May's pet associations; she was ashamed of herself for feeling such little things so keenly while she was perpetually called upon by Alicia for admiration.

"You see how extremely I have improved the look of the room, May, by sending away that stupid little table," said she, with her usual important tone. It was the one her mother always used, and May could not give a very cordial assent. "And then that uncomfortable chair, which I believe your father used to sit in—Hastings says so, but I don't believe he knows—I'm sure nobody'll like it now, so I've just sent it into a bedroom."

"Yes, indeed," was all that May could manage to bring out—indeed, though she did her best during her visit to talk and be cheerful, her attention from time to time wandered far off into the past, and she sometimes forgot to answer and sat, still, pale, and absorbed. Alicia supposed herself to be trying to be kind, and was therefore more consequential and patronizing than ever.

"I really trust we shall have quite a pleasant autumn this year," she was saying on the evening before May's departure. "Mamma writes me word that she thinks we might persuade the Duchess Dowager to come to us in September. If we should happen to have room, May, perhaps we might squeeze you in, but naturally you understand we must be particular for the Duchess."

"What, you don't mean that you want to have that dreadful old woman!" mut-

tered Hastings with something between a yawn and a groan; "why she's the greatest bore in Christendom!"

"I'm surprised, Hastings, you can talk in such a way of such a friend of my family," cried his wife eagerly and angrily.

"What, are you going to bed already, May?" interrupted Hastings. "You really prefer the early train, dear? of course the carriage shall be ready whenever you wish." And as his sister closed the door he looked after her. "I wish May were going to stay with us, I'm sure; she would interest one a little," he went on in a more moved tone than usual. He found life somewhat dull, he had no country tastes or pursuits except hunting and shooting, and one can't hunt or shoot in June. Many of the people who had been glad to see him in old days had dropped off since his marriage, and the prospect of the "Duchess Dowager" did not quite compensate to him for the loss; there had been a time when his soul longed after such society, but now it bored him, as indeed did most other things. "May's worth fifty thousand of your Duchess Dowagers," said he rather injudiciously for his object. "I can't think why you haven't managed for her to live with us; I'm sure you might have persuaded her if you'd pleased."

"I can't think what people mean by calling May clever," replied his wife a little acrimoniously. "She doesn't seem to understand the simplest thing when I talk to her. I have often to repeat the whole all over again, and then she gives a weakly sickly smile, and says 'indeed.' If it had been any one else I should have said she hadn't got all her wits—quite below par."

"I have no doubt you would, my dear," answered her husband quietly; "but then you know you are so very clever yourself."

Alicia had hardly yet come to understand her husband's irony, for the development of which indeed he was indebted to his wife—nature had not intended it for him originally. She was quite satisfied at all events with his acquiescence in facts: indeed, as to opinion, she was so clearly always in the right that it did not so much signify to her whether he agreed or not. She was like the Duchesse de Maine, whom her lady of honour reported as saying seriously of herself, "Après tout il n'y a que moi qui ait toujours raison;" Alicia too was "always right" (in her own eyes).

Hastings was more fastidious than really refined, which is quite a different thing;

though one is often mistaken for the other. Still it was the vulgarity of his wife's mind even more than that of her manners which so vexed him, the unconscious caricature in her of all those tendencies to overvalue position and money, and fine people and fine houses, which he could not help feeling in himself, and despising himself continually, chiefly through the reflection in her, for feeling. She was like the slave in the Roman pageant, always reminding him how small he was, and he could not be comfortably content, as she was, in that mean condition. His taste was good, and his affections were true, but they only served to render his life uncomfortable, to enable him to see enough of the right to make him dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings, without giving him the energy to set matters straight, or the philosophy to put up with the inevitable. He was vexed at May's departure. All he wanted, as he said to himself in an aggrieved tone that evening when he reached his own study, was "to get through the world with as little trouble as possible, and he had twice as many worries as any one else." He could neither manage his wife nor put up with her.

"I believe it's always the inferior who rules in a household," he comforted himself by declaring, as he pondered over it discontentedly, lying back in his chair with his arms crossed behind his head. And there is a good deal of truth in the notion; the superior mind, whether male or female, cares in general comparatively little about the trifles in dispute; it is satisfied to bear the inconvenience or the mistake, rather than to fill its thoughts with what is uninteresting, poor, and small. Besides which, being many-sided, it is willing to give scope to an individuality different to its own; and so the pertinacious little mind, always on the watch, taking advantage of every small victory, every increase of territory by lapse, gradually encroaches over the whole field, and Gulliver finds himself bound down by infinitesimal cords from the hair of his head to the soles of his feet. True, he might break through them if he pleased, but with many men and women of power this is too much trouble; it is not worth while, and so they think out their thoughts alone, in that solitude where a stranger intermeddles not; and even in instances of far stronger characters than that of poor Hastings, you wonder at the strange sight of a good, and clever, and affectionate man going down to his grave without having influenced his wife's opinions or

habits by a hair's breadth. After all, who can explain that subtle thing called influence?

The moonlight was pouring through the open window when May reached her room, and as she leant out of it sweet scents came up from jessamine and sweetbriar, and the old-fashioned roses tangled against the house, made sweeter by the night air. Still, pure, and cold, the light lay on the shaven velvet turf, the beds of flowers, the well-known outline of the trees, but all colour was gone out of them. She could hear Hastings stirring in the room below, which had been her father's; all was so much the same and yet so utterly different; a bat flitted noiselessly by, like the ghost of a bird, and the strange look which familiar objects bear in the quiet night, as if the life had died out of them, made her feel like a ghost herself wandering in her old world,—its outlines were all still the same, but the colour had died out of them for her. She had reached resignation, but it was not yet peace, as she sat on, nearly as still and cold as the moonlit scene itself, till long after midnight, trying as it were to look at what was before her eyes, but in reality with a tumult of thoughts and recollections rushing through her brain, which whirled her along in strange contrast to the outer world before her. When she returned to herself the great stable clock was striking, the little cheerful breeze which precedes the dawn was rising: her "last day" at Fernyhurst was over.

It was a brilliant summer's morning as she drove away to the railway station. Fernyhurst was in the full glory of the flush of June, the great woods in the first richness of their foliage, the heavy greens of later months hardly begun, a luxuriant world of flowers and leaves seemed bursting into life in every direction, the sun shone through the bright beech-leaves with an almost golden glory, showers of pink roses hung over the holly bushes, foxgloves peeped out of the open wood glades. She had a recollection hung round almost every tree and bush, every peep of blue distance and sunny slope, all the evidences of thought and taste so lavishly bestowed upon the inanimate things, far longer lived than the devisers who had fashioned them with such care; and she looked her last out of each side of the carriage alternately, with a bitter, silent renunciation of all that had made life dear to her, which was almost stern in its completeness. That chapter in her history was indeed ended.

From The Saint James Magazine.
THE ABBE EDGWORTH.

FEW readers of the history of the French Revolution can have forgotten the words, whether true or apocryphal, ascribed to the Abbé Edgworth, as he stood beside the scaffold when the head of his royal master, Louis XVI., was struck off by the guillotine, in what is now the Place Vendôme at Paris, on the 21st of January, 1793 — "*Montez au ciel, Fils de St. Louis!*" But only very few particulars concerning the life of the worthy Abbé are generally known; and in consequence his bravery and courage have not met by any means with the appreciation which they deserve at the hands of the writers of history and biography.

The Edgworths of Edgworthstown, in the county of Longford, are a family of English extraction, and according to Sir Bernard Burke's "*Landed Gentry*," came originally from Edgware, formerly called Edgworth, in Middlesex. It appears that in the reign of Elizabeth, probably about the year 1582, two brothers of this family, Edward and Francis, settled in Ireland, probably under the patronage of Essex and Cecil, as the names of those two statesmen were kept up as baptismal names in the family for two centuries and more. Edward became Bishop of Down and Connor, and Francis was appointed Clerk of the Hanaper Office in Dublin under James I. By his wife, who was one of the Tuites of Sonna, in the county of Westmeath, he had a son, Captain John Edgworth, who had by his first wife a son, also John, and who married as his second wife a wealthy widow, Mrs. Bridgman, widow of Mr. Edmund Bridgman, brother of Sir Orlando Bridgman, the Lord Keeper. This widow lady had by her first husband an only daughter, who married her second husband's son by his former wife, Sir John Edgworth, and so brought into the Edgworth family not only a round sum in money, but some estates in Lancashire. This marriage between the young people was blessed by a family of eight sons, of whom the eldest, Colonel Francis Edgworth, of Edgworthstown, raised a regiment for William III. in his Irish wars, and was the grandfather of the well-known mechanical philosopher and writer on Inventions and Education, Richard Lovell Edgworth, whose daughter, Maria Edgworth, the novelist, died in our own days at the age of eighty-two, in the year 1849.

Sir John Edgworth's fifth son, Essex Edgworth, had a son, Robert, who in his turn became the father of the subject of this brief sketch. Robert Edgworth was married to a granddaughter of Archbishop Usher; he held the living of Edgworthstown; and it was in the parsonage of Edgworthstown — the same house in which Oliver Goldsmith learned the first rudiments of education from his preceptor, Patrick Hughes — that Henry Essex Edgworth came into the world, in the eventful year, 1745.

When his child was only four years old, Mr. Robert Edgworth resolved, from the highest of conscientious motives, to give up his preferment and become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, along with his wife and family. The penal laws against Roman Catholics at this time were in full vigour, and the recent rising in Scotland in aid of the Stuart cause had not disposed the Government to relax an iota of their rigour. Accordingly Mr. Edgworth resolved to remove to France, and he settled at Toulouse, taking with him his daughter and his sons Robert and Henry, while he left a third son, Usher, in Ireland. At Toulouse he supported his household out of the income of a small estate which he owned in the county of Longford, called Firmount, — the same from which his son Henry afterwards took his title as "*Abbé de Firmont*."

But little is known of the early years of the future Abbé, except that in due course he was sent to the University of Toulouse, where his favourite studies were rhetoric and the ancient classics. Afterwards, at the suggestion of Dr. Moylan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, young Edgworth entered the seminary of "*Trent Trois*" at Paris, under the care of the venerable Abbé de la Roche. While here, he went through a course of philosophy at the college of Navarre, and another of theology at the Sorbonne; and eventually, having been ordained, settled down as a chaplain of the seminary of *Les Missions Etrangères* in the Rue de Bacq. We learn from the funeral sermon preached after his death at the French Chapel, in King Street, Portman Square, that his labours in Paris were quite worthy of an apostle. "In this immense city, where all the passions of mankind ferment and seethe as in a caldron, and where vice, with so much art, presents itself under such a variety of forms, he began his ministrations. . . . Never did any man show a more unvaried tenderness and gentleness, or a piety more consoling to his fellow-creatures. This evangelical man

was almost always to be seen with his countenance radiant with joy, surrounded by the poor and the lower orders of *ouvriers* of Paris, leading them and drawing them to his tribunal of peace." He devoted the early hours of every day especially to the religious instruction of the poor natives of Savoy; this instruction he delivered in his church; the rest of the day he would devote to study and prayer. Such conduct presented, we may suppose, a bright and refreshing contrast to the worldly lives of many of the courtly and self-indulgent ecclesiastics of his day; and we need scarcely feel any surprise at learning that the fame of Mr. Edgworth's conduct was spread far beyond the limits of the French capital. Among other places to which it penetrated was his native island; and it was in the interests of true religion, and in the hope of throwing cold water upon the heat of party animosity and political strife, that the heads of the Roman Catholic Church besought his acceptance of a bishopric in Ireland. This offer, however, he declined with unaffected piety and humility: France was the land of his adoption, and to her sons he resolved to devote himself heart and soul; and accordingly he persevered year after year in the discharge of his clerical duties at Paris.

He was drawn towards the court and royalty almost against his own wish, and certainly without his own seeking. On the death of her own confessor, the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the king, wrote to the Superior of *Les Missions Étrangères*, requesting that he would recommend to her a successor in that post. He at once chose the Abbé Edgworth out of all the clergy of Paris, as the man in whom the Princess might place implicit confidence. It was necessary that the choice should be ratified by the Archbishop of Paris; and this point was not one of difficulty. The prelate already regarded him with esteem and affection; and not only approved his appointment, but presented him at court in person. It is almost needless to add, that he soon came to be much beloved by the princess whose conscience it was his office to direct; and that by her means he became known to and esteemed by the rest of the royal family. From this period till the outbreak of the Revolution, the Abbé Edgworth, or Abbé de Firmont, as he was called, fulfilled his duties quietly and unostentatiously both in the streets and by-lanes of Paris, and also at its court, leaving no trace of his history except on the

hearts of those to whom his virtues were known—his Savoyards, and such English and Irish as chanced to come as visitors to Paris. He shrank from the festivities of Versailles, and kept equally clear of court intrigues and of popular cabals. How, and with what feelings, he regarded the dark clouds which heralded the approach of the Revolution, may be gathered from some of his letters to his friend, Bishop Moylan, which were published in a small "Memoir" by his cousin, Mr. C. S. Edgworth, in 1815.

At first he appears to have thought that the troubles would pass away, though at the cost of much loss of dignity, prestige, and power, to both the Church and the monarchy of France: but as the storm drew nearer, he read its meaning more clearly and distinctly; and he appears to have forecast the issue of events with more than average justice. He writes in October, 1789,—"You must not judge the French of to-day by what they were a few years ago. No nation in the world has ever undergone so complete a change of principles in so short a time. Modern philosophy has broken down all religious and all social ties. Unbelief has crept downwards from the master to the groom; and if things go on thus a few years longer, the French will have nothing remaining of that they formerly were but their language and their name. . . . God alone knows what the issue will be. But in all likelihood, if France is to be saved from utter ruin, she will be indebted for her new life to the remoter provinces where corruption of principles does not so universally prevail as in the cities. . . . But then a civil war must ensue, which is an evil still greater than those which we now experience." And then, after telling his correspondent about the designs and acts of the National Assembly, he concludes by saying that, like a good soldier, he will not desert his post at Paris.

As almost all the Abbé's correspondence with his brothers Robert and Usher in Ireland, and with the various lay and clerical personages with whom he was brought into contact during his long residence at Paris, were burnt or destroyed, it is impossible to give more than the roughest and faintest outline of a character which, if it could be filled up carefully, would prove one of the most noble as well as the most amiable that has often been seen, even in the best of modern Roman ecclesiastics. We must, however, be content to draw our idea of his character with the only authentic source, his

own narrative of the last moments of Louis XVI., which is given in French as a supplement to the work to which we have already alluded. A copy of this narrative exists in MS. in the library of the British Museum. It forms part of a splendid work, carefully and beautifully written, and illustrated with portraits, designed by the pen, of most of the royal family of France, and of many individuals who distinguished themselves during the Revolution. It is the work of le Marquis de Sy.

It appears from this narrative that the Abbé Edgorth received from the king, when as yet his fate was pending and trembling in the balance, a message which seems as if he even then anticipated the worst. The message was in reality a request that, if his subjects should be contented with nothing short of his blood, he would attend him at the fatal scaffold. The king "asked as a *faavour*," modestly observes the Abbé, "what he had a right to claim as a *duty*." This must have happened early in January, 1793, as a few days afterwards, on the 20th of that month, at four in the afternoon the Abbé received through a stranger a summons from the "Executive Council" to attend its sitting on "business of the highest importance." A carriage awaited him at the corner of the street: he got into it along with the stranger, and was driven to the Tuileries. He found the ministers all assembled, with consternation depicted on their countenances. They arose. The minister of justice asked him: "Are you the Citizen Edgorth de Firmont?" He replied "Yes." "Louis Capet," continued the minister, "having expressed to us his desire to have you near him at his last moments, we have sent for you to know whether you consent to the service that he requires of you." On the Abbé assenting, the minister replied, "Then you will go with me to the Temple, whither I will conduct you." An escort of horse and the minister's carriage were at the door: the minister and the Abbé entered the coach, the latter still dressed, not as a cleric, but as an ordinary citizen, the priestly garb having been laid aside by the mad revolutionary frenzy that was abroad. On the road the minister exclaimed, "What a man! what resignation! what courage!" alluding no doubt to the king, and added that it must be something higher than human fortitude which sustained him: but before the Abbé could collect himself sufficiently to make an answer, the coach was at the gate of the Temple. The min-

ister and the Abbé entered, and both were strictly searched, even to the extent of inspecting the latter's snuff-box and pencil-case; they crossed the garden court to the inner tower. "Here," says the narrative, "the scene became horrible beyond description: the door of the tower, though very narrow and very low, opened with a terrible noise, being loaded with iron bolts and bars: we passed on through a hall filled with guards." To these the minister read some papers which he had brought from the Tuileries, and which explained his commission.

They sat down upon a bench among the guards and sentinels; these were "*sans culottes*, and almost all drunk, and their shouts re-echoed horribly through the vaults of the Temple." Almost immediately word was brought by a drunken guard that "Citizen Edgorth" was allowed to see "Louis Capet." He went up a narrow winding stair, every stage of steps guarded by a barrier and a sentinel, and reached the king's apartment in time to hear the minister of justice, surrounded by some members of the commune, a group of about eight persons, read aloud to him the decree which sentenced him to be executed on the following morning at eight o'clock. On their retirement he was left alone with the king, at whose feet he fell speechless and in tears. But the soul of "Louis Capet," like that of our own King Charles, rose with his troubles and trials. He raised the Abbé up, and led him into an inner closet, and put into his hands a sealed packet containing his will. The king broke open the seal and read the will aloud with a firm voice: asked for news respecting the French Church and the clergy,—most of them had fled to England for refuge—especially Cardinal de Rochefoucault, the Bishop of Clermont, and the Archbishop of Paris, to the last of whom he desired to be commended, with an assurance that he died a loyal son of the French Church. At this moment the members of the king's own family were ushered in, the queen, the dauphin, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, who all were bathed in tears, while the king alone sat calm and tranquil. The visit at an end, the sad parting followed: and the king and the faithful Abbé retired once more into the inner closet. A repast of five minutes being concluded, the king desired at once to make his confession, and, his conscience being at peace, to hear mass and to receive the communion. A request to this effect, which the Abbé conveyed to the Council Hall, startled and staggered

the ministers; but the request was granted: the bread and the wine were ordered to be procured, and an altar to be erected in the king's room; the petition was granted on the ground that Louis Capet's request was "conformable to the law, which declares that all forms of worship are free."

The Abbé was allowed to pass the night in the Temple with his sovereign, and he took such rest as he could get on a bench in his valet's closet, through the thin partition of which he could hear the king coolly and tranquilly giving directions for the next day.

The calm, dignified, and truly royal demeanour of the king at the place of execution is known to all readers of history. Others have told us how King Charles at Whitehall,

"Called not the Gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his hopeless right,
But with undaunted eye
The axe's edge did try,
Then bowed his kingly head
Down, as upon a bed."

But it was reserved for the Abbé Edgorth to relate how Louis spent his last night in the Temple in penitence and prayer; how shriven and absolved by the Abbé he received at his hands the holy Eucharist by way of preparation for the last act of all. "The king," he writes, "heard mass; he knelt on the ground without cushion or desk; he then received at my hands the sacrament, after which I left him for a short time at his prayers. He soon sent for me again: I found him seated near his stove, where he could scarcely warm himself. 'O my God,' said he, 'how happy I am in the possession of my religious principles! without them what should I now be! But with them, how sweet death appears to me. Yes, there dwells on high an incorruptible Judge, from whom I shall receive the justice refused to me on earth.'"

When the fatal hour arrived, the beating of the drums, the shouts of the populace, the angry mocking taunts of the guards and other officials, Santerre and his crew, moved everyone else: but the king was as calm as ever; he handed his will to the bystanders, simply requesting that the chamber would take care of his faithful valet, Clery, and allow him to enter the service of "the queen, my wife." He now entered the carriage which was to convey him to the place of execution, and was about to say farewell to the Abbé, whose attendance upon him he thought had

ended when he quitted the Temple. But the faithful priest walked by his royal master's side through the file of gendarmes, and took his seat beside him, though he knew that there were rumours of a rescue being attempted at the last moment, and that orders had been given by the ruling powers to the gendarmes to dispatch the king forthwith in case of the slightest murmur from the people; and in such a case it is impossible to suppose that the confessor by his side would have been allowed to escape. "These apprehended murmurs," writes the Abbé, "were not imaginary; for a great number of people devoted to the king, had resolved on tearing him, at the last moment, from the hands of his guards, or at least on making the attempt. Two of the principal actors in this affair, young men whose names are well known, found means to inform me overnight of their intentions; and though my hopes were not sanguine, I did not yet despair of a rescue being effected even at the foot of the scaffold. I have since heard that the orders for that dreadful morning had been planned with so much art and precision, that out of four or five hundred persons thus devoted to their prince, only twenty-five succeeded in reaching the place of rendezvous. In consequence of the measures taken before daybreak in all the streets of Paris, none of the rest were able to get out of their houses. . . . As another precaution, the authorities had placed before the horses' heads a great number of drums with the intention of drowning any noise or murmur that might be made in favour of the king."

On ascending the scaffold the king said in a calm and dignified tone, "Gentlemen, I commend to you this good man; take care that after my death no insult be offered him; I charge you to prevent it." He refused to be bound or blinded; but quietly said that he could drink the cup of death even to the dregs. He walked across the scaffold with a firm step, and undaunted look; and in spite of the beating of the drums he was heard by the bystanders to utter distinctly these last memorable words, "Je meurs innocent de tous les crimes qu'on m'impute. Je pardonne aux auteurs de ma mort, et je prie Dieu que le sang que vous allez répandre ne retombe jamais sur la France." Here he was interrupted by a man on horseback, in the national uniform, who waved a black flag as a sign for the executioner to do his work.* "Louis Capet" bowed his

* It must have been at this moment, as the story

head upon the block, and the knife at one blow severed his head from his body. One of the guards took up the head by the hair, and carried it round by the edge of the scaffold for the people to see. The response was a loud and long cry of *Vive la République!* and the tragedy was at an end.

But we are in danger of forgetting the fact that it is not the life of Louis XVI., but that of the Abbé Edgorth, which immediately concerns us. The account of his last interview with the king is taken from an authentic narrative which exists in French, and which was made for the late Marquis of Buckingham, and is now in the British Museum. The rest of the facts relating to the venerable Abbé's life we must be content to glean from his letters to his brother, Usher.

It appears that after the flight of the Archbishop of Paris in the autumn of 1792, he was entrusted with the management of the affairs of the diocese, and therefore he remained in Paris, sometimes at his house in the Rue de Bacq, and at other times in concealment at the apartments of his mother and sister in another part of the town. In September he first received from the king a hint of the fate which he even then foresaw, and a request that, if the worst should happen, he would be his friend and stand by him to the last. The request was met by a promise, and the reader knows how faithfully that promise was kept. During the long months which passed between the arrest of the king and his execution, the Abbé continued to console and to cheer the royal family, going to the palace in his clerical dress, when no other ecclesiastic dared to appear in public. Twice during that time his house was attacked and broken into by bands of armed men, and on each occasion his life was saved by little short of a miracle. A story was then noised abroad to the effect that he had entered the national guard in disguise, and so continued to have frequent interviews with Madame Elizabeth and the king in the Temple; and accordingly he was obliged to secrete himself for a time at Choisy, about nine miles from Paris. His return to the capital be-

fore the execution of the king was an act of the greater bravery because the general opinion was that the priest who should minister to the king in his last moments would not survive his prince, but would be torn in pieces by the maddened populace; still he resolved to throw his lot in with his royal master—with what result the reader knows.

As soon as the fatal blow was struck, the Abbé tells us that he fell on his knees and was sprinkled with the blood which streamed from his master's neck; then, seeing himself surrounded with thousands of men in arms, he calmly commended himself to the protection of God, and walked away in the direction where the crowd seemed thinnest. All eyes were fixed on him, but no one offered any resistance, and in a few moments he was lost in the mob, as he wore on this sad occasion no distinctive dress. The first visit that he paid was to M. Malesherbes, who urged him at once to fly not only from Paris but from France; but he had still to think of his duty to Madame Elizabeth, and he had some commissions of importance to execute for his dead master. So he retired under cover of the night to the house of the Baron de Lezardiere, about three leagues from the capital. While here, he paid repeated visits to his flock in Paris by night, returning to the country before day-break, and this, too, in spite of the fact that a price had been set upon his head. At length, his worthy host's house being invaded and searched, and he and his family having been carried off to Paris,* he retreated to Montigny, where, under the assumed name of M. Essex, he was sheltered in the chateau of Le Comte de Roche Chouart; and, a report having been freely spread abroad that he had already escaped to England and had had several interviews with Mr. Pitt, his name came to be almost forgotten. This fact made it the more easy for him to effect his escape in reality. Yet, resolved not to quit the soil of France while a chance remained of being of use to Madame Elizabeth, he retired to Bayeux, in Normandy, where he lived for eighteen months in disguise, together with his old and attached friends, the De Lezardières.

The sudden seizure and execution of Madame Elizabeth put an end to the Abbé's desire to remain at all cost in France; he at once crossed the Channel in an open boat, and reaching the hos-

is told, that the faithful abbé uttered those memorable words which have been so often quoted—*"Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!"* But the Abbé himself, in his modest account of the fatal morning, tells us that he can neither affirm nor deny having uttered them, for that so entirely were his thoughts centred in his king, that he could remember nothing about himself at that terrible moment. The fact of his not recollecting the words is perhaps the best proof that they were spoken from the impulse, we had almost said the inspiration, of the moment.

* It may be interesting to the reader to know that they ultimately escaped.

pitable shores of England, made his way to London, and thence to Edinburgh, where, 'Monsieur'—afterwards Louis XVIII.—was residing, and to whom he was the bearer of some secret and sacred message from Madame Elizabeth. Returning to London, he was favoured with an interview with Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, who offered on the part of the king to settle on him a pension for life; but this he declined, being unwilling to be a burden to a country which had already done so much for the French *émigrés*. During some three months which he spent in London, his polished manners and the story of his adventures and sufferings made him an object of interest in all circles, and he received invitations from men of all ranks and of all parties. But he preferred retirement to publicity, and resolved to follow the fortunes of the exiled House of Bourbon. Accordingly he joined the establishment of the royal family of France at Mittau, receiving the appointment of almoner. On behalf of his master he made a journey to St. Petersburg to receive for him from the hands of the Russian emperor the Order of St. Alexander. When he arrived at the palace the Emperor Paul was so much struck by his venerable appearance, that he fell down on his knees and implored his blessing, presented the Abbé with his picture set in diamonds, and settled on him an annual pension of 600 roubles. The picture the Abbé laid at the feet of his sovereign; the pension he divided with the poor.

The rest of the Abbé's story is soon told. In 1807, the French emperor directed the arms of France against the dominions of Russia. During the campaign it so happened that some French soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, were sent to Mittau. "Though they had borne arms against the House of Bourbon, yet, in the true spirit of Christian forgiveness, the fact was forgotten by Louis XVIII. and by the Abbé Edgorth, who, with his master's permission, attended upon them in their prison, to bestow on them the consolations of religion." A contagious fever broke out among them; but the venerable Abbé did not discontinue his daily visits. Ere long he too caught the prison fever. In the

May of that year as he lay prostrate on what proved to be his deathbed, he was nursed tenderly and affectionately by the daughter of the sovereign by whose side he had stood upon the scaffold at Paris; and it was she who administered to him medicine with her own hands, received his last breath, and closed his dying eyes—a bright example of the reward which, even in this world, will sometimes wait on true friendship and loyalty. He died, after an illness of five days, May 22nd, 1807, at the age of 62.

The Court of Louis XVIII. went into mourning for the Abbé Edgorth de Firmont. The Duke and the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Archbishop of Rheims, and all the nobility who followed the fortunes of the Bourbon Court, attended his funeral. His epitaph was written by the king of France, and a copy of it, with a most tender and touching letter in the king's own autograph was sent to his brother, Usher Edgorth. In the latter he said, "You will weep for the best and tenderest of brothers. I lament a friend, a benefactor—one who guided the king, my brother, on his way to heaven, and pointed out the same path to me. The world did not deserve to possess him any longer. Let us submit to this stroke, reflecting that he is gone to receive the reward due to his virtues." His epitaph ran as follows: "*Hic jacet vir Reverendissimus, Henricus Essex Edgorth de Firmont, sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ sacerdos, Vicarius Generalis Ecclesiæ Parisiensis; qui Redemptoris nostri vestigia tenens, oculus cæco, pes claudo, pater pauperibus, mœrentibus consolator fuit. Ludovicum XVI. ab impiis rebellibusque subditis morti deditum ad ultimum certamen roboravit, strenuoque martyri cœlos apertos ostendit. E manibus Regicidarum mirâ Dei protectione ereptus, Ludovico XVIII. eum ad se vocanti ultrò accurrens, et per decem annos regiæ ejus familiæ, necnon et fidelibus sodalibus exemplar virtutum, levamen malorum, sese præbuit, per multas et varias regiones temporum calamitate actus, Illi Quem semper colebat semper similis, pertransiit benefaciendo. Plenus tandem operibus bonis obiit, die 22 Maii mensis, A.D. MDCCCVII., ætatis vero sue LXII. Requiescat in pace.*"

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE PASSAGE OF THE MONT CENIS.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED.

FROM the time of Hannibal—who is said to have smoothed the way over the rugged path across the Alps by melting the rocks with vinegar—to that of the great Napoleon, who conveyed troops, stores and artillery, over the same route with the indomitable energy that marked his character, the way from Gaul to Italy by the valleys of the Rhone, the Isère and the Arc, across a narrow and not very lofty mountain crest into the valley of the Dora, and so into the rich plains of Piedmont, has been a common and favourite route for commercial and warlike purposes. This pass, one of a large number not very different originally in point of accessibility, but now the best and most convenient of all, crosses close to the Mont Cenis, the highest part of the road being 2,100 metres or 6,890 feet above the sea. At the beginning of the present century it still remained as it had done for ages, altogether inaccessible for wheel carriages, and it was not till 1803 that the construction of a practical road commenced. In 1810 this road was completed, at the cost, it is said, of seven and a half millions of francs (300,000*l.* sterling), and the road thus formed is perhaps still as remarkable among works of its kind as any mountain road in existence. From the foot of the mountain on the French side almost to the summit, it consists of a succession of zig-zags, so that the rise for carriages consists of an easy and regular slope. On the other, or Italian side, the descent is naturally easier and more gentle, and the run down to Susa offered no considerable difficulty to the engineer. But if the road is easy and well engineered, it must be admitted on the other hand that it is not remarkably picturesque; the glimpses of lofty mountains covered with snow being in summer few and distant. The Mont Cenis road is, in fact, as common-place as Alpine scenery can well be, and nothing was wanted but a railroad and tunnel to remove it altogether from the regions of romance, and reduce the journey from France to Italy to the absolute level of modern civilization.

But, after all, the Alpine valleys cannot be made to lose their interest by any amount of facility in getting from one place to another. It is quite impossible for any intelligent person to travel along the modern line of railroad from Culoz by Ambrérieu, and Chambéry to Aiguebelle and St. Michel, without being charmed with

the magnificence and grandeur of the mighty Alps, amongst whose valleys he is making his way. He is met at every turn with phenomena nowhere to be found in Europe but in this great mountain system. The charming lake of Bourget, the views from Chambéry, the gradual closing in of the mountains when the Iséran valley is left and that of the Arc is entered, the change in the character of the scenery with the change of the rocks, the pine forests and other vegetation, and a hundred details of great and varied interest, make the time pass rapidly in spite of the slowness of the train. St. Michel is reached too soon, and it is then that the serious business of the passage of the Alps may be said to commence. It is only within the last two or three years that there was much choice from this point in the selection of conveyances. A long range of massive diligences, somewhat reduced from the standard weight and clumsiness, but still heavy and lumbering enough, were till then always to be seen drawn up in a row in the wide court-yard of the railway station, and carriages of lighter build were also there for hire. But the latter commanded very high prices, and no other varieties of accommodation presented themselves. In winter old diligences, the wheels being removed, served as sledges, but they rarely came down into the valley. The road then continued along the valley of the Arc to Lanslebourg, through a wild, scarcely cultivable tract of small width, with a rushing torrent on one side and a steep precipitous mountain slope on the other. It has always been subject to injury and interruption, both after heavy rains in spring and from winter avalanches. A few years ago, communication between France and Italy was seriously interrupted by an accident of this kind. At Lanslebourg, a small hamlet of a score wooden huts, the road up the mountain side commenced. Lanslebourg itself is 4,630 feet above the sea, and therefore the rise from this point is only 2,360 feet. The mountain side is very steep, and the facility with which the ascent is made is entirely due to the zig-zags, which are most ingeniously constructed. Near the summit is a large lake celebrated for its trout: it is frozen half the year, being 6,290 feet above the sea. From the summit into Italy the descent is long and easy. The whole distance from Lanslebourg to Susa is 23 miles. There are no especially fine points of view in any part of the ascent or descent, and although Mont Blanc is distant only about 40 miles, there is no indication anywhere of the

scenery of this important part of the Savoy chain.

Along this same road, generally occupying a portion of it, and nowhere at a distance of more than a few yards from it, has been constructed the ingenious and remarkable railway known as the "Fell" or mountain railway. Its inventor is an American, and on the spot the line is called by the common people "e train American." The peculiarity of this railway consists in the contrivances by which extra horizontal wheels, attached to and worked by the engine, are made to clasp, as it were, a central or third rail, and carry on the engine and train up or down an incline of one in twelve without much difference of speed, turning also the whole train on a curve of as little as 40 feet radius. The engine and the separate carriages are short and low, and to each carriage are attached powerful breaks, which can also be made to clasp the central rail and thus stop the whole train if required, even when going at a quick pace down a steep incline. This railway is now laid along the whole distance from St. Michel to Susa, and the whole distance (between fifty and sixty miles) is traversed at the rate of ten miles an hour under ordinary circumstances.

The traveller has, however, still the choice of proceeding by the diligence, and there is never wanting a sufficient number of passengers to render this a profitable speculation. In the first place the rail though under ordinary circumstances in good working order, is subject to little accidents involving great delays. The diligence, if slow, is tolerably sure. In the next place the diligence is far better than the railway for those who desire to enjoy the scenery. In the third place it is decidedly cheaper, and this is no trifling consideration in the case of a journey which is always, and of necessity, very expensive in proportion to the distance.

The delays of the railroad arise from various causes. The engine is often incapable of carrying the weight attached to it, which does not exceed three, or at most, four small carriages in the valley and two on the mountain. There are also occasionally trifling derangements of machinery, of no serious moment, but involving delay. Even in summer this happens constantly; but in winter the delays of this kind are very much more frequent and serious. Every one who has the opportunity should travel over the line once or twice to do justice to its extreme ingenuity, and the success with which it

overcomes the most serious engineering difficulties, in mounting the steep slopes and rounding almost impossible curves. The great danger occurs in winter, when the snow covers the ground thickly and there is doubt as to whether the route is practicable. It needs no little nerve to start on the ascent of the mountain on a dark winter's night, when there is snow enough on the ground to make all travelling difficult, when there is a chance of heavy falls of snow on the mountain top, and when the condition of the weather on the other side is altogether uncertain. At such moments everything depends on the coolness and intelligence of the engineer in charge; and the ascent and descent of the steep slopes and small curves must be managed rather by intuition and long-acquired habit, than by anything seen or felt at the time. There have been, however, no serious accidents, and, on the whole, few delays of importance.

The scenery of the Mont Cenis route, though undeniably inferior to that of any of the great mountain passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol, is still sufficiently important to be well worth visiting, and those who have not made acquaintance with it will naturally desire to see as much as possible. Owing to the time of arrival and departure of the trains from Paris the hours devoted to the passage by the trains and diligence are fixed quite independently of the convenience of the tourist who desires to pass the mountains by day for the sake of the scenery. The express train, however, now leaves at half-past one in the afternoon, and should reach Susa about seven in the evening; thus ensuring daylight for the whole journey in summer. The second or omnibus train leaves at 3.15, to arrive a little before nine; and thus the latter part of the descent is in the dark. Returning, the trains leave Susa at 7.17 a.m. and 8 a.m. respectively, and therefore the journey is made entirely by day. But, in the first place, the carriages are narrow, small, low, and uncomfortable omnibuses, with but few windows, which only open by sliding. These carriages are almost always so crowded as to render it no easy matter to see much of the prospect without going to the door, and during the greater part of the ascent the road is protected by galleries entirely enclosed by a roof and wall of corrugated iron, which as effectually cuts off all view as if they were tunnels. There is another inconvenience not a little disagreeable. On approaching one of these galleries or tunnels the guard rushes to close all the

windows and doors of all the carriages; the object being to exclude the sulphurous air and smoke from the chimney of the engine. The result is anything but pleasant. The omnibuses being small and low, as already described, they become, when thus shut up, almost too close for ordinary throats and lungs. Thus the railroad transit, though useful and comparatively quick, is not pleasant, and certainly does not permit the traveller either to enjoy the prospect of the mountain scenery or to breathe in comfort during the time he is shut up.

The alternative of the diligence is not altogether without its drawbacks. The *coupée* is pleasant enough, and the *impériale* and *banquette* perhaps even better in some respects in fine warm weather, but the *intérieur* is not to be advised, and the terrible *rotonde* is, as usual, suggestive of the Black Hole. Starting from St. Michel before the mountain train, it does not reach Susa in much less than eight hours; and there is thus always an important part of the time in darkness. But the most interesting part of the route is passed when the descent has well commenced, and thus there is not much lost on the whole; and the impression left on the imagination is perhaps even greater than it would be if the eye were fatigued with the comparatively tame scenery of the Italian slope of this Alp.

The only very pleasant and satisfactory way of crossing this and all other carriageable passes is to hire a private conveyance—an open carriage, if possible—and give up an entire day to the work. In this manner, and by stopping at various points, the general character of the pass may be studied, and all that is interesting may conveniently and without fatigue be visited. Those who cannot endure the fatigue, or spare the time to cross the much more grand but less accessible passes may form at least some notion of Alpine beauty, vastness, and wildness, while reposing in a comfortable carriage on a road equal to any in Europe, and traversing this mountain crest between France and Italy.

But the traveller who would thus make an easy journey, and yet see the scenery of the mountains, must hasten thither while there is time; and should know that, before long, no such chance will be offered. In the Alps, as on the plains of Europe, the railroad is rapidly superseding all other modes of conveyance. The line of rail which now meanders through the valleys reaching only to St. Michel, and that which continues from St. Michel up the valley, and then breasts the hill and crosses the

mountain regardless of the steepness of the ascent, will soon be merged into a continuous line, turning off out of the valley about half way between St. Michel and Lanslebourg. Boldly entering the hill, by a tunnel about seven and a half miles in length, it will penetrate the very bowels of the earth among these mighty Alps, emerging on the other side of the axis, and abandoning all that is interesting together with all that is dangerous and troublesome in the mountain trip. When once this tunnel is completed there will be little need of the Mont Cenis road, and it cannot but be neglected. It is difficult to say in what time the road, once superseded, will be so far out of order as to be unusable. The expense of keeping it in repair is, exceedingly great, and every year considerable mischief is done by avalanches; so that, in all probability, there will be little travelling on it by ordinary travellers. As a road for local purposes, however, and perhaps as a military road, it may be kept in some sort of repair, though hardly in the state that has hitherto been judged necessary.

It is evident that for a long time to come the tunnel through the Alps near the Mont Cenis pass is likely to supersede all other roads, and convey a vast number of passengers and goods through, instead of across, the great natural barrier which the Alps present between northern and southern Europe. Much has been recently said about other Alpine tunnels, but none has been seriously undertaken; nor in the present state of political affairs in Europe is any likely to be commenced for some time to come. Meanwhile, the work we are referring to is on the very point of completion, all the possible or real difficulties having either been avoided or overcome; and it may be predicted, with a confidence approaching to certainty, that the present year will witness the actual piercing of the mountain, and the opening of a way between the valleys that carry water to the Gulf of Lyons and those that drain into the Adriatic. The reader who has followed the official returns of the progress of the tunnel may think that, as there still remains nearly half a mile to bore through, this statement is premature, and that accidents and delays may still occur. No doubt, if by any sad complexity of political affairs, the war that is now raging should involve Italy as well as the northern powers, the requisite human labour might cease to be available; but without such a crisis there is no probability of interruption. Provided only that the ma-

chinery, which has been so well tried, and which is now in admirable working order, should continue to hold out another six months, there cannot be much doubt that the two ends will meet. One more year will, perhaps, be sufficient to complete, not only the tunnel but the approaches, and connect the lines of France and Italy by a continuous rail little liable to interruption.

A recent visit to the immediate neighbourhood of the tunnel, and to the resident engineers at both ends, and a study of the collections of rocks that have been made during the progress of the works, has enabled me to appreciate fully this state of approximate certainty as to the further progress and completion of the work, and also the causes of the difference in progress at the two ends. What may be called the physical history of the tunnel, as distinguished from its history as a work of engineering and mechanics, is now nearly complete, and possesses considerable interest.

The great tunnel through the Alps passes under the Mont Frejus about 16 miles west of the Mont Cenis and the pass known by that name. It is therefore very incorrectly termed the Mont Cenis tunnel. It cuts through the watershed of the Rhone and the Po, which in this part of the Alps is a crest varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea. Mont Tabor, the highest part of this crest, is a few miles to the west of the tunnel, and is 10,430 feet above the sea, while the Mont Cenis pass, the lowest point, is about the same distance to the east, and is 6,890 feet above the sea. The height of the observatory on the summit of the ridge over the tunnel is 9,676 feet. The levels of the valleys to the north and south of this crest or watershed are respectively 3,612 and 4,380 feet. This difference of level, upwards of 750 feet, by which the valley on the south, or Italian side, exceeds the northern or French side, would seem at first sight to offer some difficulties in constructing the tunnel, especially if much water had been met with. By taking advantage, however, of the form of the valley, the railway will be carried by a zigzag on the mountain side to some hundred feet higher level before entering the mountain on the French side, reaching the entrance of the tunnel at 4,046 feet. There thus remains a difference of 334 feet, which when distributed over the seven and a half miles, is found to be equivalent to a gradient of 44 feet in a mile, or one in 120.

The tunnel has not been in course of actual construction more than twelve years, but it had been suggested as long ago as in 1841, in a pamphlet published at Lyons by Signor Medail of Bardonecchia. This pamphlet was brought under the notice of Charles Albert, at that time King of Sardinia, in whose dominions were included the whole valley of the Arc as well as both sides of the mountain crest. The work was thus from the first exclusively Italian, and France only became interested in it when it took possession of Savoy. The work has been carried on throughout from both sides by Italian engineers, according to the terms of the treaty by which Savoy was ceded to France. The King referred the matter to the Minister of the Interior to make due inquiries, and the engineering and physical questions involved were submitted to the consideration and judgment of M. Maus, a Belgian, who was engineer-in-chief of the Turin and Genoa railway, then in course of construction, and Professor Sismonda, a very eminent geologist employed in the preparation of a geological map of Sardinia, since published. These two gentlemen, after visiting and carefully examining the whole of the chain between Mont Cenis and Monte Genevra, reported favourably of the line selected by M. Medail, which was ultimately adopted. The matter then went into the hands of other engineers (who have now undertaken the work for the Government), but as on further investigation and calculation, based on the rate of progress of similar works already undertaken, it was estimated that at least thirty-five years would be required for the tunnelling, even if no unexpected difficulties and no accidents supervened, it was natural enough that the Government should pause before deciding on a work of such magnitude entirely for the benefit of a future generation. Then came the question whether by some mechanical contrivance it might not be possible to accelerate the progress. It was soon found altogether out of the question to attack the tunnel at any point between the two extremities. In most cases when railway tunnels are required, a shaft or many shafts are sunk from the surface, and the work goes on from each shaft towards both ends, at the same time that the two ends are being driven. In this way, by means of two shafts a tunnel of three miles might be divided into six sections of half a mile each, and so in proportion. But in the case before us the height of rock above the tunnel would be as much

as 1,500 feet at a distance of less than half a mile on the Piedmont side, and almost as much on the Savoy side. To sink two shafts to a depth of 1,500 feet in an Alpine country, and after all leave an interval of more than six miles, was not to be considered for a moment. The whole distance (7 1-2 miles), must therefore be pierced from the two ends. A machine was contrived by M. Maus which, taking advantage of the water power abundantly available on both sides of the mountain, was expected to reduce the time required for the work by one-fourth, but owing to the political events of 1848 this machine was never actually put together and used. After the disturbed times had passed, and when Italy became a kingdom, the engineers charged with the execution of the work had perfected the ingenious and most effective machinery that has since been used for perforating the rocks. Some time, of course, elapsed before operations could be carried on with steadiness and vigour; but for many years past the tunnelling has been going on, not only steadily but with gradually increasing certainty and facility, and the work is now, as we have already seen, almost in a complete state.

A visit to the tunnel works in their present state is interesting and instructive, and is well worthy of the time and trouble involved. Leaving Turin by the evening train the journey to Susa in summer time is full of interest, the road passing first across the plain with the mountains at a distance, but soon entering the valley and shut in by the lower flanking chain of the Alps on each side, with ruins of mediæval castles occasionally crowning the hills. The counterforts of the chain consist of serpentine, which is almost immediately succeeded by gneissic rocks and mica schist, and then by altered schists of the oolitic period altogether changed so as to resemble the oldest rocks of the Alps. These continue across the mountain axes and reach to St. Michel. Picturesque old castles and equally picturesque dirty villages succeed each other pretty rapidly; the valley is moderately wide and cultivated, and after passing the small town of Bussoleno the mountains close in and soon the little town of Susa is reached. Here the main line of railway ends, and when the tunnel is completed it will avoid the town and present station altogether. The works are seen in passing, and are well advanced.

The view of the valley from Susa is very striking. Looking from the town there is

a vast amphitheatre, almost closed except towards the east, where the torrent of the Dora makes its way to join the Po at Turin. The narrow gorge up whose sides the mountain road rises to reach the pass of the Mont Cenis, seems to be shut in entirely behind, and the upper valley of the Dora, turning towards the south, is concealed from view. The result something resembles those curious *cirques* common in the Pyrenees, and the effect is grand. Susa itself does not contain much beyond a number of hotels, but near it are the remains of an old triumphal arch, built in honour of Augustus a little before the Christian era. There is also a cathedral of the 12th century, but not much of it remains.

From Susa a diligence takes you to Bardoneche, the point where the tunnel works commence on the Piedmont side. The road first rises considerably by zigzags to a terrace about 170 feet above the valley, up to which level there is a large quantity of river gravel cut through here and there. The views of Susa and the cirque behind it are very fine. The road continues to rise for a long distance, passing the village of Chaumont, a little beyond which is a strong fortress destroyed by the French. The valley is generally well cultivated, and yields corn and fruit, besides a vast amount of chestnuts, but it continues to rise steadily, and where the road descends and crosses the river at a distance of about eight miles from Susa, the aneroid barometer shows a difference of level of 680 feet.

The road continues to rise with the valley and the vegetation changes. The vine ceases to ripen a little below 3,000 feet above the sea, but the chestnuts remain. The wood, however, on the mountain side loses by degree its forest character, and the river becomes a torrent meandering over a wide, rocky and stony bed. The scenery is fine and characteristic without being strictly mountainous in its aspect, and the railroad is seen from time to time, now emerging from a tunnel, now creeping along the hill side, and occasionally running on a bank in the valley. It is evident that little fear is felt from accident from the torrent, and yet it is equally certain that within a short time there has been river action at some distance above the river valley on the hill side. A little further on is Oulx, one of the principal places in the Dora Valley, and here the road branches. The main valley turns to the south, and the road continues to a small town (Cesanne), where there is a pass over

the Mont Genève to Briançon on the Durance. The height of the top of the pass is 6,560 feet, and the watershed of the Alps is here perhaps reduced to the narrowest breadth. The other valley is that of Bardoneche. It is comparatively open, and lends itself readily enough to the construction of the railroad, but the elevation above the sea continues to increase rapidly. At Oulx it is already 3,340 feet, and at Bardoneche 4,380 feet.

These Alpine valleys are memorable as the scene of the contest between the Vaudois Protestants and their Catholic persecutors, but little now remains of these exploits. The sites of the battle fields are covered with wheat crops. But the Bardoneche Valley, unlike most of the subordinate valleys, which are mere mountain gorges, is wide and very convenient, and the rise, though considerable, is spread over a distance of seven miles. At the end of this the mountains are reached and rise almost abruptly to a considerable elevation. The valley diverges to the right and left and retains afterwards a direction almost at right angles to that observed lower down.

It is precisely at this point, where an abrupt barrier rises boldly at the end of a valley of moderate width, that the works of the tunnel commence. In front of, and at some little distance from the works, a hamlet has risen up for the supply of such entertainment as man and beast may require in such a place. The accommodation is not first rate, and the beds are better supplied with fleas than the kitchen with meat. As may be supposed also, there is not much choice in the way of food, but the traveller does not come to Bardoneche to feast, and there is no danger of starvation. The buildings connected with the works are on a scale proportionate to the magnitude of the work and the length of time it was certain to take. They include a capital house and offices for the resident engineer, another large house including private apartments for several persons, and also a casino or club for the principal employes. There are several other buildings affording excellent accommodation. The club is provided with a billiard room and news room, and is well supplied with everything needful.

Besides the dwelling houses and offices there are workshops of various kinds, and a very large shop supplied with numerous lathes and everything required for constructing and repairing all the details of machinery used in the works. The

perforating machines are made and repaired here, and everything needed in the way of metal work, not involving extra dimensions, is constructed on the spot. Immediately outside and also within this shop one is struck by the odd appearance of gigantic blocks of stone riddled through and through with large holes. The stones are the hardest and toughest that could be found. The holes were bored with the steel chisels of the perforating machine. Entering the shop and looking around among the scores of machines at work, the visitor sees in a corner a similar gigantic block of extremely hard quartz in which comparatively few perforations have been made. This block is ready for further experiment. The slender frame-work of iron supporting two instruments like small cannon, and working a long mining chisel placed before it, is one of the machines used for boring and intended to illustrate the process for the benefit of visitors. Nothing can apparently be more simple than this ingenious contrivance to perforate the rock. The power made use of is air greatly condensed by a set of large and powerful machines, worked by water power, and arranged in a series of four on the hill side, one below another. The same water, falling from one to another, works all the machines, and the condensed air, retained for a time in vast iron cylinders in each machine house, is distributed by long iron tubes to a convenient spot within the works, whence it is conveyed to the perforating machines by elastic tubes, without losing power by the distance to which it is conveyed.

It is a curious and instructive sight to see a workman connect an elastic tube of about half an inch diameter with one of these machines and watch the result when a small tap is turned. A piston-rod, working in an exceedingly small and short cylinder, immediately flies backwards and forwards with wonderful rapidity, regulated by a small but rather heavy fly wheel. Immediately a ponderous chisel, six or seven feet long, and more than an inch in diameter, is set in motion, and having been previously placed in position strikes a succession of heavy blows against the stone. Fragments begin to fly in all directions. Each time that the chisel strikes it is withdrawn a little way, very slightly turned, and immediately strikes again in the same hole. The stone experimented upon being of the hardest and toughest kind the effect is not seen for several strokes; but within two minutes, during which the writer watched

the experiment, a steel chisel was completely blunted and rendered useless, and there was a hole made about two inches deep in the mass of quartzite placed to operate upon. It is evident that nothing can resist such an attack; and, indeed, holes are bored in this way in an hour that would formerly have taken a day. The machines occupy very little space, and are by no means cumbrous. They can very easily be moved when and where they are needed. As many as seventeen are at work together in the end of the tunnel where the advance is being made. As the power is compressed air, they not only add no heat to the interior, but render it cooler by the absorption of heat during expansion. The air, when it escapes, is available for ventilation. It would be quite impossible to carry steam at a high pressure through pipes four miles long, but little diminution of force is experienced in working with the air, although all the engines and condensers, as well as the cylinders for storing the air, are outside the mouth of the tunnel. The length of pipe at present on the Piedmont side is about four miles and a quarter. The pressure of air commonly employed is about six and a half atmospheres, or nearly a hundred pounds on the square inch.

The entrances of the tunnel at each end are not far from the hydraulic machines for compressing the air. These, as already stated, are arranged in a series rising one above another on the mountain side, but all communicate with the great reservoirs of air and power at the lowest level, which is that of the tunnel at its entrance. The machines are very fine. They were constructed at Liège, at the works of the John Cockerill Company, and are kept in repair on the spot. The water-wheels are magnificent, and hardly involve the waste of more than a few gallons of water in each revolution, so steady is the work, and so well balanced the supply and rate of motion. The contrivances for ventilation are not less interesting, and have hitherto been perfectly efficacious; but the temperature of the interior is very high and the air foul—partly from the naturally increased heat due to the depth beneath the surface, and partly to the large number of human beings and horses and the repeated firing of blasts. The actual temperature is about 80° Fahr., and has varied little for some time. The works are carried on incessantly, day and night, summer and winter, week-day and Sunday; the only intervals

being at the great festivals of the Church. The number of hours of idleness is thus very small.

The work-people appear well cared for and active. The number at present employed at each end, including those completing the railway communications, amounts to nearly a thousand; but they are widely distributed, and you do not see many in any one place. They lodge in the hamlets that have arisen close to the works at each end, at some distance from the old villages of Bardoneche and Modana, which preserve their primitive simplicity.

Having visited the works on the Italian side, my companion and myself made, as we supposed, distinct arrangements to start next morning early to cross the mountain pass of La Roux, which connects Bardoneche with Modana. For this purpose we ordered mules to be ready at 4 a.m., and hoped to get across by ten o'clock. We went to bed in the full expectation of finding the animals and guide ready for us at the hour appointed; but partly owing to the effects of some effervescing muscat wine of Asti—the effervescence not being of the nature of that met with in champagne—and partly from having a number of active and not pleasant companions in the room and bed, I did not sleep much, and both of us were up and ready to start before four. No mules, however, appeared; and nothing could be heard of them beyond the fact of their having been ordered from the village of Bardoneche, about a mile further up the valley through which our path up the mountain lay. Thinking that we might expedite matters, we walked on with our luggage, expecting to meet them. When we got to the village the church clock was striking four, and we hoped that our cattle might be in preparation. All was still as death. Presently a window opened from an upper story in a small cabaret, and soon two or three of the natives made their appearance, saddled their respective donkeys, and wended their way on their daily avocations, whatever these might be. But still no news could be heard of our promised animals, and we soon determined to hire anything we could get. We accordingly made the acquaintance of a mule and a very ancient donkey, under the care of an old woman and a young girl, who were to take us to the top of the pass; the donkey being left in charge of the little maiden to carry our small luggage down to Modana on the other side. We started before five, with small chance of arriving so soon as we had hoped. Very slowly indeed did we proceed up the

ravine of La Roux towards the pass. The ravine is wild and rugged, and the path exceedingly bad. The mule was tolerable, but the donkey of very little use; and we toiled along, stopping occasionally. The path rises steadily and rapidly; but there is nothing worthy of special remark, except indeed the study of the rocks, which, being the same as those cut through in the tunnel, were very interesting to the geological eye. We reached the top of the pass in about three hours, having risen 3,400 feet. The village of Bardoneche at the bottom of the ascent being 4,340 feet above the sea, the pass is therefore 7,740 feet. As high up as 5,240 feet we passed a miserable village, and there was feeding ground almost to the summit. A few patches of snow remained from the winter on both sides of the pass, though chiefly on the northern side; but there was a good deal of snow on the mountains opposite.

At the top of the pass the view is extremely grand, as the mountains of the east, including Mont Frejus — masked during the ascent — are very well seen, and to the west is the Mont Tabor, the loftiest point of the chain, rising between France, Piedmont and Savoy, to the height of more than 10,000 feet above the sea. This mountain is surrounded by glaciers. Towards the north the view is equally fine, including the chain on the other side of the Arc valley, but not reaching any of the Mont Blanc chain. Seen in the early morning, with a mist hovering over the summits, forming occasionally into cloud and drifting away into space, the effect was particularly fine. The descent towards Modana is through a valley at first wide and terminating upwards in one of the peculiar semicircular valleys that appear to prevail in this part of the Alps. The valley, however, narrows rapidly and becomes a mere ravine. A number of chalets are seen in the upper part of this gorge; and there is a village, or at least a group of permanent habitations, in the first hollow. When the valley closes in it becomes thickly clothed with tree vegetation, and here and there are narrow clefts through which water falls in broken cascades. The rocks — in some places hard quartzite, in others soft gypsum — either project in naked jagged fragments, or recede and are weathered into heaps of rotten earth. The descent takes almost as long as the ascent, and fully six hours must be calculated on as the time that will elapse between leaving Bardoneche and arriving at Modana. The latter part of the descent is a fair road, and passes a curious little chapel cut

out of the rock, full of votive offerings, where there is a pleasant seat for those descending or preparing to mount. Near it is one of the narrow gorges already alluded to. The scenery is pretty throughout, even romantic in some places.

The level of the tunnel at Modana has been already alluded to as being considerably above that of the valley of the Arc. To equalize as far as possible the levels at the two ends of the tunnel, the entrance on the north or French side, as has been already explained, has been placed at a considerable height above the river, and therefore much higher than the level of the road at St. Michel. In other respects there is little difference in the arrangements, and the constructions both for the works and the employés are nearly the same here as at Bardoneche.

So much has now been effected, that the final completion of this great work is as much a certainty as any engineering operation in progress can well be. It has been carried through from the beginning with great steadiness, and not one of the numerous drawbacks that might have interfered to delay its progress has been experienced. The machinery has been so far perfected during the construction, that in spite of the enormous distance of the power from its application, the rate of progress has rather increased than diminished. There have been no breakages of machinery, no falling in of the roof, no rush of water. There appear to have been no strikes of workmen and no failures in the supply of money and material. It remains only that the two ends should be happily brought together without divergence, to complete the good fortune that has hitherto never failed. Every precaution has been taken for this purpose that could be suggested. There are observatories at each end, and one on the mountain top immediately above the tunnel; but there are great practical difficulties in observing, and a very small error would become serious when carried so great a distance as three or four miles of underground work. The approach is now so near, that it is no doubt possible for sounds to be heard through the intervening rocks. This has not yet been attempted, but it is the intention of the engineers to try the experiment on the first occasion when the works are stopped. This will afford an additional illustration of the very near accomplishment of the undertaking. In conducting the work there is a small heading or gallery always carried on in advance of the great tunnel, and the interval between the actual end of the tun-

nel and the part bricked in and completed, is two or three hundred yards. It is in this last space that the work is of course being carried on. *

* The following figures concerning the length of the tunnel, the rate of progress, and the depth of the central part, will be interesting:—

Portion completed from the north end, 15th July, 1870	Feet. 15,624
Portion completed from the south end, 15th July, 1870	21,796
Uncompleted portion	2,674
Total length of tunnel	40,094
Progress of excavation, July 1-15, 1870, north side	Feet. 125
Progress of excavation, July 1-15, 1870, south side	130

Total excavation in a fortnight's work 255

Maximum month's work was in May, 1867, on the Italian or south side, and amounted to 297 feet.

The average month's work from both ends together is now about 500 feet.

The central part of the tunnel is about 5,546 feet below the observatory on the summit, and 4,130

Such then is the state and such the history of the great tunnel under the Alps. It is a work altogether exceptional, being the first instance of the perforation of a great mountain axis; the first in which an important tunnel has been attempted exclusively from the two ends without shafts; the first in which the ingenious machinery for boring the rock preparatory to blasting has been carried into effect. It will probably be completed within the time originally contemplated. It has been carried on throughout by Italians; the original selection of the site and the suggestion and perfecting of the machinery by which it has been possible to carry it through in reasonable time, are also Italian. The countrymen of Galileo and of a host of ingenious inventors known to fame, have shown that they are no unworthy descendants of these great men.

feet above the sea level. It has been passed on the Italian side.

THE ESCAPE OF A FUGITIVE IMPERIALIST.—THE story of the Duc de Grammont's escape from France after the disastrous collapse at Sedan is so full of romance as to make us feel doubtful whether we are really living in the matter-of-fact nineteenth century. It is, at all events, says the *London Globe*, worthy of being preserved, and we present our readers with the following facts, which we have good reason to believe to be perfectly correct:

The Duc de Grammont, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, naturally heard of the Emperor's surrender a day before the news was published in Paris. He saw at once that flight was necessary, as the wrath of the mob was sure to be turned against the Ministry, who was responsible for the war. He accordingly went to his banker's to provide himself with money and various securities, but was informed that the partner who had charge of his affairs was in the country whither the Duc pursued him. The partner was found engaged in burying his property in his garden, but returned to Paris and delivered up to the Duc de Grammont the papers and money which were required. On the next day the bad news was published, and the Minister fled. He sent off a servant in his carriage openly, and escaped himself by a private door. The mob pursued the carriage, but of course found no one in it that they wanted, and the Duc got safely to Calais. On his arrival there, however, a new cause for alarm arose. It was necessary for him to produce his passport before he could leave the country, and it was evident that in this way his identity would be discovered.

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ered, and he himself, as seemed only too probable, would be arrested and sent back to Paris, never to quit it again. The risk, however, had to be encountered, and he showed his passport to the proper officer, and was, much to his relief, suffered to go on board the English steamer without remark. He at once went to the cabin, and, the better to escape notice, pretended to be very ill. In a few minutes, however, he felt an ominous tap on the shoulder, and looked around expecting to find himself a prisoner. He saw only the passport officer, who said to him, "When you were in office you gave my son an appointment. In return for that I have to-day let you pass, and thereby in all probability saved your life." The officer went his way, and the Duc de Grammont got safely to Dover.

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A GERMAN paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says: "A vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta 24 hours after the departure of Henry IV. from Fontainebleau. If true, this bird must have flown for 24 hours at the rate of 57 miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"WHAT CAN HE WANT?"

AUDREY and Geoffrey Dynecourt carried off the exclamations of surprise at their absence in a very clever manner, aided greatly by Lady Laura's perfect tranquillity regarding their movements. She said she certainly ought to scold Mr. Dynecourt for permitting Audrey to act so foolishly, although, as she remarked to those near her, "I quite expected her to be missing, for Audrey can't stand the heat of a room, or of any covered place when she has her bonnet on. I remember Lady Alfreton taking her to an affair of this kind, and she went roaming about the grounds, and was absolutely lost." She did not mention that this was in the height of summer, when most of the people there did the same. In her heart, Lady Laura was very much annoyed at her daughter's conduct, but she was too wise to give others a handle against her by betraying the slightest vexation.

"It's absurd," thought she, "for Audrey to be setting everybody at defiance; and Mr. Ford would not probably like to hear that she was so entirely engrossed with another in his absence. I shall speak to her as soon as we are alone."

Very soon after this she was expressing to Mr. Majoribanks how much she had enjoyed his pleasant gathering. Then, leaning on her host's arm, she left, distributing smiles, adieux, and farewell compliments, causing a perfect chorus of, "What a charming woman!" to follow her departure.

Mr. Dynecourt escorted Audrey to the carriage. Just before it drove off, he asked Lady Laura if she would be disengaged at two o'clock the next day, as he wished her to give him a few minutes' conversation.

"Certainly, I shall be very pleased to see you," she said, with her most fascinating smile. Waiting for a moment, she turned suddenly to her daughter, and said, "What can he want? I have not been speaking about him to anybody, have I?"

Audrey was glad that her face could not be seen. Left with her mother, she did not know what to do. Tell her she must; she could never let this thunderbolt be launched by Geoffrey first. She knew a storm would be sure to follow, and thought it best to allow some of the violence to be spent before he came. Yet how to begin, or what to say or do she could not tell. To have contemplated a marriage with a

poor man at any time would have been a dreadful crime; now, when a rich suitor was at her feet, the offence would be a thousand times greater.

"I wonder what could have prevented Mr. Ford from coming," continued Lady Laura, "I dare say you will have a letter from him to-night. I hope he is not ill."

"I hope not," returned her daughter.

"And, Audrey, I must say that I think you acted very unwisely to-day in permitting Mr. Dynecourt to pay you so much attention."

"Did he pay me much attention, mamma?"

"Well, you know what I mean. I suppose if it had not been for the sake of getting up some stupid sort of flirtation with him, you would not have gone roaming into the garden, or to some distant greenhouse, or wherever you did go. I made the best of it, but I assure you I was not pleased; and, let me tell you, nobody can afford to set people's tongues at nought before marriage."

"Can they afterwards? because if so, I shall get married as soon as possible."

"Well, of course, when a woman has a husband, and a good house, and her position is established, people are very lenient to her peculiarities. If you choose to make a friend of one person *then*, do so; though, remember, it's rather a task to turn a bear into a domestic animal," and Lady Laura laughed at her own sharpness.

"I don't quite understand the allusion," said Audrey.

"Don't you, dear?" replied Lady Laura playfully. "Well, you know I always look upon Mr. Dynecourt as having something of the savage about him, and one never knows when the nature of such people will peep out."

"I am sorry you do not like him," replied her daughter.

"Oh! I like him well enough; and if he is to be a favourite of yours, my dear child, rest assured I shall never interfere with you."

"Then is securing my regard the same as securing yours, mamma?"

"Of course it will be, love."

"But is it now?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"Then in that case, I need not hesitate to tell you why Mr. Dynecourt is coming to see you to-morrow," said Audrey; her heart beat very fast, and she felt desperately nervous; but it was of no use waiting; she had better have it over — "and

"that is because he wants your consent to marry me."

Lady Laura paused for a moment to take in the words fully, then she laughed. "Marry you! well, that is a good joke. Has he never heard about Mr. Ford?"

"Yes."

"Then, my dear, you are carrying the thing a great deal too far. I had no idea that there was any flirtation going on between you; but I think you might have spared me the trouble of answering him. If you did not want to make an enemy of the man, you need not have said you did not care for him. You could have given him to understand that you had already accepted Mr. Ford."

"But I have not accepted Mr. Ford."

"Well, perhaps not in words, but you mean to marry him."

"No, I do not."

"Not intend to marry Mr. Ford?"

"No, mamma, and I may as well tell you all, at once. Mr. Ford has proposed to me, and I have refused him; and Mr. Dyne-court has asked me to marry him, and I have accepted him."

"Audrey!" almost screamed Lady Laura, "you're mad; I'm positive you are, you wicked! bad! abandoned girl! you must be. I don't believe it's true, you're only saying this to worry and annoy me, and I can't stand it; your conduct already has so upset my nerves that I feel as if the slightest strain would make me break down altogether."

"Mamma, I am very sorry. I know I told you very abruptly, but it is better that you should know the truth."

"Do you mean to tell me, then, that what you have just said is true, and that you really intend to act in this way?" asked Lady Laura, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, mamma."

"Then you never shall!" exclaimed her mother. "I'd rather put you into a lunatic asylum than allow you to marry that penniless, senseless beggar. Never, Audrey, never shall you marry that man."

"Of course, I am prepared for your being very angry, and very disappointed, mamma. I have no doubt were I in your place I should be the same. Perhaps just now it is useless for me to say how sorry I am to grieve you, still I am truly sorry; but don't say I shall never marry Mr. Dyne-court. Listen to reason, mamma."

"I will listen to nothing; and you had better write and tell him not to dare to come near me, or I'll have him put out of the house — the impertinent, presuming, red-headed fellow."

The latter epithet was too much for Audrey's gravity, the absurdity of such a reflection being cast upon Geoffrey's tawny locks turned her anger at once, and she said, in a softened voice —

"I know, mamma, my choice must appear to you to be unaccountable, but when I tell you I love this man well enough, I believe, to beg my very bread with him, surely, with such a feeling in my heart, you will not counsel me to marry Mr. Ford."

"You ought to marry Mr. Ford, and have no feeling in your heart."

"Quite so; and as long as I had no feeling I was willing to become his wife — but now I would rather jump into the river than do so."

"And I would rather see you lying there than disgraced. Oh, what have I done, that my children should treat me so shamefully! But as you have no thought for me, I will have none for you, and I'll tell every one that you're mad, and your new lover shall have a nice account of your former conduct. I'll tell him how you have deceived and cajoled others, — that your love for him is only a pretence; that you have no heart, and never had one."

"All that will fall on deaf ears, mamma; he knows my best and my worst, and, thank God, he is content to take me as I am. But understand, mamma, although I wish to give you all the obedience and respect that you are entitled to, yet I intend to marry Geoffrey Dyne-court; therefore I trust you will not force me to do anything which might give rise to scandal. I am content to wait your time, to take your advice, to follow out any plan you may think best, but I intend to marry Geoffrey Dyne-court; and I also intend the world to know it."

"Oh yes, publish your disgrace as soon as possible."

"Do not speak in that way, mother, for love has so softened me that I long to throw my arms round you, and sob out my happiness;" and she hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

"If you had made a proper choice I should have been very pleased to have received any proof of your affection. But when I remember how you have deceived me, by never saying one word of this, and leading me to suppose that you would marry Mr. Ford, I can put little faith in either your love or your tears. What I can possibly say to that man I know not. I fully expect he will threaten us with an action, and I cannot blame him if he does."

"You need not fear Mr. Ford troubling

you; he was far kinder to me than you have been, mamma."

"Very glad to get quit of his bargain," sneered her ladyship; "and I am sure no one need wonder at it. You seem to think that you are somebody, to encourage and lead people on, and then refuse them; but I can tell you the world won't be so ready to believe your story. Common sense will tell people that, unless you are mad—as I believe you are—it is not very probable that a *passé* woman of thirty, without good looks or accomplishments—for I don't know what you can do—would refuse a man whose only folly is, that with such a fortune as his he has not aimed higher. Lady Inverlochy would have jumped at him for one of her girls; and as for the Grahams, they were after him like a pack of hounds."

"Well, mamma," said Audrey, smiling, "now they can try their chance. I will promise not to interfere with any one, if they will only let me alone."

"Oh, yes! just like your selfish nature," exclaimed her mother. "As long as your wishes are gratified you never consider other people. It will be very pleasant for me to hear the sneers and innuendoes of women whose daughters have made excellent matches. I know their way of supposing it is a love-match, and adding, 'What else could it be for?' A polite reminder that they are quite aware of the poverty of the whole affair. What your brother will say, I do not know."

"Say! What can he say? I am sure he did all he could to put me against Mr. Ford."

"That is only because men always underrate what they consider secure. You'll find he will not be so delighted to have a brother-in-law whose present position I consider to be only one step above that of a tradesman."

Audrey laughed outright. "Well, mamma, that is just what I want you to see—that, after all, Geoffrey is in advance of Mr. Ford."

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders, saying, if they had come to quibbling about words, it was time to put a stop to the conversation. She sat silent for a few minutes before they reached home, stepped out of the carriage, and betook herself to her own room, from which she did not emerge during the rest of the evening.

Audrey sat considering how she could best soften her mother's wrathful indignation, and keep her rather sharp tongue in check, during the interview which she so much dreaded for Geoffrey Dynecourt.

His poverty, she feared, would be rather a sore subject with him when made the target for all the arrows with which her mother intended to pierce him. If Charles were only at hand, she thought he might make matters smoother for her. So, after thinking over it she wrote and asked him to help her. Lady Laura was similarly employed; so the same post conveyed two letters to Captain Verschoyle, both of them begging him to return home at once. Audrey's said—

"DEAREST CHARLIE,—For the sake of old days, give me your help. Something has happened which has made mamma very angry, and she will not listen to me, or to sense or reason. To you she would probably pay more attention; will you therefore come home as soon as you can, and try to set matters straight between us?"

"Ever your loving sister,

"AUDREY."

"P.S.—I cannot explain anything in a letter; but I am so happy, and I am longing to hear some one say they are glad to hear it."

Lady Laura wrote:—

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—Audrey has gone mad; quite mad, I believe. I can give you no explanation of her conduct in a letter. As I trust it may still be hushed up, I do not like to say a word on paper; but I must see you. So make any excuse you like to Mr. Egerton, and return at once to

"Your affectionate, but really distracted mother,

"LAURA VERSCHOYLE."

CHAPTER XXXV.

RED-COAT ASSURANCE.

ABIGAIL FLETCHER, Patience Fox's only sister, was a tiny, fragile, dark-eyed little woman, with a stout will and opinion of her own, a quick vivacious temperament, and a general interest in the affairs of all her friends and acquaintances. Most people in and about York knew the Fletchers. Therefore when Dorothy told Mr. Egerton she was going to visit her aunt, he made greater friends with her, telling her he remembered her mother well, and adding, "Though I have not a shake-hands acquaintance with your aunt, we know each other."

To Captain Verschoyle the old gentleman was not disposed to be quite so amiable, and to Dorothy's horror Charles received two or three decided snubs. When they reached the station Miss Fletcher was waiting for Dorothy. Mr. Egerton jumped out and told her that he had been entrusted by Mr. Crewdson with the care of

her niece, and he had much pleasure in finding that York could claim an interest in the young lady, "for her face does as much credit to it as her mother's did before her."

This led to a conversation about Patience and old days, during which Dorothy and Captain Verschoyle found time to say a few words to each other and to arrange a meeting.

"But you must introduce me to your aunt," said Charles.

"Oh, yes," said Dorothy, feeling very nervous about performing this ceremony. A pause occurred, and she began, "Aunt Abigail, this is Charles Verschoyle. Mother knows him," she added timidly.

"That's right, Miss Fox, back him up with a good reference; I am sure his appearance requires it," said Mr. Egerton.

Fortunately Aunt Abigail knew the eccentric character of Mr. Egerton, so without replying to this comment she held out her hand to Captain Verschoyle, made a few remarks to him, and, asking Dorothy if she were quite ready, entered the fly which was waiting for them.

The two gentlemen watched the fly till it was out of sight, and Mr. Egerton taking his god-son's arm, walked on for a few minutes in silence, and then said —

"When I uncarthed you twice near Miss Fletcher's, why couldn't you have told me what took you in that direction? What need was there for trumping up a story about Hartop? I suppose you aren't ashamed of knowing the girl, are you?"

"Ashamed!" said Captain Verschoyle, showing through his bronzed skin the colour which the question brought to his cheeks; "I don't quite understand you."

"Oh, that is a pity!" replied Mr. Egerton, with a sneer. "You're so uncommonly sharp generally, particularly in deceiving other people when you have a game of your own on hand. Ha, ha!" he suddenly roared, "I can't help laughing when I think of your face; I never saw a fellow so chop-fallen in my life. So you thought I didn't know you were going to Leeds?"

"I really did not think or care about it. Miss Fox's sister has shown me a great deal of kindness, and knowing that I should probably see her in town, I thought it would only be civil to call and inquire for the young lady."

"You're your father's own son, Charlie," said the old gentleman. "You've a precious awkward way of telling a lie. Now your mother does it handsomely; but then it's a woman's trade. How did you come

to know this girl? Who is she? What's her father?"

Captain Verschoyle tried to cover his vexation by pretending to be amused. "Upon my word, sir, one would imagine that you thought I had some serious design upon the young lady, whom I know because she is the sister of Mrs. Hanbury, of Fryston Grange."

"Well, then, who is the father of Mrs. Hanbury of Fryston Grange? and who's Hanbury? You don't think I forget your ways of asking everybody's pedigree, that after eating their dinners and drinking their wines you may turn up your aristocratic noses at them and their belongings. I know you're beating about the bush, Charlie, so you may as well tell me whether he's a tallow-chandler, or a cheese-monger; for, fortunately for us, card-playing, racing, betting, or most other ways of getting money under false pretences, are not popular professions among the middle-classes yet."

Captain Verschoyle saw that he had better answer in a straightforward manner, so he said —

"Mrs. Hanbury's husband is a corn merchant in London, and her father is a cloth dealer in the West of England."

"West of England! What do you mean by the West of England?"

"Why, Plymouth."

"Why don't you say Plymouth, then? That's where you were sick so long after landing in England. Oh, so you made the acquaintance there."

"Really, sir, you are making a great deal out of nothing," said Captain Verschoyle, losing his temper. "Out of mere courtesy I call upon a young lady, to ask if she has any commissions for her sister, and you twist it about and question me, as if you thought I were going to propose to her immediately."

"No; I've not got that thought in my head, Charlie. But I have this one, you have a good many philandering ways about you which a girl like that doesn't understand. The young fellows she has been accustomed to, haven't been blessed with your red-coat assurance, so they don't take it for granted that *anything* becomes them. Why, she's a baby compared to the women you're accustomed to. Her blushing smiles and tears come as quickly as sunshine and cloud on an April morning."

"You're speaking plainly, sir."

"Yes, I generally do, particularly to you, my boy; but I never yet left you in a scrape if I could get you out."

"That you never did," replied Captain

Verschoyle, his anger vanishing as he remembered the many substantial acts of kindness he had received from his god-father. "Now, tell me what's all this about, and what do you mean?"

"Why this—that that girl has caught your fancy, and you want her to be equally taken with you. Well, you've no intention of marrying her, and some fine day the time for parting comes. Until you are out of her sight, of course you are heart-broken; but after that you are consoled by a cigar, or a new friend; while she frets and pines after you, smiles and rejects an honest man who would have tried to make her happy, and finally becomes a discontented wife, or a soured old maid."

"In this case, although all you say were true, I could not marry the young lady. Quakers don't permit their daughters to marry soldiers, I believe. I remember hearing Miss Fox say, that nothing would induce her to disobey her parents in such a matter."

Mr. Egerton looked at his companion sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows; but Captain Verschoyle avoided the scrutiny, and calling his attention to some other matter, the subject for the time dropped.

At Darington Captain Verschoyle found the letters from Audrey and his mother, and as he dressed for dinner he speculated sometimes on what could be wrong with his sister; but more frequently on what he should do about Dorothy. "Entreat her to marry me if I stay here, I know; for after parting with her I found myself thinking how I could best manage it, and it was wonderful how my hopes of military glory faded before the rosy sun which illumined 'Love in a cottage.' I wish I had never seen the child—the idea of sacrificing a sweet pretty creature like her to that prim-faced Crewdson; a fellow with no more sense than he was born with—nothing of the man about him—a fine specimen of a lover, in truth. What can some parents be thinking of? *They* don't care who their children marry so long as they get 'rid of them; and I suspect old Fox is one of that kind. Perhaps Crewdson has money—I shouldn't wonder—it generally falls to the lot of wooden-headed mummies to get all they want. Now if I had a decent income I'd snap my fingers at the world, and marry who I please; as it is, I don't know what to do. I don't see that I am to blame now, because I *have* offered to give up everything for her, and she won't have me. She says that her father wouldn't give his consent, and that

she would not ask him. I can't do more than that, and, as Egerton says, it's no use making the child discontented. I believe I shall feel the breaking off more than she will: but it is more for her sake than for my own—she says we could not be happy;" and then Captain Verschoyle discontentedly flung his boots to the other end of the room, and himself into a chair, exclaiming, "I'm a terribly unlucky fellow in love affairs. Whenever hearts are trumps I'm safe to hold a bad hand."

While Captain Verschoyle indulged in these reflections, Dorothy was engaged in the difficult task of telling Aunt Abigail that she no longer thought of marrying Josiah Crewdson. She feared her father would be disappointed, but she found it impossible. Aunt Abigail was not in any way surprised, as notwithstanding all Josiah's good qualities, his appearance and manners were decidedly against him. In vain, however, did she try to discover any new lover who had driven the old one from her niece's mind. Dorothy kept guard over her lips, and not until she was alone did she permit herself to review the event of the day. The sweetest words echoed in her memory were those of Charles Verschoyle when he said that he would give up anything for her sake—even his profession; and that he would try and be a Friend. Oh! if he would do that, her father could not say no; it would not be right of him to refuse without a just cause. And thinking over all he had told her she tried to stifle her conscience, and to reconcile with her principles what she had done. She was not quite easy about Kezia Crewdson and shuddered to think of her having seen them. "I will tell father that I did not act rightly," she thought, "and how sorry I was after. I do not deserve the happiness which I trust is yet in store for me."

The following morning Dorothy tried to persuade herself that she was really very tired, and unable to accompany her aunt during her usual walk. Nevertheless, as she sat alone, she started up and listened nervously to every ring of the bell, as if expecting a visitor, until Jane announced Captain Verschoyle. He had brought Miss Fletcher some flowers, he said, and wanted to know if Dorothy had any message for her sister, as he was unexpectedly recalled to London. All this was told while Jane was in the room; but as soon as she had left it Captain Verschoyle seated himself nearer to Dorothy, saying, "It is so annoying, just when I wanted to stay with you; but I shall only be gone a

few days, and you will, of course, be here when I return?"

"I don't know — perhaps so," she answered, trying not to betray her anguish at hearing him speak of going away.

Now in this Captain Verschoyle was acting contrary to his nature, which was sincere and honourable of its kind: but his bringing up could not be thrown aside in a day. Although love was undermining the fabric of selfishness and pride which contact with the world had built up within him, every now and then his training rebelled, and his temper suffered. This made him say somewhat sharply, "Really you seem indifferent on the subject. I fancied it might be of some slight importance to you."

"Charles, what dost thou mean?" she said, looking at him surprised and sorrowful.

"Why," he answered, working himself into a heat, and glad to find some one on whom to fling a portion of the accusing burden which tormented him, "I mean that it is very hard upon a man, after having given all his love, to find that he has no influence. Of course I should not ask you to disobey your father, when doing so would make you miserable, but I hardly expected to find that you had determined to give up nothing for me."

"But thou saidst, that for me thou wouldst give up being a soldier."

"Yes, that is it; I am to give up everything for *you*, but you give up nothing in return. My profession, in spite of all you may have been taught to the contrary, is an honourable one; and so dear to me that no woman who truly loved me would desire me to make such a sacrifice for her sake."

Dorothy did not turn her white face towards him, as she said, "Then thou didst not mean what thou saidst yesterday?"

"Of course I meant it, and mean it still, if you insist."

"No; I have no thought of insisting. We will forget yesterday, and will do what I always knew to be right. Thou and I are different in every way. It was no fault of thine that I loved thee. I could not help it; but I should have striven against it, and then all this would not have happened."

By this time Captain Verschoyle was not only enraged with himself, but also with Dorothy. He had come there with the intention of announcing his departure, and had pictured Dorothy's distress at hearing of it. He had said to himself, that while he was trying to soothe and

comfort her, perhaps it would be best to strive with gentle tenderness to show her how impossible it was for him to give up his profession, and if she were certain that her father would not give his consent to their marriage, why it would be useless to ask it. Though it broke both their hearts, he supposed they must part, and once apart, it would be easier for each to forget.

Dorothy, by making the proposal herself, without waiting for all those caresses which were to dull the pain of separation, had overthrown this plan, to Captain Verschoyle's great annoyance. He said all the reproachful things he could to her, and while she sat listening, still and motionless, he had a desire to shake her as he would do a refractory child. Finally saying that they were evidently in no mood for companionship, he took up his hat, and wishing her "good morning," dashed out of the room. And then, with the inconsistency of a lover, he waited to see if she would not come after him imploring the forgiveness he was longing now to give her. His heart smote him sharply as he thought that perhaps the dear little thing was crying. What a horrid temper he had! He would go back and tell her he never meant her to believe one word that he had said. And it would be so delicious to know that she could not part in that way; and to hear her asking to be forgiven. He was tempted to try. He would open the outer door, and if that did not bring her to him he would go back immediately. So, putting this thought into execution, he with some unnecessary clatter opened the house door, and then gave vent to an exclamation, for on the steps stood Josiah Crewdson.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SECRET UNEASINESS.

On the Thursday following that on which Dorothy had left Fryston Grange, Nathaniel Fox walked to King's-heart in a state of great mental excitement and perturbation.

Patience was sitting in the little morning room when her husband entered, and one glance at his face told her that something of importance had gone wrong. He looked round, and thinking they might be overheard by the gardener, who was working near the window, and by Lydia, who was engaged in the dining-room, he said —

"Patience, I desire to speak to thee. Come up-stairs."

She obeyed, following Nathaniel into

their own room, the door of which he shut. Then, turning round so as to face his wife, he demanded —

"Hav'n't I heard thee speak of Charles Verschoyle — who is this young man?"

"He is the person who fainted once in the shop at Plymouth. He afterwards came here to thank me, or rather Judith, whom he took for me, for my kind attention to him. When Dorothy and I went to London we met him accidentally at the railway station. As I told thee, he took care of us till Grace arrived. She, thinking he was a friend of ours, invited him to dinner, and at Fryston we met again. Why dost thou ask?"

Nathaniel took no notice of his wife's question, but walked up and down in deep meditation while she sat waiting for the reply which she knew would come. At last stopping before her he said —

"Something has occurred to-day which never happened in our family before, Patience. I have been taken to task, rebuked, and admonished concerning my conduct and the conduct of my daughter."

"Nathaniel!" exclaimed Patience. "For what reason?"

"Joshua Prideaux came to me to-day, and asked to have some private talk with me. He then showed me a letter from John Millar of Leeds, stating that it was with much pain and surprise that he informed him that I, Nathaniel Fox, had dealt in an underhand and unfriendly way with Josiah Crewdson. Because that while I was allowing him to suppose that my daughter would one day become his wife, I had already given my consent to her marrying Charles Verschoyle, a man who is a soldier. Now, Patience, hast thou heard anything of this? What does it mean?" And Nathaniel's stern face seemed to darken with the inward resentment which such a scandal aroused.

"I am as much amazed as thou art, dear. Who can have made such an imputation upon us?"

"That is the extraordinary part. Josiah Crewdson told his sisters so in justification of Dorothy's unwarrantable behaviour to this man, while she was staying at Holberton."

"Nathaniel!" said Patience, "doth not this show thee the falsehood of the whole thing? Our Dorothy behave in an unseemly manner, and Josiah Crewdson obliged to screen her!" And Patience smiled in her incredulity and staunch belief in her child's rectitude.

"Of course," he replied, "I know something is false. Why, Patience, if I thought

that in one month my child could forget her training, principles, and obedience to us, I'd —"

But Patience caught him by the arm.

"Hush, dear," she said; "parents with as little expectation of a trial as we ourselves, have had one. I believe *nothing* against Dorothy. But if the time ever came when we must, we would, I know, try to follow the example of a Father who is ever tender towards erring children."

But Nathaniel seemed not to hear. He shook her hand off, and continued his moody walk.

"I shall write to Josiah and to Grace," he said; "and thou hadst better tell thy sister Abigail that Dorothy must come home at once. If such reports as these are being circulated, it is better that she were under our own eyes. Oh, why did we let her go there, Patience? The girl was happy and contented, and would have continued so until a worthy man took her for his wife. I was overruled, but I doubted my judgment. I knew that the world, with its snares and pitfalls, was no place for an innocent girl."

"Thy theory is wrong, as I often tell thee," said Patience, hoping to divert his mind by argument. "Thou art ever confounding ignorance and innocence, both of which may exist without the other. If I have any fear for Dorothy, it is because she has never been shown many things which might serve to guard her against herself."

Nathaniel shook his head.

"What sort of a person is this young man Verschoyle?"

"He is not a very young man. He looks older than he is, perhaps, by being bronzed with the sun. He has a very winning, kindly manner, and I think I might say he would do nothing dishonourable."

"Dishonourable!" echoed Nathaniel contemptuously; "that, probably, means that he may be godless, immoral, and unprincipled, so long as he does not break rules set up by libertines like himself."

"Thou art judging with undue harshness. I know nothing of Charles Verschoyle beyond exchanging the passing civilities of every-day life with him. But it would not be fair to receive civilities from all denominations, and yet believe that good motives can only dwell in members of our own Society."

But Nathaniel was too thoroughly annoyed to listen calmly to anything like reason from his wife. He could not bear to think that a man like Joshua Prideaux should have it in his power to administer

a rebuke to him, and take him to task as he had done, for permitting his daughter to be the engaged wife of a soldier. He permit such a thing! when he had invariably used every effort to support all Peace movements and to discourage war. And this the Society both at Leeds and Plymouth well knew. So he wrote to Josiah Crewdson, demanding information respecting all that he had been charged with. He also wrote to Grace, desiring to know what intimacy existed between Dorothy and Charles Verschoyle, and whether she knew where the young man then was.

Patience wrote a long and guarded letter to Dorothy, telling her that she had better return home at once, and another letter to her sister Abigail, informing her a little more fully of her secret uneasiness.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE QUAKER'S QUIXOTIC LOVE.

NATHANIEL FOX's letter being directed to Holberton Hall, with a view to Josiah reading it to his sisters, he did not receive it before he left for York. His visit to Dorothy, therefore, only proceeded from Josiah's own fears, rather than from any knowledge of what was taking place.

When Captain Verschoyle so unexpectedly opened Abigail Fletcher's door, Josiah fancied the whole matter was settled. He wondered at seeing Dorothy run up-stairs without paying any attention to either of them. He said he hoped Captain Verschoyle was well, and informed him that they were having seasonable weather. His nervous loquacity being stopped by Captain Verschoyle asking him somewhat sharply if he were "going in," Josiah jumped on one side.

"Oh, thanks," said Captain Verschoyle impatiently, "because I am going out. Good morning." And the gallant officer walked away, anathematizing Quakers generally, and "that fool Crewdson" in particular.

Josiah lingered about and finally went into the room which Dorothy had vacated, and waited for her to come down-stairs. His mind was filled with sickening anxiety lest Aunt Abigail should return — Captain Verschoyle, hoping that Josiah might take the hint, having said she was out. Once or twice he got up to ring the bell, but sat down again. At length, when he had quite made up his mind that he would send word that he was there and could not stay long, Dorothy appeared, saying that she feared she had exhausted his patience,

but Josiah declared she had not in the least done so. Then they indulged in a little irrelevant conversation, until Josiah feeling that he could no longer delay what he had come purposely to announce, suddenly got up, looked out of the window, and then returned to his place to say —

"Oh, Dorothy! I suppose thou hast altered thy mind?"

"How?" For Dorothy was in no talking mood. She was in the dull state of grief when everything is heard and done with an effort, inducing one to sit still, silent and stunned.

"I mean that I met Charles Verschoyle at the door, so I thought that perhaps — Oh, Dorothy, do not mind telling me. Thou hast changed thy mind and wilt marry him — is it not so?"

"No."

"But he has written to thy father. Thou wilt tell him of it?"

Dorothy shook her head.

Poor Josiah! he wondered what he should do. How could he inform her that Kezia had told him of the scene which she had witnessed in the drawing-room? More than that, how could he tell her that his sisters had made it their business to spread among Friends the report of Dorothy Fox's engagement to a soldier, while they and their brother regarded her as his future wife? Nathaniel would be certain to tax her with it, and was it not better that she should be in some way prepared.

"Dorothy," he began again — and he drew an imaginary pattern on the carpet with his foot, that she might be quite certain he was not looking at her — "Kezia, it seems, looked at thee through the window."

Dorothy uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"Oh, thou wilt not mind me, Dorothy!" he added quickly. "I did not listen to what she said, only sisters made a great deal of it. They are not like we are, thou knowest, and they thought I should speak to thy father; and so I said that he knew it, as Charles Verschoyle was to be thy husband. I did not know what to say, and I knew he would ask thy father for thee."

"Oh, will they tell father?" said Dorothy piteously.

"No, I don't think so, only he may hear what I said."

"Why didst thou say so, Josiah? Oh, what shall I do, father will never forgive me! Oh, Josiah, do help me!"

This appeal seemed to nerve Josiah to the utmost. "Dorothy," he said, "thou knowest that whatever I did for thee, I did

it thinking it the best thing to do. I thought perhaps thou hadst changed thy mind. As it is, if Charles Verschoyle has not asked thy father, he will do so now, though he and thou shouldst both refuse him."

"I shall not see him again," she said. "He was angry to-day because I knew father would refuse, and so he left me." And the fresh grief, pressing on old sorrows newly awakened, Dorothy broke down, declaring she deserved it all. "I have forgotten everything, and deceived every one," she cried, — "father, and him, and thee, and now I must bear the punishment." And, in her shame and grief, she hid her face in her hands.

Josiah entreated her not to give way. He was certain, he said, that he could prevent her father from being very angry, but she had better let Charles Verschoyle write to him.

Not knowing Josiah's reasons for urging this, Dorothy declared such a thing to be impossible, as she had given Captain Verschoyle her decision, and they had, she feared, parted for good. Aunt Abigail's voice was now heard, and Dorothy had only time to run away, fearing that her eyes, red with weeping, might attract her aunt's attention.

When she again made her appearance, she complained of a headache, and Aunt Abigail coupling her silence and depression with Josiah's visit, concluded that he had been further urging his suit. He remained to an early dinner with them, and vainly endeavoured to speak again to Dorothy. But Aunt Abigail, having made up her mind that the dear child should not be worried any further, gave him no opportunity, and he was obliged to leave them, still uncertain how he should act for the best.

Josiah was quite aware of Dorothy's position, and how her conduct would be viewed among Friends. She would be regarded henceforth as a forward, frivolous girl, unworthy to be trusted, and not properly endowed with maidenly reserve. This would be the opinion of the most charitable, but those who lacked the chief Christian virtue would probably not spare her in thought and word; and to a proud man like Nathaniel, this scandal would be bitter indeed. How could it be lessened? A brilliant idea entered Josiah's mind. Surely, if Charles Verschoyle loved Dorothy as well as he did — he would be equally anxious that no breath of scandal should dim the purity of her actions. Josiah felt that he could explain the whole circum-

stances to him, and ask him to write to Nathaniel. Her father would then screen Dorothy by saying his consent had been asked to her marriage, but that he had withheld it on account of differences of principles.

Many men would have sneered at the young Quaker's Quixotic love. They would have doubted its existence, perhaps, and considered that to have seen the girl who had refused him well served out, would be sweeter revenge than trying to spare her anxiety or sorrow. But this was not Josiah's nature; he had always thought that Dorothy would find it hard to love him, and he cared for her none the less because his fears now had been realized. True he did not go through all these interviews and communings with himself without many a sad heart-ache and regret; but even these did not make him feel bitter to her. If a slight shadow ever had come over him, one look at her had charmed it away. Captain Verschoyle, however, acted on him in a contrary manner; his presence caused flames of anger and hatred to spring up from the ashes which only smouldered within Josiah's breast. So it was no easy task to seek a meeting with him. Josiah was certain that in presence of his rival he should feel awkward and be unable properly to explain his errand. Still it seemed the best thing for him to do. He spent several hours in deciding one thing, and then changing his mind; going half-way to the station and turning back, walking some little distance, regretting his decision, and making a second and fruitless attempt to catch a train which had almost started as he began running. At length he made a desperate resolution and arrived at Darington just before dinner.

Captain Verschoyle and Mr. Egerton had just come in after a long ride, and were discussing the necessity of attending to Lady Laura's summons.

"I cannot think what they mean," said the younger man.

"Mean!" replied Mr. Egerton; "nothing, no woman ever does — they are tired of quarrelling together, and want you to join them. Take my advice, and don't."

"I left them like turtle-doves," said Captain Verschoyle, "on account of Audrey having determined to sacrifice herself to that old Ford I told you of. Well, I shall not go to-morrow, I'll write to my mother and ask her what she means. I don't want to leave now."

"No," said the old man slyly; "tell her that Fox-hunting is just beginning."

Captain Verschoyle would not under-

stand the allusion, and his companion continued, "Capital sport, but the best men get a cropper sometimes."

"Ah, well!" replied Captain Verschoyle, bent on remaining ignorant; "there's not much fear of me, I'm an old hand."

"I'll tell you what, Charlie——" but he was interrupted by the man opening the door and saying to Captain Verschoyle, "If you please, sir, there's a gentleman in the library as wishes to see you; he told me to say Josiah Crewdson."

Mr. Egerton gave a long whistle. "I'll be your second, Charlie,—if he's come in a blood-thirsty spirit," he said; "or if he only wants a peaceable fight, tell him I'll have a round with him while you're getting your wind, for I fear the little chap's more than a match for you." But Captain Verschoyle paid no attention to this sally, he only sat for an instant frowning, and then meditatively asked, "Now what can he want with me?"

COMMENSALISM IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—UNDER this title a very interesting paper was read some time ago in the Académie des Sciences de Belgique by M. P. J. van Beneden, which we have not hitherto had an opportunity of noticing. It is well known to even the most careless observer that various animals are frequently found associated together. In some instances the smaller and often more active animal feeds upon the other, and is then termed a parasite; and this may either live on the surface or in the interior, but in either case at the expense of its host. In other instances, however, instead of forming a true parasite, the smaller animal may simply take advantage of the activity of the larger animal to which it attaches itself in order to obtain food, that it would be otherwise unable to acquire, and which is occasionally identical with that of its host. In such cases, instead of preying upon the latter, it simply dines at the same table with him; the two animals furnish together an example of commensalism. When the back of a whale is coated with Coronulæ or Diademata, it cannot truly be said to be covered with parasites. These crustaceans only require from their colossal neighbour a lodging, or more accurately, a vehicle. They do not in any way draw nourishment from him, but effect the capture of their own appropriate food, in which they are merely assisted by the motion of the whale. Commensals may be divided into two classes; the free, or those which can detach themselves at will, and the fixed. The free commensals are the most numerous, and various examples of them may be adduced. First, a pretty little fish named *Donzella*, or *Fierasfer*, which lives in the inside of the *Holothuria*, and is of elongated ribbon-like form. M. v. Beneden states that one of his friends, M. Semper, has in the Philippines seen *Holothuria*, in whose interior were so many different kinds of animals as to present no distant resemblance to an hotel, with a table d'hôte. In the Indian seas, again, is a fish termed the *Oxibele lombricoides*, which lives inside a star-fish (*Asterias discoidea*), and consumes a part of the food swallowed by the latter. A siluriform fish of Brazil, of the genus *Platystomus*, lodges in its mouth several small fishes that were for a long time considered to be

young silures, which were protected here as the young of the Marsupials are in the pouch of their mother; but it has lately been shown by Prof. Reinhardt that they are full-grown fish of a different species, and he has named them *Stegophilus insidiosus*. M. Bleeker has discovered a crab (*Cymothoa*) living in the mouth of a fish, the *Stromataeus niger*. In the Chinese Sea Dr. Collingwood met with a large *Anemone*, two feet in diameter, in the interior of which a small fish swam about. Another interesting example of a free commensal is met with in the *Pinnotheres*, or small crabs about the size of a young spider, which live in the cavity of the bivalve *Modiola* and *Avicula*, whilst the *Ostracothera* similarly inhabits the *Tridacna*. On the other hand, in *Cochliolepis* parasites we have an example of a gastropod living as a free commensal on the body of an Annelid *Ocoetes lupinus*. Another small crab (*Fabia chinensis*) lives in the lower part of the intestine of an *Echinus* (*Eurichinus imbecillus*). The habits of the Hermit crab are well known, how it seeks out certain gastropod shells, and conceals in them its feeble caudal extremity; but it is not so generally known that it is almost always accompanied by a commensal in the form of a little Annelid, whilst the surface of the protecting shell is often covered with *Hydractinia*, which to some extent at least are indebted to the crab for their sustenance. Other crabs inhabit tunicate animals, as the *Phronimus sedentarius*, which swims in the interior of the *Salpa*. The elegant gastropod *Phylliroe bucephalus* has for a commensal a remarkable polype, the nature of which was long misunderstood, but which is now known to be the Polype *Mneustra* parasite. Lastly, the beautiful sponge (*Euplectella aspergillum*) of the Philippine Isles, contains in its cavity no less than three free commensals of the Crab-tribe, namely, the *Pinnotheres*, *Palemon*, and one of the *Isopoda*. In regard to the fixed commensals, the most interesting are the Cirripedes, which in the form of tubicinella, diadema, or coronula, are found attached to whales, dolphins, sharks, and chelonians. Various genera of polypes and sponges are familiar as constituting fixed commensals.

Academy.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
OFFICIOUS PEOPLE.

OFFICIOUS people can never leave things alone. No one can possess his soul in peace, or go his own way unhindered of them. They stand at the cross-roads of all men's lives, pointing out to them the path they ought to take; and, whether in religious faith or in house-furnishing, the choice of a wife or the pattern of a boot, have their word to say, their advice to give, and their fingers to dip, whatever may be the pie that is making. Illness is one of their strong points, and if they hear that you are indisposed, whether slightly or gravely, they rush off to proffer advice, which you do not want and will not accept, and which probably would turn out a mistake if you did accept. Your disinfectant is not equal to theirs, and they have brought you the name and address of the chemist where you can get theirs. Your nurse does not know her business; let them send for one of their own choosing to-night. Your medical man says you are suffering from a certain form of illness. Well, of course he ought to know; but to the officious it seems much like something else; or, if they do not go quite so far, they inquire, with the air of knowing all about it, whether he had not ordered such and such things to be done; and, if you say no, they urge you to have their own medical man without delay, as they are so sure yours is making a mistake. And so on, till they have worried you into a fever, when they take their leave, and bewail your obstinacy to the next comer. . . .

Old maids, they are great in the management of children, and you may make up your mind to much advice on the best methods of feeding, instructing, and disciplining your rising family, if you number an officious spinster among your friends. They do not often err on the side of tenderness, being generally of a decidedly Spartan way of thinking; but sometimes they start off on a crusade of spoiling, and interfere with you because of your harshness, though on the other hand they will rebuke, and even punish, your little ones if they feel called upon to testify in that form; and they will tell you what they have done quite complacently, and think they have deserved your gratitude. Being for the most part people of an overflowing energy, without sufficient occupation, and afflicted with untiring strength and activity, they are up and about everywhere, prying out all you wish concealed, and doing everything you want left alone. On their own account, and unasked by you, they

undertake to do your business, and nine times out of ten they do it wrong. If even they have your permission, and you are about to give accurate directions, they do not wait to hear all you have to say, but go off half-charged, and have fired their shot before they know what they had to hit. If intimately associated with them, they reduce you to the state of an imbecile, with no will of your own, no individuality, no independent action — just a *mannikin*, to be moved according to the will of your officious friend the wire-puller. If you are asked a question they answer for you, and they make arrangements in which you are the principal person concerned, to save you the trouble of deciding for yourself. If you are tired, they mount guard against your door, and defend you from the presence of your dearest friends whom you specially wish to see; they buy what you do not want, because they thought such-and-such things "looked like you;" they commit you to engagements you never dreamed of undertaking; and send you teachers, tradespeople, workers of all kinds, with an assurance that you are certain to employ them. If they know that you are invited by a common friend, they hustle over to his house, and take it on themselves to inform him of your peculiar habits and tastes, and you, who are shy and sensitive, and hate to be singular or to give trouble, are made to appear in a character of all others most distressing to you, because your officious friend chose to betray your little weaknesses and parade your predilections as necessities. On a journey or a drive they smother you with superfluous wraps, and go shivering for their own share. If you have arranged to accompany them on an expedition they judge unasked as to the fitness of the weather for you; and either go off without you because it was not the right kind of a day for you, or break up the party on your account and in their character of watchdog guarding your interests. If you decide on going, supposing the possibility of decision is still left you, they deluge you with their advice, and hamper you with their help before you start; giving your coachman private instructions as to which way he is to go, so that you shall have this view or avoid that hill, as they think best for your pleasure and well-being. Indeed, as a general characteristic, they interfere not a little with your servants all round; if they are women, rebuking the maids for their feminine vanities in dress, and the men for their fondness for beer; if of the domestic sort, oppressing them with recipes

for furniture polish and plate powder, and rules for doing their work differently from their present methods, which serve only to afflict their souls and bewilder their minds, and to make them uncertain in all they do. They understand all about everything. If they go into your garden they nip off your first buds to strengthen the plant, and in their zeal for ridding you of dead leaves and seeding flowers, tear off your best blossoming branches with them. . . .

Women who are persecuted by officious friends in society find "company manners" and the serenity demanded by their caste difficult to compass. The officious male friend jumps up on the smallest provocation and hovers about, insisting on doing everything for his victim that she does not want done at all, or that she wants some one else to do, and succeeds in making her life a burden to her for the time being. He spills the wine or coffee in his struggle to hold her glass or cup; cannons against her in his endeavour to wrest from her the light chair she is dragging after her, with a pretty affectation of carrying burdens that she knows becomes her; insists on giving her a footstool which makes her seat uncomfortable, and over which she trips when she gets up; and takes her down to supper or her carriage before any one else can offer, when she is praying in her heart for some other man half-way across the room and coming towards her now to perform that pleasant office — some other man to whom she has a tender word to say, and from whom she hopes to hear one yet more tender. In a word, he makes himself a nuisance, and spoils the poor creature's whole pleasure by his officiousness, when he meant only to do her a service. But this is just the way with your officious people: they always mean to do well, only they never manage to succeed.

From The Spectator.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS AND THE REVOLUTION.

CORRESPONDENTS from Versailles agree in declaring that the German chiefs, the six or seven men who are directing the movements and determining the policy of the new military power, feel a certain "uneasiness" at the arrival of Garibaldi in France. Of course they, as regular soldiers, despise the great partisan, and even question his right to fight for France — though he is by law a Frenchman of the department of Nice, and bears a regular

French commission — and as Conservatives detest the most convinced of Republicans; but still they confess an uneasiness, and they are right. Garibaldi represents perfectly the two grand dangers to which the Hohenzollerns, by pushing their demands too far, are exposing both the dynasty and the future of Germany. They are bringing upon themselves a new and grave evil, one which may yet undo all they have achieved for themselves, — the permanent, sleepless, unquenchable hostility of the cosmopolitan Revolution; the deadly enmity of a party which, in every country except England, means to make itself felt and feared; which is unable to swerve, though it sometimes suspends its ultimate object, and which, though feeble to accomplish anything of itself, brings up masses of power to the support of every enemy of its foes. Hitherto the Revolution has not been bitter against the Hohenzollerns, has regarded them rather as persons useful to control or destroy the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, the Bonapartes, and the Temporal Power. Once, at least, during recent years — during the war of 1866 — Red feeling has been decidedly with Prussia, Sadowa being regarded as a terrible blow to their deadliest enemy of all, obscurantist, absolutist Austria. Even up to the fall of Sedan, that opinion was not hostile, for the Emperor Napoleon was felt to be the strongest and most immovable of all barriers to the supremacy of their ideas. From the day of the "déchéance," however, all was changed. Austria is liberalized and "Darwinian," the Bonapartes in exile, the Temporal Power abolished, the Italian Government submissive, and the full volume of the Red hatred has begun to concentrate itself upon the aggrandized, self-willed, force-believing, aristocratic German monarchy. That hatred is deepened every day by the historic sympathy of all true Reds for France, the home of the Revolution, by the danger of the one capital which has been for two generations immovably Republican, and by the unwarrantable and unwise insults which the German chiefs, and more especially Count Bismarck, daily pour out upon the "gentlemen of the pavement," the "elect of the rabble," the "gang of lawyers," who are trying to save at once liberty and France; and that hatred signifies much. It means that in every country of Europe, for years, perhaps for generations to come, a party fanatically brave and determined, with high popularity among the masses, sure of occasional glimpses of power, with more than half the Press of Europe in its

hands, with an influence which is almost predominant among the Latin races, will for years postpone all smaller ends to the destruction of the Prussian monarchy and system of rule; that the never-ending hail of agitations and sarcasms, insurrections and diatribes, intrigues and songs which has beaten down the Papacy, will henceforward rain upon the Hohenzollerns. It is not a lame Nizzard who has declared war upon the new Emperor, but every Red in France, Russia, Italy, Poland, Spain, Switzerland, Ireland, and even — though that matters little — in Great Britain. Germany is strong enough to defy all if it pleases; but in Germany itself the Reds will find, when the war is once over, powerful levers. There are points of weakness in that mighty structure in which the wedges can be inserted. The scheme of policy which almost forbids commissions to plebeians is enough when the nation is an army to breed an insurrection. The South Germans are Democrats at heart, and the South Germans are stepping to their places in the Federation. No Catholic out of the Rhenish provinces — where perpetual danger has crased religious differences — loves or can love cordially the stern Protestant House, with its fixed dogma that the State is above all, even Heaven, — that, for example, to quote a recent fact, a Catholic officer who refuses a duel shall be broke, even though he pleads that he refused only for the sake of his salvation. Above all, the Reds have the lever of the tremendous question known variously as the Rights of labour, Lassallism, Schulze-Delitscherei, a dozen names, but under them all implying revolt against the sternly regular Prussian support of individualism. A strike in North Germany is a crime, and therefore a workman is a potential insurgent. Safe from the external foe, with new millions of democratic and Catholic subjects, with a question to settle in which he is sure to arouse the fanaticism of whole classes, with his people armed and full of the pride of victory, the Emperor of Germany, were he wise, would do well to shrink from an internecine quarrel with the power which never loses an opportunity, and never rejects an ally, which, using now one weapon and now another — now an assassin like Orsini, now a King like Victor Emanuel, now a partisan like Garibaldi, and again a trooper like Prim — has within twenty years helped to batter down all the Bourbon thrones, the Holy Chair, the Austrian sway in Italy, and the Bonaparte dynasty in France, and is even now lending new strength and spirit, and

even means, to the nation which King William has struck down.

Again, the Revolution — and this is the second reason why there is such uneasiness in Versailles — is now trying whether it can, as in 1793, organize popular war; whether, that is, the strongest reason for the Prussian system, with its rigidity and its royalism, namely, its invincibility in war, does or does not exist. The theory of the German chiefs is that no nation can be permanently safe unless organized on a far-seeing, rigid, and more or less oppressive but scientific military system, having for permanent pivot a King reigning by right other than popular election. If this theory is unsound, if France, after a terrific overthrow, with no king, no army, no leader of genius, no organization, and no time, can improvise by mere energy and patriotism a force sufficient to check the victors, the *raison d'être* of the Hohenzollerns and their system will have disappeared. A defeat of the German Army by the Army of Paris will be the most terrible blow the principle of monarchy ever received, and a successful rising in the provinces will be scarcely less disastrous. It will prove by the most conspicuous of instances, by an explosion which all men must hear, that monarchy is needless to military strength; that popular leaders, elected and trusted by a patriotic people, can rapidly form efficient armies under the most unfavourable circumstances; that a popular army may be an effective army; that *a fortiori* a Swiss organization would completely protect any country to which it is applied. In other words, it would prove past all doubt or quibble that Republicanism is not necessarily weak or monarchy necessarily strong. That lesson taught to Germany, explained, analyzed, and pondered on as it would be by German professors, orators, and soldiers, would in the end be fatal to the monarchy now holding its Belshazzar feast up there in Versailles, with all mankind save the Revolution at its feet. This is the experiment which the General of the Revolution is trying, and in which, in spite of all hostile circumstances, he may yet succeed. We doubt if there is a Tory in Great Britain who, as he read Garibaldi's instructions to the *Francs-tireurs* — published in the *Daily News*, did not perceive, as by a revelation, that this was not an "inspired idiot" or second Masaniello; but a military genius of a new type, and of the most singularly original force. That those regulations will be obeyed we are scarcely able to believe. They require an educated

population, and the French are not educated; a population careless of military executions, and the French dread them very much. But that, if obeyed, they would, at a hideous sacrifice of life and treasure, rid France of her invaders, we have no doubt whatever, and can well understand how angrily Count Bismarck glances at the possibility, how harshly German officers feel inclined to carry out the terrorist rules intended to prevent such war. Those terrorist rules may succeed, for human nature is weak; but they may also fail, for of all threats, the one against which human nature rises up most courageously is war without quarter, and it is war without quarter which these executions of *Francs-tireurs* proclaim. "I am to die if taken; then I will die fighting;" even Hindoos are capable of that simple syllogism, and it is one which has at all times made insurgents formidable. If they fail, the free war may give as severe a shake to the Hohenzollern system as the hostility of the Revolution is certain to do to the Hohenzollern dynasty, and it is both these chances, pregnant with possibilities of future overthrow, which the King and his Minister are developing by continuing the war. Had Jules Favre's offer been accepted, Germany would have retired almost unwounded, arbitress of Europe, and by the consent of all men entirely in the right. Were she to accept them now, she would retire with her future assured, her power far beyond attack, her enemies in France alone. If she protracts the war by demanding terms which Paris untaken cannot grant, she may obtain a Poland in the West to join hands with the Poland in the East; but she may also retire empty-handed and sorely wounded, while she must retire knowing that henceforward between the Revolution and the Hohenzollern dynasty it is war to the death.

From The Economist.

OUR POSITION IN CHINA.

WE are inclined, upon the whole, to believe that the position of British subjects and British interests in China deserves the most serious attention of Her Majesty's Government. It is, no doubt, quite possible to overrate the political importance of an Oriental massacre, which is as often due to fear as to any other cause, the insurgents seeing no alternative between respect and murder. Asiatics in all countries are apt to kill where Europeans

would only hoot. It is also quite possible to exaggerate the evidences of official complicity, Asiatic rulers being much more under the influence of opinion than we are apt to suppose. They cannot afford to despise their soldiers, and their soldiers, unless mere mercenaries, share all the prejudices of the classes from which they are drawn. The tortures, too—and more especially the indecent tortures,—which usually accompany massacres in the East disturb the Western imagination, which regards the wilful infliction of pain with a loathing a Chinaman is incompetent even to understand. Nevertheless, in this instance we think the evidence tends to show that the Anglo-Chinese are in the right, and that the European community in China stands in great danger of extirpation. The Chinese think that the French are the soldier people of Europe, they know that French power is broken, and they imagine that the hour is arrived when foreign interference may safely be brought to a close. It is quite impossible that this country should tolerate or even disregard a menace of that kind. Not only would its realization lead to an immediate and most annoying war, but its existence involves a danger which is too often overlooked. Capitalists do not like to live under personal terror. The existence of an infinitesimal extent of personal danger has for years past arrested the flow of English capital to Ireland, and the development of the trade with the interior of China is completely stopped by the risks which would attend its serious prosecution. It is quite within the range of possibilities that the Chinese might render residence in Shanghai and other ports so insecure, or dangerous, or unpleasant, that the place would cease to attract capital, and a trade of immense value, one which has scarcely begun but which already amounts to 20,000,000*l* a year, would be brought to a close. No country so dependent as our own upon Asiatic commerce could patiently endure such a loss; and we cannot but think that Government would do well to avoid it by precautions such as they have not yet employed.

Those precautions we venture to suggest have not yet been very wise, yielding as they do a minimum of safety at a maximum of expense. The present system is to station an armed vessel or two in each Treaty port, to threaten bombardment if Europeans are menaced; and in the event of extraordinary danger, to send a few marines and Madras troops, just enough to excite Chinese susceptibility, but not enough to

resist a considerable force. These precautions, which cost much money, are very slowly taken, are apt to become effectual too late, and leave ample time to the Chinese literati to try their favourite device—the rush of an armed but apparently irresponsible mob, bent on pillage, torture, and execution. It does not take twelve hours to organize a massacre like that of Tientsin, and though the foreigners usually have some warning, they very often have not adequate force at hand. They can punish but not prevent atrocities, and every punishment is apt to assume the dimensions of a war, very costly, very inglorious, and very injurious to trade. It is indispensable to seek some means of defence which shall be more permanent, more complete, and less costly; and we cannot but think that it might be found in the expedient devised a century and a half ago by the East India Company, namely, the construction of a building or fort strong enough to resist any attack not supported by powerful artillery—a fort to be garrisoned by sixteen or twenty gunners, and the European volunteers. It is not the Chinese army we have to fear, but the Chinese mob; and against an armed mob even an ordinary house is a sufficient protection. The Sepoys in India were frequently beaten off from mere dwelling-houses, the windows of which had been protected by bags of sand. Four low towers connected by walls, with an ordinary flat and incombustible roof over the enclosure, a minute railway station in fact, would afford a sufficient retreat for a few days, during which the European residents would be able to read the mob a terrible lesson, until orders either arrived from Peking or support from the nearest squadron. Better still would be the plan of the old East India Company, of obtaining certain delegated rights over a limited plot of ground, within which the European municipality would be entitled to make its own byelaws, and defend itself as it best could. The capital cities of India, with their vast populations, are controlled usually by forts of very little use in war, and have for a century been wonderfully exempt from mob risings, though in one of them, at least, there is a populace more warlike, bigoted, and dangerous than that of any Chinese city. It should be observed that in China, as in India, civil residents are accustomed to a certain degree of self-defence, and would very gladly protect

themselves by any device not requiring a great expenditure of time, as, for example, by enrolling themselves in volunteer artillery companies. Of course, it would be necessary to regulate any resort to means of defence; but the merchants are not eager to check trade, and there are Consuls with considerable powers over their people. Fortified Consulates would, we believe, prevent many a Chinese war.

Before any scheme of defence can be carried out, it is, however, necessary to resume, if possible, our ancient position of isolation. The European Powers in China have contrived in the course of years to hamper themselves by a system of alliance of no practical value, and much practical injury. The theory is, that all Europe is, as regards China, a Federal Power, that all States are to help each other, and that consequently any concession obtained by one State is for the general benefit of all. Even if the theory were acted on, it would be a nuisance, as the representatives of France are never content with less than command, which England, in Asia, can never afford to cede; while American diplomatists have a knack of posing themselves as friends of both sides, and very candid friends, which destroys all appearance of unity among the strangers. But as a matter of fact it is not acted upon, French women being murdered under circumstances which implicate the officials without English representatives attempting to enforce reparation or punishment. At the same time, the discredit of not enforcing them attaches, in Chinese eyes, to the English as much as to the French. We suffer from an apparent obligation which, nevertheless, we do not fully acknowledge. Of course in very serious emergencies civilized men will hang together against semi-civilized men; but there seems no reason why we should exert ourselves to obtain concessions from Peking, which must be instantly shared with Powers who have scarcely any interests in China, or why we should give up the power of controlling our own people, because any ruling local committee must be international, and, therefore, inefficient. We want to see an "English factory" of the old Company's fashion in each centre of Chinese trade, and we would ask Lord Granville whether the time has not arrived for releasing our policy in China from the confused kind of Federal idea by which it is at present so hopelessly embarrassed?

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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IN VACATION.

How wonderful this pilgrimage!
On every side new worlds appear.
I weigh the wisdom of the sage,
And find it wanting here.

I crave the tongue that Adam knew,
To question and discourse with these,—
To taunt the jay with jacket blue,
And quarrel with the bees.

To answer when the grossbeak calls
His mate; to mock the catbird's screech;
The sloven crow's, with nasal draws,
The oriole's golden speech.

Now through the pasture, and across
The brook, while flocks of sparrows try
To quit the world, and wildly toss
Their forms against the sky.

A small owl from the thistle-tops
Makes eyes at me, with blank distrust,
Tips off upon the air, and drops,
Flat-footed, in the dust.

The meadow-lark lifts shoulder-high
Above the sward, and, quivering
With broken notes of ecstasy,
Slants forth on curved wing.

The patient barn-fowls strut about,
Intent on nothing every one.
A tall cock hails a cock without,
A grave hen eyes the sun.

The clear-eyed cattle calmly stop
To munch the dry husk in the rack;
Or stretch their solid necks, and crop
The fringes of the stack.

But night is coming, as I think;
The moving air is growing cool;
I hear the hoarse frog's hollow chink
Around the weedy pool.

The sun is down, the clouds are gray,
The cricket lifts his trembling voice.
Come back again, O happy day,
And bid my heart rejoice!

Public Opinion.

AUTUMN TIME.

I SING the mellowed autumn time;
The russet pears, the scarlet haws, the yellow
sheaves of autumn time.

The fading, falling autumn time;
The rustling leaves, the saddened winds, the
pallid mists of autumn time.

The scented, fragrant autumn time;
The clover balls, the moorland heath, the fresh-
ploughed earth of autumn time.

The sober, tranquil autumn time;
The chastened noons, the steadfast stars, the
purple glooms of autumn time.

The sweet, soft sounds of autumn time;
The twittering birds, the bleating flocks, the
plaining streams of autumn time.

The resting, patient autumn time;
The close-reaped fields, the dew-drenched grass,
the low-streaked skies of autumn time.

The grand, prophetic autumn time;
For ripened hearts and sweetened souls called
home to God at autumn time.

Chambers' Journal.

ISLE OF PURBECK.

GREAT landmarks here are wound through
little space
Half circled by the sea,
Mid such tranquillity
As most in scenes most pastoral doth hold its
place.

A double range of hills, as with a fence
Of nature's own device,
With one sole orifice
Shuts in the sloping valley's half circumference.

Pastures are large and sloping down the vale,
In undulations green,
With winding lanes between,
And high upon the cliff that fronts the southern
gale.

Wild heath, outstretching far behind the lines
Of semi-circling hills,
A wide expanse fulfils,
And with the deep blue distance distantly com-
bines.

Small bays between brown cliffs, bays blue
and clear,
Homesteads in meadows green,
With many gates between,
And hanging woods in shade, their varied forms
uprear.

Within the arc of hills a soft repose,
As if from by-gone days,
Enslaves the sympathies,
And unto local love affection doth dispose.

The Month.

Translated for The Living Age.
A LILPUTIAN REPUBLIC.

THE REPUBLIC OF GERSAU.

BY ADOLPHE GAUTIER.

ON the Lake of the Four Cantons, on the right, or north side of that part called the Bay of Buochs, lies a little valley, the steep sides of which form the beds of two torrents, that rush down from the three secondary summits of Mount Righi. These three summits, forming an amphitheatre, are from 4800 to 5200 feet high; they slope precipitously into the lake, to the east and west of the valley of which we speak, and isolate it so much from the surrounding country that there are no means of access to it, except from the lake, or through narrow mountain paths. On the shore, at the end of this valley, are seen the white houses of the village of Gersau.

Situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Switzerland, inhabited by an active and industrious population, surrounded by orchards, woods and pastures, this village has a distinct physiognomy; and, by its appearance of comfort and wealth, more resembles one of the chief towns of the Little Cantons,* than the other villages of the adjacent country. You see a pretty church, lately built, a large hotel, several handsome residences, and two large silk factories, lit by gas. A road, recently opened, connects Gersau with Brunnen and the rest of the Canton of Schwytz, and now the inhabitants hear the rumbling of carriages, which their fathers never did. In the neighbourhood is the fine thermal establishment of the Righi Scheidegg, where, during the summer many strangers follow the cure, and breathe the fresh Alpine air; and on the shore of the lake, most romantically situated, is the Chapel of Infanticide, (Kindlimord), built near a rock, whence, according to tradition, a minstrel precipitated his child, who asked him for bread.

The valley and its slopes formed the territory of the old Free and Sovereign State of Gersau. Its greatest length is one league and a quarter, and extends from

the promontory of the Obere Nase, the boundary of Lucerne, to a little east of the Chapel of Infanticide, the boundary of Schwytz. Its greatest width is three-quarters of a league, and extends from the lake to the boundary mark, placed a few paces behind the water-cure establishment of the Righi Scheidegg. The boatmen of the lake declare that five hundred and fifty strokes of the oar suffice to go from one end of the Republic to the other, but nearly twice that amount is necessary.

In the beginning of this century, the population comprised only twelve hundred and ninety-four inhabitants; the last census shows seventeen hundred and forty. They live by raising cattle, fishing, navigation, and the manufacture of silk, not only in the two factories, of which we have spoken, but in their own houses.

The topographical shape of Gersau has contributed, in isolating it from the rest of the world, towards giving it a peculiar character. History has confirmed the work of nature; it shows us this diminutive district living upon its own resources, during several centuries, and forming an independent State, of which one of its historians has truthfully said that, if there existed no smaller republic, neither was there a happier one.

The first historical document in which mention is made of Gersau, is an act dated 1064, enumerating the possessions of the Abbey of Muri. Among these possessions figures "all the territory of Gersau," (*Gersove per totum*), but nothing is said of how the Abbey originally came into possession. Whether of old, or recent date, these possessions and rights were not destined to remain, for a long time, in the hands of the same proprietor, for in 1247 Muri possessed only the church and its dependencies, and a twelfth part of the ecclesiastical tithes. This loss to them was to the advantage of the Counts of Habsburg, who, as treasurers, (*Kastvogt*), of the Abbey, exercised justice in its name and held certain possessions, among them a domain called the Court of Gersau, the inhabitants of which were their vassals.

The yoke of the Habsburgs was much heavier than that of the abbots of Muri, and although the inhabitants, except those

* The Cantons of Uri, Schwytz and Unterwalden, the original founders of the Swiss Confederation, are generally thus designated.

of the Court, were not vassals, their condition was but little better; they were oppressed with taxes and duties of every kind, which deprived them of all feeling of security for their property.

Even the most powerful nobles of the Middle Ages were often in want of money; and this doubtless happened to the Habsburgs, when, towards the end of the thirteenth century they mortgaged the domain of Gersau to the Barons of Ramstein, who in their turn re-mortgaged it to the Von Moos family, of Lucerne. This was a benefit to the people, as a document of the period shows an increase in the number of landholders and that the Anmann, a judicial functionary, was a bourgeois of Gersau. The community, in acquiring greater wealth and importance, was steadily becoming emancipated. It was the period when the founders of the Swiss Confederation made treaties of alliance, in order to resist the design of the House of Austria to transform into a political sovereignty the feudal rights transmitted to it by inheritance in the Waldstetten. Gersau was included in these treaties from 1332, but its name only appears in the act renewing the alliance in 1359. This document states that Gersau and Weggis take the same oath as the four Cantons and enjoy the same rights. By an additional act Gersau and Weggis declare their acceptance of the compact and promise aid to the Cantons, whenever they may demand it.

The political independence of Gersau was thus recognized by those who had shown that they were capable of acquiring and maintaining their liberty and who despised no aid, however small, such as Gersau could give. This assistance was never wanting. It was asked from 1380, when the Confederation, having increased in size, was attacked by the grasping Habsburgs, who were completely beaten at the battle of Sempach. The Gersovians fought side by side with the Confederates and carried off, as a trophy, the banner of Hohenzollern, which hung nearly four hundred years in the church at Gersau, until it was stolen by a German dyer, living there. Another trophy also belongs to the same period; it is a portrait of the Duke of Austria, killed at Sempach, and is

still to be seen at the town-hall. Finally, another proof of the presence of the Gersovians on the battle-field is that, in the enumeration of the Swiss who fell on that day, the name of Camenzind appears. This name is that of the oldest and most influential family of Gersau; it exists there only and has always occupied and does to this day the most conspicuous and honourable position.

Although Gersau had obtained its political independence, it was not yet entirely free. According to the existing treaties the Von Moos family still retained their feudal rights, and these rights might, under certain circumstances, compromise the independence of the Gersovians. This had happened to the neighbouring government of Weggis, which, up to that time, had had the same destiny as Gersau. In the beginning a vassal of the Abbey of Pfäfers, then of the House of Habsburg, Weggis, with its dependency, Vitznau, had been mortgaged to Lucerne, which had established a bailiff there. Under the government of such a city as Lucerne, liberty was in great danger; and although the Gersovians were very happy under the easy yoke of the Von Mooses they were in constant dread lest their rights should some day be sold by them, as the lords of Weggis had done. Consequently they resolved to make every sacrifice in their power, in order to purchase for themselves their seigniorial rights. During ten years they submitted to the greatest privations and, by persistence and self-denial, succeeded in amassing three thousand four hundred and fifty florins, — an enormous sum for the times, — which sum had been agreed upon between their lords and themselves. On the 3d of June, 1390, a deputation of four notables of Gersau went to Lucerne and, in the presence of witnesses, paid over the sum collected into the hands of Peter, John and Agnes Von Moos, whose father, the avoyer, had been killed at Sempach. The Von Mooses gave a receipt for the money, in which they surrendered forever to the inhabitants of Gersau all their seigniorial rights. This receipt is preserved among the archives of Gersau.

Complete success crowned the perse-

verance of the citizens and their devotion to the love of liberty; they had obtained their entire independence, their property was no longer submitted to the restrictive rights of feudalism, the pastures and forests became government property, and the people could govern themselves and exercise justice without appeal. A constitution, based upon that of the neighbouring states, was adopted, which remained the supreme law of the land for nearly four hundred years, without change or amendment.

According to this constitution the people are sovereign and govern themselves, assembled in *Landsgemeinde*. This assembly, composed of all the citizens, was held regularly every year, in the month of May, on the Sunday following the Elevation of the Cross. Its decision upon all important matters was final. It chose the different state-officers; these were the *landammann*, the president of the Council, who, during two years held the supreme direction of affairs; the *statthalter*, or assistant to the *landammann*; the treasurer, charged with the administration of the public property, the payment of expenses and the division of the surplus revenue among the citizens; the *sautier*, the *capitaine du pays*, the secretary of State, and finally the Council, composed of nine members, who exercised an administrative and judiciary power. In important cases the number of the Council was doubled, or trebled, each member selecting, outside of his own family, one or two colleagues. Thus for civil cases appeal could be made from the ordinary Council to the double, or treble one. Criminal cases were always tried by the treble Council and the opinion was final. Capital punishment being one of the prerogatives derived from the Von Mooses, the republic erected a gibbet, but either from want of room to construct it upon *terra firma*, or, in order that it should be in sight of the passers-by, it was placed on the shore of the lake and the foundation is to be seen to this day. It does not appear that this instrument was ever used; not that there was no capital punishment, but that the condemned were not hanged.

There were few poor in Gersau, either

on account of the value of the public property, or in consequence of the later development of industry; nevertheless there was a relief-fund, made up by contribution and especially destined for the sick. In this last century this fund amounted to nearly a thousand florins. In connection with this subject, we will mention an old and very curious custom. Every year, on the Sunday following Ascension Day, the fête of the vagabonds was celebrated. Beggars, wanderers and rogues of every country came there. Encamped with their families in the outskirts of the village, they began by taking up a collection, under the surveillance of an officer appointed by the Council, and they then passed two days in feasting and dancing. Early Tuesday morning they departed, to return the following year. Out of gratitude for the hospitality they received in Gersau the vagabonds, by mutual agreement, abstained from theft and all other offences, while the fête lasted. This custom did not pass away until, after the Restoration, the Federal Diet had taken severe measures against it.

The arms of the Republic were *gueules parti d'azur*; these colors were on the banners and were worn by the secretary of State and the bailiff; the first of these officers wore a blue cloak, the second a red one. The seal of State represents St. Marcel, patron of the church, sitting on a throne and giving the benediction.

A short time after the young Republic was constituted, it was troubled by quarrels with Lucerne. This city had taken possession of Weggis; it pretended to have a sort of superiority over the three Cantons and wished to exercise protecting rights over Gersau. Its demands were principally based on the two following points: first, the renewal of the oath of alliance of Gersau with the four Cantons, by its representatives, was to take place not at Gersau, but at Lucerne, which would be an acknowledgment of dependence; and secondly, the quota of Gersau was to go to the aid of the three other Cantons only in case Lucerne did not itself demand it. Gersau protested and Weggis, which, as well as Viznau, was struggling in the grasp of Lucerne, protested also. The three Can-

tous joined in the protest and long and complicated legal disputes followed, in which both sides became much excited. The disinterested Cantons acted as mediators, arbiters were chosen who could agree, and both parties left the decision of the question to the avoyer of Berne, Rudolph Hofmeister. The decision was only given in 1431, and was as follows: first the cause of Gersau is distinct from that of Weggis; second, Gersau must renew the oath on its own territory, while Weggis and Viznau must do so at Lucerne; third, the quota of Gersau must go to the aid of that one of the four Cantons which first demands it, while Weggis must obey the summons of Lucerne and must not aid the other Cantons unless Lucerne declare it has no objection.

By this decision, accepted by both parties, Weggis saw its state of subjection confirmed, while the right and independence of Gersau were solemnly recognized and established. But the approval of the Emperor was still indispensable, in order that the Republic might be safe from all encroachments and claims. For the purpose of being acknowledged as dependent upon the Emperor, that is to say, free from all feudal bonds, the community, in 1433, sent a deputation to the Emperor Sigismund, who was then present at the Council, in Basle. The Emperor received the envoys of the little State very graciously and sent them a letter, with the great imperial seal, in which all its rights and privileges were guaranteed. This letter, of which the original is still preserved among the archives of Gersau, was the crowning point of the liberty of the Republic. From this time, safe from all attacks, its efforts were directed towards the development of its nationality, its wealth and its civil life. The history of Gersau only relates this slow, but steady development, as well as the numerous military expeditions, in which the citizens were obliged to join with its allies, the other Cantons, whenever they carried on war — which happened very often.

At the time of the war against Zurich, Gersau sent its quota of twenty men to join the army of Schwytz, which had demanded the federal aid, and it also sent its cartel to the Zurichese, with the other Cantons.

Later, Gersau also marched with Schwytz against Burgundy. Its name is mentioned in the catalogue of the division of the booty and in the enumeration of the wounds received.

It was during this war that the commu-

nity acquired its ecclesiastical independence. The investiture of the church of St. Marcel, originally belonging to Muri, had passed from the abbey to others, and belonged at the end of the fifteenth century to Barbe de Rott, who gave it to his cousin, Jean de Buettikon, who, in his turn, gave it to the community of Gersau. From that time the citizens chose their own curate and administered the funds of the church. Very few catholic countries today enjoy such an ecclesiastical independence.

Shortly afterwards a conflict arose between Gersau and Lucerne, which might have brought about serious results. It was necessary to fix upon the boundary line between the two States, on the mountain, where, as yet, no mark had been placed, owing to the small value of the ground. Each one claimed a portion of an alp, neither would yield; blows were given and received, cattle were stolen on both sides, to say nothing of the language used. After many parleys, mediators settled the question in favor of Lucerne, to the great discontent of the Gersovians; and probably then took place what is well known to this day and which we will mention. Some of the inhabitants of Lucerne, to make fun of the fact that, owing to the diminutive size of Gersau the gibbet never had a client, hanged upon it a straw mannikin. The Gersovians left it there, but dressed it in blue and white, the colors of Lucerne. The Lucernese were angry and demanded reparation for the insult. The three Cantons, chosen as mediators, decided that both parties were in the wrong, condemned Gersau to take off the livery and Lucerne to take away the mannikin. This wise and prudent decision ended the trouble.

Soon the common danger much strengthened the bonds which united Gersau with its allies. That worst of all civil wars, a religious one, desolated Switzerland, during the year 1531. The Waldstetten, (the four Cantons), sent an united request that the Republic should aid them with all its powers. Immediately the banner of St. Marcel was unfurled and a quota of an hundred men joined the Catholic army and took part in the battle of Cappel. There exists to-day, at the town-hall in Gersau, a trophy of this battle: a shield of Zurich, inlaid with gold and silver, which must have been the badge of the Zurichese herald, or bailiff.

After this war, the Republic enjoyed a period of profound peace. A little nation of less than a thousand souls, with no

troubles at home, felt but very little the troubles and wars which were agitating the rest of Europe; and the more so as enlistment in foreign armies was neither considered an honor, nor even permitted. It was only much later that it was tolerated while never either protected, or encouraged, by the authorities.

Peace continued until an incident, trifling at first, threatened the ruin of the interesting little State. This affair, known as the Kuettel conflict, is the principal event in the history of Gersau, until the invasion of the French, in 1798.

In 1528 the government of Gersau had granted to five fathers of families the rights of citizenship, under certain conditions; they were obliged to follow the decision of the majority of the people, never to take part in the troubles between the citizens and to submit all their own quarrels to the tribunals of Gersau. In case the new citizens should fail in their engagements, the Republic reserved the privilege of depriving them of their citizenship. During more than a century the newly-naturalized families lived peacefully with the old inhabitants; several of their members held positions under the government. One of these families, named Kuettel, became very numerous, a second increased but little, and the other three soon died out.

In 1634, a Kuettel, in speaking of his right of citizenship, made use of an expression irritating to his fellow-citizens. He was reported to have said that he would not give two coppers for this right. Thereupon there was great indignation; the landsgemeinde assembled and declared the Kuettels and Zweiers to have forfeited their positions and privileges, but allowed them to appeal to the tribunals. A minority of four voices only disagreed with this decision and sided with the Kuettels.

Convinced that the tribunals would not decide impartially, the Kuettels demanded the mediation of Schwytz and Uri, which increased the animosity of the Gersovians. The four citizens composing the minority were included in the same condemnation, and deprived of their positions and their rights. The community was divided into two parties, each one so hostile to the other, that the allied Cantons interested themselves and tried to bring about a compromise. It was almost necessary to use force, in order to make the parties consent to lay the matter before the delegates of the Cantons. They, having heard the whole story, obliged the community to restore the Kuettels and the minority to

their old rights and made each party divide the expenses of the trial. The minority were exonerated and declared to have the right to sue for damages, with interest. Those most concerned submitted to the sentence, but the expenses of the trial, together with the demands of the minority, made a large sum, the payment of which caused new difficulties and troubles. The allies were compelled a second time to send commissioners, who, themselves, settled upon the amount. The expenses having much increased, the total was so great that they could hardly even think of paying; besides, many citizens refused to contribute their share, as they had remained neutral in the quarrel. The commissioners then made out a list of those concerned in the matter, fixed upon the sum each one was to pay, and those who swore to having in no way joined in the quarrel were exempt. All these delays, appeals and mediations had still more increased the expenses. The necessary money could not be raised, especially as the minority stubbornly refused to authorize the sale of any of the public property. Several parishes had been ruined, animosities and hatred continued to increase, as is always the case where money matters are concerned. The parties, now four, instead of two, became more and more exasperated and time passed with no change for the better. At the landsgemeinde of 1641 all was not yet settled; a period for final payment was appointed, but when it arrived, one thousand five hundred and seventy florins were wanting to complete the amount. New difficulties were foreseen, by which the existence of the Republic would be threatened. It was only then, after seven years of useless quarrelling, that they listened to reason. It was decreed that a portion of the public property should be sold and the minority was begged not to oppose its being done, which it did not. Thus ended this conflict, which during seven years had kept the country in a continual state of civil war and of which the traces did not disappear for a long time.

Switzerland was at peace with foreign nations, but the minds of the people were not yet calm. Blood was very often shed upon the soil of the Cantons during the civil, political and religious wars, which were carried on during the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Several times Gersau took part in these wars, when its aid was demanded by its allies. Thus in 1653, on a pressing demand of Lucerne, first fifty and then sixty-two

Gersovians came to garrison that city, the inhabitants of which feared an attack by the peasants, who were in a state of revolt.

In 1656, at the time of the religious war, the contingent of the Republic, amounting to seventy-five men, took part in several battles and occupied, during nine weeks, the important post of Schindelegi. Later, in 1661, at the time of the Toggenburg war, this same contingent was called upon to guard the post of Rothenthurm. Finally, during the last civil war, in 1712, the army of Gersau, composed of ninety-two men, joined that of the Catholic Cantons; but it does not appear that it took part in the battle of Villmergen, which closed the campaign. From that time, until the invasion of Switzerland by foreign armies, the banner of St. Marcel was not unfurled.

But if the Republic had not to contend with men, it suffered other afflictions, which brought it to the verge of ruin. On the 16th of January, 1739, a frightful tempest broke over the valley and recommenced two days later with greater violence. Thousands of trees were uprooted; the waves lashed into fury, washed away the protecting walls along the lake and undermined the foundations of the church, which was in great danger of toppling over, and was only saved by great activity on the part of the population. Finally, on the 24th of June, in the same year, a heavy fall of rain and hail caused disastrous inundations; many houses, gardens and orchards were destroyed, the tower of the town-hall fell into the lake and the building itself and the public shooting-gallery threatened to fall; it was a catastrophe without precedent, yet there appears to have been no loss of life. The Republic had recourse to the generosity of its confederates; collections were taken up all over Switzerland, and, thanks to this aid and the energy and activity of the people, all traces of these scourges rapidly disappeared. In 1745 a new town-hall and shooting-gallery were begun.

Twenty-five years later, in 1770, the harmony which had existed so many years between the government and the people was troubled. A failure of the crop having obliged the Swiss to obtain grain at great expense from Italy, Lucerne acted very generously towards Gersau and gave the inhabitants of the little Republic the privilege of purchasing in its market. As a proof of its gratitude the council of Gersau passed a resolution, obliging its inhabitants to carry to the market of Lucerne all the butter not consumed in the country.

Whereupon there was great excitement. The peasants were unwilling to submit to a decree which they deemed illegal. At the head of the malcontents was a lawyer by the name of Fidèle Camenzind. In the midst of the Council, of which he was a member, this man had made no opposition to the law, but seeing the effect it produced he thought he would gain more by changing sides. He excited the public passion at meetings, where he made just such speeches as demagogues always make; he was even bold enough to propose convoking by force an extraordinary landsgemeinde. But the majority of the citizens, desiring that every thing should be done in an orderly manner, did not join the crowd of fault-finders. The Council, seeing that it was supported, resisted, appeased some of its opponents and arrested the most troublesome, among others Camenzind, who was condemned to make the amende honorable on his knees, to be deprived of his right of citizenship during two years, and to pay a fine of forty florins. Others were also punished, but with less severity.

The usual meeting of the landsgemeinde for the following year was awaited, in order to submit to it the butter question. After exciting debates, the people decreed the abolition of the law and re-established the old custom, according to which the four Confederate States could buy butter of Gersau with an offer of reciprocity; the sentences were reviewed and modified, all allusion to these events was strictly forbidden and order again prevailed, every one being conscious of having maintained his rights, the Council in forbidding a revolutionary and illegal meeting, and the people by rejecting a law which it considered an abuse of power.

During the long period of peace the population had augmented; it exceeded a thousand souls, while the Republic had not increased in size, nor was the soil more fertile; so that living was more expensive and there was more poverty. It became necessary to look for a new source of labour and wealth, and it was found. The spinning of wool, attempted in the beginning of the century, had not succeeded; but in 1750 the manufacture of silk was introduced and realized excellent results. Several enterprising and persevering citizens succeeded in establishing this branch of industry, a new source of activity was developed and a new era of prosperity thus inaugurated. The whole village underwent a transformation; handsome houses, surrounded by well-cultivated gar-

dens, took the place of the old rickety ones; the little Republic, until then almost unknown, acquired importance and its silks were sought for all over Europe, and even in Asia and Africa. During this period of good fortune the people, governed by worthy magistrates, made great progress in material and intellectual welfare, when the fatal year 1798 arrived, in which the French Republic, trampling under foot the most sacred rights and the most natural sentiments of humanity, came to destroy with fire and sword the liberty and independence of Switzerland, and, at the same time, that of the smallest and most inoffensive of Republics.

Gersau had experienced the effects of the French Revolution, before the soldiers of that nation had passed the Swiss frontier; the stagnation in its business, and the high prices of food were the first of the evils about to fall upon the country. There were rumors of armies, which, under the pretence of liberty, came to enslave. Soon afterwards Berne, the powerful, fell, and nearly all the Cantons were obliged to pass under the yoke. The republican Cantons, until then cajoled by the enemy, were summoned to submit to the laws of the One and Indivisible Republic. The people, justly incensed, rose as one man to defend their liberty and their religion.

Gersau, animated by the same sentiments as its confederates, declared itself ready to join them; measures of defence were taken, all able-bodied men between sixteen and sixty were drilled, and they were then divided into four companies of about fifty each. A military commission was appointed by the landsgemeinde to govern the Republic, which might be considered as in a state of siege.

On the 16th of April, 1798, Schwytz demanded the federal aid; immediately Gersau armed a boat, which cruised on the lake, in order to keep up communication between the two shores, and watch Lucerne. Soon afterwards Unterwalden, having also asked for assistance, in order to hold the mountain passes, the Council of war of the Cantons sent the left wing of its army there under the command of Colonel Hauser. The first company of Gersau, fifty-four strong, composed part of this army, and were sent with the contingent of Einsiedeln, to hold the Sattel, a very high pass, on the frontier of the Entlibuch and still covered with snow. After three days passed in these solitudes, more exposed to cold and hunger than to the enemy's bullets, the little detachment rejoined the main body of the army and

crossed the Brünig with it. The population of Hasli received the soldiers as its liberators. The order had been given to push on to Thun, when the army was recalled by the news of the occupation of the small Cantons.

While these events were taking place the other companies of Gersau had been acting as guard along the shore, on the lake and in the mountains; and the inhabitants of Schwytz were engaged in heroic struggles, which have immortalized their courage and covered them and their noble leader, Aloys Reding, with glory.

Schwytz was compelled to capitulate; the liberty and independence of the Cantons were trodden under foot by brute force. A centralized Republic, subject to the caprices of the foreigner, took the place of the old institutions; Gersau was incorporated as a simple township in the district of Schwytz, which itself formed part of a Canton called first Tellgovia and then Waldstetten, including within it Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden and Zug.

On the 17th of May the election took place at Schwytz, of those who were to choose the legislative, the judiciary, and administrative authorities. The council of Gersau declared itself a provisional one and was replaced by an agent of the French government, whose first act of authority was to take possession of the money in the treasury, which amounted to about 1000 Swiss livres. Later the landsgemeinde of Gersau, Joseph Marie Antoine Camenzind was appointed a member of the Helvetic legislative Chamber, and his colleague, the former landammann, Jean Gaspard Camenzind, a member of the administrative Chamber of the Canton of Waldstetten.

The 27th of August was the day appointed for taking the constitutional oath at Gersau, as well as in the rest of Switzerland. The inhabitants of Unterwalden refused most decidedly to take this oath. Attacked by French troops ten times superior to them in numbers, they succumbed; the cruelties committed by the conquerors are but too well known. Similar results took place at Schwytz; Gersau was open in its sympathies and received the insurgents and fugitives as brothers. To punish the Gersovians the French oppressed them with taxes and requisitions and quartered upon them two companies of soldiers. The new guests took possession of all that pleased them and, among other things, the banner of the Republic, which was irrevocably lost.

During the war between the Austrians

and the French, Gersau was in a critical position, being occupied as an outpost of the French, while the Austrians were at Brunnen. But it was the scene of no bloodshed and suffered less than the other districts, where fighting took place.

When the French soldiers left in 1802, the Cantons were almost unanimously against the detested Helvetic government. Gersau voted its separation from it and demanded the right of self-government from the representatives of the Four Cantons, who had met upon its territory in order to deliberate upon the state of affairs. Partial success crowned the aspirations of the people for a federative government, and the act of mediation satisfied the Swiss to a certain extent. But Gersau was sacrificed and, under the new constitution, never regained its former position of an independent State; it remained incorporated in the Canton of Schwytz, as one of its districts, and had a representative in the cantonal government. Tranquillity again reigned in Switzerland, industry once more revived, and Gersau would have been happy, had it been assured of its independence. However, the inhabitants, by a tacit agreement, kept aloof, as much as possible, from Schwytz and resolved, among other things, that they never would appeal from the tribunal at Gersau to the cantonal one. And, really, under the new government there was not a single appeal.

When the victorious armies of the Allies approached Switzerland, the act of mediation was annulled and the greater part of the Cantons again resumed their old constitution. On the 21st of January, 1816, the tribunal of Gersau convoked the landsgemeinde, which unanimously voted its separation from Schwytz, and the re-establishment of the old Republic, taking as its authority the decree of the Diet, which allowed each Canton to govern itself as it chose.

The four former Confederate States were officially informed of this restoration. A committee from these States having met at Gersau, in order to deliberate upon the measures to be taken, under the circumstances, the authorities, profiting by the presence of the representatives there, endeavored to persuade them to induce their governments to acknowledge the Republic. This was formally done and the old federal relations were again restored. The landrath of Schwytz added that, while regretting to give up this valuable district, it would not oppose the will of the whole people.

Overjoyed at the happy result, the Gersovians, in a meeting of the landsgemeinde, declared null and void all the laws passed since 1798 and recognized only the old edicts and customs of the Republic, as those by which the country was to be governed. As to what concerned their relations with the other Cantons and the contingent to be furnished to the Confederation, that was to be settled in a conference with the four allied States. During this period, on the occasion of a muster of the federal troops, Schwytz invited Gersau to contribute towards the national defence. Immediately the first quota of 24 men was put on foot, part joined the Schwytz battalion of Felchlin and made with it the campaign of Pontarlier; the rest, incorporated in the Sidler company, served as part of the garrison of Geneva. The second contingent acted as picket-guard and Gersau declared its willingness to contribute its share in the expenses of the war.

It was then that the federal compact was formed, but not accepted by the Cantons without great opposition. Gersau was not mentioned in it. Confident in the solemn recognition of its rights by the four States, the diminutive and ignored Republic took no step towards being acknowledged by the Diet and the allied powers; the Gersovians thought that the measures already taken were enough to assure them their former independence, but Providence had decided otherwise. The danger came from a point where it was least expected. The council of Schwytz, which for over two years had advanced no claims, and had shown much good-will towards the authorities of Gersau, wrote them a letter on the 18th of April, 1816, requesting them to send commissioners to treat with the government of Schwytz, "of which," the letter said, "Gersau was always an integral part." The magistrates of Gersau, not thinking that they rightly understood this last sentence and that the demand referred to some arrangement to be made concerning the quota of men and money, sent their delegates to Schwytz. What was their astonishment when the Schwytzers said that the first condition of negotiation was that Gersau should acknowledge itself part of the Canton of Schwytz! There was great sorrow in Gersau; the assistance of the other allies was begged and they willingly listened and convoked a conference at Lucerne. Schwytz refused to attend, rejected in advance all decision that might be made, declared that Gersau, of its own free-will, had annexed itself in 1802, that the last treaty guaranteed to the Canton the bound-

dary line of that period and that, consequently, the other three allies had no right to interfere. A singular proceeding on the part of the State which had the most opposed the treaty, which insisted most earnestly upon the complete re-establishment of the old régime, and did not renounce its right to Uznach and Gaster!

Gersau, much aggrieved, resisted; a paper, written to oppose the claims of Schwytz, was printed and circulated and the affair was laid before the Diet, in 1817. It, like every one in Switzerland and the rest of Europe, was heartily tired of the quarrels and bickerings, which had been going on for so long a time; there was a general desire to put an end to all subjects of discussion and discord: in spite of the indisputable right of Gersau, in spite of the support of Lucerne, Uri and Unterwalden, in spite of the eloquence of the avoyer of Lucerne, Vincent Rüttimann, a majority of thirteen and one half voices declared that the federal treaty, having guaranteed to all the Cantons the boundaries of 1802, the town and district of Gersau belonged to Schwytz and that the old treaties of alliance existed no longer.

The landsgemeinde of Gersau was obliged to submit, under protest. Negotiations were commenced to settle definitely the position of Gersau. Nearly all its demands were refused, as incompatible with the cantonal sovereignty, and the Gersovians were compelled to adopt the five following articles:

ART. I. — Gersau enjoys the same rights and must accept the same duties and obligations as the other districts of the Canton.

ART. II. — It takes rank immediately after the original territory of Schwytz.

ART. III. — It sends six members to the cantonal Council.

ART. IV. — From the 1st of January 1818, Gersau must assume its share of the cantonal finances. But the account of the arrears that it still owes for federal and cantonal affairs will be revised as a proof of the fraternal sentiments which animate the Canton.

ART. V. — As Gersau took no part in the military capitulations, its citizens shall enjoy the advantages resulting therefrom, whenever there may be any vacancies among the officers.

Thus disappeared the last hope of Gersau for maintaining its independence. The Republic, over four hundred years old, had to resign itself to becoming a simple district of one of its former allies. It perished, sacrificed to political exigencies.

The first article of the treaty of annexation was violated by Schwytz, as soon as promulgated. The constitution, under which the Canton was then governed, established certain privileges in favour of the township of Schwytz, to which the rest of the Canton were, to a certain degree, subject. It is therefore not at all surprising that the former republicans of the old free State should have unwillingly accepted a yoke which weighed upon them, and should have tried, on every occasion, to shake it off. Thus, during the troubles of 1833, we see Gersau embracing the cause of the dependent district and voting in favour of separation from Schwytz; then, in 1838, declaring in favour of the party called the "Nails," which was opposed to the one called the "Horns." Neither was there great enthusiasm for the Sonderbund, and the federal soldiers who passed through Gersau, after the surrender of Lucerne, were much pleased with the cordial reception, which was given to them there. But radicalism never flourished much among the Gersovians, as the elections, in favour of the opposite party, have always shown.

To-day the position of Gersau is better than before these last troubles. The modified constitution of Schwytz gives the district a degree of freedom which exists in no other Canton; and, as the district of Gersau is composed of but one township, the relations of one to the other make the present state of things much like that which existed under the old Republic. The cantonal landsgemeinde is abolished, but every year the district landsgemeinde meets at Gersau, as in former times; it selects its officers and its landammann, who presides, leaning upon the old sword of the State, its simple council, its double and treble one; it votes its budget, administers its property, collects its taxes, &c. These different institutions help to keep up the national feeling in all its strength; Gersau endeavours to maintain a district character and succeeds, thanks to the souvenir, we might say, the worship which each citizen preserves in his heart of the good old times and of a history, which was unlike that of any contemporary.

Switzerland has good reason to be proud thus to be able to unite, without effacing, so many different nationalities. While there is not a citizen of Gersau who does not regret the old Republic, neither is there one who is not a good Swiss and a faithful Confederate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MOVING ON.

"FOR work is the great cure of all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind, honest work which you intend getting done," says Mr. Carlyle.

It was the beginning of June, and London was a discordant place to poor May, full of her past memories, but she was glad to get there; she longed to take root again somewhere, to begin some settled life once more. Clearly, thinking and reading did not answer, there is a time for everything, and there are some stings which only work can cure. But used as she was to the country poor, such work in London was to her a dismal thing. May knew every soul, good and bad, old and young, at Fernyhurst. When they were sick or in want, it was with no haphazard distribution that she carried them her relief, but with as much knowledge as is generally given us to gain of our fellow-creatures in any rank of life. There she was in the habit of paying visits of what may be called affection, to friends of long standing, who were really glad to see her for her own sake; who cared almost as much for the welfare of Master Tom and the whereabouts of Master Charlie as about their own belongings; they were part of the clan, as it were. Her intercourse was not based upon the "half-a-crown and a ton of coals" principle, which disorderly misery is likely to extract out of a district visitor. The visit in general was pleasant to both, and if in the course of conversation she found that her friend had a cough or a bad appetite, the something which she sent no more degraded the recipient than the flowers and grapes which she took perhaps to the neighbour of another rank the week after. There are bad enough, as well as good, among the country poor, Heaven knows; still, there she was not poking in uncertain ash-heaps and pools of mud, but with her eyes open, doing her best with vice, or trying to help the struggling. But in that great gulf of London misery, where the best help which can be given seems a mere drop in the ocean, she felt it rather hopeless work. There was a wretched alley allotted to her, but there was no particular reason why it should come to her share; she felt there were thousands behind which had as great a claim. She had nothing to do with the "intelligent artisans," indeed the rich have generally little intercourse in London, except with the begging por-

tion of the working class, with the desire, too often, on one side, of getting something, and on the other of liberating their consciences: and if by chance she contrived to establish a really friendly footing, the extraordinary nomadic habits of the London poor caused her to lose sight of them if she left town for a few months. It seems almost impossible for a family to continue a year in the same lodging—a strange contrast to the tenacity with which a peasant clings to the old "home," however poor, with an utter recklessness which is most remarkable. The birds, too, had often flown without leaving the smallest clue by which to trace them, although they knew they could expect help and sympathy from her, which they valued exceedingly. They have less foresight, as some one has said, than ants and bees; while the much maligned country poor, at a distance from shops and markets, are far more used to look ahead.

She set to work, however, as best she could. She was determined to make London her home, and pay the rent of duty there. She saw nothing of Walter Scrope, and heard but little more. There is hardly any place, indeed, where a meeting is not more likely to take place than in that gigantic portentous "concourse of atoms" called London. Men and women may live for years within half a mile (of streets) of each other, and, unless they happen to belong to the same set, never catch so much as a distant glimpse each of each. For some time May went on expecting the accident of coming across him, fancying she saw him in one crowd after another, but gradually the hope died away.

His father's peerage had so little to support it that he was going on with his law as steadily, but not much more successfully than before. He was always busy, and had little to do with the society in which the Seymours lived, who rarely came across him. One morning at breakfast, however, the Colonel began upon him.

"I am afraid young Scrope is becoming extremely odd. I think you used to have him at Fernyhurst in old days, May," he said, turning to his sister-in-law. May assented quietly. "I heard yesterday that he was teaching a class in mathematics at the Working Men's something or other. Now, that you should assist the common people in hospitals and clothing clubs is quite right" (he was a governor himself), "but really mathematics is a little too absurd."

May humbly suggested that it might be better than the public-house.

"My dear May, you really don't understand the question—such teaching leads to Bristol riots, and corn-law leagues, and all sorts of atrocities. I am sure the Duke would never . . ."

We have nearly forgotten the sort of absolute despotism exercised over English society of a certain class by Wellington about twenty years ago; he was a mighty man of war, and great in his own way, but on subjects in which he had had even less opportunity of judging than other men, his opinion was considered quite decisive. His administrations had failed,* his prognostics had proved utterly false, he had had to carry the measures of his opponents against his own repeated protests, but still his admirers clung to their faith. What "the Duke said" (there was but one Duke in England) was absolutely infallible, and any statement which required endorsement, whether social, political, or religious, was supposed to gain weight by using his omniscient name. "Field Marshal the Duke's" pocket-handkerchiefs were stolen as relics by enthusiastic ladies, who asked his opinion on the merits of a new preacher and how their little girls should be educated. "Field Marshal the Duke" was consulted on matters of taste by Government, whether his statue should be cocked up on the arch before his door; and next—when the whole world was horrified at its effect—whether his Grace considered that he had better not come down again. Wherefore, when this dreaded name appeared on the field, May prudently turned the conversation, and Walter's crimes were forgotten in the story of the battle of Salamanca, where the Colonel had been as a boy, and the description of which had ever (to himself if not to his hearers) the freshest interest and delight.

Once only did she and Walter happen to meet. She had been called in by her sister to help her with some visitors, when "Mr. Scrope" was announced. He came warmly up to her, and she saw that he was struck by her pale, sad looks, for his expression changed to one of deep compassion; but she had told herself beforehand how she meant to behave, and her manner was frank and calm and simple with him, as of old. She thought that he looked disappointed, but did not feel sure. He made his inquiries after Tom, whom

he had been down to visit, said a word of affectionate remembrance of her father, and went away; and May, one-half of herself having, as it were, looked on from without at the other half, acting a part without flinching, complimented herself on her cool self-possession, and then rushed up-stairs, fastened her door, and lay, tearless, pale, and wretched, on her bed.

"Why did I do it? I know I gave him pain, and when he came up so friendly; it was nothing but pride. Why could I not be friendly with him?" she repeated to herself, and then her pride took fire again. "He shall not say I sought him now when I am sad and dull, and have nothing to give. He meant only to be friendly and kind, and nothing more," and she hid her head on the pillow with sheer misery.

"We've had Walter Scrope here to-day, Egerton," said Cecilia to her husband that evening.

"I always hope that we shall hear he's going to be married; that's the best thing he can do. He could easily find somebody, and a nice somebody too, with plenty of money, to take him; and it's his duty to try and restore that old peerage," answered he.

"I can't bear that sort of bargaining—so much title for so much money," put in May, a little moved.

"My dear May, it isn't that," observed her brother-in-law gently. "You don't consider, a poor peerage is a very trying thing; there are all sorts of duties required of you by your position; real duties which you would be the first to acknowledge to be such, which can't rightly be accomplished without money, and which it is extremely painful to refuse. And you don't mean to say that he couldn't find a charming girl *with* money. It isn't only the poor ones who are nice. He must look out for the combination of the two in his circumstances; it restricts his choice a little, that's all."

May was silent. "That's the advice which all his best friends are giving him," she thought to herself, "and quite rightly too," she added with a sigh.

Once again she saw him in the distance. It was at some great public celebration, and she felt sure that he had seen her too, and had slipped out of the way. She did not go into society, and a sort of fervent desire came over her to meet him again, to be sure that he had ceased to care for her, to be in his company, to speak to him, and make certain at least of what she herself was feeling.

And August came. The London air

* Mr. Disraeli's curious estimate of his political capacity in "Sybil" is worth looking at—"Save me from my friends."

felt as if it had been breathed over and over again, till all the freshness was taken out of it, and the baked pavement and walls made the streets feel like ovens. The green grass had become brown, and the whole of London was going out of town (with the exception, that is, of two millions of people, as much as the whole population of Scotland), and Colonel and Mrs. Seymour, of course, were preparing to go also. He had arranged for some grouse shooting with his friends in Scotland, and with his wife and sister-in-law wandered on visits from one house to another, with an occasional halt at some pretty inn, for the rest of the autumn. May had hardly been anywhere in her life; and a tour in Scotland was so great a pleasure that at first she began to believe her extreme depression to have been a good deal owing to want of fresh air. But purple mountains and blue sea do not long keep off thinking:—

“Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.”

Mountain travel was not at all in Cecilia's way. She did not want “to climb up that steep place to see the view,” she “should tear her gown walking through that odious heather.” She did “not like to go on the lake, it was so disagreeable to have the wind blowing all one's hair about so.” She always looked as if she came out of a bandbox, and sacrifices must be made, one cannot have everything, and the least important must of course go to the wall. Still this was not exactly the companion for enthusiastic delight in beautiful rivers and rough mountain walks and rides.

Colonel Seymour's way of viewing scenery was different, but hardly more congenial—it was simply conscientious. They were to go to that waterfall because General Bentinck had said it was the finest in Scotland; and they took such another route because Lady Ben Lomond had told them that there was nothing like Loch Awe, and the view of Ben Cruachan, and when they met her, &c. &c. Then, having inspected the sight, whatever it might be, fully, he put down his guide book or his opera glasses, his conscience at rest, and there was nothing more to be said about the matter.

It is difficult to enjoy much under such solitary circumstances. Moreover, it is a tremendous wrench in life for a woman, whose whole time has been occupied for others, arranging for them, thinking for them, sacrificing herself in their service,

with all the weight of responsibility of a large household, and in some respects the welfare of a parish greatly devolving upon her, and receiving the consideration and affection that result from her position, when she suddenly loses the whole. Now May had to seek her own duty, the hardest thing of all. She was accustomed to secure an hour to herself with difficulty, now it signified to no one how many hours she took, what she did, or what she thought; the ground had, as it were, been cut away under her feet, and she had to work out for herself a new place to stand on. The burden of choice in occupation falls on a woman so rarely in the course of her life, it is generally so entirely cut out for her, that it is hardly to be wondered at that the unused faculty is weak and uncertain when the necessity is thrust upon her, and that she often chooses wrong.

She would willingly have devoted herself to Cecilia, but that lady, though she liked every sort of attention—and indeed esteemed it as her right—considered affection as utterly superfluous, she did not know what to do with it, and it was returned on the giver's hands as not wanted.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN HARNESS.

“*SUAVE mari magno*,” . . . said the Colonel (Latin quotations were more common twenty or thirty years ago in ordinary conversation), as he settled himself in the railway carriage of the express for London, their journey over, and looked round, rubbing his hands, “which means how pleasant it is to see the men and women rushing up and down the station as the train is starting, while you are comfortably established in your chosen place with your rug, your bag, and cutting open the leaves of the morning paper.”

He was not sorry to be going back to his usual habits of easy-going London life, and his spirits rose every step as they whirled along nearer and nearer, while poor May felt as if she were returning to a cage.

It is always a striking thing to enter London towards night after a few months' absence—the size, the persistence of the rush of that great river of life rolling on—the stream which has flowed along so long before any of us were in being, which will flow just as busily when every one of the individuals who compose it are gone to work elsewhere, very far away, the

glare—the noise, the intense life lived there, and the equally intense feeling of one's own insignificance as one drives in from the railway station into that full tide of human joys and woes. Elsewhere one's own individuality has at least some weight, is of some little importance; one's comings and goings make an appreciable difference, to a certain set at least. But here no drop of rain which falls into the sea could be absorbed more unconsciously, or be more convinced of its small value to the whole, than May as she once more took up the, to her, rather weary round of London life with a sigh.

Colonel Seymour was an agreeable, pleasant man, very fond of his club and of society, with gentlemanly manners and a quiet good-natured selfishness which made him like to see other people enjoy themselves, if it was according to his own views of what was pleasant and did not interfere with his notions of what was proper and becoming—a thorough man of the world, who hated enthusiasms and philanthropies and aspirations, and wondered at people for not being perfectly satisfied with such a life as pleased him so completely. He did not at all approve of his sister-in-law's going among filthy alleys and courts. "She's a great deal too good-looking," he said to his wife, who was inclined to let May occupy herself as she pleased, so long as she was not troubled in the matter.

"You really ought to speak to her, Cecilia,—she comes in looking so dead tired and so white; and Lady Anne Saville would never have allowed her daughter to do such a thing, I'm sure, and Lady Newton would not have listened to it for a moment. She's not fit for that sort of thing at all."

And to a certain extent it was true. May was not cut out for a sister of charity; she required a personal interest; she could have sat up every night for a month with an individual, but sick humanity did not as yet fill the vacant place in her heart.

The "loneliness of life" fell heavily upon her, the want of sympathy in the thoughts and the objects she cared for was like a dead weight on her as she went on the narrow circle to which her brother-in-law's care and kindness confined her, and did as well as she could within its limits. She found existence, however, rather hard. She had all her life lived with original minds, with people who thought, and put their thoughts into words and works, or refreshed themselves with clever nonsense, and the bore to her of these well-educated, well-born, well-bred people of the world,

to whom dining, and dressing, and driving, and visiting were the great aims of life, with which not to be satisfied was almost a crime, became oppressive to her to that degree that she would have welcomed the conversation of a well-behaved ploughman as a relief. It was like living in a hothouse, and she longed for fresh air. She grew more silent and absent in spite of all her endeavours. Like many other impressionable clever people, she could not make talk, like so many yards of tatting, whenever she wished. With kindred responsive minds her thoughts seemed to flash in return. She was surprised sometimes herself at the sparks hit out of her by the flint and steel of real congenial conversation; but with those who did not understand, it was like the dull cold piece of metal before the electric coil is complete, and she sometimes seemed to herself as dull as Alicia considered her. It was the difference between listening to a bird carolling in the open wood and the bird sitting caged and silent.

"Sense to which there's no replying,
Truths which there is no denying,"

oppressed her like a nightmare, and she felt keenly that "nonsense would" indeed be "exquisite," but wit and humour were both of them tabooed in the heavy atmosphere of propriety to which she was now condemned. "Les sots ne savent pas rire," it is said, but it is by no means only "les sots," there is a ponderous respectability and a fine flower of fashion where it is sometimes almost as rare.

She saw nothing of Walter Scrope, and heard only that he had gone to the East—an old fancy of his, she remembered—and after his return that his mother had been ill, and that he had been called down to the north.

The world was beginning to return to London, and the Seymours prepared, as usual, to receive and to go out, and expected May to do the same. She was glad now to join them. She had a long-ling wish to see Walter once more, "just to be friendly with him" again. "Why should we not be friendly now that he has forgotten anything further?" she repeated to herself. "Of course there could not now be anything else—a man who has been twice refused." And as each day passed and they never met, the deferred hope of this instalment of blessing made her heart sick with the intense desire after old times as represented by him—after the sympathy which she now knew that in many things she had never had so truly

with any one (though she had not cared for the man) except her father. But it was evidently not to be, and it was her own doing, and she set to work with an earnest desire to do her duty and live on in that shadowed valley through which her pathway now lay. And among those nicely dressed girls, with flowers in their hair and fans in their hands, there are many who are fighting as hard battles, going through as painful struggles as any which their fathers and brothers are waging in the world outside. With powers and abilities for which there is no legitimate outlet, affections for which they have no sufficient object, quiet sorrows which no human being ever guesses, longings which would only be laughed at if known, how willingly would they exchange this life of luxurious repression for the really active work of their men relations—for work, however hard and trying. Even to see a definite end for what they endure would be something; but to walk on in the darkness is what is demanded of them, and they do it by hundreds and thousands without a murmur, cutting themselves down as well as they can with unconscious heroism to the melancholy standard required of them.

The dull monotony of those wintry days seemed to eat into her, and the sort of discussion which took place over all of her plans was to her exceedingly trying; she missed the free life of her old home beyond measure.

"So you have been to that committee at Lady Mary's, to-day?" said Colonel Seymour kindly, one evening; "I hope it was pleasant, my dear May."

May smiled. "We spent nearly an hour in deciding whether a little ship should or should not be engraved at the head of our circulars. Twelve ladies debated it warmly. I think eleven would have done it quite as well—it might have been settled without my valuable assistance. And then any business which there was to be done was just arranged at the end of all things by the only two people in the room who really knew anything about it: what use were the rest of us? I don't think I shall go again."

"My dear May," remonstrated the Colonel earnestly, "pray do not give it up; Lady Mary will be a very pleasant person for you to know, and Mrs. Tyndale gives capital dinners—very good society indeed—it would be the greatest pity for you to neglect such a pleasant opening, wouldn't it, Cecilia?" he ended, turning to his wife, who had just come down.

"A great pity," replied she absently. "You'll remember, Egerton, that we dine at seven to-day at General Bligh's, and go to the Russells afterwards."

"But you hope she won't give up the committee?" insisted her husband.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said she carelessly.

But May did not care to play at work in this manner, to turn philanthropy to account in the line of fine acquaintance. The gossip of good society did not seem to her much better than the gossip below it. She did not care to know whether Miss Brown was going to be married to Mr. Jones, and even when sublimated into the chances of the Duke of Bareacres marrying Lady Julia with nothing, or Miss Money with £150,000, it did not seem to make it much more interesting.

Colonel Seymour hated anything "blue," and authors, artists, and scientific men were all slightly beyond the pale. You might speak to some of the celebrities if you met them at Devonshire or Lansdowne House, but, on the whole, "my dear, one does not have that sort of people to dinner," was the meaning of his reply when May once asked him to invite some delinquent guilty of spending his life in this obnoxious manner. There is nothing better of its kind or more agreeable, than the really first-rate society of London—the cream of the cream of everything, political, artistic, scientific, philanthropic, and including, of course, the best of the aristocracy in birth, at whose houses, as neutral ground, "the best," including the best cookery and the most beautiful art, pictures, music, and company, is often found. But what is called the "best society" in the sense merely of aristocratic life is as dull as cliques must always be. Small talk is small, whether it relates to the personal affairs of the greengrocer and the cheesemonger, or of marquises and viscounts.

Colonel Seymour was almost distressed one night when, at one of the few houses they frequented where the guests were not confined to their own set, he saw May, who was sitting by a young gentleman of the most unexceptionable position, an eldest son, a sucking M.P., positively turn away to an old professor on the other side, in an exceedingly ill-made coat, to whom she not only talked during the whole of dinner and after, but her colour came back, her whole manner changed, and her face was glowing with interest in what he was telling her.

"She'll never marry, my dear Cecilia, if she goes on in that way," said the kindly

Colonel, with a groan, that evening when he came up to bed; "and she looked so handsome, too, to-night," he added, unconscious that it was the interest she had felt which gave her the lacking fire; "young Russell admired her exceedingly, I saw, but she never gave him a chance!"

"It was that tiresome Oxford man, Professor of History, or something stupid, for I asked who he was," answered Cecilia, yawning; "I can't imagine what she found in him."

Her husband laughed. "To be sure there never were two sisters so unlike," said he; and though he was finding such fault with May, he was not quite sure at the moment that he preferred the type which he himself possessed. He remembered luckily in time, however, that it certainly was a more convenient and manageable one, and that the next morning he should probably be fretting over May's desire to go to some unpleasant school or hospital, or to see her throwing her interests into an entirely wrong direction. He cared much more affectionately, indeed, about her future than Cecilia, who seldom troubled her soul much for anything which did not concern her own comfort or pleasure. And it was very disinterested of him, for he was very fond of his sister-in-law, and, except for their occasional disagreements about matters of etiquette, which he generally, too, contrived to filter through his wife, they were excellent friends. She was always ready for breakfast, or to do anything which he wished, always obliging, always attentive to what he said. He even rather liked instructing her about politics, although, in general, he considered that women had nothing to do with such subjects. Cecilia was so perfectly indifferent about them, that it was hardly worth the trouble of explaining to her the turpitude of the Whigs on the corn-law question, or on the subject of Reform, but he had stretched a point, though against his convictions, and full as it were of parentheses, and allowed that a young lady (or, at least, this young lady) might care for such questions (or rather for his interest in such questions) without losing caste. He had known almost everybody worth knowing in a certain class, had been everywhere, and had a great deal of gentlemanly political history at his fingers' ends which interested her exceedingly, while she kept her own opinions safely to herself. Altogether, she would be a sad loss to his household, but he had been taught to believe that it was the chief business of woman to marry, and here was May nearly

six-and-twenty, and nothing done! He began to consider that he himself was greatly to blame for not having arranged something suitable for her. It would be a great sacrifice to lose her, but the code of social proprieties had, in his eyes, something of the sacredness of moral laws, and it was as painful for him to see one infringed as the other.

Meantime, poor May suffered a good deal from his kindness; she had been accustomed to the perfect freedom of Fernyhurst, where, as the chief lady of the place, a thing was almost considered right because she did it; and, at all events, nobody had a right to find fault with her but her father, who was always pleased with her doings; and now, Colonel Seymour was unhappy if she went out without a servant, and even resented a cab. Twenty years ago cabs were not quite adopted into "genteel" life, and poor May's tether grew smaller and shorter as time went on, and she was allowed to do even less as the season advanced.

"But I'm not a young lady," said she, driven to bay one day, goaded by his kindly interference to remonstrate.

"Yes you are, my dear, and a very pretty one, too," answered he, exasperated past his manners, for he was too truly a gentleman to pay direct compliments in general.

He was an enigma to her, and she to him. As they sat at breakfast opposite each other, she used to consider him with wonder — his fine head, large, well formed, its grey hair — he was much older than his wife — giving weight and dignity to his appearance, — very good-looking, and perfectly unaffected and gentlemanlike; there was material and experience of all kinds apparently in him; how could such a man be content to dwell in decencies for ever? how could he be quite satisfied, as he seemed, to go from the military gossip of one club to the political gossip of another, with the little bits of work which he made for himself — from Lord John's dinner to Lady Julia's *soirée*? "Too much caution, and too much sense," said she to herself, as she handed him his tea.

"If she hadn't so much enthusiasm, and more worldly wisdom, she'd be perfect," said he to himself as he gave her the bits of news in the paper.

"Mr. Rainsforth is dead; I'm afraid all those children of his are very poorly left. You know he gave up a pension of £7,000 or £8,000 a year.

"What a fine fellow!" said May enthusiastically.

"What a fine fool!" I'm afraid the world would say," replied her brother-in-law, smiling.

"But it was a magnificent thing to do. It doesn't signify what the world might say, surely; he must have been a noble man," said she earnestly, her colour rising as she spoke. "What was the pension for?"

"It was a sinecure which he inherited from his father. There was not the smallest reason for his resigning it, and very hard on his large family to give away their patrimony. The country was quite rich enough to pay it."

She gave it up. They were not talking the same language; words and deeds had different meanings for them. It seemed sometimes as hopeless for them to understand each other on such matters, fond as they were of one another's society, as if one was talking Greek and the other German.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CAGED BIRD.

"WHAT are you going to do to-day, Cecilia?" said May one morning. "I've a letter from Amy, saying that Lionel and Milly were to sail from Halifax by this packet. He writes word that he must be a few days in town for his business at the Horse Guards. Milly is not very well; I think we ought to go and look after her a little. I see the Cunard boat is in, and Amy tells me the name of the hotel where they're to be."

"I'll come, certainly," said Cecilia, laughing. "Milly must be well worth seeing and quite original in the capacity of a matron!"

They found the Wilmots in a dark, untidy room in a noisy street, Milly looking sick and worn, with the sort of half pathetic, childish, forlorn expression in her beautiful eyes which one sees in dogs and children, and with a crying baby in her lap. The dancing spirits of old times seemed tamed out of her; but she was as captivating and as graceful as ever when she greeted them with her little rosebud of a mouth. She seemed, however, to stand in some awe of her tall soldier husband, though his manner to her was as gentle as if she had been a child.

Cecilia took immediate possession of him as a matter of right; and Milly threw herself at once on May with a whole liad of woes.

"Oh, May, I'm so ill, and I want such a quantity of things in London. I haven't

any clothes fit to be seen. I'm such a figure," she said half-crying, "and we'd such a bad passage, and baby was so cross."

"What a nice little fellow!" replied May affectionately, taking the child in her arms, which stopped crying almost immediately.

"Its nurse said she must go out and get all sorts of things, and so she's left it to me," said the young mother, playing with the baby over May's shoulder, but apparently greatly preferring it in any one else's hands.

"Only Milly isn't quite certain which end of 'it' should be held uppermost," observed Cecilia, turning in the middle of her talk with Lionel to laugh at Milly's certainly unskilful attempts in the nursing line.

Lionel looked a little grave. He evidently disliked his wife to be considered not up to her motherly duties. He was just preparing to go out. "I'm sorry to say that I have an appointment . . ." he began, turning to Cecilia apologetically.

"What! you're not going already? Won't you come back, dear, and take me out? I've got such a quantity of things to get and people to see," said his little wife dolefully, with the tears in her eyes.

"My love," remonstrated her husband, "I've got business all day—very important business at the Horse Guards. I'm very sorry; but how can I possibly come?"

"Shan't I stay and help you, Milly?" interposed May, as Cecilia rose to move off, saying consolingly:—

"You must come to luncheon with us, dear. I'm so sorry we dine out; but you'll be sure and keep to-morrow free. Colonel Seymour is so anxious to talk over army matters with Lionel—questions of the greatest depth and dryness," she laughed, turning to him as she took his arm to go down-stairs.

May's company was accepted with rapture by his wife. "And you'll do much better than Lionel, because you won't mind the shops," said Milly joyfully, "and he can't bear them."

"I should think not," answered May with wonder. "You don't mean that you ask him to go shopping?"

The rest of the day was spent in following her little cousin about from gown-maker to bonnet vendor—for coverings of all sorts, from the feet to the head. They had luncheon at the Seymours, and the Colonel's evident admiration of her, and May's affectionate petting had its due effect upon the child-wife, and, like a little

bird whose feathers have been ruffled by the cold, she smoothed and preened her plumage. She had so far recovered her former spirits that when they returned to the hotel in the evening, and found Lionel sitting ready-dressed for dinner and writing at a table, she rushed up to him with all her old manner, calling upon him for admiration "of such a love of a little bonnet!" Lionel looked occupied and tired; he gravely tried his best to do justice to the bonnet, and began again busily turning over his papers.

"What *have* you been doing all day, dear?" said she, hovering gaily round him.

"Oh, regimental business," he answered slightly.

"But what, dear?"

"I am afraid it would be as enigmatical to you as bonnets are to me," he went on with a smile. "I wonder what can have become of the foul copies of two sheets of my report? It was all right this morning before I went out. Milly, you haven't seen them? Where can they have got to? They were the very point of the whole matter, and I can't go without them."

"I don't know in the least," replied she, beginning to hunt in the most impossible places.

"What's this?" muttered he at last, picking up a crushed, torn lump of paper. He unfolded it: it was part of the missing sheets.

"Oh, I remember now. I found them on the ground, and they were all blotted and scratched. I didn't think they signified, and I made them into a ball to play with baby when he cried so this morning," said Milly, looking as if she would cry too if she dared. "I'm so sorry."

He said nothing, pieced the sheets together as well as he could, and prepared to go out.

"Shall we copy them, Lionel?" said May in a low voice; "we can do it very soon between us. Send back your servant for them if you can't wait; they shall be ready almost directly."

"Thank you," he answered shortly. "Milly, the general has asked me to dine with him and talk this report over. I hope May will be able to stay with you, for I really was obliged to accept. You mustn't sit up for me, dear, I may be very late, and it would only tire you to wait for me," and with a grave kiss he went off, and the two were left alone.

"You see, May," said Milly, throwing herself into an arm-chair and looking wretched, "he treats me like a baby. He isn't

even angry with me. He doesn't care for my caring about his things."

"Come and write, dear," said May, going on with the sheet of the report.

"What's the use? Lionel says I write so badly he can't read what I do," she said despondently.

"But then, Milly, you might learn, surely, to write better. Surely you want to try and help him."

"Yes, I daresay I ought; but don't you see, May, everybody used always to think everything I did and said charming; and everybody petted me and said it was so nice, and now it seems so hard Lionel isn't pleased with things very often. At Quebec it was so dull after I married," she said piteously; "he didn't like me to flirt with the officers."

"I should think not," answered May with a smile, but writing on busily all the time. "A matron with a child!"

"Don't laugh, May," cried the matron energetically. "How could I change all at once? I was too young, you know, to marry. I wish he'd waited a little. I should like to have been a girl a few more years."

"To flirt?" asked May, laughing.

"Well, you know it is dull to have to be so well-behaved, and Lionel talking about married women's manners, and all that nonsense. After all, I'm only eighteen and a-half; and, besides, he knows I love him better than anything else in the world; and think him so great, and good, and clever, so why need he care? Papa said I was a great deal too young, but, you see, Lionel was so much thought of out there, and such a good officer and all that, and he was much the best-looking man, too, of any of them."

"That's an excellent reason," laughed May.

"He used to come to the Admiralty House a great deal — we were next door to cousins, you know, and papa couldn't make enough of him, and mamma liked him so, and then . . . I never told you, May, how it all was," she said suddenly.

"No, dear; perhaps you'd better not; it was between you and Lionel, and he mightn't like it," answered May loyally for it was a deeper feeling than mere curiosity which made her long to hear.

"Oh no, Lionel can't mind, not to you, your'e quite old and wise, and I like to tell you. I've got nobody to talk to here. You see he never would flirt with me, nor anything, and I could manage the other officers as I pleased, and so, you know, I wanted and cared all the more."

"Little Queen Coquette, as the boys used to call you of old," laughed May a little sadly.

"And I couldn't make him care one bit whatever I did," said Milly, musing; "and at last it vexed me so that I went on thinking no end about him, more than was comfortable, you know. And one day he came into mamma's own sitting-room, but she was out and I was by myself, for a wonder. I'd been practising that 'Farfaleta' that you used to like, you know, in order to sing that evening; such a beautiful quiet evening, and the light on the water, and I was looking out at it a little bit sad, you know, for he had told us he was going back to Quebec. I'd got on my pale pink little gown with the puffs (I like to wear it now), and so when he came in he said it was to wish good-bye, for he mightn't see us again, for after that he should go to England, just quite as if it were nothing! And I asked, what, wasn't he coming back at all? and then, I burst out crying, and said I wished he'd never come near us. I felt like the little moth which had just got too near the candle, and as if I'd burnt my wings too. And he was very much surprised, and said he'd never thought I should have cared about it in that way, and so you know . . . and then . . . you understand," and the young face looked up blushing and smiling, half tenderly, half-consciously. "And, do you know, I was so frightened at what I'd done that I ran away and hid myself when mamma came in. I thought for one thing, he was so much too good for me and then papa didn't like at all parting with me — nor mamma neither. Somehow he fancied I was a child still, I believe, and he was quite surprised, but still they thought so much of Lionel that they said they couldn't refuse anything he asked, and so it was done, and now you see what's come of it."

"Dear child," said May sadly, after a little pause, "you gave up the pleasant old careless days to marry a very fine fellow, a man whom you love dearly, too, with first-rate objects in life,—can't you try and care for them?"

"They're such stupid things; why won't he care a little too for what I like?" answered Milly. "Didn't you see how he put me away, like a child, just now?"

"But, Milly, a man who cares much for *chiffons* isn't worth loving; he likes the result, he likes to see you look pretty."

"I don't believe he cares a bit," pouted Milly.

"Then why did he marry you, dear?" was on May's lips, but she suppressed it.

"Don't you think you could enter into his interests?" and as she saw the dislike of interference lighting up her little cousin's eyes she added, "You know I'm 'so old,' you'll let me speak."

"But he ought to try and like going out more, for my sake," persisted she.

"He's a strong man, who has made his own life with purposes and objects in it; surely it is not wrong in him to hope to bend your ways — his dear little wife's — to his rather than his to yours?"

Milly smiled.

"And in the long years liker shall they grow." Milly, she went on, with the tears gathering in her eyes; "if husband and wife don't draw nearer to each other, they drift farther apart — there is no standing still. Care for the things for his sake; you'll come in time to care for them soon a little for their own."

The poor little wife looked up with a troubled gaze. "I'm not a bit fit for him. It's somebody like you whom he ought to have married, May. I've heard him admire you so," she sighed, quite unconscious of the past of her husband's life.

"You loved him, dear," answered May without taking any notice of this burst, "because you thought him better and nobler than yourself; it was the best part of you which cared for him; you knew that his love was better worth than all the flirting in the world," she said, trying to smile as she passed her hand caressingly round the beautiful little face, "and in your heart you thank God you have such a man, and are very proud of him and his doings. You know you don't *really* think you'd rather have had the lower and the less good in life, one bit. You'll follow on to where he is, and take interest in what interests him."

"He doesn't care for my interest," answered Milly sadly. "You saw how I did ask him about his business."

"But if you took so little pains to understand it, that you destroyed his Report, how can he think such care worth having, dear? Suppose he'd crushed up your bonnet into a ball for baby?" went on May, laughing gently.

"I will try, I will try, May," said Milly, jumping up off the ground on which she had seated herself. "I will be a good wife to him. I wish you were always with me, I do love you dearly, May! and it's very good of me, when you give me such frightful lectures," she ended, with a storm of kisses.

The Wilmots dined every night in Curzon Street during their short stay in

London, until Lionel carried off his little wife to his home in the country.

"I'm sure I hope it may answer," said Cecilia, with a shrug, after one of these evenings; "I can't think how ever they will get on down there at Brickwall, with Aunt Emma to be sensible and give perpetual good advice."

"I don't think that Lionel means to stay long in England, from what he said," observed May, taking her candle to go to bed. "He seems so fond of his army work now."

"He may have a good appointment almost when he pleases, I heard to-day," said the Colonel; "he is thought very highly of at Head Quarters. And that pretty little graceful flirt, who looks as if she came off a French fan, will hardly be satisfied with a quiet country life."

"It's more the pleasure of giving pleasure with Milly than any more sinister motive," said May zealously; "she'll take any trouble for the person to whom she is devoting herself at the moment. I've seen her give herself as much pains to be delightful to an old woman or a child as to the very brightest of Her Majesty's army or navy."

"Her little mill always seems to me to accept as grist whatever admiration comes in its way," laughed Cecilia.

"Well, after all, a flirt is only a person with an exaggerated desire to please, and that's a very pleasant thing, and the early stages of the species, before it's hardened by the world, are certainly very charming," answered the Colonel smiling.

And, indeed, it is a real gift if only the owner knows how to use it, to be received like sunshine, to cause every one to smile when you come into a room, when everything you say and do has a charm of its own. It is a grace, and not a virtue, no doubt, but so much good work is marred by its absence, which makes some of the excellent of the earth grate on the tastes and tempers of their friends so as to undo half their influence, that one is sometimes tempted to put the "duty" of being pleasant very high. It must surely be a grand mistake which makes the good even seem repulsive.

"Was there ever anything between Lionel and your sister?" went on the Colonel to his wife, when May had left the room.

"Oh no, I don't believe it in the least; do you mean that May ever cared for Lionel? What made you think so?"

"Quite the contrary—that she didn't care. I hardly know what it was; something in his exceedingly grave manner to her, perhaps, and the incongruousness of his marrying that pretty plaything—as if it might be the consequence of a rebound."

Cecilia did not answer; it was strange to her how often the Colonel was right, how shrewdly he heard and understood sometimes when she, absorbed in herself, had been entirely unconscious and blind; she felt sure that he had guessed something very like the truth.

"You've been very kind, May," said Lionel gravely, the last evening, as he went down-stairs with her to put her into the carriage which her careful brother-in-law had sent to bring her home. She had spent the whole day with Milly, giving her untiring, calm, sympathizing help in the flurry and worry of the interminable packages and commissions.

"I'm sure I don't know what that poor child would have done without you in London," he went on with a sigh. "Won't you go in again, dear?" he turned to say anxiously to his wife, as Milly's pretty little head appeared over the banisters calling out her adieux from the top of the stairs, regardless of the passers-by in the hotel: "Good-bye Maykin; good, dear Maykin! How soon shall you come to us again?"

"There's a capital woman's heart under those childlike ways," answered May, quickly; "give her the best you have, Lionel, don't leave her to the bonnets. It will be your own fault if you don't make her good for all the things which you want—she is so young and she loves you dearly." Lionel smiled in spite of himself. "And when one is so pretty and so charming, it must be very hard not to like other people to admire one a little. But if she finds her best sympathy and sunshine at home she won't really care for any other, she won't indeed, Lionel, it's all in her," she pleaded earnestly.

His face brightened as he closed the carriage door and leant over it to shake hands with her gratefully, though without speaking. He was a man of few words, but the expression of his face was a comfort to her as he turned once more on the steps of the hotel almost unconsciously to look after her as she drove away, with a sigh and something of a heart-ache for both sides of the incongruous pair in whom she had so strong and deep an interest.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

THE old necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was the decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of fact; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it may be imagined) impressed in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and grey matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premises, but that, accepting the premises, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought

may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable difference between such a remembering lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, if the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself, an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of modern science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we need to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that "Thought is a Function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality? I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavour to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are concerned have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Pre-conscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the

title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is — So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in similar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labour in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or labouring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of unconscious cerebration, is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavoured to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a

"Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skeins of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a time-piece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep pre-faced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds — the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity. *Volitional* motions on the contrary require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accomplished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyze the act of Walking, for example. We in-

tend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way, serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers, without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly in writing with "the pen of a ready writer" it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebrate,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's, settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing however is of all others the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones,

crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals: and, if the instrument be a double-acted harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, seapieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced, or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—*who* is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when that faculty is employed"

(*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labour of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),*—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are for ever at work of the kind, “giving to airy nothing” (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) “a local habitation and a name.” Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger’s shop, and dreamt he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion’s cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time

feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, “I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind,” never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his conscious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her “little hand.” It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Noumenon*, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of “Sinful Dreams,” which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the controlling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton’s feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father’s cottage in early manhood, leaving half woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver’s apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers

* “*E.g.* Out of the Sentiment of the Justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days’ world-making.” &c. &c. (From a sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance in an absolved and glorified Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, *that* web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands for ever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labour, started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompleteness.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit, but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have been expected) had been wholly forgotten. In fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could

hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sights the transition is obvious. Apparition is to the optical sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearing. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them; or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real, nay even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c. &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more than the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versa*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and

leaves wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become), a white-faced figure in coat and trowsers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatural beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently distempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition; like the sight of a *Doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition; and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babbage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft for ever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on different cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours, nay there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvelous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive sug-

gestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that* on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams; generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odour of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the police-

man that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humour. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who when drunk solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D—n the nature of things!" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal labourer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anaesthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually waking to enquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive (as I apprehend it must do) some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory (if I may so express it), evidently connected with the unconscious action of the brain. Still more "uncanny" and mysterious is the impression (to me almost amounting at

times to torture) that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps*!

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (e.g. the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often require a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally, but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summon the master of the house the instant

he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers*. He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket; his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam';" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If we have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and

babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run on the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clue to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a Habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e.g.*, that of Delirium, Som-

nambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e.g.*, that of rediscovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern, that it originally *set the task* to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does Memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labours, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e.g.*, that of natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually *laid* to do in concocting them than in dreams of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.*

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

* Reid boasted he had learned to control his dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

; now faintly traced the outline physiological facts illustrative of our cerebration, it is time to turn to a brilliant physiological explanation afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We find what our brains can do without consciousness. The way they do it is wise (I quote, slightly abridged, Carpenter).

The parts of the Nervous System appear to have certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary function the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The auto-action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems connected with movements of protection, such as the closing of the eyes to a bright light—and their secondary use is to enable man to shrink from dangers of fire, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the auto-action of the *Cerebrum*; and Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with organs of sense and the muscular system, the Cerebrum is, according to modern physiology—

an irradiated organ, the development of which is due to the necessity of bearing a pretty constant relation to the world in which intelligence supervenes as a spring of action. The ganglionic system is spread out upon the surface of the cerebrum, and in which their potentiality is connected with the Sensory Tract at the base (which is the real centre of conveying sensory nerves of the whole body). The sensory fibres, long since termed by the sagacious foresight, 'nerves of the senses,' and its anatomical relation to the cerebrum is thus precisely the same as that of the spinal cord, which is a ganglionic expansion of the Sensorium by the optic nerve, hence it may be fairly surmised—1. That we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so that we become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence is transmitted to the same centre; 2. That ideational changes may take place in the Sensorium which we are unconscious of, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium proper, or through the entire occupation of the Sensorium in some other direction, so that ideational changes take place in the Cerebrum, of which we may be unconscious for want of reflection in the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to consciousness as ideas elaborated by an auto-action of which we have no cogni-

tion. Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the Unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties;—

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.

2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.

3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.

4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.

5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c. &c.

6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnambulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word "Thought" which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without "thinking" of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, "It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves."* And non-materialists say, "It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments." We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are "ourselves." So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of

* Büchner's precise doctrine is, "The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production."—*Kraft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly," or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams," than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i. e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" performed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but a servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance

of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "*secretes Thoughts*" automatically and spontaneously.

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that *we* and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works *also* under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to prove — namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain "*secretes thought*;" the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) show that, beside the automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours. Everywhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ, which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity (as it seems to us) of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations — the recognition of the fact that *our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the Soul did

or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed the one to set it in action. But the moment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered; the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, "Matter can think." Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable — an intermittent — and (we may venture to hope) of a *terminable* kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any *direct* argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving "that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man," the great converse theorem, "That the Conscious Man can think without a Brain," has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains "a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography"!

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods — that "when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit — the Conscious Self of Man — shall return to God who gave it."

From The Spectator.

LATENT THOUGHT.

MISS COBBE has written a very interesting and thoughtful essay in the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, on what has been called, in relation to the similar phenomena of latent heat, latent thought. With her conclusion we cannot agree, but we will just describe some of the premisses which she presents very vividly and clearly in this essay. Everybody is aware that a great deal of condensed intelligence is included in acts to which we give no con-

scious thought at all. Anybody who has learnt to play on the piano, or to knit, or to ride, or to read aloud, will go through any of these processes with perfect accuracy, with a completely absent mind, a mind so absent that no trace of the proceeding remains when the consciousness returns. The present writer remembers often watching an eminent conveyancer, "settling," as it is called, his pupils' drafts of settlements or wills, and observing how he used to nap visibly in the process, though with his eyes just open, as he scanned the dismal pages of plain-sailing common form; but no sooner did any pupil's blunder occur than he woke up, exactly as if he had stumbled over a physical obstacle, and came to himself in a moment. Miss Cobbe reminds us of the work our brains seem to do in actual sleep, of the clearness and lucidity to which we awaken after going to sleep in the most dreary confusion of thought on the subject we were considering. She refers to the agency of the same sort of latent thought, those sudden voices which visionaries are apt to hear, — religious visionaries being sometimes terrified by sudden exclamations like "There is no God" sounded in their ear, which they ascribe to the Tempter, and irreligious visionaries being often converted by hearing a sudden warning not to commit the crime on which they are bent. This is, says Miss Cobbe acutely, and perhaps in many cases justly, the pent-up part of the nature, the accumulated feelings of the kind opposite to that habitually indulged, bursting, at last, out of latent into conscious life. To habit, which is a kind of latent thought, she refers, again, the futile automatic attempts of absent-minded persons to do what they have been accustomed to do, after the conditions are changed, the attempt of a man to feel in his pocket when he has no pocket accessible, the unconscious fishing with the feet for an accustomed footstool, and the *malapropos* remarks on which a mind just sensible of the leading train of association, but oblivious of its exact bearing, so often stumbles, — as in the case of the young lady who, when told by a middle-aged admirer who had lost all his hair, that her father's face had such an eagle glance about it, replied, with a meaning look, "Yes, but not the *Bald-headed Eagle*," thereby, without the slightest consciousness of her inuendo, alienating her admirer for ever.

Any one who will turn to Miss Cobbe's essay will find an ample number of illustrations of the work of this latent intelligence, intelligence which, whether it suc-

ceeds or fails, performs all the duties of thought without giving us a single moment's distinct consciousness. Now, what Miss Cobbe infers from all this is, that under certain circumstances the brain works, as many of the nerves of the sensory ganglia work, automatically, and that this brain-work is no more identical with the work of the true self than the calculating machine by which Mr. Babbage performed abstruse calculations, or the logic machine by which Mr. Stanley Jevons deduces the true inference from given premises, is identical with the true self. What Miss Cobbe seems to think is that the brain is really, more or less, of a thinking apparatus, which can be used by the soul; but which is quite distinct from the soul, and shows its distinctness by its separability,—and by the difference in the tracks which it pursues when under the control of the will and when not under the control of the will. The relation of the brain to the will Miss Cobbe represents to us as analogous to the relation of the horse to its rider; "there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self, just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous, and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tends to indicate that the brain 'secretes thought'; the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) shows that besides that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labours."

Now, this does not seem to us a correct inference from the class of acts to which Miss Cobbe refers. We believe that the Self extends far beyond what we can justly call the *Conscious Self*. For, in the first place, Miss Cobbe's reasoning proves a great deal too much. Miss Cobbe is certainly aware of the fact, though she may not have considered it in relation to the subject of her essay, that much of what she calls conscious intellectual work is demonstrably nothing but the sum and total result of an infinite number of what must be called, in her phraseology, unconscious brain-acts. Thus it is quite certain that there is a surface on the paper on which we are now writing so minute as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and yet it is equally certain that it produces its impression on the eye, and that the visual perception of any square inch of the paper we are writing upon is practically made up of a collection of visual impressions so minute as not *separately* to

be capable of producing a consciousness of vision at all, though, when bound up in one, they impress the eye as a whole square inch. Now, if Miss Cobbe maintains that the unconscious intellectual work is brain-work as distinguished from soul-work, solely *because* it is unconscious, she must maintain that every act of attentive visual perception, however freely and purposely set in action by the will, is made up of infinitesimal elements of mere mechanical brain-work, in other words, say, that a hundred thousand blind mechanisms make a conscious act. What we mean is this,—if our mere unconsciousness is to be the test that a given effect produced is produced by the brain without the co-operation of the self, it will follow necessarily that all conscious perceptions which can be shown to be made up of a number of agencies of which we have no consciousness, are also produced by the brain without the co-operation of the mind. But if this be so, the strong distinction which Miss Cobbe wishes to set up between the voluntary and the involuntary intellectual work disappears. If we are told that 16 ounces make a pound, we know at once that if an ounce is a weight, a pound must be a weight also; the two things must be of the same *kind*, or a certain number of one would not make up one of the other. So, if all unconscious acts of the mind are to be set down as the work of the brain, since in all cases of perception it is certain that the object perceived may be so subdivided that no separate atom of it would be separately perceived, it follows that there is no difference of *kind* between those separate elements of a perception which fail to produce conscious discernment, and that addition or integration of them all into one, that does produce conscious discernment.

And next, we doubt if Miss Cobbe has put the right interpretation on some of the most interesting facts she analyzes. For example, she calls attention very properly to the very curious fact that we can fix the hour at which we will wake, and wake punctually, at that hour, and she attributes this to the unconscious machinery of the brain acting without our volition but with much more marvellous success, than our waking mind, unassisted by clocks or watches, could attain. But is it conceivable that, even if we grant Miss Cobbe her distinction (which we believe to be fallacious) between the automatic work of the brain and the conscious work of the mind, the marvellous power is due to the former rather than the latter? Consider only that it is a conscious per-

rose, not a mere chain of involuntary associations, which is here at work. Consider, again, what Jouffroy, in his remarkable essay on sleep, pointed out, that custom will make one set of sleepers specially sensitive to the sounds they are accustomed to hear, and another set of sleepers entirely insensible to the sounds they are accustomed to hear, — according as the sleeper knows that he ought to attend to, or ought to neglect, them. The attendant on an invalid who wishes to waken at any sound which implies the need of her assistance, will always waken, however used her ear is to that sound, and, indeed, because it is so used. On the other hand, those who sleep near a great thoroughfare will never waken at the sound of the passing carriages, precisely because the ear is used to them, and the mind is so thoroughly aware that they need no attention. Yet such a sleeper will wake in a moment at a much slighter noise in his own room which he has not learnt to interpret as harmless. All this blowing hot and cold with the same faculty, surely proves that there is some listener who can interpret the sounds he hears, and who behaves differently according to the different demands on him, — a course of action which can hardly be attributed to any mere mechanical process for “secreting thought.” No doubt the light, unaccustomed noise might “secrete” the thought of danger, but why should the thought of danger “secrete” the thought of waking up, and not rather secrete a dream? Waking up means the recovery of the power of the will over the physical organization, but if the physical organization be separable and quite separated from the will, and indeed in automatic machinery capable of working without the will, how can that which happens only to the brain, and not to the will, induce the brain to go back to the will for control? You can construct an alarm to make a loud sound at a particular hour, but you cannot construct one to meet an unexpected emergency, to strike at four if the day is bright and warm, and not till six if the day is bleak and cold. The power of a sleeper’s mind to impress a distinct purpose on his sleep, and, still more, so far to interpret disturbing sounds that they shall be neglected if in no moment, and attended to if either known to be important or not known to be unimportant, seems to us distinctly to prove that if we are to distinguish at all between the automatic work of the brain and the voluntary work directed by the mind, the deliberate control of sleep is due to the latter, and not to the former agency.

To use Miss Cobbe’s simile, it is the rider who spurs his horse punctually at the needful time, not the horse who by a punctual curvet awakens his rider.

But, in truth, we do not believe in Miss Cobbe’s distinction at all. We hold that whatever relation the functions of the brain may have to the mind which uses them, no act which it takes conscious volition to learn to do, ever falls back into mere automatic brain work. Now, every original perception really implies *attention*, which is an act of will, and however rapidly we learn to get over that act when it becomes familiar to us, — though the amount of attention devoted to it may become by habit so infinitesimal that it entirely escapes our own observation, — it never really ceases wholly to be voluntary. It may require so little attention that we instantaneously forget having given any, — indeed, we seldom remember anything without devoting a good deal of attention to it, — but instantaneous forgetfulness does not prove the complete absence of volition. We do not at all believe in the “secretion of thought.” No doubt there are physical conditions at present essential to thought, but thought without will is, we believe, a contradiction in terms. Thought without *remembered* will is, of course, common enough, and a very different matter indeed. Much of the refreshment of intellectual power observable after a night’s rest is, we believe, due not to the continuation of the thinking process during the night, but to its cessation. Thought implies will, or attention. But attention is often falsely directed, gets into preconceived ruts and grooves. We have reasoned ourselves into a belief that the important point is so and so, and keep worrying at it when it is only misleading us, and the really critical point is elsewhere. In sleep the strain of misdirected attention is relaxed. We get up the next morning, take a fresh glance at the subject, see at once that we were executing a reconnaissance in the wrong quarter, and this time go right. But that is not the result of continued intellectual work, but of relaxed intellectual work, — of ceasing to insist urgently on a wrong effort.

On the whole, we would beg Miss Cobbe to reconsider the subject, and believe she will come to the conclusion, that though there is plenty of mental activity so minute as to be hardly observable and instantaneously forgotten, there is no such thing, even conceivable, as thought absolutely *without* will. A person destitute of will could not even dream, would be incapable of discriminating himself from that which was not himself altogether.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE
SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

PART I. — THE POETRY.

THE Scottish language? Yes, most decidedly a language! and no more a branch dialect or corruption of English than Dutch is of Danish, or *vice versa*; but a true language, differing not merely from English in pronunciation, but in the possession of many beautiful words, which are not and never were English, and in the use of inflections unknown to literary and spoken English since the days of Piers Ploughman and Chaucer. The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and, five or six hundred years ago, may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon. Time has replaced the Anglo-Saxon by the modern English, but has spared the Scoto-Saxon, which still remains a living speech. Though the children of one mother, the two have lived apart, received different educations, developed themselves under dissimilar circumstances, and received accretions from independent and unrelated sources. The English, as far as it remains an Anglo-Saxon tongue, is derived from the Low German with a mixture of the Scandinavian and Icelandic; while the Lowland Scotch, or Scoto-Saxon, is indebted more immediately to the Dutch, Flemish, and Danish both for its fundamental and most characteristic words, and for its inflection and grammar. The English, like the Teutonic, bristles with consonants. The Scotch is as spangled with vowels as a meadow with daisies in the month of May. English, though perhaps the most muscular and copious language in the world, is harsh and sibilant; while the Scotch, with its beautiful terminational diminutives, is almost as soft as the Italian. English songs, like those of Moore and Campbell,* however excellent they may be as poetical compositions, are, for these reasons, not so available for musical purposes as the songs of Scotland. An Englishman, if he sings of a "pretty little girl," uses words deficient in euphony, and suggests comedy rather than sentiment; but when a Scotchman sings of a "bonnie wee lassie," he employs words that are

* Neither of these was an Englishman. And it is curious to note that no Englishman has ever rendered himself very famous as a song-writer, with the sole exceptions of Thomas Durfey and Charles Dibdin, whose songs are by no means of the highest merit; while Scotsmen who have written excellent songs both in their own language and in English, are to be counted by the score — or the hundred.

much softer than their English equivalents, express a tenderer idea, and are infinitely better adapted to music.

The principal components of the Scottish tongue are derived, first, from the Teutonic, comprising many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French, or from the Latin and Greek through a French medium; and fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit. As regards the first source, it is interesting to note that in the Glossary appended to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of those ancient and excellent alliterative poems, the "Vision" and "Creed" of Piers Ploughman, there occur about two thousand obsolete English or Anglo-Saxon words, many of which are still retained in the Scoto-Saxon of the Scottish Lowlands; and that in the Glossary to Tyrrwhitt's edition of Chaucer there occur upwards of six thousand words which need explanation to the modern English reader, and full one-half of which need no explanation whatever to a Scotsman. Even Shakespeare is becoming obsolete to his countrymen, and uses upwards of two thousand four hundred words which Mr. Howard Staunton, his latest, and, in many respects, his most judicious editor, thinks it necessary to collect in a Glossary for the better elucidation of the text. Many hundreds of these words are perfectly familiar to a Scottish ear, and require no interpreter. It appears from these facts that the Scotch is a far more conservative language than the English, and that although it does not object to receive new words, it clings reverently and affectionately to the old. The consequence of this mingled tenacity and elasticity is, that it possesses a vocabulary which includes for a Scotchman's uses every word of the modern English language, and several thousand words which the English people never possessed, or have suffered to drop into desuetude.

In addition to this conservancy of the bone and sinew of the language, the Scoto-Saxon possesses an advantage over the modern English in having reserved to itself the power, while retaining all the old words of the language, to eliminate all harsh or unnecessary consonants. Thus it has *loe*, for love; *fa'*, for fall; *wa'*, for wall; *awfu'*, for awful; *sma'*, for small; and many hundreds of similar abbrevia-

tions, which detract nothing from the force of the idea or the clearness of the meaning, while they soften the roughness of the expression. No such power resides in the English or French, though it was once inherent in both languages. Very little of it belongs to the German, though it remains in all those European tongues which trace their origin to the Platt-Deutsch. The Scottish poet or versifier may write *fu'* or *fall* as it pleases him, but his English compeer must write "fall" without abbreviation. Another source of the superior euphony of the Scoto-Saxon is the single diminutive in *ie*, and the double diminutive in *kie*, which may be applied to any noun in the language, as *wife*, *wifie*, *wifkie*, wife, little wife, very little wife: *bairn*, *bairnie*, *bairnikie*, child, little child, very little child; *bird*, *birdie*, *birdikie*; and *lass*, *lassie*, *lassikie*, &c. A few English nouns remain susceptible of diminutives, though in a less musical form, as *lamb*, *lambkin*; *goose*, *gosling*, &c. The beauty of the Scottish forms of the diminutive is obvious. Take, for instance, the following lines:—

"Hap and row, hap and row,
Hap and row the feetie o't;
It is a wee bit wearie thing,
I downa bide the greetie o't."

Endeavour to translate into English the diminutives "feetie" and "greetie," and the superiority of the Scottish for poetical purposes will be obvious.

While these abbreviations and diminutives increase not only the melody but the naivete and archness of the spoken language, the retention of the old and strong inflections of verbs, that are wrongfully called irregular, contributes very much to its force and harmony, giving it at the same time an advantage over the modern English, which has consented to allow many useful preterites and past participles to perish altogether. In literary and conversational English there is no preterite for the verbs to *beat*, to *bet*, to *bid*, to *forbid*, to *cast*, to *cost*, to *hit*, to *hurt*, to *let*, to *put*, to *shut*, to *thrust*, to *set*, &c.; while only three of them, to *beat*, to *bid*, and to *forbid*, retain the past participle, *beaten*, *bidden*, *forbidden*. The Scottish language, on the contrary, has retained all the ancient forms of these verbs; and can say, "I *cast*, I *coost*, and I have *casten* a stone;" or "I *put*, I *pat*, or I have *putten* on my coat;" "I *hurt*, I *hurted*, or I have *hurten* myself;" "I *thrust*, I *thrusted*, or I have *thrusten* him out of doors;" and "I *let*, I *loot*, or I have *letten* fa' my tears," &c.

Chaucer, as was remarked in an article upon "Lost Preterites" in *Maga* for September 1869, made an effort to introduce many French words into the courtly and literary English of his time, but with very slight success. No such systematic effort was made by any Scottish writer of repute; yet, nevertheless, in consequence of the friendly intercourse long subsisting between France and Scotland—an intercourse that was alike political, commercial, and social—a considerable number of words of French origin crept into the Scottish vernacular, and there established themselves with a tenacity that is not likely to be relaxed as long as the language continues to be either written or spoken. Some of these are among the most racy and characteristic differences between the English and the Scotch. It will be sufficient if we cite; to *dash* one's self, to be troubled with or about anything—from *se fâcher*, to be angered; *douce* gentle; good-tempered, courteous—from *doux*, soft; *dour*, grim, obdurate, slow to forgive or relent—from *dur*, hard; *bien*, comfortable, well to do in worldly affairs—from *bien*, well; *ashet*, a dish—from *assiette*, a plate; a *creel*, a fish-basket—from *creille*, a basket; a *gigot* of mutton—from *gigot*, a leg; *awmrie*, a linen-press or plate-cupboard—from *armoire*, a movable cupboard or press; *bonnie*, beautiful and good—from *bon*, good; *airles* and *airle-penny*, money paid in advance to seal a bargain—from *arrhes*, a deposit on account; *brulzie*, a fight or dispute—from *s'embrouiller*, to quarrel; *callant*, a lad, a brave boy—from *galant*, a lover or a gallant youth; *brau*, fine—from *brave*, honest and courageous; *dool*, sorrow—from *deuil*, mourning; *grozet*, a gooseberry (which, be it said in parenthesis, is a popular English corruption from *gorseberry*)—from *groseille*; *taupie*, a thoughtless, foolish girl, who does not look before her to see what she is doing—from *taupe*, a mole; *haggis*, the Scottish national dish—from *hachis*, a hash; *pawn*, peacock—from *paon*; *cad-die*, a young man acting as a porter or messenger—from *cadet*, the younger born; *spaule*, the shoulder—from *épaule*, &c.

The Scoto-Saxon words derived immediately from the Dutch, and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation, are exceedingly numerous. Among these are *wan-hope*—from *wanhooop*, despair; *wanchancie*, *wanlust*, *wanrestful*, and many others, where the English adopt the German *un* instead of *wan*. *Ben*, the inner, as distinguished from *but*, the outer, room of a cottage, is from *binne*, or *be-in*, within, as

but is from *buyten*, or *be-out*, without. *Stane* a stone, comes from *steen*; *smack*, to taste—from *smack*; *goud*, gold—from *goud*; *loup*, to leap—from *loopen*; *fell*, cruel, violent, fierce—from *fel*; *kist*, a chest—from *kist*; *mulch*, a woman's cap—from *muts*; *ghaist*, a ghost—from *geest*; *douf*, sad—from *dof*; *heavy*; *kame*, a comb—from *kam*; *rocklay* (*rocklaigh*), a short coat—from *rok*, a petticoat or jupon; *het*, hot—from *heet*; *geck*, to mock or make a fool of—from *gek*, a fool; *lear*, knowledge—from *leer*, doctrine or learning; *bane* or *bain*, a bone—from *been*; *padlock*, a toad—from *pad*; *caff*, chaff—from *kuf*, straw; *yooky*, itchy—from *yuk*, an itch; *hauver*, oatmeal ("Oh, whaur did ye get that *hauver*-meal bannock?"—Burns)—from *haver*, oats; *clyte*, to fall heavily or suddenly to the ground—from *kluyt*, the sward, and *kluyten*, to fall on the sward; *breeks*, breeches, trousers—from *breck*; *blythe*, lively, good-humoured—from *blyde*, contented; and *minnie*, a term of childish endearment for mother—from *min*, love.

The Scottish words derived from the Gaelic are more apparent in the names of places than in the colloquial phraseology of every-day life. Among these *ben*, *glen*, *burn* *burnie*, *strath*, *bog*, *corrie*, *crag* or *craig*, and *cairn*, will recur to the memory of any one who has lived or travelled in Scotland, or is conversant with Scottish literature. *Gillie*, a boy or servant; *grieve*, a land-steward or agent, are not only ancient Scottish words, but have lately become English. *Loaf*, the open palm, is derived from the Gaelic *lamh* (pronounced *laff* or *law*), the hand; *culdile*, to embrace—from *culnail*, sleep; *whisky*—from *uisge*, water; *clachan*, a village—from *clach*, a stone; *cruon*, to hum a tune—from *cruin*, to lament or moan; *bailie*, a city or borough magistrate—from *baile*, a town; *tinder*, from *teine*, fire; *sonsie*, fresh, healthy, young, good-looking—from *sonas*, good fortune; *grove*, an assemblage of trees—from *cruobh*, pronounced *craov*, a tree; *fullow*, lying uncultivated, from *fulamb*, pronounced *fullav*, empty,—may serve as specimens of the many words, which, in the natural intercourse between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, have been derived from the ancient Gaelic by the more modern Scoto-Saxon.

Four centuries ago, the English or Anglo-Saxon, when Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were still intelligible, had a much greater resemblance to the Scoto-Saxon than it has at the present day. William Dunbar, one of the earliest, as he was one

of the best, of the Scottish poets, and supposed to have been born in 1465, in the reign of James III. in Scotland, and of Edward IV. in England, wrote, among other poems, the "Thrisel and the Rose." This composition was equally intelligible to the people of both countries. It was designed to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII. of England—that small cause of many great events, of which the issues have extended to our time, and which gave the Stewarts their title to the British throne. Though Dunbar wrote in the Scotch of the *literati*, rather than in that of the common people, as did King James I. at an earlier period, when, a captive in Windsor Castle, he indited his beautiful poem, "The King's Quair," to celebrate the grace and loveliness of the Lady Beaufort, whom he afterwards married; the "Thrisel and the Rose" is only archaic in its orthography, and contains no words that a commonly well-educated Scottish ploughman cannot at this day understand, though it might puzzle some of the University men who write leaders for the London press to interpret it without the aid of a glossary. Were the spelling of the following passages modernized, it would be found that there is nothing in any subsequent poets, from Dunbar's day to our own, with which it need fear a comparison, either in point of poetry or of popular comprehension—

"Quhen Merché wes with variand windis past,
And Apryll haddé, with her silver shouris,
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mudder is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn their houris
Among the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it was delayt.

"In bed at morrowe, sleeping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her crystal eay,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me with visage palle and grene,
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene:
'Awauk luvaris! out of your slumming!
See how the lusty morrowe dols upspring!'"

Many of the popular authors of that century did not, like Dunbar, confine their poetic efforts to the speech of the learned, but wrote in the vernacular of the peasantry and townspeople. The well-known poem of "Pebelis to the Play" is the earliest specimen of this class of literature that has come down to us. It has been attributed—but not on sufficient authority—to the royal author of "The King's Quair." This composition scarcely contains a word that Burns, three hundred

years later, would have hesitated to employ. In like manner the poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," written nearly three hundred and twenty years ago, made use of the language of the peasantry to describe the assembly of the lasses and their wooers that came to the "dancing and de-ray," with their gloves of the "*raffele richt*" (right doeskin), their "shoon of the *straitis*" (coarse cloth), and their

"Kirtles of the *lincum* light,
Weel pressed wi' mony plaitis,"

The author's description of "Gillie" is equal to anything in Allan Ramsay or Burns, and quite as intelligible to the Scottish peasantry of the present day:—

"Of all thir maidens mild as meid
Was nae sae gymp as Gillie;
As ony rose her rude was reid,
Hir lire was like the lily.
Bot zallow, zallow was hir heid,
And sche of luif sae sillie,
Thof a' hir kin suld hae bein deid,
Sche wuld hae bot sweit Willie."

Captain Alexander Montgomery, who was attached to the service of the Regent Murray in 1577, and who enjoyed a pension from King James VI., wrote many poems in which the beauty, the strength, and the humour of the Scottish language were very abundantly displayed. The "Cherry and the Slae" is particularly rich in words that Allan Ramsay, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Christopher North have since rendered classical, and is, besides, a poem as excellent in thought and fancy as it is copious in diction. The description of the music of the birds on a May morning may be taken as a specimen:—

"The cushat croods, the corbie ories,
The Coukoo couks, the prattling pies
To keck hir they begin.
The jargon o' the jangling jays,
The craiking craws and keckling kayes,
They deaved me with their din.

"The painted pawn with Argus e'es
Can on his mayock call;
The turtle wails on withered trees,
And Echo answers all.
Repeting, with greeting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well."

Time was within living memory when the Scotch of the upper classes prided themselves on their native Doric; when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in the broadest Scotch, and would have thought themselves guilty of puerile

and unworthy affectation if they had preferred English words or English accents to their own; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and plastic tongue; when ministers of religion found their best way to the hearts and to the understanding of their congregations in the use of the language most familiar to themselves, as well as to those whom they addressed; and when ladies of the highest rank — celebrated alike for their wit and their beauty — sang their tenderest, archest, and most affecting songs, and made their bravest thrusts and parries in the sparkling encounters of conversation, in the homely speech of their childhood. All this, however, is fast disappearing, and not only the wealthy and titled, who live much in London and in England, begin to grow ashamed of speaking the language of their ancestors, though the sound of the well-beloved accents in the mouths of others is not unwelcome or unmusical to their ears, but the middle-class Scotch are learning to follow their example. The members of the legal and medical profession are afraid of the accusation of vulgarity that might be launched against them if they spoke publicly in the picturesque language of their fathers and grandfathers; and even the clergy are unlearning in the pulpit the brave old speech that was good enough for John Knox (though he was the greatest Anglicizer of his day, and was publicly accused of that fault), and many thousands of pious preachers who, since his time, have worthily kept alive the faith of the Scottish people by appeals to their consciences in the language of their hearts. In ceasing to employ the "unadorned eloquence" of the sturdy vernacular, and using instead of it the language of books, and of the southern English, it is to be feared that too many of these superfine preachers have lost their former hold upon the mind, and that they have sensibly weakened the powers of persuasion and conviction which they possessed when their words were in sympathetic unison with the current of thought and feeling that flowed through the broad Scottish intellect and language of the peasantry. And where fashion leads, snobbism will certainly follow; so that it happens even in Scotland that young Scotmen of the Dundreary class will sometimes boast of their inability to understand the poetry of Burns and the romance of Scott on account of the difficulties presented by the language! — as if their crass, besotted ignorance were a thing to be proud of! But the old language, though of later

years it has become unfashionable in its native land, survives not alone on the tongue but in the heart of the "common" people, (and where is there such a common or uncommon people as the peasantry of Scotland?) and has established for itself a place in the affections of those ardent Scotsmen who travel to the New World and to the remotest part of the Old, with the *auri sacra fames* to lead them on to fortune, but who never permit that particular species of hunger—which is by no means peculiar to Scotsmen—to deaden their hearts to their native land, or to render them indifferent to their native speech, the merest word of which, when uttered unexpectedly under a foreign sky, stirs up all the latent patriotism in their minds, and opens their heart, and if need be their purse, to the utterer. It has also, by a kind of Nemesis or poetical justice, established for itself a hold and a footing even in that English language which affects to ignore it; and, thanks more especially to Burns and Scott, and to the admiration which their genius has excited in England and America, has engrafted many of its loveliest shoots upon the old tree of the Anglo-Saxon and English language. Every year the number of words that are taken like seeds or grafts from the Scottish conservatory, and planted into the fruitful English garden, is on the increase, as will be seen from the following anthology of specimens, which might have been made ten times as abundant if it had been possible to squeeze into a wine-glass a whole gallon of hippocrene. Many of these words are recognized English, permissible both in literature and conversation; many others are in progress and process of adoption and assimilation; and many more that are not English, and may never become so, are fully worthy of a place in the dictionary of a language that has room for every word, let it come whence it will, that expresses a new meaning, or a more delicate shade of an old meaning than the existing forms of expression admit. *Eerie*, and *gloaming*, and *cannie*, and *cantie*, and *cozie*, and *lift*, and *lilt*, and *caller*, and *gruesome*, and *thud*, are all of an ancient and a goodly pedigree, and were, the most of them, as English in the fifteenth century as they ought to be in the nineteenth. We arrange the specimens alphabetically for the convenience of reference, and if any Scotsman at home or abroad should, in going over the list, fail to discover some favourite word that was dear to him in childhood, and that stirs up the recollections of his native land, and of the days when he sat under the trysting-

tree to meet his bonnie lassie when the kye cam hame,—one word that recalls old times, old friends, and by-gone joys and sorrows,—let him reflect that in calling a posie from the garden, the posie must of necessity be small, and that the most copious of selectors must omit much that he would have been glad to twine into his garland.

Airt, a point of the compass, to direct or show the way:—

O' a' the *airts* the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best.

Burns.

But yon green graff (grave) now huskie green,
Wad *airt* me to my treasure.

Burns.

Anent, concerning, relating to.—This word has not yet been admitted into the English dictionaries published at home. In Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, published in the United States, it is inserted as a Scotticism:—

The anxiety *anent* them was too intense to admit of the poor people remaining quietly at home.—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

Auld Lang Syne.—This phrase, so peculiarly tender and beautiful, and so wholly Scotch, has no exact synonym in any language, and is untranslatable except by a weak and lengthy periphrasis. The most recent English dictionaries, those of Worcester and Webster, have adopted it; and the expression is almost as common in England as in Scotland. Allan Ramsay included in "The Tea-Table Miscellany" a song entitled "Old long Syne," a very poor production; but it remained for Robert Burns to make "Auld Lang Syne" immortal, and fix it for ever in the language of Great Britain and America.

Armrie, a chest, a cabinet, a secretaire—*from the French armoire*:—

Steek (close) the *awmrrie*, look the kist,
Or else some gear will soon be missed.

Sir Walter Scott: *Donald Caird*.

Belyve, by-and-by, immediately.—This word occurs in Chaucer and in a great number of old English romances of the period immediately anterior:—

He we *belyve*,
And look whether *Ogie* be alive.
Romance of Sir Otuel.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in.
Burns : *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Bicker, a drinking-cup, a beaker, a step
in the wrong direction : —

Fill high the foaming *bicker* !
Body and soul are mine, quoth he,
I'll have them both for liquor.
The Gin Fiend and his Three Houses.

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
To keep me sicker.
Though leeward, whyles, against my will,
I took a *bicker*.
Burns : *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Bien, comfortable, plentiful; from the
French *bien*, well : —

While frosty winds blaw in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae *bien* and snug.
Burns : *Epistle to Davie*.

Bird, or *burd*, a term of endearment ap-
plied to a young lady : —

And by my word, the bonnie *bird*
In danger shall not tarry.
Thomas Campbell.

Birl, to pour out liquor : —

There were three lords *birling* at the wine
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,
They made a compact them between.
Motherwell's *Ancient Minstrelsy*.

Oh, she has *birled* these merry young men
With the ale, but and the wine.
Border Minstrelsy : Fause Foodrage.

He had found the twa loons that did the deed,
birling and drinking wine wi' him.
Sir Walter Scott : *Rob Roy*.

Blae, of a livid, blue colour; sickly
blue : —

The morning *blae* and wan.
Douglas : *Translation of the Eneid*.

How dow you this *blae* eastlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind ?

Burns.

Be in dread, oh sirs! Some of you will stand
with *blae* countenance before the tribunal of
God.

Bruce : *The Soul's Confirmation*.

Blaud, to lay anything flat with violence,
as the wind or a storm of rain does the
corn : —

Curst common sense — that imp o' hell,

This day M'Kinlay takes the flail,
And he's the boy will *blaud* her.

Burns : *The Ordination*.

Ochon! ochon! cries Haughton,
That ever I was born,
To see the Buickie burn rin bluid,
And *blauding* a' the corn.
Aberdeenshire Ballad.

Blob, a large round drop of water or
other liquid. — A similar word, *bleb*, now
obsolete, was once used in England to
signify an air-bubble : —

We look on this troubled stream of the gen-
erations of men to as little purpose almost as
idle boys do on dancing *blebs* or bubbles on the
water.

Sir Thomas More : *Consolations of the Soul*.

Her e'en the clearest *blob* o' dew outshining,
Allan Ramsay.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red roe,
Wet wi' the *blobs* o' dew.
Allan Cunningham.

Bonnie, beautiful, good-natured, and
cheerful; the three qualities in combina-
tion. — This is an old-English word, used
by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and still
current in the northern English counties,
as well as in Scotland. Johnson, notwith-
standing its Scottish flavour, was gracious-
ly pleased to admit it into his Dictionary.

Bourd, to jest, to play tricks with. In
old English, *bord* : —

The wizard could no longer bear her *bord*,
But bursting forth in laughter to her said.
Spenser : *Faerie Queene*.

I'll tell the *bourd*, but nae the body.

They that *bourd* wi' cats may count upon scarts.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Brae, the brow or side of a hill — from
the Gaelic *bruaich* : —

We twa ha'e run about the *braes*
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But mony a weary foot we've trod
Sin auld lang syne.
Burns.

Brent, high, steep : —

Her fair *brent* brow, smooth
As the unwrinkled deep.
Allan Ramsay.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your looks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was *brent*.
Burns : *John Anderson, my jo*.

Busk, to adorn, to dress : —

A bonny bride is soon *buskit*.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow.*
Hamilton of Bangour.

Caller, fresh, cool. — There is no exact English synonym for this word. "*Caller herrin'*," "*Caller haddie*," and "*Caller ow*" are familiar cries to Edinburgh people: —

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like *caller* air;
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair.
There's nae Luck about the House.

Cannie, knowing, but gentle; in one's right mind; not to be easily deceived, yet not sly or cunning. — A very expressive word, often used by Englishmen to describe the Scotch. The word also means dexterous, clever, and sometimes fortunate. It is common in the north of England as well as in Scotland: —

Bonny lass, *canny* lass, wilt thou be mine?
The Cumberland Courtship.

He mounted his mare, and he rode *cannilie*.
The Laird o' Cockpen.

Hae naething to do wi' him, he's no *canny*.

They have need of a *canny* cook who have but one egg for dinner.

Allan Ramsay's Proverbs.

The "*Cork Examiner*" — and, of course, after it the Spiritualist organs — is delighted with the *uncanny* story.

Pall Mall Gazette, June 1870.

Cantie, joyous, merry, ready to sing from excess of good spirits: —

Contented wi' little, and *cantie* wi' mair.
Burns.

Some *cannie* wee body may be my lot,
An' I'll be *cantie* in thinking o't.
Newcastle Song: Brockett's North Country Glossary.

The clachan yill had made me *cantie*.
Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Cosie, *Cozie*, comfortable, snug, warm: —

While some are *cozie* in the neuk,
And forming assignations
To meet some day.
Burns: *The Holy Fair.*

Couthie, well-known, familiar, handsome, and agreeable — in contradiction to the English word *uncouth*: —

My ain *couthie* dame,
O my ain *couthie* dame;
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns
And my ain *couthie* dame.
Archibald M'Kay: *Ingleside Lilla.*

Crone, an old woman, a witch. — Worcester, in his Dictionary, derives this word from the Scottish "*croon*" — "the hollow muttering sound with which old witches uttered their incantations." A possible derivation is from the old word *crine*, to shrink; of which the preterite was *crone*, shrunken. If this derivation were correct, *crone* would mean a shrunken, withered old woman.

Croodle, to coo like a dove: "a wee *croodlin'* doo," a term of endearment to an infant: —

Far ben thy dark green plantin shade
The cushet (wood-pigeon) *croodles* amorously.
Tannahill.

A wee thing, mine ain thing,
A pledge o' love most true,
A bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
Wee *croodlin'* doo.

Mackay's Songs.

Croon, to hum over a tune, to prelude on an instrument: —

The sisters grey, before the day,
Did *croon* within their cloister.
Allan Ramsay.

Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles *crooning* o'er some auld Scots sonnet.
Burns: *Tam o' Shanter.*

Plaintive tunes,
Such as corpse-watching beldam *croons*.
Studies from the Antique.

Darg, or *daurk*, a day's work: —

You will spoil the *darg* if you stop the plough to kill a mouse. — *Northumbrian Proverbs.*

He never did a good *darg* that gaed grumbling about it. — Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs.*

Monie a sair *daurk* we hae wrought.
Burns: *To his auld Mare Maggie.*

The good man fallen asleep after the day's *darg*. — *Times' Notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, March 18, 1870.*

Ding, to beat, or beat out. A remnant of this word survives in the English "*din*" — a noise produced by beating; and in the phrase "*ding, dong, bell*:" —

If ye've the dell in ye, *ding* him out wi' his brither. Ae dell *dings* anither. — *Scots Proverbs.*

It's a sair *dung* (beaten) bairn that manna greet. — Allan Ramsay.

Dinsome, noisy, full of *din*: —

Till block or studdie (stithy or anvil) ring and reel

Wi' *dinsome* clamour.
Burns : *Scotch Drink*.

Dirl, a quivering blow on a hard substance :—

I threw a noble throw at ane,
It just play'd *dirl* upon the bane,
But did nae mair.
Burns : *Death and Hornbook*.

Dool, pain, grief, dolefulness :—

Of a' the numerous human *dools*
Thou bear'st the gree.
Burns : *Address to the Toothache*.

Though dark and swift the waters pour,
Yet here I wait in *dool* and sorrow,
For bitter fate must I endure
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow.
Legends of the Isles.

Douce, of a gentle or courteous disposition; from the French *doux*, sweet :—

Ye daintie deacons and ye *douce* conveners.
Burns : *Brigs of Ayr*.

Dour, hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe, stern :—

When biting Boreas fell and *dour*,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower.
Burns : *A Winter Night*.

Dowie, gloomy, melancholy, forlorn, low-spirited :—

It's no the loss o' warl's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our hardie, *dowie*, wear
The mourning weel.
Burns : *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.

Come listen, cronies, ane and a'
While on my *dowie* reed I blaw,
And mourn the sad untimely fa'
O' our auld town.
James Ballantine.

Dree, to endure, to suffer :—

Still for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And *dree* the country clatter (talk).
Burns : *Here's his Health in Water*.
He *drees* the doom he ettled for me.
Scott : *Rob Roy*.

Drumly, turbid or muddy (applied to water), confused, not clear.—This beautiful word would be a great acquisition to the English language. All its English synonyms are greatly inferior, both in logical and poetical expression. The word appears at one time to have been good

English, though not to be found in the poets, as appears from the following passage in a French and English grammar of the year 1623 :—

Draw me some water out of this spring.
Madam, it is all foul, *drumly*, black, muddy!

Oh, boatman, haste! put off your boat,
Put off your boat for golden monie;
I'll cross the *drumly* stream to-night,
Or never mair I'll see my Annie.
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

When blue diseases fill the *drumly* air.
Allan Ramsay.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And *drumly* grew his e'e.
Laidlaw : *The Demon Lover*.

I heard once a lady in Edinburgh objecting to a preacher that she did not understand him. Another lady, his great admirer, insinuated that probably he was too deep for her to follow. But her ready answer was, "Na, na! — he's no just deep, but he's *drumly*." — Allan Ramsay.

Eerie, gloomy, wearisome, full of fear :—

In mirkest glen at midnight hour
I'd rove and ne'er be *eerie*, O;
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Burns.

It was an *eerie* walk at that still hour of the night.— *The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

Eyrie, an eagle's nest, — from the Gaelic *eirigh*, to rise :—

The eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their *eyries* build.
Milton.

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his *eyrie* that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Campbell : *Lochiel's Warning*.

Ferlie, a wonder; to wonder; wonderful :—

Who hearkened ever slike a *ferly* thing.
Chaucer : *The Reeve's Tale*.

On Malvern hills
Me befel a *ferly*.
Piers Ploughman.

The longer we live the more *ferlies* we see.—
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Fey, fated, bewitched, unlucky, doomed :

Let the fate fall upon the *feyest*.

Take care of the man that God has marked,
for he's no *fey*.— Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

We'll turn again, said good Lord John;
But no, said Rothiemay;
My steed's trepanned, my bridle's broke,
I fear this day I'm fey.
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Forgather, to meet:—

Two dogs
Forgathered ance upon a time.
Burns: *The Two Dogs.*

Gale, to sing; whence the English
"nightingale," the bird that sings in the
night:—

In May begins the gowk to *gale*.
Allan Ramsay: *The Evergreen.*

Glamour, enchantment, witchcraft, fascination:—

And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of *glamour* might,
Could make a lady seem a knight,
The cobweb on a dungeon wall,
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.
Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Soon as they saw her weel-fair'd face,
They cast their *glamour* o'er her.
Johnny Faa, the Gipsy Laddie.

Ye gipsy-gang that deal in *glamour*,
And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches.
Burns: *On Captain Grose.*

Gloaming, the twilight:—

When ance life's day draws near its *gloaming*.
Burns: To James Smith.

"Twixt the *gloaming* and the mirk, when the
kye come hame.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

Gowan, a daisy:—

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and *gowan* lurk lowly un-
seen.

Burns.

The night was fair, the moon was up,
The wind blew low among the *gowans*.
Mackay: *Legends of the Isles.*

Graith, appurtenance:—

And ploughmen gather wi' their *grraith*.
Burns: *Scotch Drink.*

Gramarye, magic:—

Whate'er he did of *gramarye*,
Was always done maliciously.
Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark woods of *gramarye*.
Idem.

Grew, or *grue*, to fear greatly:—

I never see them but they gar me *grew*;—it's
no for fear—no for fear—but just for grief.—
Scott: *Rob Roy.*

Gruesome, highly ill-favoured, disagreeable, horrible, cruel:—

As day, as Death, that *gruesome* carl,
Was driving to the ither warl (world).
Burns: *Verses to J. Rankine.*

Gurl, to growl; *gurlly*, boisterous, stormy, savage, growly:—

The lift grew dark and the wind blew sair,
And *gurlly* grew the sea.
Sir Patrick Spens.

Waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the *gurlly* sea.
Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover.*

There's a strong *gurlly* blast blawing snell frae
the south.

James Ballantine: *The Spunk-Splitters.*

Hodden grey.—In the glossary to the first edition of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724, "*hodden*" is described as a coarse cloth. *Hodden grey* is, therefore, coarse grey cloth. It was usually home made by the Scottish peasantry of the Lowlands, and formed the material of their working-day clothes:—

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear *hodden grey*, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

Burns.

If a man did his best to murder me, I should not rest comfortably until I knew that he was safe in a well-ventilated cell, with the *hodden grey* garments of the gaol upon him.—*Trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte*, "Daily Telegraph," March 26, 1870.

Hooly, softly, honestly:—

Hooly and fair gangs far in a day.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs.*

Oh, that my wife would drink *hooly* and fairly.
Burns.

Ilk, each, "*ilk ane*," each one: or *ilk* that same; used for the designation of a person whose patronymic is the same as the name of his estate—such as Forbes of Forbes—i. e., Forbes of that *ilk*. This Scottish word has crept into English, though with a strange perversion of its meaning, as in the following:—

We know, however, that many barbarians of
their *ilk*, and even of later times, destroyed
knowingly many a gold and silver vessel that
fell into their hands.—*Fall Mall Gazette*,
January 24, 1869.

Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham; Mr. Passmore in King Street of the same ilk.— *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1870.

Ingle, the fireside; *ingle-nook*, the chimney-corner.

His wee bit *ingle* blinkin' bonnilie.
Burns.

Jow, the clang or boom of a large bell:—

Now Clinkumbells
Began to *jow*.
Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

And every *jow* the kirk bell gied.
Buchan.

Kain, from the Gaelic *cain*, tribute, tax, tithe, payment in kind:—

Our laird gets in his raked rents,
His coal, his *kain*.
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Kain to the king!
Jacobite Song. (1716).

Keek, to peep, to pry, to look cautiously about:—

The robin came to the wren's nest
And *keekit* in.
English Nursery Rhyme.

Stars dinna *keek* in,
And see me wi' Mary.
Burns.

When the tod (fox) is in the wood, he cares na how many folk *keek* at his tail.— Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

A clergyman in the west of Scotland once concluded a prayer as follows:— "O Lord! Thou art like a mouse in a drystane dyke, aye *keekin'* out at us frae holes and crannies, but we canna see Thee."— Rodgers's *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Kelpie:—

He shall stable his steed in the *kelpie's* flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermo'.
Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

What is it ails my good bay mare?
What is it makes her start and shiver?
She sees a *kelpie* in the stream,
Or fears the rushing of the river.
Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

Kep, to catch, to receive:—

Ilk cowlip cup shall *kep* a tear.
Burns.

Ilka blade o' grass *keps* its ain drap o' dew.
— James Ballantine.

Kevū, a lot; to cast *kevils*, to draw lots;

from the Gaelic *gabhal*, pronounced *gaval*, a portion of land done by cattle in ploughing:—

Let every man be content with his ain *kevū*.
— Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

And they coost *kevils* them among
Wha should to the greenwood gang.
Cospatrik: *Border Minstrelsy*.

Knowe, a knoll, a hillock:—

Ca' the yowes (ewes) to the *knowes*.
Allan Ramsay.

Upon a *knowe* they sat them downi,
And there began a long digression
About the lords of the creation.
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

Lane, the condition of being alone:—

I wander my *lane* like a night-troubled
ghaist. — Burns.

Lave, the residue, the remainder, that which is left, or, as the Americans say in commercial fashion, the "balance":—

I'll get a blessing wi' the *lave*
And never miss't.
Burns: *To a Mouse*.

First when Maggie was my care,

Whistle o'er the *lave* o't.
Burns.

Laverock, the lark. — This word, so pleasant to the Scottish ear, and so entirely obsolete in English, was used by Chaucer and Gower:—

She made many a wondrous soun'
Sometimes like unto the cook,
Sometimes unto the *laverock*.

Gower: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

Why should I sit and sigh,
When the wild woods bloom ane briery,
The *laverocks* sing, the flowerets spring,
And a' but me are cheery.
Buchan's *Songs of the North of Scotland*.

Leal, loyal, true, true-hearted; "the land o' the leal," i.e. heaven:

A *leal* heart never lied.
Scottish Proverb.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the *leal*.
Lady Nairne.

Lift, the sky — that which is lifted up above the earth; whence, by a similarity of origin, *heaven* — that which is heaved, or hoven up:—

When lightnings fire the stormy lift.
Burns : *Epistle to Robert Graham*.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
Burns.

Lin or *lins*. This termination to many Scottish words supplies a shade of meaning not to be expressed in English but by a periphrasis; as *westlins*, including towards the west. *Aiblins*, perhaps; from able-lins — inclining towards able, or about to become possible. *Backlins*, inclining towards a retrograde movement : —

The *westlin* wind blows loud and shrill.
Burns.

Now frae the east neuk o' Fife the dawn
Speel'd *westlins* up the lift.
Allan Ramsay : *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

Lintie, a linnet : —

Dr. Norman Macleod mentioned a conversation he had with a Scottish emigrant in Canada, who in general terms spoke favourably of his position in his adopted country. "But oh ! sir," he said, "there are no *linties* in the woods." — Dean Ramsay.

The word *lintie* conveys to my mind more of tenderness and endearment towards the little bird than linnet. — *Idem*.

Lowce, to burn, to blaze, to flame : —

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fou o' *lowin'* brimstane (brimstone).
Burns : *The Holy Fair*.

Lyart, grey, — from the Gaelic *liath* : —

His *lyart* haffets (locks of thin grey hair).
Burns : *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

Twa had manteels o' doleful black,
But ane in *lyart* hung.
Burns : *The Holy Fair*.

Malison, a curse. — The twin-word *benison*, a blessing, has been admitted into the English dictionaries, but *malison* is still excluded, although it was a recognized English word in the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer : —

Thus they serve Sathanas,
Marchands of *malisons*.
Piers Ploughman.

I've won my mother's *malison*.
Coming this night to thee.
Border Minstrelsy.

Marrow, one of a pair, a mate, a com-

panion, an equal, a sweetheart. — This word is beautifully applied to a lover or wedded partner, as one whose mind is the exact counterpart of that of the object of his affection. It appears in early English literature, but now survives only in the poetry and daily speech of the Scottish people : —

One glove or shoe is *marrow* to another.
— *Landsdowne MS.* : quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome *marrow*,
Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes o' Yarrow.
Wordsworth : *Yarrow Unvisited*.

Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
But ne'er thought her thy *marrow*.
The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

Mons Meg and her *marrow* three volleys let
flee,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Sir Walter Scott.

Meddle with your *marrow* (i.e., with your equal). *Scottish Proverb*.

"Your e'en are no *marrows* (i.e., you squint). Allan Ramsay.

Maris, the singing thrush. — Spenser in the following passage from his "Epithalamium," seems to have considered the *maris* and the thrush to be different birds : —

The thrush replies; the *maris* descent
plays."

In Scottish poetry the word is of constant occurrence.

An eccentric divine discoursing on a class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration : "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a *moderate* to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as for a soo (now) to sit on the tap o' a thistle and sing like a *maris*." *Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

Mirk, dark : —

A man's mind is a *mirk* mirror.
Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

'Twixt the gloaming and the *mirk*, when
the kye come hame.
The Ettrick Shepherd.

Mools, from mould — earth, the grave :
And Jeanie died. She had not lain i' the
mools
Three days ere Donald laid aside his tools
And closed his forge, and took his passage
home.
.

But long ere forty days had run their round,
Donald was back upon Canadian ground—
With earth and gowans for his truelove's grave.
Donald Macleod: *All the year Round*.

Raid, a warlike invasion on horseback into an enemy's territory; from *ride*. This word has only lately been admitted into the English dictionaries; but has long been common both in books and conversation.

Rax, to reach, to stretch; *raught*, reached:—

Never *rax* aboon your reach.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

And ye may *rax* Corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection.
Burns: *A Dream*.

Rigwoodie, old, lean, withered:—
Withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags.

Burns: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Roose—old English *rouse*—to praise, to drink a toast or a health:—

Roose the fair day at e'en.
Scots Proverb.

Rowan, the mountain ash.—This tree, or a twig of it, was supposed, in the superstition of Scotland, to be a charm against witchcraft. Hence the phrase, "Aroint thee, witch," in Shakespeare (who never corrected his proof-sheets), is supposed to be a misprint for "a rowan-tree witch." The word occurs in no author previous to Shakespeare. There is an old Scottish couplet which lends countenance to this supposition:—

Rowan tree and red thread
Mak' the witches tyne their speed.

Where Nith runs *Rowin'* to the sea.
Burns: *Song*.

Rowe, to roll or purl like a stream, to wrap up in cloth or flannel:—

Hap and *rowe*, hap and *rowe*,
Hap and *rowe* the feetie o't.
Burns: *Song*.

Rowth, plenty, abundance:—

A *rowth* o' rhyme to rave at will.
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

He had a *rowth* o' auld knick-knackets.
Burns: *Captain Grose*.

Scouth, room, elbow-room, space:—

An he get *scouth* to wield his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid.
Ballad of Robin Hood.

By break of day he seeks the dowie glen,
That he may *scouth* to a' his morning len.
Allan Ramsay *Pastoral on the death of Matthew Prior*.

Scrog, a stunted bush, furze; *scroggy*, abounding in underwood, covered with stunted bushes or furze like the Scottish mountains:—

The way towards the cité was stony, thorny, and *scroggy*.—*Gesta Romanorum*.

Sir Walter Scott, when in his last illness in Italy, was taken to a wild scene on the mountains that border the Lago di Garda. He had long been apathetic, and almost insensible to surrounding objects; but his fading eyes flashed with unwonted fire at the sight of the furze-bushes and scrogs, that reminded him of home and Scotland, and he suddenly exclaimed, in the words of the Jacobite ballad—

Up the *scroggy* mountain,
And down the *scroggy* glen,
We darena gang a-hunting,
For Charlie and his men.

Shaw, a small wood, a thicket, a plantation of trees. This word was once common in English literature. It still subsists in the patronymics of many families, as *Shawe*, *Aldershaw*, *Hinshaw*, *Hackshaw*, *Hawkshaw* (or *Oakshaw*), and others, and is used by the peasantry in most parts of England, and every part of Scotland:—

Whither ridest thou under this green *shawe*?
Said this yeman.

Chaucer: *The Frere's Tale*.

In summer when the *shaws* be shene,
And leaves be fair and long,
It is full merry in fair forest,
To hear the sweet birds' song.
Ballad of Robin Hood.

Sib, related; of kin by blood or marriage:—

He was *sibbe* to Arthur of Bretagne.
Chaucer.

He was no fairy born or *sib* to elves.
Spenser.

A boaster and a liar are right *sib*.
A' Stewarts are no *sib* to the king.

It's good to be *sib* to siller.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

We're no more *sib* than sieve and riddle,
Though both grew in the woods together.
Cheshire Proverb.

Skaith, danger, mischief, harm:

I rede ye weel, take care o' *skaith*.
Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Slogan, the war-cry of a clan:—

When the streets of high Dunedin,
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the *slogan's* deadly yell.

Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Snell, sharp, biting, keen, lively. — Johnson, in his Dictionary, says this is an obsolete word in England, though it is commonly used to the north of the Humber.

(Sir Madoc) was a handy man, and *snell*
In tournament, and eke in fight.

Morte Arthur.

Shivering from cold, the season was so *snell*.
Douglas: *Æneid*.

The winds blew *snell*.

Allan Ramsay.

And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith *snell* and keen.

Burns: *To a Mouse*.

Snool, to flatter abjectly, to cringe, to crawl:—

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Ow're blate to seek, ow're proud to *snool*.

Burns: *A Bird's Epitaph*.

Snurl, to ruffle the surface of the waters with a wind; metaphorically applied to the temper of man or woman:—

Northern blasts the ocean *snurl*.

Allan Ramsay.

Sonsie, from the Gaelic *sonas*, good fortune good-humoured, comely, likely to be fortunate:—

His honest *sonsie* face,
Got him good friends in ilka place.

Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

He's tall and *sonsie*, frank and free,
He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me.

Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii.

Sugh, or *sough*, a sigh; more particularly the mournful sigh or sound of the wind among the trees or tall sedge-grass or rushes. This beautiful and expressive word is evidently from the same root as the Greek *Psyche*, the soul; though Richardson in his Dictionary derives it from "suck"—the sucking or drawing in of the breath, previous to the emission. Burns uses both *sugh* and *sough*:—

When, lo! on either hand
The clanging *sugh* of whistling wings is heard.
The Brigs of Ayr.

November chill blows loud wi' angry *sough*.
Cottar's Saturday Night.

The wavy swell of the *soughing* reeds.

Tennyson: *The Dying Swan*.

A minister in his Sabbath services expressed the wishes of his congregation in prayer as follows:—"O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind: no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind; but a noughin', *soughin'*, winnin', wind."—Dean Ramsay.

Spate, a flood or freshet, from the overflow of a river or lake; also metaphorically an overflow of idle talk:—

The water was great and mickle of *spate*.—*Kinmont Willie*.

Even like a mighty river that runs down in *spate* to the sea.—W. E. Aytoun: *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Laird of Balmamon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church. One Sunday, having visitors, he read the services and prayers with great solemnity and earnestness. After dinner, he, with the true Scotch hospitality of the time, set to, to make his guests as drunk as possible. Next day, when they took their departure, one of the visitors asked another what he thought of the laird. "Why, really," he replied, "sic a *spate* o' praying, and sic a *spate* o' drinking, I never knew in all the course of my life."—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

Stance, situation, standing-place or foundation:—

No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his *stance*.

Scott: *Lady of the Lake*.

He never advanced

From the place he was *stanced*

Till was no more to do there at a', man.

Battle of Sheriff Muir.

We would recommend any Yankee believer in England's decay to take his *stance* in Fleet Street or any of our great thoroughfares, and ask himself whether it would be wise to meddle with any member of that busy and strenuous crowd.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1869.

Sturt, trouble, sorrow, vexation, strife; to vex, disturb, annoy:—

And aye the less they hae to *sturt* 'em,
In less proportion less will hurt 'em.

Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

I've lived a life of *sturt* and strife.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Swirl, to turn rapidly, to eddy, to curl:—

His tall
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a *swirl*.
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

The mill-wheel spun and *swirl'd*,
And the mill-stream danced in the morning
light,
And all its eddies curl'd.

Mackay: *The Lump of Gold*.

Theek, to thatch:—

Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies,
They biggit a bower by yon burn brae,
And *theekit* it o'er wi' rashes.

Old Ballad.

Thirl, to strike a string of an instru-
ment so as to make it tremble and
quiver:—

There was ae sang
That some kind husband had addressed
To some sweet wife,
It *thirl'd* the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.
Burns: *Epistle to Lapraik*.

Thole, to endure, to suffer.— This word
was once common all over England, and
occurs in Chaucer, Gower, and *Piers
Ploughman*:—

All that Christ *tholed*.
Piers Ploughman.

So muckle wo as I with you have *tholed*.
Chaucer.

He who *tholes* conquers.
He that has a good crop ought to *thole* a few
thistles.
Better *thole* a grumph than a sumph. (i.e.,
better endure an uncourteous man than a block-
head.)

Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Thrave, a bunch, a lot, a company, an
assembly.— "A thrave of corn," says
Blount's *Glossographia*, 1681, "is two
stooks of six, or rather twelve sheaves
apiece. The word comes from the British
threva, twenty-four. In most counties of
England twenty-four sheaves do now go
to a *thrive*. Twelve sheaves make a stook,
and two stooks make a *thrive*,"—

And after cometh a knave,
The worst of the *thrive*.

Landsdowne MS.: quoted in Halliwell's
Archaic Dictionary.

He sends forth *thraives* of ballads.
Bishop Hall.

A daimen icker in a *thrive*
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss't.

Burns: *To a Mouse*.

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Thud, a dull heavy blow.— No English
dictionary, from Johnson to Worcester,
contains this expressive word:—

The fearful *thuds* of the tempestuous tide.
Gavin Douglas: *Translation of the Eneid*.

The air grew rough with boisterous *thuds*.
Allan Ramsay: *The Vision*.

Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost:—

What was *tint* through tree,
Tree shall it win.
Piers Ploughman.

He never *tint* a cow that grat for a needle.
Where there is nothing, the king *tines* his
right.

All's not *tint* that's in danger.
Better spoil your joke than *tine* your friend.

Tine heart — all's gone.
Allan Ramsay's *Scotch Proverbs*.

Next my heart I'll wear her
For fear my jewel *tine*. Burns.

Tirl, to strive to turn the knob, the pin,
or other fastening of a door.— This word
is of constant occurrence in the ballad-
poetry of Scotland:—

Oh, he's gone round and round about,
And *tirled* at the pin.
Willie and May Margaret.

Tirl, to spin round as in a whirlwind,
to unroof with a high wind:—

Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,
Tirling the kirks.
Burns: *Address to the Deil*.

Tron.— There is a *Tron* Church in
Edinburgh and another in Glasgow; but
the Scottish glossaries and Jamieson's
Scottish Dictionary make no mention of
the word. It would appear from a pas-
sage in Hone's "Every-day Book" that
"Tron" signified a public weighing-ma-
chine or scale in a market-place, where
purchasers of commodities might without
fee satisfy themselves that the weight of
the purchase was correct according to the
charge. Hence a "Tron Church" was a
church in the market-place near which the
public weighing-machine was established.

Tryste, an appointed place of meet-
ing, a rendezvous.— This word occurs in
Chaucer, and several old English MSS. of
his period, but is not used by later
writers. "To bide *tryste*," to be true
to time and place of meeting:—

"You walk late, sir," said I. "I bide
tryste," was the reply; "and so I think do

you, Mr. Osbaldistone."—Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*.

The tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided *tryste* at village stile.
Tennyson.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named the *trysting* day.
Lord Macaulay.

No maidens with blue eyes
Dream of the *trysting* hour
Or bridal's happier time.
Mackay: *Under Green Leaves*.

When I came to Ardgour I wrote to Lochiel
to *tryste* me where to meet him. *Letter from
Rob Roy to General Gordon: Hogg's Jacobite
Relics*.

Twine, to rob, to deprive:—

Brandy . . .
Twines many a poor, doylt, drucken hash
Of half his days.
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Tyke, a mongrel, a stray dog, a rough
dog:—

Base *tyke*, call'st thou me lost?
Shakespeare: *Henry V*.

Nae tawt'd (uncombed) *tyke*.
Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

He was a gash and faithful *tyke*.
Idem.

I'm as tired of it as a *tyke* of lang kail.
You have lost your own stomach and found a
tyke's.

Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Wanchancie, unlucky:—

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile *wanchancie* thing—a rape.
Burns: *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.

Wanrestful, restless, unruly, uneasy:—

An may we never learn the gaets
Of ither vile *wanrestful* pets.
Burns: *Poor Mailie*.

Wean, a little child; a *weanie*, a very
little child—from "*wec ane*," little one.

Wee, little, diminutive, very little.—
This word, apparently from the Saxon
wenig, small, occurs in Shakespeare and is
common in colloquial and familiar English,
though not in literary composition. It is
sometimes used as an intensification of
littleness, as "a little *wec* child," "a little
wec bit":—

A *wec* house well filled,
A *wec* farm well tilled,
A *wec* wife well will'd,
Mak' a happy man.

A *wec* mouse can creep under a great hay-
stack.—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Weird, or *wierd*.—Most English dic-
tionaries misdefine this word, which has
two different significations; one as a noun,
the other as an adjective. In English lit-
erature, from Shakespeare's time down-
wards, it exists as an adjective only, and
is held to mean unearthly, ghastly, or
witchlike. Before Shakespeare's time, and
in Scottish poetry and parlance to the
present day, the word is a noun, and sig-
nifies "fate" or "destiny"—derived from
the Teutonic *werden*, to become, or that
which *shall* be. Chaucer, in "*Troilus and
Cressida*," has the line—

O Fortune! executrice of *wierdes*!

and Gower, in a manuscript in the pos-
session of the Society of Antiquaries, says,—

It were a wondrous *wierde*,
To see a king become a herde.

In this sense the word continues to be
used in Scotland:—

A man may woo where he will, but he mair
wed where his *wierd* is.

She is a wise wife that kens her ain *wierd*.
Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

The *wierd* her dearest bairn befel
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnoria.
Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

Shakespeare seems to have been the first
to employ the word as an adjective, and
to have given it the meaning of unearthly,
though pertaining to the ideas of the
Fates:—

The *wierd* sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land.

Macbeth.

Thane of Cawdor! by which title these *wierd*
sisters saluted me.—*Idem*.

When we sat by her flickering fire at night
she was most *wierd*.—Charles Dickens: *Great
Expectations*.

No spot more fit than *wierd*, lawless Win-
chelsea, for a plot such as he had conceived.
—*All the Year Round*, April 2, 1870.

Jasper surveyed his companion as though he
were getting imbued with a romantic interest in
his *wierd* life.—Charles Dickens: *The Mystery
of Edwin Drood*.

She turned to make her way from the *wierd*
spot as fast as her feeble limbs would let (per-
mit) her.—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A.
Trollope, ii. 271.

Wimple, to flow gently like a brook, to
meander, to purl:—

Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, *wimplin'*, clear.
Burns: *Halloween*.

Wraith, an apparition in his own likeness that becomes visible to a person about to die, a water-spirit:—

He held him for some fleeting *wraith*,
And not a man of blood or breath.
Sir Walter Scott.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The *water-wraith* was shrieking,

And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
Thomas Campbell.

Wyte, to blame, reproach.

Alas! that every man has reason
To *wyte* his countrymen wi' treason!
Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

Youthy, having the false and affected appearance of youthfulness; applied to an old person of either sex who dresses in the style, or talks and otherwise behaves as if they were still young.

PERHAPS the most vast discomfort, not to say misery, endured in this world, consists in enforced companionship. Millions of people will rise to-morrow morning who will have to pass the day with companions who are profoundly uncongenial to them. And the worst of it is that uncongeniality is a thing which goes on deepening and widening.

Is there any remedy to be found for this evil? I think possibly there may be. I think that a person may by thought encourage and develop congeniality. A third part, at least, of uncongeniality depends upon misunderstanding; and that misunderstanding depends upon an insufficiency of imagination which prevents your looking at other people from the point of view from which they look at themselves. That this theory is not far wrong seems to me clear from the fact that great men endowed with high powers of imagination, and large affectionate sympathies, suffer so much less from the real or supposed uncongeniality of those who surround them than other and commoner people do. It is the narrow minded, fastidious person who suffers most from uncongeniality. A Mirabeau, an Alcibiades, a Bacon, a Shakespeare finds something congenial to him in all those with whom he associates. It is the peculiar property of genius to evolve congeniality in all those with whom it comes in contact. Genius discovers what is the prime moving power, the *causa causans*, as the metaphysicians would say, in each individual character. It touches that source of affection and sympathy with the magic wand of affectionate imagination; and from the most unpromising rock there comes forth an outburst of congeniality which cannot in its full flow be educed by meaner and less potent hands. But all persons might do something in this direction; and, depend upon it, when you find persons difficult to live with, and thoroughly uncongenial to you, it is that you have failed to discover and to appeal to those primeval and better elements of their characters, which would yield pleasant fruits to an intelligent cultivation of congeniality on your part.

Arthur Helps.

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there cannot be the slightest doubt. For, see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness; but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test, of love. With the persons you do not love, you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world; but it attracts it.

Arthur Helps.

It is not so sad a thing, after all, to contemplate ruins as it is to contemplate new work very badly done. What ruins can make one feel so melancholy as seeing long "unlovely," newly-built, gardenless streets of ill-arranged houses, rising up and deforming the suburbs of great towns? In looking at new buildings of this kind, the sense comes over one of a decadence, rather than an increase, of power in mankind. And this is very disheartening. Besides, one foresees that in a few years, these buildings will have a squalidity wholly unrelieved by the softening and beautifying effects of age. They will still be new, and yet will be decayed.

Arthur Helps.

From The Spectator.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROFANE
SWEARING.

WAR is so fruitful of imprecation, that a profound inquiry might be made respecting the question, which of the two combatants in the present war has sworn the more profusely, vigorously, with the greater originality and the chief effect? Thinkers, as Mr. Mill would say, have not done justice to the great subject of Profane Swearing. They have come to the discussion in what the Comtists would call a theological spirit, by acting on the dictate of the irrelevant plea, that because swearing is wicked, the instinctive grasp of oaths, the passion for fitting them into the crevices of common speech, and the inability of any race to walk without the crutches of imprecation, lie, therefore, beneath the dignity of philosophic research. Yet, in reality, few subjects will more richly reward, as thinkers would say, the labours of deductive and inductive study. Swearing is as universal as sin. Just as every race and individual makes use of some stimulant, whether it be tobacco or gossip, pugilism or sermon-hunting, dram-drinking or morning calls, so all of us, whether pious or wicked, habitually swear in some of the thousand fashions which lie open to the wit or the stupidity of man. And if, under the guidance of geology, we look first at the lower strata of curses, and then go up through the developing complexity of the fossils which have been left by the prodigious mass of dead execration, we shall see such oneness of type as Professor Huxley would reveal in the several remains of a reptile, a gorilla, and a President of the British Association. From that primitive type of oath which lacks a central organism, and might seem to have been created by chance, we ascend by slow and painful steps to oaths which are as highly organized as human life, and in which a reverential student would discern a subtle unity of design, an exquisite adaptation of means to ends, and a principle of development into higher forms of what Hood would have called cursery existence. On those specimens of imprecation, a psychologist might exhaust his subtlety by showing that it had needed ages to amass the elements of the soil in which they grow, and the Natural Selection of other ages to weed out from a whole family of kindred oaths the precise type which would best withstand the conditions of imprecatory life. And if, to use the language of philosophers, we look deep enough, we shall see that all oaths find a

common root, not in any passion for profanity, or in any desperate wickedness of heart, but in the difficulty, common to all men, of saying what they mean by words at once new in form, and exact in scope and force of suggestion. Without a passion for profanity, it may doubtless be impossible to breed the higher types of swearing, and it is certainly true that on reaching the æsthetics of imprecation, we must seek the fertilizing elements in subtle conditions of soil and culture; but all oaths, we repeat, find a common genesis in the inability of men to express what they mean with precision, and with the requisite force. Men swear for the reason that children scream,—because they lack a command of words, and because an oath, like a loud cry, has often the force of a whole sentence. Essentially, therefore, the genesis of profane swearing belongs to the province of the psychologist or the rhetorician, and not to that of the theologian. Hence profane swearing must be put down, not by sermons, but by lessons in correct thinking and good writing.

If we approach the discussion in the scientific spirit for which we are indebted to the example of *La Philosophie Positive*, we shall find that oaths do not stand by themselves in the hierarchy of moral science, but are generally related to every form of unscientific expression. When an illiterate Irishman answers a summons for the payment of his rent with the threat that, "by Saint Patrick," he will let daylight through his landlord's head, he means of course, to use the most potent form of words within the compass of his vocabulary. But outside the range of imprecation, his armoury of phrases is small and ill-furnished. The bald statement of the fact, that he means to shoot his landlord would, he feels, be as feeble and prosaic as the mandate of a bank cheque, "Pay John Smith, Esq., or bearer, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling;" and, discerning the weakness of such a phrase, an Irishman would like to make the cheque emphatic by adding a threat and an oath; so that the summons to the banker would run thus:—"If you don't pay the money, then by Saint Patrick, I will shoot you the next time I am in town." Now here, as Mr. Mill would say, the appeal to Saint Patrick "connotes" a profound store of inarticulate resolution. What the Irishman means to imply is something like this:—"Saint Patrick is the patron saint of the island that owns me. He is the symbol, both of my own land and of that heavenly guardianship which, despite

the base Saxon, has made the Green Isle the first country on earth, and her people the flower of the human race. Saint Patrick is my special saint, the only saint whom I can couple with the solemnities of the shillelagh or potheen. Hence, when I call Saint Patrick to witness that I will shoot my landlord or my banker, I offer the attestation of all those elements of my nature which are religious and Irish; I mean to say that I will keep my word, as surely as I believe in Saint Patrick and belong to the Green Isle."

Such, when analyzed, is the assurance conveyed by the Hibernian oath. A clever and cultivated Irishman might, indeed, condense the whole chain of threat into the compass of an epigram; which should be novel in form and should reveal the full force of the menacing resolution; but, as such a feat of rhetoric lies beyond the powers of the ordinary Celt, he invokes the aid of an oath. The oath saves him from the trouble of thinking with clearness, and expressing his meaning with precision. It is a symbol which vaguely gives emphasis. Oaths, therefore, have justly been called the italics of the vulgar. When a young lady wishes to make any part of a letter particularly emphatic, she feels that her command over the forms of rhetoric is too small to convey the requisite force; so she follows the example of the Irishman, and resorts to a mechanical device, by underscoring the words on which she means the reader to lay special stress. That is the fashion in which she swears. Hence, the quantity of imprecation in the epistles of pious and half-educated young ladies is appalling. And even professional men of letters often betray a like inability to say what they mean without resorting to such vague symbols as the "Saint Patrick" of the illiterate Hibernian, or the underscoring of the boarding-school miss. A good writer shuns all hackneyed or loose verbal forms. Feeling that his thoughts cannot be fitted into the moulds left by the usage of the streets or the school, he strives after forms of phrase which shall strike the mind by freshness of lineament, and convey a precisely accurate impression by a nice adjustment of syllable and clause. Hence De Quincey has the warrant of justice for saying, that the masters of precise thought and rhetoric will be sparing of quotation from the writings of other men, since they can seldom meet even with an approximation towards a correct utterance of thought or feeling so individual and so sharply cut as their own. Bad writers, on the contrary, are

never quite sure what they mean, and so they seem to choose their phrases at random, or to take the first word that comes to their pen. They lack that delicacy of eye for the subtleties of rhetoric which impels a master of style to cast aside a thousand types of expression, and choose a special phrase, at the bidding of an instinct as mysterious and infallible as that delicacy of ear which tells a violinist when his instrument is a thousandth part of a note out of tune. And when they seek to be emphatic, they are forced to make use of symbols at once vague and worn; they appeal to their faith in St. Patrick; that is, they swear. Thus, great part of the writing in which the poor British public must seek its thought is only the unconscious swearing of half-lettered men. A like infirmity of expression makes the French people habitually resort to what we may call oaths of gesticulation. Their distinctive mark as talkers is their inability to speak for five minutes without shrugging their shoulders. None but a Frenchman, or rather Frenchwoman, can raise the shoulders with that quick, graceful jerk, and lift the eyebrows with that air of bland bewilderment, and cover the face with that air of baffled wisdom, which constitute the shrug of good society. Some future Darwin, when tracing the genesis of national manners, will expend volumes to prove that, just as ages were needed for the transformation of monkeys into men, so it took ages of breeding to give that special pliancy of fibre, that liteness of muscle, that sensitiveness of nerve, which we find revealed in the capacity to condense a sentence or a page into an epigram of gesticulation. Yet the shrug belongs to the same family as the oath, since it substitutes a mechanical form of expression for that constantly changing and essentially individual device of phrase which demands precision of thought and style. When a Frenchman is asked why Bazaine has not gone away from Metz in a balloon to organize the Gardes Mobiles, why the Franc-tireurs do not cut to pieces the railway-lines on the way from Paris to the Rhine, or why Victor Hugo fancies that he can save France by marks of exclamation, the puzzled listener shrugs his shoulders, and thus implies, "The thing is unaccountable, monsieur; the plans of M. Gambetta are as inscrutable as the functions of the east wind; Fate seems to have cursed *La Belle France*, and the situation is execrable." An Englishman or an American would answer such a question by letting off a heavy oath, just as, when the safety-valve is

lifted, an engine lets off steam. Yet the profane exclamation would mean no more than the shrug of the Frenchman. He swears with his shoulders, while his less refined neighbours swear with their mouths. Of course, he is also enriched with an armoury of verbal oaths, which he wields with much more effect than he has recently handled the Chassepôt; but that armoury is only an auxiliary force, and his inexhaustible store of shrugs gives him a command over the resources of imprecation, to which, as Macaulay would have said, the history of profane swearing presents no parallel.

If men swear at all, they ought to swear well. We mean, not that they should swear profusely, but that they should aim at originality and variety of style. In this respect, our own labouring classes, and especially our railway navigators, betray a lack of originality and culture, which we beseech Mr. Foster to keep in view when he revises his great Elementary Education Act. A group of railway labourers will, on pay night, expend more oaths than any like number of men throughout the world, with the exception, perhaps, of those Americans in the Far West whose profuse execration has drawn forth the homage of Sir Charles Dilke. Nevertheless, the group of our swearing countrymen stands on the lowest step of the ladder of imprecation. Their stock in trade is so scanty that they are forced to use the same oath a thousand times in the course of an evening. They would be made bankrupt, dumb, and respectable if one could steal the beggarly array of profane ammunition which they themselves have stolen from the swearing generations of the past, and now discharge in monotonous volleys. They are like a gang of sham musicians whose only instrument is a big drum, and who beat it incessantly to make up by volume of sound for the want of variety. A cultivated man ought to be so moved to pity by the mental poverty of such swearers, that, instead of wasting his time in urging them not to swear, he would politely let them know how much richness and force and picturesque variety they might add to their style by studying the masters of imprecation. Nay, if he were filled with the spirit of charity, he might even supply the poor wretches with a few such oaths as any man of education or mental vigour should be able to invent on the spur of the moment. And, to use the language of the morning newspapers, we have reason to believe that the poverty of invention displayed by the railway labourers is a subject of grave

anxiety to their employers. We have high authority for stating that the place of "gaffer," or superintendent of a gang, is given only to men with a large command of oaths; nay, that the employers are so exacting as to require the "gaffer" to swear, not only with profusion, but with originality. He must not only keep in stock a large supply of old oaths, but be able to mint new ones. He must be gifted with the faculty of invention. He must, in his way, be a man of genius. Although that may seem a heavy condition to exact for 25s. a week, it has, nevertheless, been framed with a nice regard for what thinkers could call the limitations of the navigator's perceptive faculty. The language of profanity is his mother tongue, and he learns to use the terms of decorous speech with as much difficulty as other men learn to speak Parisian French. He speaks, until the end of his days, a *patois* of profanity; so, if the people of the "Inferno" talk with undiluted purity of imprecation, the Bismarck of that region has as much right to annex the navigator as Germany has to annex Alsace and Lorraine. For the same reason, the words used by the mass of people bring no idea to his mind unless their latent meaning be illuminated by a blaze of blasphemy. Or, just as Professor Tyndall says that light is made visible by floating on the "rafts" of organic matter that fill the atmosphere, so the "daylight" of a command or a precept is revealed to the mind of the navigator only when it is held up by the rafts of profanation. And, just as Professor Tyndall has cast across a stream of light "the darkness of stellar space," by burning the organic particles in the heat of a spirit-lamp, so the oath-rafts of the "gaffer" are quickly consumed in the flame of hourly usage, and the navigator would be left in Egyptian gloom if his chief did not cast into the atmosphere a new flood of imprecatory organisms. Or, to come down from the heights of philosophical phraseology to the level of common speech, old oaths lose their force, and if the gaffer don't invent new ones, the men won't mind him a bit.

In England, there is little or no chance that swearing will improve in style, because the art has now been cast aside by men of education, and has been left to the illiterate and the profane. In such countries as Italy, on the other hand, the art has been saved from decline by the past piety of the Italian people, and by the exceptionally rich deposits of theological or mythological tradition. An Italian peasant can swear by any one of the thousand

saints with whom he has been made acquainted by the Church, and some of whom the Church has borrowed from Heathendom; so that he blasphemes with a strength borrowed from the piety of all past ages. An English peasant, on the contrary, knows nothing about saints, those of England having all been killed three hundred years ago by Henry VIII.; and thus the poor fellow is thrown back on the resources of his own wit. So also, it is true, are the people of America, who left all saints and other relics of Popery behind them when they set sail in the Mayflower to make themselves subject to the Constitution of the United States, and who have subsequently discouraged the manufacture of Saints, lest such a branch of industry should menace Republican institutions. But for the lack of a hagiology America has more than made up by the mental activity of her people, and by the culture of the men who lead her swearing population. While England has left the art of imprecation to cabmen, coalheavers, and men who go to music-halls, America still commits it to her lawyers, senators, and regular attendants at church. A citizen of the United States finds a command over the resources of profane speech compatible with a fervent profession of faith in Roman Catholicism or Unitarianism. And even when men have been educated at Harvard, when they have listened to the lectures of Mr. Lowell, and when their scholastic culture would escape reproach in England, they resort to the emphasis of imprecation. Thus the swearing of America, and especially that of the South and that of the Far West, displays an originality of conception and a variety of image for which we look in vain when the emphasis of oaths is merely the last refuge of ignorance. Indeed, it might plausibly be argued that if America would devote as much vigour of mind and skill of phrase to writing as to profane swearing, a single generation would suffice to take away the reproach that she is destitute of a great literature. She wastes in vague curses the vocabulary of a Shakespeare. Preachers might also find fault with the habit on the ground that to blaspheme is as wicked as to steal; but, obeying the dictate of Auguste Comte, we dispense with the guidance of the theological spirit, and we criticise the Trans-Atlantic habit of imprecation on the ground that it betrays a want of real culture and precision of mind, that it fosters looseness of thought, and that it proclaims a whole nation so to lack the faculty of exact expression as to be

dependent for emphasis on the machinery of italics. The Americans obey one literary canon by swearing well; but they sin against a greater literary canon by swearing at all. To America there will come a day in which the school of religion and the school of rhetoric will work so harmoniously that a senator or a member of Mr. Beecher's church will deem it as degrading to use an oath as to make a slip in grammar. Imprecations will some day be as rare as inelegancies of style.

From The Saturday Review.

ROBINSON'S WILD GARDEN.*

It is impossible not to admire the importunity with which Mr. Robinson reiterates his appeal to the British horticultural public to exhibit a more catholic spirit than that evinced in the prevailing fashion, and to give up estimating the degrees of perfection in a garden by the costliness and rarity of the subjects cultivated therein. We compass sea and land to get the pick of tropical plants for our conservatories. We amass pelargoniums, verbenas, heliotropes for bedding out in our flowerbeds; but it is seemingly beyond the powers of persuasion even of an enthusiastic and interesting writer like Mr. Robinson to induce his countrymen to cast a loving eye on the wildings of nature that bloom around our rides and drives, and that might with advantage be domesticated in our shrubberies; or, as an advance on that first step in the direction of sweet simplicity, to introduce to them some of the many kindred plants of Alpine and Northern regions which, if naturalized in our climate, would form a charming addition to the flowrets that do us eye-service. That "bedding-out" is well enough in its way, however costly and recurrent the process of producing and preserving myriads of exotics for annual summer decoration, nobody pretends to gainsay; what strikes the reflecting mind with wonder, and invites a curl of the lip in the visage of the sarcastic man, is that beauty ready to the hand is passed over, and that health and freshness of vegetation are postponed to the novel charms of delicate strangers, on much the same principle that makes us

* *The Wild Garden; or, Our Groves and Shrubberies made Beautiful by the Naturalization of Hardy Exotic Plants: with a Chapter on the Garden of British Wild Flowers.* By W. Robinson, Author of "Alpine Flowers for English Gardens. London: John Murray. 1870.

visit foreign lands without having made acquaintance with our own. Nor is this really a result of enlarged knowledge and sympathies, but quite the reverse. As Mr. Robinson casually mentions, "Behind Sir Joseph Paxton's fine house at Chatsworth there is a little private garden, and the shrubbery that encloses this exhibits an abundance of the 'willow herb' (*Epilobium Angustifolium*), planted there by Paxton, who, though he enjoyed the noblest tropical plants near at hand in the great conservatory and *Victoria Regia* house, was yet keenly alive to the charms of this fine native plant." So, too, we read that Linneus singled out for his favourite, in the floral world which he knew so well and widely, the distinct and simply pretty little *Linnaea Borealis*, a plant not hard to come by, and for growing which with success three ways are given in detail in pp. 196-7. And another instance that, in the eyes of those who have widest experience of the floras of all regions, familiarity does not breed contempt of our home flowers of the field and shrubbery, may be cited from Mr. Wallace, the traveller and naturalist, who avers that "during twelve years spent amidst the grandest tropical vegetation he has seen nothing comparable to the effect produced on our landscapes by gorse, broom, heather, wild hyacinths, hawthorn and buttercups."

The object of Mr. Robinson's present work is, however, not simply to preach a crusade against the monopoly of our public and private garden-grounds by rare and costly exotics—a monopoly likely to be rampant when millionaires boast of having fifteen gardeners who never touch a spade—but to give practical advice where and how to find space for the claims of our native flora and its hardier Alpine kindred, in gardens of real taste. And whilst the second part of the volume gives a methodical list of hardy exotics for naturalization, arranged in families with every particular of growth, colour, time of bloom, favourite habitat, and mode of propagation, and the third consists of selected lists for naturalization in various positions—*e.g.*, under specimen trees on lawns, on bare and close-grassed banks, on hedge-mounds and in bushy places, as fringes to cascades, or as clothing for rock and ruin; the fourth part, entitled the "Garden of British Wild Flowers," goes pleasantly through the lists of the floral tenants of the soil which are to range side by side with their foreign cousins. But one pervading thought in the whole of the *Wild Garden* is the novelty in the *locus in quo*. In the old botanic

gardens, in the herbaceous beds which modern fashion has not quite expelled with its summary fork, Mr. Robinson would still find a place for many of his flower clients. But he is possessed with an idea that their proper, characteristic, and chosen field is the wild and semi-wild parts of the shrubbery or drive, the old-fashioned wilderness that is rarely if ever subjected to the scythe, the dear old nooks and corners where *nullo cultu*, so to speak, the mallows "look for the growing of another year." Taking his cue from nature's gardens in every wood and copse, he proposes to coax the wealth of wild-flower that is in them into the precincts of lawn and shrubbery, and to supplement it by the Alpine additions before referred to. He will locate them where they will do best and look best, last longest, and yield the most delight to the general eye, and the most food for study and observation to the naturalist and acclimatist. Thus he would colonize some rough semi-wild garden slope with the Nepalese and Southern Europe clematises, in company with honeysuckles, wild-roses, and other British and foreign creepers. In woodland and shrubbery walks he would arrange that we should be arrested, not merely by the two indigenous forget-me-nots with which most people are familiar, but by the deep blue *Omphalodes verna*, and the tall and pendulous-flowered Caucasian comfrey, the blue of which is kept from undue predominance by the white of the Oriental, and the deep crimson of the Bohemian, congeners. For growing spring bulbs too he would claim unmown spots, where blue Appenine anemones, snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, grape hyacinths, wood anemones, and spring violets and winter aconites, should, after careful planting, annually present a rarer sight to poet or artist than could be compassed "by man and his mud-dlings with the earth, and his exceeding weakness for tracing wall-paper patterns" (p. 23). Anemones, ranunculi, and globe-flowers ("the lucken gowans frae the bog" commemorated in the "Gentle Shepherd") would find their part in Mr. Robinson's arrangement—a foreign variety often claiming the first place, but not seldom a double variety of some indigenous plant, such as the marsh marigold, being preferred. For the delphinium, or "larkspur" tribe, our author has a high appreciation, and suggests as their peculiar excellence their strong, tall habit, which enables them to parade their diverse shades of blue even in the midst of long grasses and of vigorous weeds. Those

who have read Mr. Robinson's *Alpine flowers* will recollect his vigorous onslaught against "digging over" borders and shrubbery beds. In his revolutionary programme all the trouble is to centre in the first planting; there must be no after manuring or digging, no laying down and taking up, but a planned system of things as they are to be for a half-score of years, a graduation of evergreen and dwarf subjects in the rear, with margin of green or variegated cushioning to the fore. A little weeding, thinning, and top-dressing is all the outlay of labour to be expended after the first.

"Very pretty and very simple," we hear our readers exclaiming; "but what will the gardeners say?" There is the rub indeed, and it would not surprise us to hear that they discover an increase of trouble and labour in Mr. Robinson's nature-suggested system, seeing that it will call for play of mind and thought, and demand the exercise of real taste. So far as our experience goes, most of them undervalue book-knowledge, which is not indeed everything, but which is eminently helpful when a practical man like our author devotes the gift of clearness and arrangement that is in him to making the way plain for the novice. But nothing can be plainer than our author's arrangements of Parts II. and III., in connexion with each other, with a view to gardeners possessing an ample list of hardy exotics to naturalize, and from that list being able to tell off choice and picked selections for every variety of soil and every configuration of ground. Hints how to get a stock to start with from old cottage-garden borders, from forming nursery beds in a by-place, from division and cuttings, and from diligent study of spring catalogues and seed-lists, preface the "selections for naturalization," which are best planted in spring, and as to which it is the soundest wisdom to suit your plants to your soil rather than *vice versa*. One of the lists to which the author has prefixed a few illustrative observations is that "of plants to be naturalized under specimen trees on lawns." As regards these, he advises dotting down spring flowers here and there at the utmost points of the lower branches of conifers and evergreens, whilst under deciduous trees he would place flowers which mature their foliage and go to rest early in the year, and which in such a situation would find light and sun in spring, with a cool canopy in summer. For example, the winter aconite may send a spreading little colony to find shelter un-

der a weeping mountain elm; the Apennine anemone, the snowflake, the trilecia, may each plant a busy, bright, ever increasing family under other trees; and so — or, if it please the eye better, by the blending of subjects of diverse colour, or of tall subjects with dwarf — the spring garden may be rendered unspeakably attractive. Among the most interesting selections for naturalization are those which enumerate "ornamental grasses" and "aquatic plants," for it is impossible to gauge the added beauty of which our lawns and lake-margins are susceptible through a little taste and experience in the use of these; but we are more bound to notice, what looks like a silent concession to prejudice, the list for naturalization in lawns that are frequently mown (p. 158). It is necessarily limited to plants that grow and flower very early, and such circumscribed fashion of tuft or foliage as will not injure the turf. Even so, however, grass-cutting and rolling must be left later than usual, and the plan is not the best, but a *demi* resort where the gardener is more or less master. Among this list figure *Galanthus plicatus* and *nivalis*, *Leucojum vernum* (snowflake), *Scilla bifolia* and *sibirica*, *Anemone blanda*, *Narcissus minor*, crocuses in variety, and one or two other introduced plants. Another list meets the case of dotting over grass *seldom or late* mown. But the cream of Mr. Robinson's book is in his last chapter, which shows us the floral wealth which would still be ours were our insular prejudices to bar us from foreign intercourse and imports, or were we reduced to so poor a condition as to have to fall back on our indigenous supplies. It is a dioramic view of our "wildings of nature" such as very few persons are sufficiently alive to, except the botanists, who only know them to dry them and press them. Out of these, pleads our author, a hardy garden of British plants might be formed which to refined taste might be perfectly charming, and which with a little care might embrace not only the commoner wild-flowers but the delicate and touchy native orchids.

Stamped with their insect imagery,
Gnat, fly, and butterfly, and bee.

These Mr. Robinson has domesticated with perfect success by gentle removal from their wild haunts, and firm, effectual replanting in their new abodes, which, it should be added, need a little adaptation of soil to the conditions of the orchid's origin (see p. 229). But, short of such crowning successes, it is no small thing to stud the semi-wild nooks and walks of our

home range with less coy flowers of the field — the wood and pasque anemones, the harebells, the vernal and marsh gentians, the catch-fly and dianthus of the pink tribe, the rest-harrow and yellow-suckle medick, the dwarf bird's-foot trefoil, and two kinds of vetch, the rarer lilies and poppies. In truth we may be only recurring to an old idea in thus doing. According to Messrs. Trimen and Dyer's very able and exhaustive *Flora of Middlesex*, the "pheasant's eye" (*Adonis autumnalis*) was at one time a favourite garden annual, cried in the streets under the name of "Red Morocco," and the same writers seem to regard the *Delphinium consolida*, or larkspur, and the *Aconitum napellus* (monks-hood), as not truly wild, but of garden origin. The latter is as well kept out of shrubberies or flower-beds near which children play, though we scarcely think that the childish attraction towards it arises out of any so definite theory of resemblance as that of its "nectaries and side petals to a chariot drawn by doves." This is, however, stated by Miss Pratt, in her larger *Flowering Plants*, &c. Probably there are many others of the flowers now growing wild which have in time past been tenants of the old-fashioned garden, and in their case, at any rate, it will be found that history repeats itself.

Mr. Robinson's wild-flower chapter will be found to contain hints for the domestication and utilization of nature's floral riches in divers ways. For the formation of the most agreeable of bowers he would have us wed to the oak, or to any sufficient trunk or frame, the *Clematis vitalba*, or "traveller's joy," the sole indigenous representative of the "bush ropes" of tropical woods. All that is needed is to push its thick festoons a little apart; and, as he elsewhere shows, our common hop (*Humulus lupulus*) will answer a like purpose. On the materials for a fernery ready to our hands he does not waste words, because fashion has set so distinctly in that direction that it is supererogatory to repeat the information of a score of manuals. But he has a word for their curious allies or doubles, the *esquêtums*, one of which (*telmateia*), in rich soils and shady spots, will grow to four feet high, and another (*E. sylvaticum*) to two feet; these he would introduce, for comparison and contrast, in every spot set apart for fern-growing. Besides these he has a whole list of fine indigenous water-plants, of diverse size, colour, and beauty, to embellish our pond-banks, lake-margins, and water-surfaces, and for striking effect on the lawn and on the greensward he

shows what material we possess in the rather large native grass family. "Some of these grasses, now seen in a garden, are worthy of being grown for dinner-table decorations, to which they would add as much grace as any costly exotics" (p. 236).

Enough has perhaps been said to recommend this healthy and well-directed book. We must not, however, omit one prime use of it. It will sharpen the eye of dwellers in the country for the wild flora that adds a charm to their walks and rides. It will tend, too, to increase the number of intelligent conservators of our wild plants. No one who has perused Mr. Robinson's book attentively will be found encouraging rude collectors, by a prize-system, to uproot and exterminate the rarest wild-flowers from, it may be, their only habitats. "The system," he remarks in p. 205, *à propos* of the practice of the Brighton Horticultural Society, "is bad, root and branch." We are inclined to discriminate, and to say "root especially." It would be well if all country folks, gentle and simple, were to inform themselves by such books as that before us what wild-flowers are rare and what abundant; and, with reference to gentle handling of both kinds, to bear in mind the appeal of Lyte, a sweet minor poet and hymnist:—

Oh spare this flower! thou know'st not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear,
A thousand charms thou notest not
Lie treasured there.
Not Solomon in all his state
Was clad like nature's simplest child:
Nor could the world combined create
One flowret wild.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LAY SERMONS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY's volume is explained by its title so far as form is concerned; and everybody who knows his name is of course aware that in his sermons and addresses it is science which he expounds, and the study of which he enforces upon the world. Most people are also aware that he brings to it all the attractions of a lucid and animated style, and of a mind fully possessed with the importance of the subjects he treats. Whatever may be the sum of his scepticism on other points, on this he is a firm and food believer. Nothing can exceed the warmth and intensity of his faith in the advantages of scientific training. His longing is to train every child in the principles of science.

tific thought; to make its education begin with "general views of the phenomena of nature," and to procure that "no boy or girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all the sciences." This is how he expounds his plan of education:—

"I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature, for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is 'Physical Geography.' The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* (earth-knowledge or 'Geology' in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under the head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, 'What is the moon, and why does it shine?' 'What is this water, and where does it run? What is the wind? What makes the waves in the sea? Where does this animal live? and what is the use of this plant?' And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bounds to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking quality in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

"After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is in the more strict sense physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, those two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give, is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented for the present if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of our schools."

Now there can be no doubt that in all this there is a great deal that is admirable,

and would be of the greatest advantage as training; but to whom is it to be applied? Children in the country are, as we all know, distinguished from those in town by many of the very particulars here specified. The country boy asks—"Where does this animal live, and what is the use of this plant?" and either by actual investigation or diligent inquiry, in a great many cases finds it out, though not at school, and is able to explain the matter to persons much better instructed in other ways than himself. But how is the town child to be made acquainted with it at all? He sees no animal but the domestic mouse, concerning the habits of which he can be curious. A bit of trodden-down or sun-scorched grass, or a geranium in a pot, are probably all that he knows of plants. Running water is not familiar to him, and he has never seen the waves of the sea. If he could be taught botany, it would be so good for him in every way—it would benefit his health so much, and open up to him such a new world of sky, and air, and green fields, that we should be quite happy to admit botany to be the first of sciences if Mr. Huxley chooses. But how is it to be done? In what way is the town child, the little denizen of the streets, the grand difficulty of all educationalists, to be brought into immediate contact with nature? And even if we ascend the social scale, and come to the sons of the well-to-do townspeople, whose children are educated at home or at local schools, how, we repeat, is this scientific training to be made possible? Emphatically Mr. Huxley says it is not to be book-learning. "If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such learning should be real; that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with the fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and not otherwise." But the *Erdkunde* would be a veiled goddess to the boys of London, and still more of Manchester or Glasgow. The *Stadtkunde* would be more practicable for them, and more instructive, though we doubt much whether it would be as beneficial. This difficulty seems to stand at the very doorway of those physical sciences which, we are told, and are not disinclined to believe, would be of so much advantage to the training of the next generation. Unless we can get that new generation out of the homes it at present inhabits—unless we can separate it from those fathers and mothers who know nothing

ing about science, and make it the child of the State, and introduce it into some region where grass grows and not paving-stones—how are we to bring it within touch and sight of nature? We cannot tell. Museums, we suppose (great as is our personal hatred of them), might to some small extent make it possible—but to a very small extent, we fear. Indeed it appears to us that for a poor street-boy, or even for a street-boy not emphatically poor, though not sufficiently rich to have himself transported out of the streets, the cultivation of *Erdkunde*, and such sciences as botany and geology, would be about as difficult as the cultivation of the science of medicine is to women. Here and there a highly energetic, enterprising, vigorous student would force his way—the mass only could and would remain behind.

We are, however, so much disposed to believe that training of this description would be of great advantage to our children, that we are very sorry to have Mr. Huxley's opinion added as to the reason why it would be of advantage. Its great aim, according to his exposition, is to encourage thought by encouraging doubt. Its advantage is that it entirely rejects authority. "Especially tell him" (*i.e.* the child) "that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life." "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such," he says in another place. "For him scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith is the one unpardonable sin." With all deference to Mr. Huxley, we doubt whether the inculcation of this principle would be of "priceless value" to our boys and girls. Probably about fossils, yes—and about that exhilarating exercise of "building up old bones" into the form of extinct animals which he proposes as a refreshment to his higher classes; but in other regions, and those more immediately interesting to the human creature as such, we have great doubts whether this rule of doubting till one is compelled to believe would be at all a salutary rule. And it would be very difficult to train a child or a youth into exact knowledge of the boundary-line between those domains in which it is his highest duty to be a sceptic, and those in

which it is his highest duty to be a believer. There are such spheres, however, even excluding that one of religion, which Professor Huxley altogether ignores. It is well that a boy should be trained to believe in, not to doubt, his fellow-man; to believe in truth, honour, and justice, as veritably existing, though he will find at every hand abundant evidence against them; and to yield, if not a blind faith, at least a most respectful ear to many voices which have won for themselves the right to speak with authority. And if that Science which inculcates doubt as "an intellectual habit of priceless value" is to be the foundation of all education, we sadly fear that its pupils will be a graceless, lawless, undesirable race. Happily it is an impossibility; and we are ready to back human nature with its natural affections, its natural trust, its irrepressible imagination and hope, against any amount of scientific training procurable; especially as we are perfectly convinced that our scientific friend, carefully trained to be sceptical of everything, would, the chances are, fall quite as ready a victim to a telegram, and would believe as undoubtingly in Count Bismark's explanations, as the greatest simpleton of us all.

We do not attempt to touch upon the remarkable paper reprinted in this volume, and which made so great a commotion at the time of its first publication, which, is entitled the "Physical Basis of Life," and which discusses that basis under the name of protoplasm, not without a sinister and gruesome suggestion that the movements within ourselves which we think spiritual,—the emotions which poor mankind have dressed up in such robes of poetry, and which seem to throw something of celestial light upon the meanest clay—are mere nerve-impulses produced by the fantastic motion of certain granules floating in a certain liquid which lines us all over, and in which the innermost principle of our life abides. Mr. Huxley does not say that he himself believes this, but only darkly indicates it, as an abyss before us into which philosophers may find themselves precipitated some day in pursuance of their search for truth. It is a poor inducement, certainly, to continue that search; and we are much disposed to cry out to the man of science on the brink, with all the energy of which we are capable, an earnest and indeed agonised "Don't!" Supposing it were so, and that love was found to be a mere current of granules one way, and anger and indignation a tide in another direction, we frankly

admit that, for our own part, we would much rather not know it. This is very unscientific, we are aware; but we think it is natural, and even Professor Huxley shrinks from following his investigations so far. When he comes to that dismal bourne he stops short, and utters a sudden exclamation against the folly of troubling ourselves about matters of which we know nothing, and can know nothing. It still seems to our unscientific mind, however, as if even this black shadow of absolute materialism looked more dreadful in its shrouding horror of darkness than it is in reality; for beyond the granules still there must be some influence which moves them — something which turns the tide one way or another. And what is it? "It may be true," Mr. Huxley tells us, "that the thoughts to which I am now giving vent, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expansion of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." But what, then, causes the molecular changes? To that question there is no reply.

These are, however, matters upon which we do not pretend to enter, being as it were, in the seat of the unlearned, and putting forth no pretensions to scientific knowledge. But there is one question we should like to put — not to Mr. Huxley, but to the reader. Kindest of listeners, give your mind to this question, and resolve it for us. One of the sermons in this volume is upon "A Piece of Chalk," and of that piece of chalk Professor Huxley discourses as follows:—

"I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which any carpenter carries in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely — if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results — to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature."

Mr. Huxley then goes on to tell the story of the chalk. It is formed of carbonic acid and quicklime, resolvable into them, but not by any means producible out of them. It is the production of the *globigera*, a marine creature, the innumerable skeletons of which form at the present moment the slimy bottom of the great Atlantic. Consequently our chalky cliffs and the "irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter," in which all the chalk countries are enclosed, including part of England, France, Ireland, Den-

mark, the Crimea, and Spain, was once a deep-sea bottom — gradually heaved upward, driven down again, subjected to countless changes. Here is, however, the sum of its history in little in his own words:—

"Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whose runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority that cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said, but the 'whirligig of time brought about its revenges' in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder-clay. Sea beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned."

This is the story which Professor Huxley sets against the history, not of England only, but of the world. Gentle reader, note the contrast well. Look back along the long perspective. Yonder far trains of primeval patriarchs on the Eastern plains — yonder Homeric crowds — all the splendour of ancient vitality, the wisdom, the song, the arts; then Judea, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the history of those things which befell there; then the convulsions of the old world passing into the new — the growth and downfall of kingdoms — the noble lives and noble deaths — the mysterious, many-chaptered life of man, ever different, yet always the same; — the great cries of sorrow hundreds of years old which still thrill the air of to-day; the tales of supreme self-sacrifice, self-devotion, martyrdom, heroism, momentary triumph of badness over goodness, slow, gradual, oft-interrupted, yet real victory, through downfall and anguish, of goodness over badness. Look at all this. Recall the memories, too dear and sacred to be named in such an argument — the examples that are laid up in your hearts, the thoughts that move you, the songs that sing themselves through your prosaic life, and give it a celestial accompaniment of music that needs no voice; and then, when you have

done all this, turn back to Mr. Huxley's assertion—"The man who shall know the true history of the bit of chalk . . . is likely to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature!"

Strange madness! wonderful fanaticism! What can any reasonable creature say to it? And yet it is an eminently reasonable man who makes this extraordinary assertion, though we cannot but hope it was done in a moment of scientific aberration, when the very clear immediate light upon the bit of white clay in his hand had confused his perceptions of the world beyond. For it is not possible that Mr. Huxley can really think his lesson of long continuance, of wonderful physical revolution, and of the pettiness of the tenancy of man upon this old immemorial earth, can for a moment stand comparison with those records of millions of lives which are written upon every span of mortal soil. We, too, could grow maudlin over that bit of chalk. We could say: this senseless bit of calcareous matter, once tossed up from the bottom of the sea, and anon tossed down again—this plaything of those dumb volcanic forces which have no voice to our hearts or consciences, but only thunder in our ears and stifle us with smoke and confusion—this inanimate bit of matter, possibly lived for some myriads of years side by side with that other bit of chalk which, in Raphael's hands, outlined the Sistine Madonna, or that with which the first sketch, the earliest conception of Westminster, of Notre Dame, or York, or Chartres came into being. Man's relation to that Sistine Madonna, to Westminster, or York is, it seems to us, a great deal warmer and truer than his relation to the elephant's tooth in the drift; and, to our humble thinking, they throw a greater light upon the universe than whole shiploads of *globopterine* or walruses wallowing in a universe where nothing yet was man.

With all this we do not for a moment pretend that Geology is not interesting in its way, or object to it as a branch of study. It is evidently not only interesting, but exciting, to the point of monomania, to its own sworn disciples; and we remember still the ache of strained attention with which, in the days of our youth, we attempted to excite our own interest

in a panoramic sketch—invested with all the glow of words and fervid eloquence which nature had given to that primitive man of genius,—by the late Hugh Miller, of the pre-human world, with all its strange beasts, its volcanoes, its ice and fire, its horrible solitudes and voicelessness. We were very young and very much ashamed of ourself when we found we could not do it; and the craning of our youthful neck to catch a glimpse, were it only round a corner, of some possible man or woman, Adam or Eve, of which we were conscious, filled us with a humiliating sense of utter unintellectualism and meanness of capacity. We wonder were Mr. Huxley's audience cleverer or more capable of enlightened interest? or did not some of them too sigh wistfully, and think they would rather have heard a little about that trifling transitory creature, man?

This curious absence of the faculty of comparison (shall we call it?) is one of the most wonderful characteristics of the scientific intelligence. The circulation of blood in the elephant or the walrus is no doubt as interesting as that which flows through man's smaller veins; the action of their protoplasm is as exciting (probably more so, in short, should trunk or tusk menace the investigator); their system of bones and muscles as wonderful. So far the palæontologist is free to say what he pleases; but will anybody assert or believe for a moment that the elephant himself is as interesting to us as the man is? When Science steps over this boundary-line, instead of wisdom she becomes folly; and why, having such a large sphere for the exercise of wisdom, she should choose to speak as a fool, is more than we can comprehend. In heaven's name, teach children, working men, anybody you please, as much about the Chalk, and the Drift, and the megatherium, as you have to tell them; but why stultify yourself and your information by the foolish pretence that your lifeless Drift and Chalk, your dry bones, your voiceless dumb creatures, can interest men and instruct them, and illuminate the universe for them, as do the vast stores of human experience, the records of toil, and love, and sorrow, the struggle upward of their own race? This is but to give us an amusing example, such as confounds the inquirer and strikes him dumb, of that grand anti-climax to which mind in its highest development is always liable,—the sudden step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the folly of the wise.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

GUN-COTTON FOR WAR PURPOSES.

THE true value of gun-cotton has at length been recognized; and it has been formally adopted to serve as an important military agent, and to play a prominent part in warfare by land and sea. It may therefore be worth while to recount the history of gun-cotton, for which years ago we prophesied great things.

The substance was discovered by Professor Schönbein, of Basle, in 1846. From that time until 1862 it rather retrograded than advanced in public favour. Its unpopularity culminated, perhaps, in 1847, when the terrible Faversham explosion occurred, by which twenty-two lives were lost. From that time its fate seemed to be decided in England. Nobody except chemists and public lecturers would hear of it or look at it. But in Austria some experiments were made on a considerable scale, and the substance was there introduced for military use, a large number of gun-cotton field-batteries being equipped. But a fresh disaster shortly led to its summary rejection in that country; and gun-cotton would by this time have been forgotten, probably, but for a captain in the Austrian artillery. To Baron von Lenk's untiring exertion is due the resuscitation of gun-cotton in 1862. Von Lenk through many years clung to the hope of the successful application of gun-cotton. His labours ultimately had at least one practical result. They taught the world how to make gun-cotton of a stable and uniform character—gun-cotton which would not explode spontaneously nor behave differently on different days. Von Lenk also elaborated a system of applying gun-cotton which was theoretically satisfactory but practically worthless. He endeavoured to control and regulate the violence of the explosion of the compound by treating it in the form of cotton yarn, which he plaited into twists of various degrees of density and tightness: thus diminishing or developing the rapidity of the explosion, as he professed, at will. This arrangement, though theoretically meritorious, proved a complete failure for artillery purposes. But the system of manufacture introduced by Von Lenk had the merit of rendering possible the further working out of the question of the application of the substance, and of keeping the subject alive. At this point Professor Abel, the Director of the Government Chemical Establishment at Woolwich, came upon the scene. He was the most energetic member of a

committee, which was appointed by the War Office in 1863 (on the representation of the British Association) to consider the question of gun-cotton. At that time it was intended, if possible, to work out and apply the Austrian system. But the radically defective character of that system soon became apparent. The substance, applied as Von Lenk proposed, failed completely for guns. It also failed utterly, in 1864, at the attempted demolition of the fortifications at Corfu. So that the committee was left with a mode of making gun-cotton but with no means of applying it. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Abel hit upon a valuable device for mechanically controlling the violence of the explosion. This device consisted simply in reducing the cotton-yarn, after its conversion into gun-cotton, into pulp—in exactly the same way and by means of precisely the same engines as are used for the reduction of rags into pulp for the manufacture of paper. This pulp can then be readily disposed in masses of any shape, size, and density that may be desired. It is a mere question of moulding the pulp thus obtained. It can be made into sheets of paper—indeed, Messrs. Prentice, of Stowmarket, have generally adopted this method for the production of their sporting gun-cotton cartridges, which are merely rolls of paper made from the gun-cotton pulp; or it can be made into hard solid compressed discs, or into granular particles to imitate in appearance a charge of gunpowder. Further, the pulping process admits of a ready reduction in the actual strength of the gun-cotton itself. The pulp may consist of pure gun-cotton, or a proportion of simple cotton may be introduced, to dilute the gun-cotton pulp, and so to modify the explosive power of the mass. This plan is resorted to in the manufacture of gun-cotton sporting cartridges, and is evidently more uniform and satisfactory than the rougher plan before in vogue of introducing a certain proportion of in-explosive cotton or paper into the completed gun-cotton cartridge to act as a diluent. Although the pulping process was originally resorted to mainly—if not entirely—with a view to readily controlling and modifying the action of gun-cotton for artillery purposes, it carries with it many incidental advantages. Thus pulped, gun-cotton is far more uniform than gun-cotton made in any other way. The adoption of the process has effected an immense improvement in the manufacture of gun-cotton as regards both rapidity

and thoroughness. Originally, the washing to which it is necessary to subject the gun-cotton to remove all trace of the free acids occupied about three weeks. It is now done in two days; and done far more effectively than under the old system, because the cotton, being broken up by the pulping engine into impalpable particles, becomes washed in the process of pulping through and through. Again, in place of having to employ long-fibred and costly cotton yarn the gun-cotton may be made from cotton waste, by which means a great economy is effected. Compressed gun-cotton is far safer than plaited gun-cotton, because although it can be burned as tinder or any other inflammable material will burn, it cannot, unless strongly confined, be exploded—except by means of detonation. The bulk of a given weight is, of course, immensely reduced, and, weight for weight, compressed gun-cotton occupies about the same space as gunpowder.

But perhaps the most important advantage of the pulping system is that it admits of the application of detonation to the explosion of gun-cotton; and by means of detonation not merely is the explosive violence of gun-cotton largely increased, but the force can be developed without the confinement of the substance which was before necessary. This discovery that compressed gun-cotton could be advantageously exploded in the open air by means of a detonating fuze constitutes another and a very important step in the progress of gun-cotton. It was made a few years ago by Mr. Brown, a gentleman attached to the Royal Chemical Establishment at Woolwich. This discovery and Mr. Abel's system of pulping and compressing gun-cotton go hand-in-hand. The one discovery has supplemented the other. Uncompressed gun-cotton cannot, when unconfined, be exploded by detonation. But compressed gun-cotton, if laid upon a block of granite or against a palisade, may be made by means of detonation to yield an explosive force sufficient to shiver the granite into atoms or to cut the palisade in two. The same charge of gun-cotton ignited in the usual manner burns innocently away. This is the substance—compressed gun-cotton pulp fired by means of a detonating fuze—which for the past few years has occupied the attention of the engineers at Chatham and the naval experimentalists at Portsmouth. The re-

sult of repeated experiments and careful inquiry has been the formal adoption of gun-cotton for military mining and destructive purposes, and for submarine defensive and offensive operations. A committee of engineer officers, of which Colonel Gallwey is president, has pronounced decisively in favour of Abel's compressed gun-cotton for the demolition of stockades, buildings, and obstacles of all sorts, for the general purposes of military mining in peace and war, for the formation of breaches, and for the removal of wrecks, rocks, &c. Gun-cotton is equal to about five or six times its weight of gunpowder for most of these purposes; and it has the advantage of being absolutely inexploded, except when confined in a stout case, or when purposely exploded by detonation; while it can be stored wet if desired, so much being dried from time to time as may be required for use. It is also considerably cheaper to use than gunpowder, and lighter to transport in the proportion of its superior power. Gun-cotton is not considered suitable for the attack and defence of countermined works, because the gases which are generated are likely to be injurious to the men working under-ground, and because the craters produced by gun-cotton in earth are inferior to those produced by powder.

For torpedo purposes the value of compressed gun-cotton has been for some years recognized. The torpedo committee decidedly recommended its use for all torpedo operations. A committee, of which Colonel Nugent, R.E., is president, is now, we understand, engaged in settling details of all questions relative to torpedoes, and in practically applying the recommendation of the late torpedo committee. The recent visits of the Secretary of State for War to Chatham to witness torpedo and mining operations, and the remarkable success which attended those experiments, gave an impetus to the whole subject; and we understand that the manufacture of compressed gun-cotton on a very large scale is at once to commence at the Government works at Waltham Abbey. It is with great satisfaction that we at last record the introduction of this valuable agent and the successful issue of the unwearied exertions of the distinguished English chemist to whom we may say we are indebted for the very existence of gun-cotton in this country.

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AN AUTUMN MORNING.

WHITE with entangled mists, the cold woods
wear

A hoary aspect; as the watery sun,
Climbing the wind-swept eastern heavens so
bare,

A chilly glare casts o'er the landscape dun.
The red-leaved bramble and red-berried brier,
Springing so plentiful on every hand,
Frank the pale banks, and, climbing high and
higher,

Trick the tall hedgerows colouring o'er the land,
Flocks hillward hie; fieldward the herd repairs;
And o'er the late-ploughed, chocolate-coloured
heights

Stray rooks low wheeling light. The chilly airs
Sigh in the hedge, as they their lost delights
Lamented; while the leaves down wavering
Seem dreaming, as they fall, of one clear spring.

Chambers' Journal.

CHURNING SONG.

KATIE.

PINK-EYED daisies, asphodel,
Clover-balls, and pimpernel,
Sweet wild flowers that check the mead
Where the milky mothers feed,
Listen, listen to our song
While the churn-rod drives along.

Fair to look at are our kine,
White as milk, or red as wine,
Black as sloes, or strawberry-pied,
Satin-skinned and gentle-eyed.
Go where'er ye will, I ween,
Better cows were never seen.

Naughty kine, why will ye roam
When our Marian calls ye home?
When ye wander past the creek
Robin has to help her seek.
Rosy-red is Marian then
Ere she brings ye home again.

MARIAN.

Little elves that all the day
Rock amid the wild flowers' spray,
Come and cluster on my arm,
Say the spell and work the charm;
Hasten! and I will not tell
Of your doings in the dell.

Oh! the melody of birds!
Oh! the lowing of the herds!
And the busy wild bee's hum!
And the muffled partridge-drum!
And the blue skies spread above!
And the breeze's tale of love!

White as milk the daisies be,
White the wood-anemone,
Red the scented clover-ball,
Red the wild-rose over all,
Rosy red and milky white,
All love's colours blend in light.

So the loving ray comes down
Golden as a monarch's crown;
So the loving light looks up
Golden from the buttercup.
King and peasant, sun and flower,
All are golden in love's hour.

Splash and splutter! Butter! Butter!
How it heard the words I utter!
Cream, like maidens, gives its treasure,
Only at love's long sought pleasure.
Katie, take it off to town,
Ralph is there to drive you down.

LIFE.

LIFE is so cheap and yet so dear
We prize it, but we scorn it too,
And plod our round from year to year
With little or to hope or do;
Each day brings fretful cares and coil,
And sorrows come, and joys depart,
And we grow old with weary toil,
Or else from listlessness of heart, —
What matters which? what matters how?
Time heedeth not our fitful moods,
But stamps its signet on our brow
In city life or solitudes;
And we grow old; yet scarcely feel
The incessant whirling of the wheel,
Nor heed the traces that declare
We are not now what once we were:
The world has worn us to its ways,
"Do this," it says, and we obey;
There is no freedom in our praise
And little courage left to pray.

At moments with a sudden pain
We gasp and cry for youth again,
And wonder whence the joy has gone,
Which we were wont to feel upon;
When Love with Life walked hand in hand,
When 'twas a boundless bliss to dare
The mighty peaks that guard the land
Where wisdom dwells serenely fair, —
Dear Heaven! how strong and rich we were, —
For joy breeds strength, and hope gives power,
And knowledge is the young man's dower,
And youthful dreams are fair domains,
And happy thoughts are golden gains.

The dreams are gone, the rapture past,
Each year moves calmly like the last,
The sea that foamed with deaf'ning roar
Creeps laggard-like along the shore, —
We tread the footsteps of our sires
With petty aims and mean desires,
And idly act our little part

Like puppets fashioned for a show; —
Teach us, O Lord! how great Thou art,
That we our greatness, too, may know.

Spectator.

From The Edinburgh Review.

BARON HUBNER'S SIXTUS FIFTH.*

OF all the Popes who have worn the tiara few merit more attention than the remarkable figure of Sixtus V., the fiery and imperious friar-pope, best known to Englishmen from his connexion with the Spanish Armada. The story of his brief pontificate is crowded with incident and is most instructive, both when regarded as characteristic of the nature of the papal power, and as suggestive of what would have been the effect upon humanity of that spiritual empire of the world which it has failed to establish. It comprises within the brief compass of four years and four months the greatest crisis in the conflict of the Catholic and Reformed religions which then divided Europe—a period during which the papacy was still regarded as supreme arbitress among the Catholic powers of Europe, and when not only the spiritual but the temporal interests of nations were the matter of fierce and incessant conflict in the chambers of the Vatican.

The study of this eventful pontificate has frequently attracted the diligence of the historian. Three authors, who have previously to the writers whose volumes are now before us dealt with the subject, may be distinguished from the rest—Gregorio Leti, Father Tempesti, and Ranke.

Gregorio Leti enjoyed at one time much celebrity, but his history of Sixtus V., like the rest of the works of this writer, who was a deserter from the ranks of the Roman hierarchy, deserves little confidence: it is a mere compilation of loose traditions, and partakes of the nature of romance.

On the other hand, the work published in Rome in 1754 by Tempesti, a friar of the Franciscan order, like the Pope whose

life he undertook to write, and whose fame he claims for the honour of his community, was founded on the honest study of original diplomatic and state documents, which he has incorporated into his text. The history is a painstaking and solid performance in two quarto volumes; but the style of the narrative was not sufficiently attractive to attain popularity. It supplies, however, the chief substance of the work of M. Dumesnil, published last year, who has fused together the work of Tempesti and materials from other printed sources into a very readable volume.

Ranke, in his "History of the Popes in the Sixteenth Century," was the first to seize in a broad and masterly way the characteristic lineaments of Sixtus V.; and as he enjoyed the opportunity of studying original documents not to be found in Tempesti, his account of this pontificate was a new contribution to historic truth.

Baron de Hubner, the author of the first of the works with which we here deal, has, from his diplomatic position, had access to the archives of the chief capitals of Europe; he also obtained the assistance of the late Mr. Bergenroth in making copies of documents from the archives of Simancas, and has thus been enabled to give to the world a fresh mass of state-papers of the highest interest relating to Sixtus V., published as *pièces justificatives* in a supplement to his text, which is a narrative of this pontificate of extreme fairness, though from a Catholic point of view. The Baron filled the post of Austrian ambassador at the Court of France on the 1st January, 1859; and it was to him that the Emperor Napoleon III. addressed the memorable words, which announced that the Empire was about to break loose from its policy of peace, and to engage in the campaign which drove the Austrians beyond the Mincio.

Baron Hubner's narrative contains a review of the general condition of Italy and of Europe in a most troubled period, and of the difficult relations of the Papacy with the various European powers; it sets forth the consequent perplexities, variations, and inconsistencies of Papal policy, it depicts the hard-fought diplomatic conflicts which took place in the cabinet of the

* 1. *Sixte Quint.* Par M. le BARON DE HUBNER, Ancien ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris et à Rome, d'après des correspondances diplomatiques tirées des Archives d'état du Vatican, de Simancas, Venise, Paris, Vienne et Florence. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1870.

2. *Histoire de Sixte Quint, sa Vie et son Pontificat.* Par M. A. J. DUMESNIL, officier de la Légion d'honneur, membre du Conseil général du Loire. Paris: 1869.

Pope, and is diversified with antiquarian and curious studies of the state of Roman society, and of the topography of Rome during the fifteenth century; all which subjects are so judiciously and artistically handled and arranged, that the two volumes of text form very various, instructive, and agreeable reading, and are a valuable addition to sound historical literature. Far more accurate than Leti or Tempesti and less sententious than Ranke, Baron Hübner appears to us to have contributed to the literature of Europe one of the most valuable productions of an age rich in historical biography. His style is vigorous, graphic, and perspicuous; and the reader is seldom, if ever, reminded that the author is writing in a language not his own. We regret that we have not been able to avail ourselves, for the purposes of this article, of the English translation of the work, from the pen of Mr. Hugh Jerminham; but our readers will shortly have an opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with the results of Baron Hübner's labours in an English dress.

M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henri III., who arrived in Rome while the conclave was still sitting which elected Sixtus V., announced to his master that "*un cordelier nommé Montalto*" was now Pope. Sixtus V. indeed began his ecclesiastical career as a friar. He was the son of poor parents. His father, Pier Gentile Peretti, was, when the future pope was born, on the 13th December, 1521, a gardener at a small village, Grottamare, near Montalto, about fifty miles south of Ancona, in a delightful neighbourhood with a fair prospect on the Adriatic. The family was of Slavonic origin, and had escaped from Dalmatia and the terror of the Turkish invasion in the preceding century. The father of Felice Peretti, as the boy was called, had himself lost everything in the sack of Montalto in 1518, by the Duke of Urbino, after which he removed to Grottamare. Such was the straitened condition of the family, that the mother of the future Pope was obliged to enter domestic service; his aunt became a washerwoman; and it is said that his sister followed the same calling.

The little Felice Peretti is said to have

tended his father's swine as a child; however, he had an uncle, Frà Salvatore, in the convent of the order of Minorite Friars at Montalto, beyond the reach of the reverse of fortune which assailed the rest of his family; this Frà Salvatore undertook the education of his nephew, and got him entered into his own convent at the age of nine. The industry, vivacity of spirit, and powers of acquirement of the boy-friar were soon remarkable. After going through courses of rhetoric, philosophy, and theology, in various convents and towns, he became already known as a preacher at nineteen, though he did not take the degree of doctor of theology till 1518. His fame as a preacher rapidly spread throughout Italy; but it was not till the year 1532 in Lent that he made his first essay in a pulpit in Rome at the church of the Santi Apostoli. As his reputation had preceded him, the audience was numerous and distinguished, and among them were to be seen Cardinal Carpi, his earliest benefactor, Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and Filippo Neri, now a saint in the Roman calendar. It would appear, however, from a fragment of a sermon to be found in Baron Hübner's volumes, that his style of oratory was of the kind which the French call *amplificative*, and rather abundant and ornate than of real moral and religious strength; and that it was mainly his animated gestures and fiery earnest look which made his eloquence impressive with his auditory. That, indeed, is the characteristic of Italian pulpit oratory. He had, however, such success, that his ecclesiastical good fortune dates from his first appearance in Rome, when his talents and character acquired the esteem of the leading members of the Church of Rome.

A great movement of reform was then going on in the bosom of Catholicism itself. The profligate, the voluptuous, and the art-loving popes and cardinals—the Borgias and the Medicis—were disappearing before the earnest zeal of the stern race who awoke anew the sleeping genius of the Church, and evoked afresh the spirit of Hildebrand and Innocent III. The Inquisitor-Pope was in the ascendant, for Loyola and Philip II. had sworn to undo the work of Luther and Calvin. It was

from the society of such men as Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., and Cardinal Ghislieri, at that time chief inquisitor, known later as Pius V., the most intolerant and implacable of the new order of Popes, that the future Sixtus V. educated his fiery spirit to that pitch of zeal which made him the greatest pontiff of that age, in whom the spirit of persecution became incarnate, who undertook to war with heresy to the death, and to shut the gates of mercy on all mankind who would not adopt the decrees of the Council of Trent. With such powerful friends as Caraffa, Ghislieri, and Carpi, ecclesiastical promotion was a matter of course with Father Felice Perretti, or Montalto as he now began to be called. He was successively made regent of the convents of his order at Sienna, Naples, and Venice. At Venice he also received the appointment of Inquisitor: and in consequence of the rigorous zeal with which he supported all the pretensions of Rome in that city, he gained increased confidence with the champions of Papal authority, though he excited hostility among the citizens of the Republic.

After having filled various other offices, he became vicar-general of his own Franciscan order, which he proceeded to reform with characteristic severity. Subsequently he went on a mission to Spain in the suite of Cardinal Buoncompagni, afterwards Gregory XIII., with whom however he quarrelled on the road in a way which left no room for reconciliation; so that he lived in forced retirement during the whole thirteen years of Gregory's pontificate, which immediately preceded his own. He revenged himself, however, during his retirement by bitter and frequent sarcasms on the government and character of Gregory, and when he himself became Pope, he never failed to contrast the vigour of his own pontificate with the weakness of that of his predecessor: he even had a dream, in which he saw the deceased Pope in the flames of purgatory.

Pius V. was the chief benefactor of the future Sixtus V.; there was much similarity of character between the two ecclesiastics, both were ardent, zealous, and austere, and both regarded the persecu-

tion of heresy as the highest of all human and divine duties. Pius V. conferred on his friend two successive bishoprics, and paved the way to the Papacy for him by creating him a cardinal in 1570, when he took the title of Cardinal Montalto, receiving from the Pope at the same time the pension of 100 crowns a month, known as "the dish of the poor cardinal." Up to the time of the election of Gregory XIII. he was an active adviser of Pius V., but during his long disgrace after the elevation of his enemy, he lost "the dish of the poor cardinal," and had to fall back for occupation on his passion for building, which he shared in a humbler way with the great Cardinal Farnese, and other members of the Sacred College. He built the villa on the Esquiline Hill, now called the Villa Massimi, but then the Villa Perretti, constructed on part of the site of the gardens of Mæcenas, and in front of the *agger* of Servius Tullius. He also built a tomb for Nicholas IV. and repaired the chapel del Presepio in Santa Maria Maggiore. To these occupations, and to the publication of a large edition of the words of Saint Ambrose, who appears to have been his favourite father, and whose bold defiance of Theodosius he constantly quoted as a precedent for himself, he devoted his leisure before his advent to the pontificate.

Before he removed however to his new house on the Esquiline, a tragic event in his own family, strangely characteristic of the time, and of which the fatal beauty of the famous Vittoria Accoromboni was the cause, agitated all Rome and all Italy. A few years before, when he was named vicar-general of his order, he had brought his sister Donna Camilla and her family to Rome. The father of Vittoria Accoromboni, himself of noble family, was then in search of a husband for his daughter, whose manner, wit, speech, and grace fascinated all beholders, and brought forward many suitors for her hand. The chief of these was Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, a man of terrible reputation, who was suspected of having murdered his first wife, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and whose houses and country castles were mere strongholds of banditti.

Though he was fifty years of age and had a repulsive malady, he possessed a strange attraction for and was preferred by Vittoria, who was nevertheless married by her father to Francesco Peretti, nephew of Cardinal Montalto and son of Donna Camilla. Soon afterwards, the husband of the bride was found murdered in the street. Everybody suspected the Duke of Bracciano to be the real culprit, but the idea of exacting vengeance from the great chief of the Orsini, the possessor of two or three houses in Rome as strong as fortresses, and crowded with *bravi* and brigands, filled the city with consternation; nothing less than civil war was in prospect under so weak a rule as that of Gregory XIII. To the surprise of all, however, Cardinal Montalto, after giving expression to his sorrow in full consistory, desisted from following up his demand for vengeance. The adventures of Vittoria Accoromboni, and her own subsequent murder by a kinsman of her husband, form the subject of a novel by Tieck; and this singular tale of atrocity and romance riveted the attention of all Italy. The future Pope, wounded as he thus was in his most cherished affections, had a private incentive for undertaking that merciless war against brigandage and the practice of assassination among the nobility which was one of the great achievements of his administration.

The conduct of Montalto, nevertheless, in the matter of the murder of his nephew, and his retirement from affairs under Gregory XIII., operated in favour of his election in the conclave which met, according to prescription, ten days after the death of his predecessor. For Sixtus V., like many of the Popes, owed the tiara to the fact that he was the member of the Sacred College against whom all parties could find the least aggregate of objections, and to fulfil this condition, absence of notoriety and the possession of a neutral reputation were the most useful qualifications. The old story of the appearance of the future Pope on crutches at the conclave, as a mark of decrepitude, which he threw aside the moment his election was secure, is altogether rejected by Baron Hubner as apocryphal; but no doubt Sixtus V. owed the votes of his colleagues to their ignorance of his true character.

The most imposing candidate before the election seemed to be the magnificent Farnese, the creature of his uncle Paul III., who built the splendid palace now possessed by the King of Naples, and who so nearly attained the pontificate in several

conclaves. His relationship, however, to the ducal family of Parma excited against him the jealousy of the Medici, who always succeeded in procuring a combination which resulted in his exclusion. On the present occasion Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, was the chief rival of Farnese in the conclave; and although Farnese at his entry into the electoral assembly commanded the nineteen votes of the batch of cardinals created in the last pontificate, Medici still intrigued so as to prevent his obtaining the majority of two-thirds of the cardinals present — the number necessary for his election; and, after trying various combinations, came to the conclusion that Montalto was the only *papable* candidate whom he could play with certainty to prevent the success of Farnese. By diplomatic manoeuvres, he succeeded in winning over the Altemps, the chief of the creatures of Pius IV.; by another clever stratagem he succeeded in intimidating San Sisto, the chief of the creatures of Gregory XIII., who had promised their votes to Farnese, so that Montalto was elected by adoration, as it is termed — that is, all the electors, seeing that opposition was futile, voted by acclamation, and renounced further scrutiny. Sixtus V. was thus chosen on the 24th of April, 1585, and his coronation was celebrated on the first of May following.

This was the shortest of conclaves. The influence of the political factions devoted to France and Spain and Austria was little felt in this election, owing to the intense rivalry of Medici and Farnese. Even Philip II., who looked upon himself as the lay vicegerent of God upon earth, exercised little weight in the decision, although his interest was exerted in favour of Farnese, and he found no reason to congratulate himself on the choice of the Sacred College. The choice of Montalto was, in fact, due to circumstances so unforeseen, that the devout ruler of Spain conceived him to have been, in a peculiar manner, marked out for the office by the influence of the Holy Ghost. The new Pope, at the request of San Sisto, to whose decision at the final moment he owed his elevation, took the title of Sixtus V. The retired life which he had led before his accession had induced Medici to speculate on the influence he might retain over a Pontiff of his own creation so entirely unused to affairs, but Sixtus V. very speedily undeceived him in these expectations, for the new Pope was well aware that Medici had only brought about his election as the sole means of keeping out Farnese; and he

displayed immediately after his election a vigour of character, a tenacity of political and ecclesiastical purpose, and an imperious force of command which none had expected to find in a man now sixty-four years of age, who had begun his career as a friar, and had been deprived of all office for the last thirteen years of his life.

Nowhere was the energy of Sixtus more astonishing than in the management of the internal affairs of the Pontifical States. "Severity and hoarding of money," he laid down at once as the maxim of his rule. By the care which he bestowed on the financial condition of his dominions and by his reforms, he very speedily succeeded in rescuing the finances of the Papal Government from the ruinous state in which they had been left by Gregory XIII. Many of his measures, indeed, violated the principles of political economy as at present understood, but they were in accordance with the usage and spirit of the age. It is sufficient to state that in less than a year after his accession, Sixtus had deposited a million of golden crowns as the result of his economy in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that he left more than three millions in the treasury there behind him at his death. The possession of so much ready money made him one of the richest princes of Europe. The reputation which he thus acquired for wealth caused his alliance to be eagerly sought for; but Sixtus V. jealously watched over his treasures, and although not sparing of his golden crowns when they could be employed with a fair prospect of usefulness either abroad or at home, yet he carefully kept guard over them, and prevented himself from being entangled in such a way in the schemes of Philip II. and of the League as would squander the results of his economy without results.

Order in his finances Sixtus V. well understood could not be effectually secured unless public order were established throughout his dominions; therefore his very first thoughts were directed towards sweeping the territory and city of Rome clear of the hordes of banditti and the system of brigandage with which they were then infested. In all ages brigandage has exercised a potent influence in the history of southern countries. The *masnadiers* of Italy, the *partidas* of Spain, the *guerillas* of Portugal, have always been malefactors more or less of the same race—a race scattered throughout the countries on which they prey, and ready in all periods of national trouble to assume the colours of political faction, under the pretext

either of patriotism or of authority. In such times they attract into their ranks all the equivocal elements of the population. Every village sends its contingent of rascals—men of loose lives and dangerous characters, at war with law and society. Their adventurous career and their daring create for them strange sympathies in the confused moral sense of the peasantry, who become their allies and abettors in escaping pursuit. In the sixteenth century, Italy was in a condition especially favourable for the propagation and support of this social malady. The parties of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines were, it is true, extinct; the Free Republics existed no more; and the petty tyrants who exercised sovereign jurisdiction in their small territories had fallen one by one; but the traditions of former times were still strong, the habits engendered by centuries of local warfare, and by the military system of the *condottieri* had not passed away; the memories of ancient and extinguished liberties and privileges still survived; and the brigands played often but the part of the ancient *fuorusciti* in the eyes of their countrymen, by carrying on war against the established government. The great feudal and other nobles, moreover, in their private quarrels and in their revolts against the State power, in which they invoked the traditions of ancient parties and of local independence, made league with, and gave protection to, the leading banditti of the time, besides maintaining troops of bravos and lawless marauders in their pay, so that their territorial castles and their fortified residences in the cities were often mere strongholds of brigandage, and their relations with the brigands were those of mutual insurance and support. Of such noblemen in Rome, Paolo Giordano, whom we have already mentioned in connexion with Vittoria Accoromboni, was the most terrible representative; and the public morality of the time was so perverted, that nobles who lived surrounded by brigands, and even led themselves lives of semi-brigandage, were visited with no public reprobation, and some even obtained employments in State service. Ludovic Orsini, the assassin of Vittoria Accoromboni, was a notable example of this. He was at first banished from Rome for an act of *vendetta*, but he lived for many years the life of a *fuoruscito*, and engaged in the service of the Venetian Republic. Giovanni Battista del Monte was another example. Having a feud with the Town Council of Civita Castellana, he made a league with eight

chiefs of bandits and their two hundred followers, took possession of the town in open day, and massacred his enemies; he would have killed the *podestà* himself, had the latter not managed to save himself by flight; after which he became a *fuoruscito*, and engaged, like Orsini, in the service of Venice. The noble, however, who had fallen under the ban of the law, did not always seek foreign service in Venice, Ferrara, Tuscany, Spain or France; he also not unfrequently put himself at the head of a faction, and bade defiance to the government in his own castles or in those of his family and friends, until he had become sufficiently formidable to exact a free pardon.

Under the government of the unenergetic Gregory XIII., brigandage was carried on on so large and terrible a scale, that down to the middle of the last century, Tempesti tell us, when people wished to characterize a feeble government, and a more atrocious state of brigandage than usual, they made use of the expression, "*Corrono i tempi Gregoriani*," "We are in the times of Pope Gregory." The most abominable crimes—murder, poisoning, robbery, abduction, and violence were of daily occurrence. In the capital itself, combats were carried on, sometimes for days together, which convulsed the whole city with panic. The Papal officers were attacked frequently by armed bands in the streets, and the Papal *shirri* were assaulted at their posts and in their houses, and thrown murdered from the windows three or four at a time. The carriage of Monsignore Mario Savelli, brother of a cardinal, was attacked in open day by four unknown individuals, in the middle of the public promenade, outside the Porta del Popolo, and the prelate shot dead with a harquebuse. Cardinal Montalto himself was exposed on one occasion to great danger. As he was returning home on foot through the streets, followed by a single servant, he found himself in the midst of a skirmish between the lawless young nobles of Rome and the Papal *shirri*. The Pontifical police had violated what was considered the privilege of the nobles, by entering the Orsini palace, which was always full of bandits, and seizing a malefactor there. As they were leading off their prisoner, they were attacked by a band of the Roman young men of fashion of the day, of the Orsini, Savelli, Rastieucci, Capizucchi, and other families, followed by their retainers. In the medley, Montalto's servant was killed, and he himself escaped with difficul-

ty. The combat lasted for three days, and spread terror through all Rome, the whole of the Roman nobles taking up arms in defence of the inviolability of their domiciles. Dead and wounded men were lying about within the precincts of the Vatican, and the Cardinal was obliged to procure a guard of fifty soldiers to return home. The strange end of this conflict was, that the *largello*, the chief of the *shirri*, was, at the demand of the Orsini family, arrested and put to death. For four consecutive days Rome was in a state of terror; all business was suspended, and all the shops closed; and it was only by the patient negotiation of the Cardinal de' Medici, that the Roman nobles were induced to disarm and to dismiss their hired banditti.

Sixtus V. on the morrow of his election announced his intention, in an address to the Conservators of the city, of putting an end to this chronic state of terror and disorder. In a short address, after an allusion of some bad taste to the weak government of his predecessor, he enjoined them to proceed at once to a rigorous administration of justice, and said he would take their heads off if they failed in their duties. The Conservators retired in a state of abject terror. When the chief of the Orsini, the Duke of Bracciano, the suspected assassin of his nephew, appeared before him, he gave him such a stern look and such a speech, that he thought it advisable to fly at once from Rome. The day before his coronation, he inaugurated the stern reign which he contemplated by an act of unheard-of rigour. He had already forbidden the carrying of firearms in the streets. Four young men, who had served in the troop of Sforza, were found with small harquebuses upon them; in spite of all the solicitations of the cardinals, who represented that no execution had ever been known in Rome between the election and the coronation, the Pope was inexorable. The four young culprits were hung from the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo, at sunrise, on the day after their capture, and their bodies were still hanging when the Pope passed in procession to the ceremony in St. Peter's.

Even before his coronation, he set to work to extirpate brigandage at large throughout his dominions. On the 30th of April, 1585, the Pope published a bull, addressed to every class of his subjects, enjoining them under severe penalties to assist in the pursuit and capture of brigands. At the sound of an alarm-bell or

at some other signal every member of the parish was required to take arms. And this bull was farther supported by a *bando* of a curious character, when judged by the ideas of our own time, in which prices were offered for the heads of brigands, and every member of a troop of banditti offered free pardon and reward for the betrayal and murder of their comrades. The Pope moreover organized a new system of police, and, after some difficulty, obtained the co-operation of the princes of neighbouring states, in which the brigands were accustomed to find refuge. To these measures some of the bandit-chiefs made a show of defiance. One of them, Curzietto del Sambuco, with a band of twenty-five, traversed the Campagna, presented himself at the gates of Rome by night, and called insultingly for admission. The guard at the gate came out and attacked him, when he retreated into the church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, fortified himself there, and resisted for some time an attack of troops. After which he escaped across the Abruzzi and joined the famous band of Marco di Sciarra; the two chiefs together then made a fresh invasion, marked by deeds of atrocity, into the Roman States, till forces sufficient were brought against them to compel them to separate. Curzietto escaped to Dalmatia, and from thence to Trieste. At Trieste he relied on the protection of the Empire, but finding himself in danger of being arrested, he managed to seize the citadel, and threatened to blow it up and lay half the town in ruins. After some parleying with the governor of Trieste, Curzietto came out of the citadel, when the governor contrived to drug the wine of the brigand chief and his band with opium, to seize the whole body, to put them in irons, and embark them on board a galley. The desperado was determined not to submit tamely to his fate: during the voyage he and a fellow-prisoner seized their opportunity, and with irons on their wrists and ankles, embraced each other, and leaped into the sea.

Such was the indomitable character of the malefactors with whom Sixtus V. had to deal. But there were among them, as we have said, men of noble descent, who were at the head of veritable armies. Piccolomini, Duke of Montemarciano, of the noble family of Sienna, was one of them, and he had been the terror of the country in the reign of Gregory. Lamberto Malatesta, of the illustrious family of Rimini, was another. He ravaged Romagna, Umbria, and the Marches of Ancona. Not

only did he levy contributions on whole districts, but he stormed castles, and even took the town of Imola by assault. After some difficulty, Sixtus V. procured the extradition of Malatesta from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose territory he had taken refuge, and this criminal was executed at Rome on a scaffold hung with black, as was the privilege of the nobles.

The Pope now replaced the former governor of Rome by a man of sterner character, of a spirit akin to his own for severity, and a set of police regulations were issued for the city of Draconian rigour, directed not only against bearers of arms and harbourers of brigands, but against astrologers, tellers of fortune, cheaters at cards, blasphemers, libellers, and all guilty of suspected practices. Neither high birth nor position in the ecclesiastical profession was any longer a protection. Count Giovanni Pepoli, a man advanced in years and the head of that illustrious family, was put to death for harbouring a brigand, in spite of the great consideration he enjoyed in his native city, and of the earnest intercession of his relatives, the Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este. This ruthless action caused a thrill of horror throughout Italy, and was followed up by hundreds of executions of malefactors of all classes, while the *bando* which had been published, offering prices for the heads of brigands, was of universal efficacy. A priest called Guercino had taken to the life of a bandit, and, with a party of robbers, held all travellers on the road near Terracina (later the scene of Fra Diavolo's exploits) at ransom. He had even seized Antonio Caraffa, the brother of the Duke of Luceria, who was on an embassy to the Pope, and left him with his suite nearly naked on the road. The *bando* of the Pope sufficed for the capture of Guercino, for he was betrayed, his head cut off and sent to Rome to be exposed on the castle of St. Angelo. Another renegade priest, Giovanni Valente, had the audacity to establish himself with a troop in Latium, to harry the country, and to issue edicts in the royal style. The Papal legate had exerted in vain every means to get hold of him, but, after the advent of Sixtus, Valente soon, like Guercino, was overcome and captured by the *bando* of the Pope.

The impatience of the fiery Pope to put an end to this scandalous evil was immense. A year after his accession he complained to M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henry III., that as yet he had only destroyed seven thousand out of the twenty-seven thou-

said brigands who had ravaged his dominions. His difficulties at first with the governments of the neighbouring states were great. "Help me," he writes with his own hand to the Grand Duke Francisco, "to root out these brigands, who, to the shame of the Holy See, lay waste the country." But the Grand Duke at first showed no disposition to join with the Pope's projects against the brigands; they might be useful allies in time of war, and even in time of peace he was enabled, by protecting them, to make terms for his own benefit. The Venetians too had made their territory a soil of refuge for all *fuorusciti* from time immemorial, without too freely inquiring into the reasons of their exile, and regarded the right of asylum as one of the most inviolable duties of the Republic. However, the energy of Sixtus eventually overcame all obstacles, both at Florence and at Venice. The dukes of Urbino and of Ferrara assisted him in his crusade against the robbers; while the Viceroy of Naples had orders from Philip II. to co-operate with the Papal authorities for the same purpose; so that in two years and a half the Papal States were swept clear of brigandage, and the Pope was able to acknowledge with complacency to Gritti, the Venetian ambassador, the reception of a despatch from Philip II. in which the King of Spain felicitated him on the extirpation of the brigands. "And with reason," said the Pope, "since they formed an army large enough to have acted with the Turks or the Huguenots, and to have caused immense damage."

Nor was the severity of the Pope confined to the brigands alone. He threatened to send Cardinal Sforza to the Castle of St. Angelo if he refused to deliver up two of his grooms who had been engaged in a quarrel in which blood was shed. Nicolino Azzolino, captain of the Pontifical Guard, a relation of Cardinal Azzolino, was executed for having wounded an ensign in his company. A friar, who was accused of trafficking on the credulity of the people by means of pretended miracles of an image in Santa Maria del Popolo, was scourged from one end to the other of the Corso. A priest, Annibale Cappello, who was accused of giving intelligence to the Queen of England of what was passing at Rome, was degraded, led to the bridge of St. Angelo, and there cruelly executed. His hands were lopped off, his tongue was cut out, and he was then hung on a gibbet. Crimes which were of ancient date were punished on the malefactors. The Count Attilio Baschi of Bologna was executed for

a parricide committed forty years before. The Roman public, according to immemorial fashion, characterized these acts of severity in their usual caustic way. The statues of Marforio and Pasquin held frequent conversations on the subject of the Draconian Pope. "Why," asked the statue of St. Paul of the statue of St. Peter on the bridge of St. Angelo, "have you your travelling wallet on your back?" "Because," replied St. Peter, "I am afraid of being called to judgment for having cut off the ear of Malchus." Some young noblemen, among whom were Virginio Orsini, Ascanio Sforza, and Marco Antonio Inconronati, were arrested for having made light of the Pope's rigorous rule, by setting up a row of heads of cats stuck on the points of pikes along that same famous bridge leading to the old mole of Hadrian, and escaped, it was thought narrowly, with their lives. As for the people, the very name of Sixtus sufficed at times to put an end to fighting in the street; and mothers are said to have quieted their children by saying, "Sixtus is coming."

The severity of his rule was well typified by the fact that the carnival was celebrated in Rome with a gibbet at one end of the Corso and a gibbet at the other, in order to terrify the people from celebrating the festivity with their usual violence and licence. It is not commonly known that the practice of throwing *confetti* during the carnival began in Rome during the reign of Sixtus V., when it supplanted the old fashion of throwing dirt and ashes. The punishments inflicted by Sixtus V. for even light offences, were as terrible as those of the Middle Ages; branding, and piercing of the tongue with hot irons, and lopping off the hands and feet were among them. Nor would the Pope endure any sarcastic witticism addressed to himself or his family. One terrible story is told of him. Marforio asked Pasquin on one occasion why he wore such dirty linen. Pasquin replied, "Because my washerwoman has been made a princess." Pasquin meant by his washerwoman Donna Camilla, the Pope's sister, who had just received some new mark of pontifical favour. "Five hundred crowns and his life to the author of that pasquinade," the Pope caused to be proclaimed. The author gave himself up, when his hands and feet were chopped off and his tongue cut out.

Of all the severe measures put in practice by the Pope for the restoration of order in his dominions, none were so strange as that employed by the Duke of Urbino, to get rid of a remnant of the

band of Curzietto, which had taken refuge in his mountains. Mules laden with provisions, as though for a diſcal hunting-party, were driven paſt the hold of the brigands; the brigands caught at the bait, and ſeized the provisions, which were all poiſoned. The Duke had the opportunity of making a preſent of thirty heads of bandits ſo poiſoned, in one batch, to the Pope.

It is with reſpect to the foreign policy of Sixtus V. that the volumes of Baron Hubner contain, as we have ſaid, the moſt important revelations gathered from the deſpatches now firſt publiſhed of the Spaniſh and Venetian ambaffadors. The changes of mind of the Pope as influencing his relations with Philip II., the League, and Henri III. and Henri IV., can through them be traced in a way clearly explanatory of the apparent vacillation of the Papal policy during the eventful years of the pontificate of Sixtus. For nowhere in the modern hiſtory of Europe, have ſuch extraordinary, tragic, and dramatic events occurred in ſuch rapid ſucceſſion, as during the reign of four years and four months of this Pope. It is ſufficient to recall the excommunication of Henri of Navarre, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Day of the Barriades in Paris, the excommunication of Elizabeth, the deſtruction of the Spaniſh Armada, the aſſaſſination of the Duke of Guife and of the cardinal of Lorraine, the union of the armies of Henri III. with the heretic forces of Henri of Navarre, the excommunication of Henri III., the aſſaſſination of that king and the conſequent acceſſion of Henri IV., a re-lapsed and excommunicated heretic, to the throne of Saint Louis — to have an idea of the tremendous and inceſſant preſſure of reſponſibility which weighed upon the mind of the chief of the Roman Catholic Church. It is from the reports of the Venetian Ambaffadors of his confidential converſations with them that we ſee moſt clearly the workings and changes of his mind in his perplexities. Amid the worry and vexation of his troubleſome dealings with Philip II., with Henri III., and the League, he found a conſolation in unburthening his ſoul to the envoys of the “wiſe old men,” as he ſtyled them, of Venice, whoſe prudence and political wiſdom he had learned to appreciate during his ſtay in their city; and who, like himſelf, looked with commiſeration on the deſolate condition of unhappy France, and lamented that ſo fair a kingdom ſeemed hopeleſſly given over to anarchy and ruin. Sixtus was a great talker. He loved to walk up and down

the room declaiming againſt his enemies, and giving vent to the impreſſions of his fervid genius and character. Gritti and Badoer, the Venetian envoys, were the ſafeſt and moſt habitual recipients of theſe ſtrange converſations, though the Pope complained that the Venetian Government could not keep a ſecret: no wonder, for every word of theſe harangues was reported to Venice and read by the Seignory.

Roman Catholicism, at the time of the advent of Sixtus V. to the pontifical throne, could not yet reſign itſelf to the conviction that the doctrines of Luther and Calvin were not to be ſtamped out by force of arms, and by the fires of the Inquiſition. There was not a country in Europe in which the Papacy and its adherents did not look forward to a ſpeedy and complete victory over Proteſtantism. Such was the faith or credulity of Sixtus, that he confidently hoped that England, which had been ſeparated from the Roman Church for nearly half a century, was yet to be brought back into the Papal fold — either by force or by the conversion of the Queen. The Pope had conceived an intense admiration of the Queen of England, as a valiant and noble woman; but it muſt be owned that this admiration was baſed mainly on the gallant achievements of Drake, whoſe exploits in harrying the fleets of the King of Spain, cutting off his galleons, and ransoming his colonies, were the talk of all Europe, and gave Philip many an uneaſy hour. The name of *Il Draco*, as he was called in Italy, was conſtantly in the mouth of the Pope as he talked with the Venetian envoys; and the hardy defiance with which he took the King of Spain by the beard at Vigo, and Liſbon, and Cadiz, was in the autocratic mind of Sixtus V. aſcribed to the high ſpirit and firm government of the Queen of England. Oddly enough, Baron Hubner ſpeaks of the name of Drake as “aujour’hui preſqu’oublé.” We can only refer him to the brilliant narrative of Drake’s diſcoveries and victories in the pages of the moſt graphic and recent of Engliſh hiſtories. The hope of the conversion of the Queen of England, who is ſaid alſo to have entertained a reciprocal admiration for Sixtus, was not altogether the dream of a recluſe and a monk; for we read in a Venetian deſpatch that the Jeſuits did really report to him that the Queen had been ſounded, and was not found hoſtile to the adoption of the Catholic creed. Philip, when he heard of the Pontiff’s hopes in this reſpect declared at once that they were the vaineſt of illuſions; the French

Ambassador declared the same thing, — nevertheless through the French Envoy in England, overtures were actually made to the English Queen; but, as the Pope was obliged to confess to Badoer, the Venetian Envoy, they were not received encouragingly — she laughed outright. Nevertheless, the Pontiff did not renounce hope, and he confided to Pisany, the French Ambassador, that her assassination had often been proposed to him, and that “at a small cost; but he had rejected these offers, since he loathed and detested such means” of ridding himself of an enemy. (Vol. i. p. 371.) This, however, did not deter him from raising Allen to the rank of Cardinal, who was the centre of the Jesuit plots against the life of the Queen.

But the chief theatre of interest — that which Sixtus watched with unceasing anxiety, was France. The miseries of France, which they styled in turns that “most noble kingdom” — “the ornament and right eye of Christendom” — were continually bemoaned in common by the Pope and Gritti; and though the Pope at first, under the pressure of circumstances, seconded the French policy of Philip, yet it will be seen that when he saw more clearly into the real ends of Philip’s schemes, he resolutely opposed the dictates of Spanish ambition in spite of all efforts at intimidation. The distracted and desolate condition of France, then in the last phase of those long ferocious wars of religion which had turned large tracts of the country into a desert, made havoc with her cities, and plunged the nation anew into barbarism, was, indeed, sufficiently appalling to excite the commiseration of her bitterest enemies. There was, however, one man in Europe who looked on this dreadful state of things with complacency, and that was Philip II., who was watching the game of the Guises, and looking forward to the sovereignty of the whole or part of the country, with a view of consolidating together his vast and straggling European dominions, and of doubling his resources and his power for the extermination of heresy. It was in precisely the year before the election of Sixtus V. that the League had started in renewed activity in consequence of Henri of Navarre becoming the next heir to the French crown by the death of the Duke d’Anjou; and, on the 16th of January, 1585, three months before the accession of the Pope, the famous pact of Joinville was signed between the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Mayence, and the Ambassadors of Spain, which virtually placed the direction of the affairs of the League in the

hands of Philip, while the Cardinal de Bourbon was recognized as next heir to the crown, and the contracting parties bound themselves to unite for the extinction of heresy both in France and the Low Countries. The terror created by the news of this convention operated so strongly on the feeble mind of the vacillating and impotent Henri III., that six months later he threw himself into the arms of the party of the Guises, and signed the Treaty of Nemours, by which he bound himself to interdict the practice of the reformed religion in France, to recall all edicts of toleration, and to deliver up various strong places into the hands of the Catholic party.

The news of this treaty, which had turned grey half the moustache of Henri of Navarre, reached the Vatican just as the Inquisition and the Sacred College were debating on launching the bull of excommunication against both Henri and the Prince de Condé, to declare them incapable of succeeding to the French crown. The Pope had up to that time withstood the urgent solicitations of Olivares, the ambassador of Philip, and of the emissaries of the league. “We are not accustomed,” he said, “to condemn people without hearing them;” but the tidings of the treaty of Nemours decided him. The bull was published at Rome on the 9th of September, 1585. The object of the Pope was to weaken the Huguenot party, and to consolidate that of the Catholics, on the supposition that the conciliation between the King and the party of the Guises was securely effected and was sincere. It was the first political act of Sixtus with respect to the affairs of France, performed at a time when he was wholly under the Spanish influence; but he soon perceived that he had committed a mistake, and had fallen into a trap set for him by Spain and the League. He had, moreover, acted with a precipitation not justified by the rules of the Church; for the excommunication should have been preceded by a *monitorio* addressed to the parties whom it was proposed to excommunicate, and this formality was not observed.

As is well known, this violent proceeding, though received triumphantly by the League, was viewed by all moderate Catholics with dismay, as an aggression on the independence of France and a violation of its traditions. The Parliament of Paris remonstrated against it in terms both dignified and indignant, while, as is well known, Henri of Navarre had a defiant protest affixed to the very door

of the Vatican, in which he brought a counter-accusation of heresy against the Pope, which he offered to prove in full council; and trusted that God would avenge on the Pope and his successors the injury done to his King, his house, and his blood, and to all the courts of the Parliament of France. The Pope was sufficiently soon aware of the false step he had taken to make him cautious before giving way in future to the solicitations of the ambassadors at his court in behalf of the powers they represented. The chief of these was of course the ambassador of Philip, Don Juan Enrique de Guzman, Conde de Olivares, of one of the most powerful families of Spain, and father of the celebrated duke, the favourite of Philip IV., who swayed for a time the fortunes of the Spanish monarchy. In his youth he had followed the career of arms, and received a wound at Saint Quentin, which rendered him lame for life. His unbending, unyielding temperament, his Castilian bearing and disdain, his complete representation of the type of character styled *sosiego*, which is so much admired in Spain, together with his entire devotion to Philip, made him the most formidable personage with whom Sixtus V. had to deal at his court. The disputes between them were at last incessant and even violent; and though the Pope frequently demanded his recall, he remained at Rome and embittered the existence of Sixtus nearly up to the very last hour. The pensions and sums of money which he distributed among the cardinals, prelates, and great and small functionaries at Rome, in the name of his master, gained him a large body of adherents, and his influence was paramount in the Sacred College. Gregory XIII. he had completely subjugated; but on the accession of Sixtus V. he soon saw that he must prepare to put in practice new arts of diplomacy and new powers of intimidation. Sixtus V. had ideas of the Papal dignity more in consonance with those of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII., than with those of the feeble Gregory; for the new pontiff soon after his election threatened with excommunication the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, for having issued an edict forbidding the exportation of corn to the Roman States in a time of dearth.

At first, indeed, Olivares affected to treat with disdain the capacity and ignorance of affairs of the friar-pope. With his immense experience of the world and of state affairs, he thought it impossible that the recluse just promoted would be able

to support pretensions which he regarded as absurd in comparison with the power and authority of Philip II.; but he was mistaken. It was the Pope in the end who got the better both of Olivares and the Spanish King. Olivares revenged himself by incessantly accusing Sixtus V. in his despatches to Philip of bad faith, vacillation, and of waiting on events for the purpose of inclining to the successful side; but this method of self-defence is not uncommon with defeated intriguers. At last, indeed, carried away by pique and passion, he passed the limits of decency, and in a violent interview with the Pope placed Philip under the alternative either of breaking with Sixtus altogether or of replacing his ambassador. Philip adroitly managed to save him the appearance of disgrace by sending the Duke of Sessa to Rome as special ambassador, and by retaining Olivares in the second rank. Olivares outlived the Pope at Rome, and became subsequently Viceroy of Naples. He lived into the reign of Philip III., when he disappeared from the scene of politics as the victim of a court intrigue; but his memory survived among his countrymen as the great *papalista* of his time.

The interests of the French King Henri III. were under the joint protection of his relative the Cardinal d'Este and his ambassador, the Marquis of Pisany, of whose despatches Baron Hübner also makes frequent use. Jean de Vivonne, also styled De Torettes, seigneur de Saint Gouard, marquis of Pisany, *chevalier des ordres du roi*, colonel of the light Italian cavalry, and seneschal of Saintonge, had arrived at Rome during the vacancy of the Holy See. Although he was no match for Olivares in subtlety or in resource, he was a brilliant type of the brave and loyal French nobleman of his time. He was quick-witted and intelligent, and devoted to the interests of his master: of a lively susceptibility in matters of etiquette, in which he always gallantly sustained the interests of France against Spain, while in matters of honour his hand went ever swiftly to the hilt of his sword. He was married to one of the Savelli family, and his palace was the rendezvous of the most brilliant of the young nobles of Rome, who played there deeply in spite of the severe decrees of Sixtus against gambling. The gay and gallant bearing of Pisany was more congenial both to Roman society and to the Pope than the stately and imperious arrogance of Olivares; and though Pisany, in his difficult and delicate task of representing the complicated and varying inter-

ests of Henri III., whom the Pope held in undisguised contempt, had more than one serious misunderstanding with the Pontiff, he retained his favour to the end. On one occasion, indeed, he was ordered to quit Rome, which he did on the instant, saying he would have no difficulty in getting out of the pontifical dominions in twenty-four hours; but the matter was so arranged that he was enabled to return, with an increase of favour on the part of the Pope, and that very much by reason of his gallant conduct in surprising and capturing by night the crew of a Barbary corsair, by whom he himself had been taken prisoner on his voyage home to France.

The interests of the League were represented by the Cardinal de Sens, and by special ambassadors sent to Rome on the part of the Guises. The ambassador of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, the son-in-law of Philip, and therefore inclining to Spain, and the envoys of Venice, Priuli, Gritti, and Badoer, whom the Pope saw regularly once a week as they succeeded each other at Rome, were, besides the above-named personages, the most active representatives of foreign powers at Rome; and by personal interviews with them, and from the reports of his legates, the Pope, who was his own Foreign Minister, gradually familiarized himself with external politics, and arrived at the decisions by which he endeavoured to conciliate conflicting interests, and to preserve in integrity the authority of the Holy See. As for the smaller Italian states, such as Tuscany, Ferrara, and Urbino, they weighed slightly in the balance, although they were from jealousy of Spain, or from reasons of relationship, more inclined to the French than to the Spanish interest. Parma, it is true, on account of the connexion of Philip with Alexander Farnese, then at the height of his glory, was in the Spanish interest; while Austria, under the rule of the phlegmatic Rudolph, the only great remaining Catholic European power besides Poland — too far removed from the scene of action — was, although inclined to Spain, too much involved in the intricacies of German politics to take an active share in the diplomatic battles of which the Papal court was the daily theatre.

That the foreign policy of Sixtus should have undergone frequent changes in the then confused state of European opinion, in the presence of the interminable state of anarchy, and with the impossibility of divining what were in reality the aims of Philip, and whether he had the power of carrying them into effect, was not only

not to be wondered at, but indeed it was almost necessary that such should be the case, when the strange character of the domination exercised by the Papacy is duly considered. The first object of Sixtus was the extinction of heresy and the preservation of the rights of the Holy See; and to this he was prepared to sacrifice all other interests, as of lesser consideration. He had much at heart, it is true, the welfare and independence of France, and the preservation of royal authority there; but this was an object which he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment rather than yield a jot of his spiritual authority, or lose one chance for the extirpation of heresy. When, therefore, Henri III., by the Treaty of Nemours, adopted the principles of the League, and undertook to put down heresy, it seemed to Sixtus that his duty was plain, since he could support the royal authority and carry on the work of suppressing heretical doctrine at the same time. He therefore frankly at this period supported the King of France; but when he found that the French King not only was lax in his pursuit of heretics, but showed a disposition to accept the assistance of the Huguenots, he withdrew his favour from the royal cause, and bestowed it on Philip and the League.

The leading points of the policy of Sixtus with respect to France were laid down in his instructions to the legate Morosini. They are given by Tempesti, and may be summed up in the following propositions:—

1. The Pope desired that the King should be respected and obeyed by all, especially by the princes of the League.
2. That the King should cease to protect Protestants.
3. That no heretics should succeed to the crown.
4. That the *nuncio* should obtain the execution of his bull relative to pilgrimages to the holy places at Rome.
5. That the decrees of the Council of Trent should be received and published in the kingdom of France.
6. And, above all, the Pope remembered that he represented in his person the common father of Christendom, and therefore he would not allow himself to be won over by one party more than another, but would lean only to that party which in sincerity of heart would labour for the glory of God, for the exaltation of the

Catholic faith, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the establishment of peace.

The duty of playing the part of common father to all the Catholics of Europe, in their state of division and mutual jealousy and suspicion, was one of sufficient difficulty in itself; and when it was complicated with the equally imperative duty of exterminating all the other Christian children who had emancipated themselves from the paternal roof, the difficulty was immense indeed. The whole foreign policy of Sixtus may, indeed, be summed up in these words:—"I should prefer that the extermination of heresy should be effected by the regularly constituted powers, each in his own territory; but if they fail in their duty, I will give my benedictions and the kingdoms of the earth to those who will kill the greatest number of heretics."

Such, in fact, was his policy with regard to England. He would have preferred that the Queen should be converted, and that she should have led or driven her subjects back into the Papal fold. He never quite lost sight of this vain hope; but when he could no longer delude himself with the expectation of its speedy fulfilment, after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, he urged forward Philip in his undertaking to conquer the country, and promised subsidies for the fitting out of the Armada. But the views of the Pope, both with respect to Philip and the Armada, and the continual suspicions which he entertained respecting the good faith of Philip, as well as the general turn of his mind, will be best understood from the reports of Gritti to the Doge of Venice during the preparation of the doomed fleet. It must be premised that, like Pius V., his early protector, Sixtus never ceased to have his eyes fixed on the East, and to cherish fondly the idea of organizing a new crusade against the infidel.

When Gritti brought him news that the Turks and the Persians had ceased to be at war, he burst out with the exclamation:

"Here is a great and fair opportunity lost. Now the heretics can all obtain succour of the Turk and do us much damage."

He lamented,

"That he had to furnish the King of Spain with so much money — 800,000 crowns a year — and he cries, The Spanish galleys do nothing but carry on commerce, and the money of the Church is spent otherwise than for what it was given. Hence the anger of God, the insults and losses which the King has to endure everywhere;

in Holland and in Flanders he takes one town and loses two, while a woman contrives to combine the Princes of Germany and the King of Navarre against him, and finds in her resources enough to turn the world upside down."

Gritti enjoins the Doge to keep this report secret. He is struck with the suspicions of the Pope about Philip's schemes. "It is certain," Gritti writes, "that the king of Spain is arming, but not certain that it is against England." A month or two later the Pope said:—

"I pray that the *signori* of Venice may behave so that we remain friends, and that there may arise no cause for quarrel between us, but that we may be able to aid each other reciprocally."

Then, pointing to a sketch of the Holy Sepulchre which had been sent him, and which was lying on his desk:—

"We might purchase the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks. They would give it to us for money. But that does not suit us; for we would not have it thought that we cannot take it by force; and although we may not hope to do it in our lifetime, yet we do not wish to let the world believe it is impossible. We should fear also that in transporting the Holy Sepulchre to Rome we should commit a sin, and do what is contrary to the will of God, since it was his will that he should be born at Bethelhem, and that he should die at Jerusalem. We see too that though the cradle of our Lord is at Rome, no one comes to see it; while to visit the Holy Sepulchre many go every year to Jerusalem. They say the pilgrims are ill-treated by the Turks. We must have patience until God sends the man who in honour of His Divine Majesty may be willing to reconquer the Holy City. A man would suffice, for the rest is not wanting. The forces of the King of Spain would alone suffice, if he would employ them for this purpose—he who has so many kingdoms, such revenues, such power. And then he would not be alone; for who would not aid him? Ferrara, Florence, Mantua, Urbino would concur with all their means. With Genoa we know the King does as he likes. And even if the *Signoria* of Venice would not compromise itself openly with the Turks, there would not be a well-to-do woman in Venice or her provinces who would not pay four or five soldiers for the enterprise. There is but one thing wanting; a prince—a Constantine, a Theodosius, an Arcadius, a Lothaire, or such as these. It is the prince alone whom we despair to find in our lifetime; for we see none among them capable of fulfilling this task. However, let us not despair. If he should appear, we have for our part prepared three millions, and before this sum is spent, we will take care to provide more. With the money which these armaments against England cost, this expedition might have been undertaken. Already we have spent thirteen millions, and nothing has

been done. The King is growing ridiculous with his Armada, while the Queen manages her affairs well. *If this woman were but a Catholic, she would be loved by us above all; for she is of very great worth. See what a man is Drake!* With his small force he has burnt twenty-five ships of the King in the straits of Gibraltar, and a great number at Lisbon; he has made booty of his fleets, held the island of St. Domingo at ransom, and acquired so great a reputation that the English run after him to share his glory; while his enemies fly from him in terror. This Spanish Armada gives us much trouble. We have unfavourable presentiments, and fear a bad result. Instead of setting out in September last year, as we advised, since in war promptitude is the main point, the King keeps on delaying, and he has shifted about and left the Queen time to make preparation to receive him." (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 388.)

It was, in fact, the ill success of the Armada which changed for ever the good relations between Sixtus and Philip. Of the increasing discontent of the Pope, even before the news of the great disaster had arrived at the Vatican, proof is to be found in the following despatch of the Marquis of Pisany:—

"He commenced to speak strangely to me of the King of Spain and his ministers, and told me that more than 20,000 men were dead of the said fleet of Portugal, and that in the port of Lisbon, by lack of good management, twenty-eight great vessels of the fleet had been stranded, and were all shattered and disabled; and that in Flanders, the Italians who had been sent there in the last year were all dead; so that he saw all things going from bad to worse on that side, and yet that they wanted to make him believe that all was going on excellently; the army was going to put to sea on the fourth of this month (March, 1588), and make the attempt which he knew could not be done without it. And that they worried him to give them 700,000 crowns which he had promised them, but that that was when they should act with good faith and have a good footing on shore (in England), and that he had heard that after the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, of whose capacity or good luck he had no opinion, was chosen for chief and general of the fleet. But that whatever came of the said enterprise, he would take care that nothing should be done either to the prejudice of France, or which could give it any cause of fear."*

* Baron Hubner says (vol. i. p. 397) that the Armada sailed in August, 1588; but it is notorious that its destruction occurred in July. He also intimates that the main object of Philip II. in preparing the great expedition was to vindicate the maritime supremacy of Spain against the attacks of the English. This is hardly consistent with the truth, for the real design of the Armada was to enable the army of the Prince of Parma, then in Flanders, to invade and conquer the country, to dethrone the Queen, and to extirpate heresy.

Philip II., indeed, never was the same man after the reception of the news of the loss of the Armada—a darker gloom than ever weighed thenceforth on the Escorial. Accustomed as the monarch was to dissimulation, this time he could not conceal his affliction. A despatch of Hieronimo Lippomano, the Venetian envoy at Madrid, to the Doge, dated 6th September, 1588, gives a striking account of the desolation and dejection of Philip, and the state of public opinion at Madrid. As for Philip, "It is impossible for the monarch," he says, "to hide his distress from the public. He lives quite retired, and will see no one; he has re-made his will, and passes whole hours with his confessor." In another despatch, dated 27th February, 1589, the ambassador further shows how permanently the king had been cast down by the great blow he had received. Another calamity had fallen on the king, in the form of the desperate illness of his son, the heir to the throne, afterwards known as Philip III.

"The King has felt much this misfortune, as was reasonable, and as has been told me by those who entered into his room, he could not utter a word, only he raised his eyes frequently to heaven, and showed inwardly his extreme grief. Yet, on the other hand, he did everything to dissemble his great trouble, never having ceased to sign and carry on his business as he is accustomed; and he did not even go to see his son while he was in danger, only to-day I hear he has seen him." (*Hübner*, vol. iii. p. 295.)

As for the court, Lippomano says in the first despatch, they reproached aloud the King for having conceived and executed so perilous a design without listening to any other advice but that of Don Juan de Ydiazquez and Don Cristoforo de Moro. They threw blame on the Duke of Parma, they raised to the skies the merits of Santa Cruz, in order to throw discredit on Medina Sidonia. The public of Madrid were not to be deceived by the attempts to conceal the amount of the disaster which had befallen the Spanish fleet, nor the prayers for victory which were still offered in churches, or by the futile demonstrations made for the creation of another Invincible Spanish Armada. New admirals and new generals were named, but ships and men were wanting. "Last year," said the sharp-tongued wits at Madrid, "there was a fleet without a commander, this year we have commanders but no fleet."

At the Vatican, the affliction of the Pope took the form of extreme ill humour. One consolation, however, Sixtus drew

from the disaster—he had saved his money, his three millions were safe in the Castle of St. Angelo; some subsidies he had lost, it is true, but the conditions on which he was to give the million of crowns had not been fulfilled—no Spanish army had set foot in England—and the sum he had promised to pay over to Philip on that contingency would therefore remain in his own treasury, and not be scattered over the bottom of the English Channel and of the North Sea. Pisany, the French Ambassador, was one of the first to see him after the evil news arrived: he took occasion, as representative of Henri III., who had looked with a suspicious eye on the preparations for the Armada, and had been driven from his capital by the machinations of Philip with the League, to recall maliciously to the Pope's memory that he had never augured well of this enterprise of the Armada, undertaken without the advice or concurrence of his king; and Sixtus, contrary to his usual habit, was silent. The audiences of Olivares with the Pope were of a more stormy nature. The Pope held his peace till the Spanish ambassador demanded the promised million of crowns at once, on the ground of the disaster and of the want of money in Flanders. The Pope replied the convention could not be applied as circumstances now stood. Olivares answered at length, that the Spanish king invoked not the letter, but the spirit of the convention. The Pope listened to his statement without interruption, but with signs of impatience, clenching his fingers nervously together as his manner was when he was moved. At last he broke out in fury, and refused to listen to any more demands for money till he had further news of the fleet. The Pope, on such occasions of altercation with the Spanish ambassador, gave loose to his passion in a way which brought about scenes almost comic from their violence; he knit his heavy brows, and descended from his seat beneath the *baldacchino*, and walked violently up and down the room, gesticulating wildly, perorating rapidly, and followed by the ambassador, who was not allowed to put in a word, so long and so vehement and so peremptory was the Pope's outflow of indignation. The high tones of his angry voice were heard even in the antechamber, and his private *cameriere*, Monsignore Sangaletto, remained with his ear against the door of his inner cabinet, trembling with a mixture of curiosity and fear, and waiting hopefully for a calm. In such moments the angry old man was

unapproachable, but Olivares was the only man who never yielded to these explosions of passion, and his imperturbable persistence and system of suggested and sometimes open menace grew at last to be intolerable and even indecent.

"I find," writes Olivares, at the conclusion of the despatch from which we have quoted, "the Pope very lukewarm in showing satisfaction when good news arrives from Spain, and very little affected at the bad. *His envy at the greatness of your Majesty and the pain which he feels in expending his money work more powerfully on him than the welfare of the Church and his zeal for the extermination of heretics.* If he promised you subsidies, it was in the hope that the expedition would never come off. When the affairs of the King go wrong, his pride and his arrogance become insupportable; he puts the knife to my throat, and forgets that the detriment of your Majesty turns also to the disadvantage of the Holy See and the cause of God. In this occasion his bad nature has broken out again. However, I keep my ground.

"In order that your Majesty," he writes again, "may have an idea of how well the Holy Father understands military and naval affairs, I just mention this, that he wished me to beg your Majesty to give orders that the fleet in passing might co-operate in the siege of Rochelle." (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 401.)

Olivares, in his despatches to Philip, brings again and again three charges against the Pope—bad faith, violent temper, and ignorance of affairs. It was natural that a foiled diplomatist should attempt to justify himself with his sovereign, and to take his revenge on his adversary, for he regarded Sixtus V. as little less, for the little way he was able to make at the Papal Court. As for the violent temper, Olivares, as we have seen, had some ground for his accusation. As for the Pope's ignorance of affairs too, the ambassador's allegation was also plausible: it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that a man who had passed the greater part of his life as a poor friar, and was withdrawn from obscurity and retirement to be the Spiritual Chief of the Catholic powers of Europe, should at once be a match for the veterans of politics in dealing with the perplexed European interests on which he had to pronounce a decision. The wonder is that a man of sixty-four, with such a previous training, should have been able to hold his own so well. As for the charge of bad faith, this seems to be a mere invention of the spite of Olivares; the Pope aimed first at securing the interests of the Church,

as he comprehended them, in all their integrity; he had at heart also the interests of every European nation, but these he treated as subordinate to the interests of the Church. He never concealed that he was opposed to all schemes of universal monarchy, and wished each nation to remain within its own limits—he had in fact a clear view of the necessity of a balance of power. "The great Christian princes," he said, in one of his numerous conversations with Gritti, "have each need of a counterpoise, for if one of them should predominate, all the others would run a risk of being imposed upon."

It is a curious trait in his character, that as a politician he had infinitely more admiration for Elizabeth—that is for England—and for Henri IV. than for the plotter and schemer of the Escorial, who aimed at so much and effected so little. In fact the Popes were never well affected to Spain, notwithstanding its assumption of the championship of the Catholic creed. Paul IV. never spoke of the Spanish king or nation without calling them heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, seed of Jews and Moors and the dregs of the world. Indeed Paul IV. was at one period at actual war with Philip II.

But if Sixtus V. cannot be accused of actual bad faith, at least his political career was full of apparent contradictions and inconsistencies. The explanation of which is, and the explanation to a certain extent justifies the imputations of Olivares, that he was waiting for events. He did not dare absolutely to reject the overtures of Philip, and risk a rupture with the greatest Catholic potentate of his time, until he could have clearer hopes of the victory of the cause of Catholicism in France. His alliance with Philip he regarded as a *pis aller*, as a last resource if all other means failed of settling his French difficulties. Philip and his ambassador Olivares perfectly understood the reasons of the evasions and delays of the Pope, and therefore they became more and more urgent in their endeavours to force the Pontiff to commit himself irrevocably on the side of Spanish ambition. The Pope on his part clearly saw the whole bearing of the acts they would have him commit, and the momentous character of the negotiations in which he was involved; a more favourable turn of affairs in France might render the Spanish alliance unnecessary, and in that case he would escape being the instrument of the ambition of Philip, which menaced not only the independence of Europe, but also that of the Holy See.

He temporized therefore to the utmost of his power, drew closer to Philip when things promised badly in France for the interest of Catholicism, and drew off from him as soon as he saw any other escape; but in order to preserve his independence as long as possible, he had to meet ruse with ruse, arrogance with arrogance, and to fight terrific diplomatic battles with the Spanish ambassador. The stern and fiery old man was almost unsupported at Rome in this intolerable and almost daily conflict. Most of the cardinals were either bought over with money or won by promises and favours to the Spanish interest. The Pope's consequent isolation, his conviction of the gravity of the crisis, the continual suspense, the renewed trials of his judgment by new events, the incessant agitation of his conscience, affected his health so severely that he wasted away visibly. His only consolation was in intercourse with the Venetian ambassador; he had trust in the wisdom of the Venetian Senate, and Venice and the Pope remained firm friends to the end, while both were included alike in the dislike and suspicion of Philip, of his ambassadors abroad, and of his preachers at Madrid. In his confidential communications to Gritti the perplexed Pontiff groaned at times under the weight of care which weighed him down; it was no light matter, indeed, to hold oneself as the Vicegerent of God upon earth; he regretted the days of his cardinalship, and even his simple friar-life, when he had not to resolve upon the excommunication and deposition of kings, and the distribution of the empires of the world.*

With such knowledge of the perplexities of the Papal mind, it is easy to imagine how the news of the Day of the Barricades at Paris, and the flight of the King, the proof which the battle of Courtras afforded of the strength of the Huguenot party, and of the ascending genius of Henri of Na-

* The following extract from one of Gritti's despatches gives an interesting idea of the familiar intercourse of the Pope with the ambassador, and his almost affectionate regard for Venice:—

"Et questo finito, con la singular humanita sua mi soggiunse, 'Ch'avete di Venetia? come sta il vostro serenissimo Principe?' Io li dissi, 'Sta bene, Beatissimo Padre, et nella nostra città un vero esempio di religione, di prudenza, di giustizia, e d'ogni virtù, ma da più esso, per mostrar la riverenza che porta alla Vostra Santità et per essersi nella vista di Lei, ho questi giorni inteso, che tiene di continuo nella sua camera il ritratto di Vostra Beatitudine.' 'Così habbiamo inteso,' disse il Papa, et mostro averlo carissimo. 'O quanti buoni e savi uomini habbiamo conosciuti in Venetia. Andrea Barbarigo, Bernardo Giordani, Dominico Morosini, quello che stava a S. Moise.' 'Dand'io,' disse io. 'Sì,' disse il Papa, 'Mattia Dandolo; oh, che saggio huomo, il Sanudo et tanti altri.' (Baron Hubner, vol. III. p. 530.)

varre, the intelligence of the assassinations of the Duke de Guise and of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and of the junction of the forces of Henri III. with those of the heretic claimant to the succession to the crown of France, must have agitated the councils of the Vatican.

The acceptance by the French King of the alliance of Henri of Navarre and of the aid of his Huguenot followers, the admission also implied or avowed by Henri III. and by the chiefs of the *parti politique* and other Catholic nobles of the rights of the Béarnais as heir to the French crown, seemed to the Pope, as it really was, the most significant event in the whole history of the French religious wars. But the Pope was far from taking the view of the moderate Catholics of France; or seeing in this union a conclusion to the horrible calamities which twenty-six years of civil warfare and massacre had brought upon the country. On the contrary, the Catholic faith seemed now at the Vatican in greater danger than ever. Morosini, the Papal Legate in France, on hearing of the meeting of the two Kings at Tours, at once left the country, and the Pope seized the opportunity of excommunicating Henri III., not for the murder of the Duc de Guise, but for the murder of the Cardinal de Guise, a Prince of the Church; he then came unwillingly to the conviction that a close alliance with Philip II. and the League had become a matter of absolute necessity for the preservation of the Catholic religion.

The *monitorio* of excommunication against Henri III., which the Council of Venice had done all in their power to prevent, was published in Rome on the 24th of May, 1589, and read in the Cathedrals of Meaux and Chartres, in the month of June. Its effect was immense in the French capital. Henri III. was assassinated in little more than a month afterwards, and though Jacques Clement was the assassin, the Pope may be said to have encouraged the deed, and to have regarded its perpetration with satisfaction. "*A Domino factum est istud.*" were the commencing words of his speech on the event to the consistory, while he refused to allow a funeral service to be celebrated for the deceased monarch in Rome.

From the day of the assassination of Henri III., on the 1st of August, 1589, to the death of Sixtus V. himself, only a year and a few days elapsed, but this last year of his brief pontificate was the most agitating of all. It was a year of incessant suspense and doubt and difficulty, and that of his very worst altercations with Olivares.

In the first place, he was very nearly coming to open rupture with the Venetian senate, with whom he had always been on such cordial terms, and who so frankly shared his own Spanish antipathies. On the assumption by Henri of Navarre of the title of Henri IV. of France, and on the acknowledgment of his title by a large party of the French Catholic nobility, and after his declaration that he would preserve the Catholic religion, not only was the ambassador of Venice in France instructed to consider himself accredited to the new King, but the Venetian Republic received the ambassador of Henri IV. On the occurrence of this latter event, the Papal Nuncio at Venice at once left the city; and it required all the skill of Venetian diplomacy, and a special embassy to Rome from the senate, to prevent the Pope from breaking off relations with the first Italian power, for their acknowledgment of a heretic monarch.

The arguments of the Venetian envoys left, however, a deep impression on the Pope's mind in favour of Henri IV., and the indefatigable Badoer kept continually suggesting the conversion of Henri IV. as the final and probable solution of the French difficulty. "Let him but be converted," said the Pope, "and we will embrace him,"—happy in the conception of so desirable a conclusion; and when Donato, the special envoy to Rome, took leave of him, he kissed him, and charged him to give the tenderest greetings to the *serenissima Signoria* of Venice.

But the conversion of Henri IV. was a subject which, as yet, the tormented Sixtus V. only dared mention in secret with his Venetian friends. Long before Philip II. had got wind of the fact that Henri of Navarre had made private overtures to the Vatican to be reconciled to the Church, and to be relieved of the ban of excommunication, and Philip had warned the Pope again and again that such advances from Henri were insincere, and meant only to deceive him. The Pope, however, had his own views of the motives of Philip in so warning him, and after the death of Henri III., the Spanish King seeing that now or never must his projects on the French crown be realized, had, through his agents, redoubled his activity in every direction. The great centre of interest in these endeavours would naturally be Rome,—the very chiefest aim of the Spanish King would evidently be to frustrate all negotiations between Henri IV. and the Pope, and the story of the diplomatic conflict which ensued as soon as the ambassador of the ex-

communicated heretic French King entered Rome, is one of the most curious pages in all the long history of the Papacy.

The Duke of Luxemburg arrived at Rome as the ambassador of Henri IV. in the beginning of January, 1590, and to the great disgust of Olivares and the Spanish faction, was received on the next day but one after his entry. The Duke approached the Vatican with a train of twenty-two carriages filled by French gentlemen. When they reached the palace, the door of the Pope's apartment was closed, the guards were doubled, and the Duke's followers were requested to deliver up their swords. On arriving at the *bussola*, or door of the cabinet of the Holy Father, the Duke and three of his gentlemen only were allowed to enter. The ambassador confessed that at this point he felt some apprehension; when he entered the Cabinet, however, the Pope was extremely gracious — inquired after his journey, made him sit down, a privilege granted only to royal ambassadors, and listened with patience to his speech, which since it was made in French, he acknowledged he did not understand, and he asked him to bring an interpreter at his next visit. In fact the internal and external manner of receiving the French ambassador were quite of a different character. On his next visit the Duke ventured to bring forth the name of Henri of Navarre, and to repeat a conversation which he had held with the King, in which Henri expressed his desire to return to the Catholic Church. Sixtus appeared full of joy at the news. The Duke solicited from the Pope permission for the Catholics who served the King to be able to do so without incurring the censures of the Church; and further that the Pope should send to Henri some ecclesiastics who might instruct him in the dogmas of religion. The Pope, without deciding as to the first demand, at once named a French Monsignore who should go on a mission of conversion to the King.

The presence of the Duke of Luxemburg in Rome turned the pontifical palace into a field of deadlier warfare than ever. Olivares, backed by the Cardinals Madrucio, Deza, and Mendoza, and the Spanish faction, aided also by the Cardinal de Sens, the representative of the League, led the van against the French envoy and the ambassador of Venice: and these two had no other support to rely upon but the secret good will of Sixtus himself. Olivares and his party would be content at first with nothing short of the immediate dismissal of Luxemburg; but this Sixtus re-

fused bluntly, and the envoy remained at Rome, absenting himself, however, for a short time on the pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto during a time of pressure of the Spanish faction. After all other means of constraint had been exhausted, Olivares proceeded to hint that his master would adopt that of direct force, and march his troops from Milan and Naples upon the capital of the Holy See.

The Pope was greatly embarrassed, as he acknowledged to Badoer, for he had in fact, shortly after the assassination of Henri III., when he was unable to believe in the sincerity of the desire of Henri IV. for conversion and absolution, and when he could see no hope for the Catholic religion in France, except through Philip and the League, sent Cardinal Gaetani as Legate to the revolted party, and proposed a scheme to Philip for a military intervention of forty or fifty thousand men in France, reserving to himself, however, the nomination of a general, and, so far as possible, the supreme direction of the expedition and its results. War at that time with the royal chief of the Huguenots seemed the only way of preserving in France the unity of the faith. Philip had accepted the Pope's propositions with alacrity, and was actively arming at Milan and Naples, to carry them out; and his Italian forces might, as Olivares intimated, be readily directed on Rome, in the same way as they had been so directed under the Duke of Alba in the days of Paul IV. Now, however, the Pope repented of his precipitation; he felt that the star of Henri IV. was in the ascendant, and that his gallant, frank, and chivalrous bearing was winning rapidly all hearts in France. The representations of the "sage and prudent" counsellors of Venice had made a deep impression upon him; he believed with them that Henri was the only possible king for the French nation; he had a reasonable dread of Hispaniolism and the ambition of Philip, and he with justice was apprehensive of the discredit which might be brought upon the Papacy by a foreign intervention undertaken in opposition to the spirit of the mass of the French nation. If Henry IV. were victorious over the League, whose real motives he had always held in suspicion, and whose spirit of revolt against authority had been ever repugnant to him, and if the chief who was battling so chivalrously and so successfully for his right to a throne were really sincere in his protestations of a desire to be received into the Catholic Church, no more favourable prospect could be desired for France and for the Papacy. In

his intimate talk with Badoer he exclaimed frequently, "If Henri become sincerely converted all will be well." Sixtus V., too, comprehended well how impossible it was for the King of Navarre to abjure his Huguenot creed, while he had more than ever need of the Huguenots, and of the support of Protestant England and Protestant Germany. One evening, at supper, after a long silence, he said suddenly, as though starting from a dream, "How could Navarre now turn Catholic? He would be immediately abandoned by the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany, and the King of Spain would swallow him like an egg." The very walls of the Vatican had ears at this crisis; these words were repeated to Olivares and sent to Philip, and both monarch and ambassador strained every ruse of diplomacy and every means of intimidation to force the Pope to carry out his engagements — or rather quasi-engagements — for though they had been drawn up in formal shape at the Vatican, they had never been signed by either party. The Pope's object was to gain time, to let Henri pursue his career of victory; and for this purpose he withstood the assaults of Olivares in his cabinet, and the further pressure of the special ambassador, the Duke of Sessa, sent by Philip, with the aid of every ruse and every stratagem. The last months of his existence were one long and terrible struggle with the representatives of the policy of the Escorial.

While Henri was winning the victories of Arques and Ivry, and advancing to the siege of Paris, the Pope was waging daily in his cabinet not less terrible combats on his behalf. Olivares made three demands, preparatory to insisting upon the execution of the armed intervention — the dismissal of Luxemburg, the excommunication of the Catholic adherents of Henri, and a declaration from the Pope against the Béarnais, as he was always called in the despatches of Philip. In one interview Olivares went so far as to threaten the Pope with a public protestation against his conduct in the Roman Consistory, to be drawn up by a Spanish theologian whom he sent for from Naples for the purpose. At mention of this Olivares says the Pope began "to howl with rage" (*Empezó a chirriar con gran coraje*), and threatened to excommunicate Olivares and all his abettors — it even appears he threatened to have the ambassador executed; and the memory of this interview was long preserved in a tradition to be found in the work of Gregorio Leti, that

the Pope had caused a scaffold to be erected before the Spanish ambassador's palace. It is certain, however, that Philip and his ambassador entertained some notion of calling together a General Council of the Church, under the Archbishop of Toledo, and of deposing the pontiff and electing another; so it may be imagined what independence the Papacy would have enjoyed if Philip had fulfilled his dream of universal sovereignty. It was at this period that Philip adopted, as we have said, the expedient of sending the Duke of Sessa as special ambassador to Rome. The appearance of this envoy on the scene, who came to demand expressly from the Pope the execution of the proposals for an armed intervention in France, did not change the course of affairs in the Pope's cabinet. Sixtus V. still eluded all attempts to force him into action against Henri IV., and made use of the scruples of a Pontiff just as a woman does of her weakness, to disarm his antagonists. He complained of the importunities of Olivares and Sessa in public Consistory. Their last interview with him was on the 19th of August, 1590.

The Pope was then very ill, and was living in the palace on the Quirinal. To revenge himself for the vexation they had inflicted on him, Sixtus appointed the interview to take place at mid-day, when the two ambassadors would have to mount the long incline of the Quirinal under the blazing heat of a Roman August sun. The two Spaniards again vehemently beset the Pope, protesting against the mission of an ecclesiastic to the Béarnais for his instruction in the Catholic faith, and demanding the carrying out of the proposal for intervention. Sixtus replied with violence in a fit of passion; the ambassadors declared that if he continued so to treat them, they would return before him no more; the Pope retorted they might leave at once. The emotions of this interview increased the catarrhal fever under which Sixtus was suffering; he passed a restless night. After which he grew rapidly worse, and died five days later; it was remarked that as the breath departed from the body of Sixtus V. the elements seemed, as in the case of Cromwell, to participate in his final agony, and Rome was enveloped in a thick storm of thunder, and lightning, and darkness. The ferocious hatred of Olivares breaks out in the few lines in which he announced the death of the Pontiff to Philip. He writes, "His attack was so sudden that his Holiness died without confession, and worse,

worse, worse, (*peor, peor, peor*); may God be merciful to him!"

Sixtus V. thus died precisely at the hour when he had drawn forth the hatred of Philip and his agents, and of the Spanish faction in France, to its fullest intensity. Spanish priests had lately been holding him up from the pulpits in Madrid to the execration of the people as the protector and favourer of heretics. Bandits in the pay of Spain were swarming again over the frontier, to renew the ancient plague of brigandage in as great intensity as ever; and a mercenary rabble, incited by Olivares, rushed to overthrow the Pope's statue which had been erected by the Senate on the Capitol. The Constable Colonna, however, husband of the daughter of the niece of the Pope, prevented this outrage to his memory.

The Venetian Contarini wrote from Madrid:—

"*Serenissimo Principe.* The more the death of the Pontiff is here considered, the more every one is pleased. Every one speaks of it with great license and little respect. They think that no one can succeed to the pontificate more hostile to the ideas of this court and less favourable to the party of the League in France."

The inscription on the base of the statue of Sixtus V. says nothing of the great part he played in the service of the Church and in the affairs of Europe, but it records in the following lines the beneficial results of his administration in the city of Rome —

"Sexto V., Pont Max.
Ob quietem publicam,
Compressâ sicariorum exsulumque
Licentiâ, restitutam,
Annonæ inopiam sublevatam,
Urbeni ædificiis viis aquæ luctis illustratam,
S. P. Q. R."

For besides the suppression of brigandage which Sixtus so energetically carried out, the wonderful activity of the Pope has other claims to attention in connexion with his own dominions. He introduced changes into the Papal institutions, one of which, the limitation of the number of cardinals to seventy and their division into congregations, remains to the present day; and it is by the immense labours which he undertook in the public works and for the improvement of the Roman city that Sixtus now most attracts the notice of posterity. The chapter which Baron Hübner has devoted to a description of Rome in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and to the architectural works of Sixtus V., is one of the most pleasing and in-

structive parts of his book. The city of Rome to the present day bears all over its outward aspect the stamp of the sign-manual of the severe and imperious Pontiff. Art was in his reign no longer in its Medicean prime. No great painters and sculptors remained at his disposal; but he possessed a great architect and a great engineer, Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana, and to these he imparted his own fiery energy. He had, moreover, at command a crowd of workers in metal, moulders, gilders and others, skilful in the ornamental arts to a degree of which they have left evidence in the Sistine and Borghese chapels in Santa Maria Maggiore. It was reserved for Sixtus to have, through Giacomo della Porta, the glory of raising the cupola on the dome of St. Peter's, the model of which had been made by Michael Angelo. Such was the zeal that Sixtus infused into his architect that Giacomo della Porta finished the cupola in two years, to the astonishment of the Roman people. But the most interesting account of all the undertakings of Sixtus V. is that left by Domenico Fontana of the erection of the obelisks. There are at present twelve obelisks in Rome; the first four of these were erected for Sixtus by Fontana. This architect and engineer had been discovered by the Pope in the days of his cardinalate, and he attached him thenceforth to his fortunes. Before the time of Sixtus, the obelisks were all overthrown and lying on the ground, with the exception of that of the Vatican, which was still erect in the neighbourhood of the palace, with its lower part deeply sunk in the earth. This was the first obelisk which the Pope instructed Fontana to move. The operation lasted a year, and its success was celebrated with religious ceremony. The obelisk was purified from its former supposed devotion to the worship of demons, an altar was erected at its base, a bishop sprinkled it with holy water and with a mitre on his head stretched his hand towards the stone and cried, *Exorciso te.* With a knife he traced the sign of a cross on all sides of the plinth, saying, *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* A cross of iron was consecrated and raised to the summit—the trumpets sounded—the *Te Deum* was sung. The Swiss discharged their harquebuses, and the cannon and mortars in the place of St. Peter's, and on the Castle of St. Angelo, thundered forth in celebration of the event. There are four inscriptions, one on each side of the base, of which that facing St. Peter's is the most striking.

"Christus vincit,
Christus regnat,
Christus imperat,
Christus ab omni malo
Plebem suam defendat."

The erection of the obelisk in the Lateran was attended with greater difficulty, since it was broken in three pieces; but the fragments were so ingeniously soldered together by Fontana that the fractures are barely visible. Besides this obelisk, that in front of Santa Maria Maggiore and that also of the Piazza del Popolo owed their erection to Sixtus V. The restoration of the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul on their summits, the aqueduct of the Acqua Felice, the fountain of Moses in front of the bath of Diocletian, and several others, the enlargement of the Monte Cavallo, and the transportation there of the fine colossal figures of men and horses, said, but without grounds, to be the work of Praxiteles, the library and frescoes of the Vatican, the *Scala santa*, and a crowd of other erections and improvements, were accomplished by Sixtus during his brief pontificate, though it must be laid to his charge that he showed little respect for Roman antiquities, and that he destroyed the *Septizonium* of Septimus Severus, in order to use its materials in his own constructions.

Impartial history must, we think, determine that Sixtus V. was a great Pope, and that, on a consideration of the whole results of his pontificate, posterity owes him a debt of gratitude. Had he allowed himself to become blindly the tool of the ambition of Philip II. it is impossible to say what European calamities might not have been the consequence. If Sixtus V. had suffered himself to be coerced into sending a military expedition into France at the time that the Duke of Parma forced Henri IV. to raise the siege of Paris, there can be little doubt that France would have fallen into the hands of Philip, an immense step have been made in the consolidation of his extensive but disjointed monarchy, and Spain might have become the mistress of the destinies of Europe. The Papacy in such case would have been little more than the humble handmaid of Spain, who

would have disposed at will of the whole enormous moral and religious prestige of the Papal authority for the purposes of its own ambition. The King of Spain would have been the virtual Pontiff. Sixtus V. even sarcastically suggested to Olivares that Philip, as it was, had better proclaim himself Pope at once. As for France, whose independence, and whose brilliant and chivalrous genius, have enabled her to play so prominent a part in European civilization, she might, had it not been for Sixtus, have been condemned to many long years of foreign oppression and of horrible convulsions, in the effort to get free from the grinding, crushing, stupifying grasp of Spanish dominion. The long, painful, and courageous resistance of Sixtus V. to the exigencies of Philip II. was thus really a battle delivered on behalf of European freedom, and his victory has proved useful to the progress of humanity. Baron Hübnér has, in fact, succeeded in presenting the character and policy of the Pope in a new light; for he was not, as is commonly supposed, the head of the League, and, far from being the tool or the accomplice of Philip II. and the Guises, he held in check their pretensions. Yet he was merciless, vindictive, and implacable, and as his faith in the divine origin of the spiritual tyranny of the Papacy was absolute—he would, had it been possible, have extirpated with fire and sword every Christian in Europe who refused to accept the Papal dogmas. The Inquisition under his rule dealt ruthlessly with every semblance of freedom of thought in Italy, and we have but to look to Spain to imagine what Europe might have become, had the Inquisition done its work as thoroughly everywhere else as it performed it there. Sixtus nevertheless possessed noble and valiant sympathies denied to Philip II., and he confessed, in speaking in the Consistory of his public works in Rome, that he was not insensible to the charms of glory. He was the last great Pope, and would have been owned as a worthy compeer by the greatest of that strange race of men who have successively occupied the chair of St. Peter, and claimed to be the highest incarnations of the Spirit of God upon earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND so at last the curtain had fallen. It seems time formally to turn off the lights, to dismiss the audience, and to roll up the green carpet that used to be the outward symbol of a tragedy.

For although all the actors had remained alive at the close, it was a real tragedy that had been played. Two souls had found each other only to learn that their mutual recognition, which should by rights have made the common life of both, hitherto so wasted, whole and complete, meant the final certainty that their separate lives were to be wasted without hope until the end. To natures like theirs, untrained and undaunted by the ordinary experience of the world, longing for completeness and incomplete in themselves, this vain vision of what might have been is a very climax of tragedy. It may be that there are some who need no double soul; and if, as some hold, there is for each one of us a double soul created somewhere in the world, it is very certain that it is given to very few to find theirs. To these—to those, that is to say, who need it not, and to those who do not know their need—the tragedy may seem to have but a tame *dénouement*. But those who have had the rare chance to meet with and to recognize that which has been created for them, whether in time or not in time, will not consider actual death essential to the idea of a tragic close. And yet there is something worse even than this.

Things are not to be measured by the space that they fill in the world, any more than lives are to be measured by the mere flux of hours and days. Every one of us is the centre of the world to himself: and it is his own illusions and hopes and memories—not outward facts—that form the real world of every one. Hugh Lester was as much the centre of the world as the greatest man who ever filled it with the greatest deeds: and his illusions were over. Nor was he one of those dreamers to whom illusion succeeds to illusion, and to whom, when one is dead, another is born. He had staked his whole happiness upon what he now suddenly waked to find the emptiest of dreams. Miss Clare had been right, after all. But life is not altogether like a stage. Even when the play is played out, its lights are never turned off, its audience never dismissed, and its curtain never let fall. Other actors remained, besides Hugh, and Félix, and Marie, who still had something left to do.

Warden waited quietly in his chambers all day, as he had promised: but Félix never came, nor any message from him. Then he went according to his appointment to dine with his friend Major Andrews, and discussed the whole affair. Of course he gave his own version of the story, telling just as much—or rather just as little—of it as he pleased: so that the only question left open was whether he had acted rightly in admitting the claim of his opponent to be treated by him on equal terms. The Major certainly held that, considering the social position of the so-called Marquis—and, though he did not say so, of Warden also—the last resort of gentlemen would in such a case be rather a farce than a tragedy, in which he, for his own part, having regard to his own dignity and reputation, would rather not be an actor.

But he consented to go back with Warden to his chambers to see if anything had happened in the absence of the latter; and was much disappointed to find that a gentleman had called about half an hour since, and was still waiting for Warden's return. But his brow cleared when, on accompanying Warden into the sitting-room, he saw Hugh Lester, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. If a man of his undoubted position and character was willing to act for Félix it gave the matter a different aspect, and made it possible for himself, with a good social conscience, to act for Warden.

Hugh was looking wretchedly pale and ill. He was the mere ghost of the young man who had held the reins from Redchester to Earl's Dene but a few months ago. He rose when Warden entered, but did not hold out his hand.

"Mr. Warden," he said, coldly, "I dare say you are surprised to see me."

"I confess, Lester—but I am glad to see you, all the same. Won't you sit down again? Major Andrews—Mr. Lester."

"We have met before, I think, Major.—I have two matters that I have come about. In the first place——"

"Am I *de trop*?" asked the Major. "Because, if so——"

"Not at all. In the first place, there are stories going about about the disappearance of Miss Lefort."

"With which I am connected. I know it. I presume you scarcely give credit to the crazy fancies of a mad French fiddler?"

"Pardon me—I will come to that presently. There is no evidence to connect

you in any serious manner with her disappearance —”

“Thank you. I presume you mean that you do not think me a murderer. That is very kind of you.”

“But, if she is not dead, you must see that it is to your interest to help in tracing her out.”

“I would help to find the poor girl gladly. But what can I do?”

“Nothing, of course, if you know nothing. I would rather not explain myself more fully. But you know that Miss Raymond is an old friend of mine: and that than my aunt she has no nearer friends.”

“My dear fellow, I do know nothing. And I do wish you would explain yourself.”

“By all means, if you wish it. I hear that she — Miss Lefort, I mean — says she is married to you.”

“She said so? And to whom, pray?”

“To Monsieur de Créville.”

“That madman again! I tell you, Lester, I think it more than strange that you should take his word against mine! You seem offended with me for some unknown cause which I will not try to guess: but is that a reason for doubting the honour of one who has always tried to be your friend?”

“I have every reason to believe the word of Monsieur de Créville until it is disproved.”

“And it is disproved, I hope, by my denial.”

“Surely,” said the Major.

“No one,” Warden went on, “can prove a negative. It is for Monsieur Créville to prove his words — not for me.”

“I am no match for you in logic,” said Hugh. “But this I do say, that until the fate of Miss Lefort is discovered, I have quite enough reason, upon the authority of Monsieur de Créville, to do all I can to prevent Miss Raymond from making a fatal mistake.”

“This is insufferable! Miss Raymond is her own mistress — though what she has to do with the matter I am at a loss to conceive.”

“It was you who asked me for explanations — not I who offered them.”

“And I feel honoured by them, I assure you. But as to this Créville. Has he only to say a thing to be believed?”

“Such a story as his at all events requires investigation.”

“I tell you what, Lester — you have said enough to provoke any one who wishes you less well than I do. But I will not be provoked in this manner by you. I declare to you, on the honour

of a gentleman, that I know nothing whatever about Miss Lefort more than all the world knows: and that this fellow Créville is either mad or lies. For my own part I believe the latter. He knows my opinion of him: and I am expecting a message from him even now.”

“You expect a challenge from him?”

“I have already received one.”

Here Major Andrews interrupted.

“Mr. Lester,” he said, “perhaps you can be of service here. I have been trying to persuade our friend Warden that he is in no way obliged — expected, I may say — to take notice of such a challenge.”

Hugh was silent for a moment. Then he said, —

“I beg your pardon, Major. You know me well enough, I hope, to respect my opinion in such a matter?”

The Major shrugged his shoulders. “Well, you can scarcely have my experience,” he replied.

“But I mean as to whether any friend of mine ought to be treated as a gentleman or no.”

“Oh, certainly — of course.”

“Then I so far vouch for Monsieur de Créville that a challenge from him ought to be as much considered as one from me or you.”

“Indeed! And who, pray, is this mysterious Monsieur Créville?”

“I know, absolutely, that he is what he claims to be: that in spite of his position he is of as good birth as any of us here, probably of better. You have heard of the Marquis de Créville of the French Revolution? This is his son.”

It was now Warden who interrupted.

“The bastard son, you mean,” he said, contemptuously. “Not, of course, that that makes any difference in this affair.”

The blood rushed to Lester’s face at once.

“Warden,” he said, warmly, “heaven knows what you mean in what you are doing, or how it is that you know as much as you appear to know. But in what you say I do understand what you mean — and, whatever has happened, I have a right to resent it.”

“You are a strange fellow. My meaning is perfectly clear.”

“Only too clear. And —”

“You cannot say that I speak without reason.”

“I can, and I do.”

It was the first lie that Hugh had told in his life, but he told it boldly.

Warden was about to reply, when a note was brought to him by his boy.

"Excuse me," he said, as he opened it. He read it deliberately, and then handed it to Hugh.

"Read this," he said. "You will scarcely now vouch for your friend's courage, if you can for his legitimacy. For my part, I have always, when a man has claimed to be the son of a gentleman but acted like a cur, believed his deeds rather than his words. '*Bon chat chasse de race*.'—You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Hugh read,—

"Owing to circumstances which it is impossible to explain, M. de Croisville begs to inform Mr. Warden that he feels himself bound to withdraw his offer of a meeting between them, and will henceforth not trouble Mr. Warden with any farther correspondence on the subject."

He stared in angry amazement: and no wonder.

"What do you think of your friend now?" asked Warden, as he took the note from his hands and gave it to the Major.

"I'll tell you what I think," said the latter. "The fiddler has thought discretion the better part of valour—and so far he has proved himself a wiser man than you!"

But, amazed and angry as Hugh might be, however recreant to his birth his cousin might prove, it was not for him to let the family honour, that now seemed to have been driven back into its last stronghold, die altogether without a last struggle.

"Major," he said, "you evidently know nothing whatever of the matter, or you would speak differently. I will still answer for Monsieur de Créville as a gentleman and as a man of honour, in spite of all appearances."

"I hope so," said Major Andrews. "But, meanwhile, I have a sort of habit of judging by what I see."

"Indeed?" asked Warden. "A gentleman and a man of honour insults me in a room full of ladies, threatens me, bullies me into fighting, and then, at the last moment, sneaks off without an apology!"

"Warden," Hugh answered, "you know, quite as well as I do, that we are not speaking about what we seem to speak. I can see that you know more than I should have supposed: and you must see that it is not the honour of Monsieur de Créville that is in question, but the honour of ——" "Miss Clare," he should have added, but stopped short.

"I have heard something strange, certainly—so strange that you must be out

of your senses to speak as you do. Do you, Miss Clare's own nephew, her nearest relation, her probable heir, seriously mean to say that you, of all people in the world, hold this fiddler, as the Major calls him, to be anything but an impostor?"

"What has that to do with it? I mean to say that I, Hugh Lester, am so convinced that Monsieur de Créville is no impostor that I am convinced that he can be no coward and no liar either."

"Major," said Warden, "do you hear?"

"Perfectly. Mr. Lester has put a clear alternative, so far as I understand the matter—which I confess I don't altogether. But it seems to me that he means that either the fiddler lies or ——"

"No," said Warden, interrupting him hastily, "I do not mean that." He certainly did not intend to mix himself up in another affair from which he could derive no possible advantage, and with Lester, of all men. Not that he would have been sorry could Hugh also have been quietly put out of the way by some fortunate accident.

"Nor did I," said Hugh, quietly. "But what I wish to say is this, Major. I speak to you as Warden's friend, and I hope not otherwise than as mine. There is far more in this matter than you or any third person can possibly be aware of: and I am sorry that it is quite impossible for me to explain it to you or to any one. Warden knows what I mean, and that is enough. I consider that he has said what ought, in the opinion of any man of honour, to oblige me, if Monsieur Créville, for good reasons of his own, refuses to fight, to take his place, unless Mr. Warden makes a full and satisfactory apology to him and to myself."

"What!" exclaimed Warden: "I apologize to you for having been insulted by M. de Créville?"

"In the name of the devil—this is the most complicated business I ever saw!" exclaimed the Major. "Surely —"

"No," replied Hugh to Warden, "that is mere quibbling. You know what I mean as well as I know it myself."

"You mean that you feel the honour of the Lesters insulted when I call this fellow a bastard? If so —"

"And do you apologize or no?"

"My dear fellow!"

"I am waiting."

"Do you mean to say —"

"Do you apologize or no?"

"Just think—how can I? I appeal to you, Major."

"Then all I can say is that you must

consider me a substitute for Monsieur de Créville. You will hear from me again, unless I hear from you in the course of to-morrow. Good evening."

CHAPTER XV.

HUGH was stung to the very heart. He had already fancied that he had lost his last illusion. But now he found that yet one more had been left to go, and that that also was now gone. The dream that he was loved, even as he loved had gone: and that of itself was bitter enough to bear. He had always more or less wondered, after the manner of such men as he, who are ready to give all things but who claim nothing that is not strictly their due, how it could be that so divine a being as Angélique, who only wanted wings to be a real angel, should have condescended from her native sky to one who felt himself to be so much below her in all things—in mind, in courage, and in self-sacrifice: and yet, now that his wonder had become justified, and the angel had actually found her wings and flown away, the waking from his dream was no less sudden and no less harsh. Still the death of love need not mean the death of faith in all that remains, at least in a healthy nature, to which its own self is not the whole world. But then, in that interview with Miss Clare had taken place, not the mere waking from a dream, but the sudden and violent uprooting of all the beliefs and associations of his whole life—of what are far more to a man than his body or his brain. What a lie and a mockery the world must be if the life of her who had always seemed to him so consistent, so strong, so complete in herself, so entirely real in all that she seemed—*to'a, teres atque rotunda*—had been, after all, as inconsistent, as unreal, as hollow as he had fancied it the reverse! And where, too, as illustrated in the person of Warden, were gratitude and the friendship of man for man—the most perfect human relation that can exist short of that perfect form of love that is so rare as scarcely to deserve to be taken practically into account? And where, in the person of Félix, was that which he himself, though of course unconsciously, set above love, friendship, and faith—the sense of private honour that, by making a man accountable to himself and to his own ideas of duty, renders him a gentleman? If all the rest had gone, he could still have believed in the natural nobility of blood: and now blood, even that which flowed in his own veins, had proved itself to be no better than ditch-water. In a word, his whole

creed was shattered: and though his own sense of duty remained—or he would have ceased to be Hugh Lester—it remained in truth only in the same way that a member of a persecuted religion, whom reason has rendered false to it in heart, clings to it still before the world simply because it happens to be down. Every woman might be false and unchaste, every man a coward: but the world must not be permitted to say, even with justice, that the Clares of Earl's Dene were no exceptions to the rule.

On that June day, which now seemed so long ago, on which he had travelled down to Earl's Dene in order to stand for Parliament, he had been a believer in all things—seeming and being had been the same. Now, friendship, love, and all the pleasantness of the world—and the world, to those who believe in it, can be very pleasant indeed—had passed from him, and had left life as poor, and as hard, and as barren to him as to Félix himself, whose whole career had consisted of a continual loss of illusion after illusion. Even his outward misfortunes, heavy as they had been, he had been able to bear with a brave, if not with a light heart, vexing himself far more for his wife's sake than for his own. But then he had been upheld by the power of a great love, for which he had proved himself willing and able to sacrifice all other things, and by an intense belief in the glory of that gift of gentle blood of which no outward circumstances, however hostile, could deprive him. He must always be a gentleman by right of birth, even as he was the husband of the divinest woman in the universe by right of good fortune. It was not, of course, that he felt this consciously, but as a part of his very nature. But when Angélique had dealt her cruel blow—cruel to a degree that would have seemed inconceivable to her—blows had set in to rain apace, on the principle that it never rains but it pours.

In a word, his love had proved a dream that had passed, his friendship but a shadow that remained. His intense belief in Miss Clare as in a higher nature, had had to transform itself into compassion for a mere woman, frail and incomplete as others are: and now, what was blood, after all, when the very head of his own house, the only son of Miss Clare herself, had proved himself a coward?

But even so, his faith fought hard. Even as the nature of Marie had a last citadel in its purity, as that of Félix in its love, so had that of Hugh a last citadel in his sense

of duty. It was this sense of duty, apart from any claim of corresponding rights, that, from the beginning of this history, had always, in all things that he had done, acted as the invisible worker of the machine: and it was this that, when the machine was shattered, was left visible among the fragments.

That, in the form which circumstances had compelled it to take, it was exaggerated, that it was distorted, that it was un-Christian, if you will, may be conceded. But the world has always conspired to honour it all the same. Whatever men may say, the man who acts, though blindly, upon principle, however false the principle upon which he acts in itself may be, has always been held to merit well: and while there is no need to impute to Hugh Lester any extraordinary merit — he himself would have been the last to understand any such imputation — it is not for those who, like most of us, are made in far too complex a fashion to be capable of acting, at least consistently, upon any principle at all, to throw stones. It is not, at least for those who are incapable of following his example, to return a verdict of *felo de se* against the suicide of Utica. Rather we must allow that the world, as well as the Church, has a "noble army of martyrs" of its own.

Hugh was one who would have stabbed himself like Cato, and plunged into the gulf like Curtius. But he was not a philosopher: he only felt and acted. And it was his duty now — at least so it seemed to him — in the faith of his own dead belief in all other things, to take upon himself to maintain before the world the truth of that in which he had himself ceased to believe. The day of Earl's Dene was over, but it must not set in disgrace; and if its heir showed himself unworthy, it must be for himself to shield such unworthiness from all other eyes. The day was at hand when Félix Crévillé would find himself master of Earl's Dene: and, as it seemed likely, would also find himself, at the same time, unable to hold up his head among men of honour. Félix must reap the reward: but it must be for Hugh to bear the burden and the heat of the day.

The wisdom of all this is another matter. But, wise or not, he was at all events a real man, of an uncomplex and straightforward nature, who was what he was, and could only act in one way. With the addition of brains, it is such men alone by whom the greatest things are done: and it was not his own fault that he had not yet had time to acquire the good sense of ex-

perience, or that he had not been born with the genius that more than supplies the place of it.

In bitterness of spirit, not for himself, but for others — in the very throes of the acquisition of the experience that he needed — he was slowly returning to the home from which he felt only too bitterly that the light had vanished for ever, with his eyes cast down in shame for the new disgrace that, in his opinion, had fallen upon his name, and scarcely seeing where he was going, when he ran full against a man who was blind to his road for an exactly opposite reason — for the reason that he was walking along at full speed, with his eyes fixed, not upon the spot of vacancy that lies upon the ground, but upon that which lies a thousand leagues away. Each begged the other's pardon simultaneously, and the latter was proceeding on his way, when Hugh, who was easily roused from a reverie by any outward circumstance, however slight, and had looked up, suddenly said, —

"I beg your pardon, sir — are you not Monsieur Crévillé?"

"That is my name, certainly."

"I thought so. I am Mr. Lester — you know my name, no doubt. Would you let me walk on with you? I have something to say to you."

"Mr. Lester?" asked the other, with a bow; "I ought to have recognized you. I am in a hurry — but —"

"I should be really obliged," Hugh interrupted him, with a coldness that was intended to be polite, but was in reality anything but what he intended.

"Could you say it to me now?"

"I am sorry to delay you, if you have anything to do — but the matter is of the most pressing importance. I should have come to you if I had known where you lived."

"I am going home now. If it is not going out of your way, would you come in my direction? I am afraid I can offer you no hospitality, but —"

"Do not mention it," said Hugh. "That will be the best way — the street is not the best place for talking in. I will keep what I have to say till we arrive. You will be alone?"

"Quite alone."

The two young men, so nearly related, yet so different in all essential things, walked on in silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts, till they reached the lodgings of Félix. It was late, and the household had retired, so that there was no fear of their being disturbed, for Félix was never

troubled with visitors of the night-bird order. They had to grope their way upstairs in the dark : and when Félix struck a light, after a long search for matches, Hugh saw that the room in which he found himself was littered all over with the preparations that a careless man makes for a long journey.

"I can at all events offer you a chair," said Félix in a tone of intense weariness. "You say that I am on the eve of a journey."

"You are leaving England?"

"For good."

Hugh had of course seen Félix before, but never had occasion to observe him carefully, or even to notice him at all. Now, however, he looked at him with an interest that may be conceived.

He was no physiognomist, and he was prejudiced : so no wonder he was puzzled. The face that he saw was worn and weary, but it was calm, and grave, and resolute : the face of a man who had fought many a hard battle with life, and had lost, indeed, but lost with honour—not that of a man who feared to risk so small a thing as life now seemed to Hugh. Indeed, for that matter, it looked like the face of a man who would hold his life even more cheaply than he. But the foreign air and the general tone with which the artist-life stamps a man so indelibly and so unmistakably, confirmed him in his prejudice. Could this be the son of Miss Clare?

And yet it was plainly so. Strong emotion, like death itself, calls forth hidden resemblances that would otherwise never be suspected. Hugh had seen Miss Clare in the calm that follows mental suffering : and he was startled by a similarity of expression that made the very features seem the same.

Félix appeared to be in no hurry to learn the nature of Hugh's communication. He first of all sat down, and then, suddenly rising, lighted a cigar, and offered another to Hugh.

"They are not very good, I am afraid," he said ; "but I can give you a pipe if you prefer it. You are in Bohemia here, you know," he continued, with an attempt at a smile—the very smile that he had seen upon Miss Clare's lips when he had last parted from her.

Hugh found it difficult to begin what he had to say : and yet he was ashamed that he should be obliged to treat with courtesy one whom he held to be so little worthy to be treated even with ordinary respect.

"No, thank you," he said, coldly. "You know what I am? I am the nephew

of Miss Clare. You know something of her?"

"I have seen her."

"I hear you have challenged Mr. Warden to fight a duel?"

"Ah—you come on his part?"

"Not exactly, though I come from him. Am I right?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"

"Because I hear that you have changed your mind."

"That is so also."

"To his great surprise. Have you any objection to let me know why?"

"Yes—the greatest."

"Suppose, then, that I am come on his part. He says that you insulted him publicly, that you forced a duel upon him, and that now, without giving any reason, you refuse to meet him. Is that true?"

"Quite true."

Certainly the previous astonishment of Hugh was nothing to his astonishment at this cool admission.

"You know," he asked, "what you will oblige people to think?"

"Certainly I do. But it will matter very little to me what people say of an obscure musician, or what they think either. I shall be out of reach."

"And you claim to be —"

"Excuse me—I claim to be nothing. Is that all you have to say?"

"You—the son of—of a French gentleman, will submit to be called —"

"A coward, you would say? Yes—if people choose to call me so."

Hugh looked at him as a specimen of some new species of animal. This was something more than the ordinary thick-skinned cowardice of one who preferred his skin to his honour. But he could not allow the head of his house so to disgrace himself without making one effort more.

"You will wonder," he said, "since such are your sentiments, why I, who certainly hold others, mix myself up in such an affair?"

"Not the least. You are a friend of Warden's, I suppose."

"And you will give no explanation?"

"I have none to give. I do not choose to fight—that is all."

"Or apologize?"

"That least of all."

"Mr. Créville," said Hugh, "I do not come as a friend of Mr. Warden. I come on my own account—to tell you simply that you *must* go on with this affair—or I. And that whether you are afraid or no."

Félix flushed up with a sudden anger—but it died away as soon as it came.

"Or you?" he asked, in involuntary surprise.

"Or I. It is your duty to carry this through—not for the sake of your honour, for which it seems you do not very much care, but for the sake of that of others. In a very few years' time—however long it may be——"

He paused, in doubt as to whether he should continue or no. Then he went on,—

"Yes, I must speak—it is necessary. Listen to me, and then withdraw your challenge if you please."

Félix looked at him, but with little curiosity. He felt like one whose life is over, and who can never be surprised or interested again.

"There was once a lady," began Hugh, "who lived her whole life long in a country neighbourhood doing good to those about her, and looked up to by the whole country round. She had been married very young, but circumstances had led her to retain her maiden name, and to let her marriage remain unknown. But that was from no fault of hers. Among other of her good deeds, she took up and warmly befriended a man of talent, who through her found a career. This man, however, for heaven knows what end of his own, thought fit to slander his benefactress—to say, in fact, that her marriage had been no marriage, and that her only son—of whose existence she had till then been ignorant—was a bastard. Do you follow me?"

Félix felt his heart sink within him—certainly not from fear, but from a strange presentiment—strange beyond expression.

"What," Hugh continued, "would be the plain duty of that son—how should he act, if not for his own sake, but for——"

"Explain yourself, for God's sake," exclaimed Félix. "Do you mean——" He rose suddenly from his seat, and his heart was beating rapidly.

"Surely not, even if the slander were as true as it is false, to sit down and let it go, as it needs must, forth to the world—surely not, having once challenged the slanderer, to admit its truth by withdrawing his challenge without explanation?"

"Monsieur!" cried Félix, heeding but one thing, "you know my mother?"

"Yes—at least I thought so till this strange conduct of yours made me refuse to think you any son of hers—any kinsman of mine."

"And who is she, then? is it possible? *Grand Dieu!*——"

"Tell me first that you are her son."

"Ah, you may trust me—you may be at ease. But tell me——"

Hugh saw how his eyes flashed, how his calmness had changed into earnestness.

"You must have guessed already," he answered, "that I am speaking of my aunt, Miss Clare—of the Marchioness of Croisville."

"And she knows it? She knows——"

"Everything."

The face of Félix fell. "She is my mother—and she has not sent for me."

"She has but just learned it."

"You come from her, then?"

Hugh was embarrassed. He was satisfied: but he could not find it in his heart to tell this man who had been for a moment buoyed up by the instinctive hope that nature, who had denied him happiness, had of her own free will bestowed upon him something better still, that the new hope was as vain as the old.

Plenty of fine things have been said about the relation of mother and child—so many that there is but little left to say. Seeing that its presence or its absence has been of necessity felt by every soul that has ever lived, there is, moreover, no reason why it should be discussed as a matter of psychology. It would be as reasonable as to talk truisms about hunger and thirst—the only other needs which, in their existence and in their phenomena, are common to all mankind. There is no one who requires to be taught anything new about any of these things, for there is no one who does not feel in his own person all that there is to say. But the highest praise that can be bestowed upon this relation is this, that its need and its power are felt most strongly by those who have never consciously known it, or who, having known it, have lost it. When it exists, it exists after the manner of the air, of which the presence, when it surrounds us, is scarcely regarded: when it does not exist, it is felt like the absence of air. Love is like some beautiful foreign atmosphere, of which every wave fills the soul that breathes it with new wonder at every breath: but the affection of the child for the mother is, in every sense—in the most metaphorical as well as in the most literal—the very air of home, which contains no elements of wonder, no strange revelations, which may even pall and weary, but which fills him who is exiled from it with desires that are calm only because they are deep, because they belong to his very nature. And "

him who, like Félix, has never known it at all, it is even more. It seems to be not only a part of his nature, as in the case of other men, but to be filled also with the unknown wonder that belongs to the passion of love itself. It is to him *al o home* — but it is a home that he has never seen: it is as though he were some native of the south or of the east, with an imagination steeped in the beauty which belongs to him none the less because that beauty belongs not to his eyes — none the less because he has himself from his birth upwards been a sojourner in Thule, — in it, but not of it. It becomes to him the blending of passion with calm affection, of actual excitement with the idea of perfect rest — an unknown land, full of the promise of all that the soul desires. He can know nothing of the evil that enters into every human relation, however perfect: on the contrary, he sees a heaven in what to those who have lived in it all their lives is often mere earth against which their souls not seldom rebel. It is when we are by the waters of Babylon that we sit down and weep over the thought of the Zion that has been or that ought to have been ours. To the actual dweller of Palestine the land of his race doubtless appears dull and tame enough, with no greater gifts of honey or milk than belongs to any other country in the world: but to him of the dispersion, whose bodily eyes have never seen it, however much his ears may have heard, it becomes, in the eyes of his imagination, a land flowing with milk and honey indeed.

And they who happen to know what to a Frenchman, above all other men in the world, is contained in the words "*ma mère*," will understand what Félix, this more than half Frenchman, felt when he found himself on the very border of the land which he had desired all the more for never having had even so much as its promise. The idea of all that to the Teutonic mind is contained in that "blessed Teutonic word, home," is to the Latin race contained in the no less blessed word "mother," whether they translate it into *mater* or *mère*: and to a good Catholic, as in faith, at least, was Félix, who prays not only to his heavenly Father but to his heavenly mother also, the idea of maternity has a significance greater still. Even Hugh, who was by no means of an imaginative turn, and who took things practically after his fashion, could not help for once being borne behind the scenes. He felt himself to be a usurper of what was not his own, and that he was depriving

Félix of far more than that of which Félix was depriving him. It was he who would in effect have been the loser if their respective conditions had been reversed, and if he, instead of Félix, had been declassified the heir, and Félix, instead of himself, had been made the son.

Lost in this new idea, not the less strong because unconscious, Félix forgot all else for the moment. He did not even think of asking her history. What are past outside facts to present emotion? He would as soon have thought of asking the Holy Mother herself for her passport had she deigned to visit him in person.

"And where shall I find her?" he asked; "when will she see me?"

"She has left London by now," Hugh answered: "she is gone home — down to Denethorp. But — well, we must be brothers also." All his doubt had vanished: the heart of Félix was to be read in his eyes. "I am her son too," he continued — "your younger brother. And so we must consult together. Before we think of ourselves we must think how to defend her. And, first of all, how comes it that you, you of all men — a De Croisville, a Clare — should seem to be acting the part of — There must be some good reason. I have never believed —"

His calmness, though rather of speech than of spirit, brought back Félix to the earth from the skies. It was too true — he would not face his mother, his father's wife, until he had done what he could to defend her honour. Otherwise, he would come before her, not as her son, but as himself her slanderer, her accuser.

"That I am a coward, you would say? Well, if you had — but you are right. Yes — even she would absolve me now — would hold that I risk my life in a good cause, such as even she would approve. And I shall have no difficulty in finding a second now?"

He held out his hand, which Hugh took gladly.

"Thanks!" replied the latter. "I will return to Warden to-morrow: I will ask you not a single question more. I see that you have guessed her slanderer without my naming him. Are you a good shot?"

Félix shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you ever been out before?"

"Never."

"Well, then," said Hugh, with all the superior air of a man who has stood at his twelve paces over one who has never passed his baptism of fire, "I must tell you what to do. For the present we understand one another — that is enough for

now. I will arrange everything. You will be here to-morrow?"

"Of course—all day. But do not be long. The sooner this is over the better. And if anything should happen——"

"Nonsense—nothing will happen—at least nothing that you mean. You will live happily all the rest of your days, as the story-books say." A strange look came into his eyes, which it was hard to read. "My dear fellow—brother, I ought to call you now—promise me one thing, will you? All sorts of accidents happen, you know—I mean to leave England shortly. When I do so, I rely upon your being to my—to our mother all that I ought to have been. And forgive me for having deprived you of your own for so long. You must not be jealous of me—I am far from having deserved what I have had. But you must deserve it—and that you will I feel sure."

He once more held out his hand.

"Leave England?" asked Félix. "Why?"

"Yes: do you not know—but what does it matter why? There are plenty of reasons, and I have always thought that a colonial life would suit me best. One's hands are good for something out there. And—as I have no intention of returning immediately—do you promise?"

"With all my heart—whether you go or no."

"And you forgive me?"

"No—I thank you for having been to her what I have not been able to be—what you must be to her still. But——"

He paused. Then, "I scarcely know how to say it," he went on; "but, since you speak of emigrating——"

"Well? Is there anything strange in the idea?"

"To put it plainly—I know nothing of your laws—but I am doing you no injury?"

"Doing me an injury! How so?"

"I will not come between you and her in any way. I will be to her but one son the more. But it is you who are her eldest son, not I, who am now but just born. You shall not be poorer by me, either in affection, or in——"

"Oh," interrupted Hugh, "that's all right. You needn't be afraid in that way."

"You are quite sure?"

"I give you my word."

"It is not because of me that you leave England?"

"Not the least in the world. Does my letting you know of your birth look like

it? Do men run against their own interest like that?—And now, if you please, I will take a cigar."

He smiled as he spoke. But the smile belied the words—at least so it seemed to Félix. Then, with another cordial pressure of the hand, the two cousins, or rather brothers, bade each other good-night, and Hugh Lester once more went on his way. A load was off his mind, and he could once more breathe freely, although he had now told his second lie.

CHAPTER XVI.

So Hugh Lester was relieved in mind, so far as regarded the safety of the last citadel of his social creed. That was safe. But otherwise the complications that surrounded it, like the intrenchments of a besieging army, had only made the position of the garrison more insecure. In plainer words, his duty never to surrender while life still remained in him, was rendered a hundred times clearer to him than even before. He had been willing to fight for the honour of Earl's Dene, more dear to him by far than Earl's Dene itself, as a matter of duty when the spirit of loyalty had departed: now, the enthusiasm of loyalty had revived, and he was to do battle not only for the creed that he professed, but for his belief in his creed—for living persons as well as for dead ideas.

His motives, for one of his naturally straightforward nature, had become terribly complex: and none the less so in that he made not the slightest attempt to unravel them. There is nothing so difficult as the attempt to put into words the opposing elements that direct the conduct of one who himself is incapable of self-analysis—of winnowing his own chaff from his own corn. Doubtless, to one who had loved so well and had lost, and worse than lost, so utterly, life did not seem particularly worth keeping; and therefore, in such a man, the risk of life for the sake of others is scarcely in itself particularly deserving of praise. But still the mere instinct of self-preservation, in a young and healthy man, is so strong by its very nature, that however worthless life itself may seem, the innate desire to retain it does not really, in practice, lose any of its real influence. It does not occur to men like Hugh Lester, strong in body and sound in mind, to actively court death because life has betrayed them. Disgust with life may indeed aid the spirit of self-sacrifice: but the spirit of self-sacrifice is none the less divine for being aided by a mere earthly influence. On the contrary, a touch of

earth renders humanly pathetic what else were too divinely sublime.

Félix, then, had proved himself to be a true Clare: to be in no wise wanting in the sense of honour that, in his cousin's eyes, ought to be inseparable from one who bore what to the latter was the very name of names. "*Non solum nomine Clarus*"—the motto over the iron gates of the lodge—expressed the very basis upon which any one who claimed to be a Clare should found his claim. Until he had so proved himself, it was necessary that he should be stung to the proof: but now that the proof was no longer needed, it was for Hugh to put himself to the proof still more. If the reader, as is possible, does not quite see the drift of all this, he must be content to wait for the explanation: for the conduct of men like Hugh Lester is to be explained by deeds, not words. Consciously, his whole feeling amounted to this: that it was for himself, not for Félix, to be the sacrifice, since a sacrifice seemed to be needed, to the honour of the name: and he excused himself—for what young man who is inclined to pride himself upon his common sense and freedom from sentimental nonsense will ever own even to himself that his motives savour of the heroic and of the unworldly?—on the ground that his own life had become worthless, and that it must not, under any circumstances, be open to the world to say that he had forced another into a duel in order that he might profit by his death.

And so he walked back to his home—or rather to what had been his home: for the last words of his wife had turned it into a mere place in which to feed and sleep. She had gone to bed, and he, who would have remorselessly disturbed from the sweetest of dreams one whose thoughts he believed to be his thoughts, and whose interests, of the heart as well as of outer life, to be no other than his own, now, in a sort of pity for what he felt she must herself have suffered, would not even run the risk of waking one whose ways and thoughts could never even so much as seem to be his again—and which in reality had never been his at any time. He therefore, having just glanced at her, shading the light that he held in his hand that it might not break her sleep, lay down upon a sofa in their sitting-room to wait for his own share of slumber, and his own holiday of dreams. His rest, however, was not of long duration, though fatigue and excitement made it, while it lasted, deep and sound. Th earliest morn-

ing light woke him with its cold: and then he rose once more and went again into the streets, one more wanderer to swell the number of those whom bankruptcy in happiness has rendered poor. He could not stay indoors and think out his thoughts deliberately within four walls: and the hour to act his thoughts had not yet arrived.

Angélique in her turn woke also: and, in the interval between dreaming and waking, missed her husband from her side. And now ensued a phenomenon which will certainly not seem to be the less strange because it happened to be true. It is not only in the hearts of women that what is strange is true, and that what is true is strange.

The reader, it is to be feared, was never so much in love with the heroine of the first book of this history as he ought to have been—as Félix, the inconstant, had once been, and as Hugh, the constant, in spite of all things, was still. It has already been said, in that same first book, that the charm of a beautiful woman is a thing not to be described: and accordingly she, like many another woman who wins hearts, may have provoked a little wonder at her success in two such diverse cases. Almost every woman who is gifted by nature with her kind of influence is a standing mystery to those who by circumstance or by good fortune do not fall within it: and verbal descriptions of those who are so gifted must necessarily appear as inconsistent with the actual effect of their magic upon men as the hideous pictures of the last queen of Scots with which art has favoured us are with the actual history of her whom they represent. But this is a simple narrative of facts, not of theories: and that Angélique, who, poor girl, could neither hinder her heart from keeping all its warmth for its owner, nor her hands from grasping at the main chance, should gain the love of two men, is no more against fact, and experience, and nature, than that the face of Queen Mary, as we know it, should have gained that of scores. If the lover sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, he may far more easily see in a stone that muscle which, for some arbitrary and traditional reason, has been accepted as the seat of the soul. But the fact is—and this is no mere truism, seeing that it is denied every day—that every woman is a woman after all. Though the reader may not have fallen in love with Angélique, he has gone very far astray indeed if in her he has admitted the possibility of there being such a thing

as a wholly consistent woman, any more than, as his own experience will doubtless tell him, there is such a thing as a wholly consistent man. Consistency is a very phoenix, that exists wholly in fiction: and since it is wholly false to nature, it should not by rights be found even there.

And as every woman is a woman, neither more nor less, Angélique, in spite of her general superiority to her sex, was, being a woman, no exception to this universal rule. She was no phoenix, though Félix and Hugh had thought her so.

Most assuredly she had spoken with her whole heart when she had called her husband a fool. What else could she think him? But there are fagots and fagots, and there are fools and fools. Insane, or rather idiotic, as his conduct had been in submitting to throw away his and her chances for a mere idea, when by playing his cards decently well he might have won every trick upon the board, still he had done what she would never have had either the strength or the courage to do: and strength and courage, even though they be exercised in folly, will have their weight even with the wise. The most sensible of women is bound to respect the most insane of men whose insanity comes from an innate power of will to do that which he ought, come what may. It is just those who have not any particular virtue that respect that particular virtue the most of all, on the same principle as that on which one of Lessing's heroines judged extravagance to be her lover's only fault, because economy was the only virtue that she had ever heard him praise. So it is the libertine who stands most in awe of the chaste nature for which he professes scorn and disbelief: and it is the weak woman, strong only in impulse, who is most impressed by the sense of justice and of respect for the rights of others which belongs to and is the sign of a strong man. With all her contempt, with all the rebellion of her nature, Angélique unconsciously felt that she had found her master: and it may safely be said that she had never despised less than when she seemed most to despise. Even as it is womanliness—that is to say, to go to the root of the matter, purity of soul—and not outward beauty, that most attracts and subdues a man, so it is manliness—that is to say, not intellect, but courage and truth—that most subdues a woman.

Love in its fullness, which is nothing else than perfect sympathy, it may be that she was incapable of feeling: that is given but to very few men or women to feel: it is

the privilege of souls that dwell in a far more ethereal atmosphere than that in which it is given to most of us, and not only to Angélique, to dwell. But of that sort of love that is felt, if such things feel, by the ivy for the tree round which it climbs, she, being woman, felt the need even as other women do, whether they are capable of the higher love or no. It may safely be said that she was capable of following the greatest villain upon earth through an ocean of villany so long as by strength he showed himself her master: and she was capable of following her master, whenever he came, even though he showed the strength, not of evil, but of a nature of which her understanding could not conceive. And now she had not only found her master, but her instinct began to tell her, though not in words that she could hear, that it was so.

And so, when she found herself awake, she also, for the first time in her life, felt herself alone.

If so gross and prosaic a comparison—gross enough and prosaic enough to be worthy of Dick Barton himself—may be pardoned in speaking of so subtle and unprosaic a thing as woman's soul, then let it be said, in the face of bathos, that indulgence in violent passion is very like indulgence in brandy; it is the precursor of a terrible next morning—all the more terrible to those who are accustomed to the water of the cold springs of life for their daily beverage. Angélique had often had her fits of ill-humour, as Marie and her poor father had well known; but she had very rarely, if ever, been in a passion before. Her scene with Warden, in which she had certainly not been herself, returned to her in anything but pleasant colours to brighten the misty morning that filled the room; and she lay turning it over in her mind for a good half-hour, in the same way as, to continue the comparison, a man, temperate by habit, turns over when he awakes, and strives self-tormentingly to recall, the words that he spoke and the deeds he did when wine betrayed him the night before. She would have given much to have been able to rise in the light of kind eyes, and to have been able to support herself upon a strong hand.

But she arose, as she awoke, to be alone—to touch no strong hand, to meet no kind eyes, and she missed them as careless eyes miss some piece of furniture from a room that they had never noticed while it was there—some flower from the table where it had been daily placed by careful but uncared-for hands. In such a case, the feel-

ing of want goes very deep indeed—it becomes a feeling of desire. Unconsciously, she could not but feel, and therefore could not but be touched by, the devotion that had been hers—that might have been hers all her life long: a devotion not of weakness, not of a slave to a mistress, but of a husband to a wife. It was the waking of the instincts of the woman in her, which must have come about some time, even though they came late—even though she had begun her life as it were, at the wrong end, and had to travel through it backwards.

And so at last she rose and dressed herself, without the elaborate care that she had always been in the habit of expending upon her toilette even when there had been no eyes to see the result of her good taste in such matters, and the artistic skill with which, even when there was scarcely a crust for breakfast—as had sometimes happened—she could still come down to the crust as if she were the lady of a great country-house about to meet her guests over a breakfast à l'Ecossaise. If her husband held a creed, she had held one also: it was first, above all things, "I believe in Angélique:" it was secondly, if even secondly, "I believe in Angélique as turned out by Madame Jupon." But, on this occasion, she descended in a costume that was almost Bohemian in its negligence. Had Hugh been there to see, he would scarcely have believed but that the fairies, who change children at nurse, had for once taken it into their capricious heads to change a full-grown young woman. Her feeling, or rather her presentiment—for her reason by no means despaired—of failure in the great object of her life, and her sensation of loneliness when she most wished not to feel alone, had made all exertion, even the slight and habitual exertion of dressing herself becomingly in her own eyes, an impossibility. She almost felt anxiety itself: for Hugh, except when prevented by the laws of his country and the will of his creditors, had never been absent from her without good cause and ample explanation. She felt sure that something must have happened out of the common; and, in her nervous condition, no news necessarily meant ill news. She at last, having sent away her breakfast uneaten, even had to confess to herself that she feared some misfortune, not to her plans, but to him whom she had hoped to make the instrument of them, and who had deceived her hopes so unpardonably. She did not recall her own words so Hugh; she did not feel the force of the bitter words, "Too late:"

she only felt a vague sense of evil that she was powerless to foresee or to prevent. Had Hugh himself been there, she would have, without even a struggle on the part of her old self-sufficiency, have yielded her sceptre to him simply because she was a woman and he a man.

But, as it was, with all her weakness growing weaker still, and with all her need for the protection of love gaining strength hour by hour, she was doomed to wait. It was in truth too late: he for whose return she now almost longed did not return. Then came a terrible fear that her chains were broken. And yet he surely could not have left her for a foolish word, the very nature of which she had herself forgotten—that she could not remember whether she had ever uttered or no? Surely the power that had gained so utterly could suffice to retain. In a word, jealousy had come to make even stronger her experience of what it means, not to be, but to feel, alone.

It was her own Nemesis, that, unless the Fates are exorable, must last not a day, but for many days. The doom of Eve was upon her, that "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

FÉLIX also waited. As may well be imagined, the sleep that had come so soundly to Angélique, and so partially to Hugh, had not come in any form to him. He was in a state of nervous tension, in which it was impossible for him even to close his eyes. But though he did not dream, in the literal sense of the word, he dreamed waking dreams without number. He had the temperament which forms a perpetual link to unite the present with the past; and many things in his own nature that had often baffled the self-analysis to which he was so prone now became to him plain and clear. It seemed to him—though it was probably the result only of imagination setting in a particular direction—that he had some recollection of a beautiful and stately lady even before his first recollection of Aunt Cathon, or even of the vision of the clothes-lines from which he chose to date his birth. He tried to make his fancy in this matter square with the old lady whom he had seen, but scarcely noticed, at the house in Park Lane, and even persuaded himself that he succeeded. This new story contained for him a romance such as he had never dreamed of even in the Angélique days: as for Marie—well, he dared not let his mind wander to her more than it insisted upon doing,

whether he dared or no. That was a romance no more, but a fatal reality, that made him turn to the idea of his mother as the last refuge of a heart that had been forcibly turned back upon itself, and had failed hitherto in every effort to find what it desired. He had found his soul only to lose it for ever: but this new discovery seemed to his fancy, excited by the idea of what was unknown to him, as though it must needs prove a revelation to make in some unknown way, the crooked places of his life straight, and its rough places plain.

As to the duel in which he found himself engaged after all, he was almost inclined to be grateful to fortune that put it in his power to come to his mother not empty-handed, but as having been chosen above all other men to be the defender of her fame. It was of course no less out of the question that his should be the hand to take the life of the husband of Marie now than it had been yesterday. But it was not necessary for him to take life: it was only necessary to risk his own, which was a very different matter. He had, as it were, only to suffer, not to do: and though suffering is in general harder than action, it was in his case a relief—it was a compromise in which every part of his duty seemed to meet, and to find mutual support. And so he positively longed impatiently for the entrance to his new life to open itself before him, though the janitor by whom the doors were to be thrown open came in the guise of death himself. Difference of nationality, too, doubtless had something to do with the matter. Hugh, the Englishman, did not court risk, even when risk was most indifferent to him: he simply accepted it, no less than he would have accepted it had life been wholly a thing to be desired. But Félix, whose more nervous temperament might, were his life beautiful in his own eyes, have made him, not as a coward, but as a free chooser between good and evil, avoid death as “the terminator of delights and the separator of companions,” actually made him court danger, and made him, in truth, like one of his knightly ancestors to whom “the danger’s self were lure alone.”

But he, no less than his old mistress, waited also for the coming of Hugh in vain. Hour after hour passed by as he wished and dreamed, but still the expected message did not come. At last the morning grew into the afternoon, the afternoon into the evening, and found him waiting still. For aught that the day had brought him, the

history of the evening before might have been the story of a dream.

And yet—had not the history of his whole life been as the story of a dream—if not more in reality than the histories of all other men, yet more, at all events, in seeming? Might he, to whom art and love had themselves been mere dreams and nothing more, flatter his soul that what was as yet but a mere dream, by its very nature should turn out to be a reality? He was never a good hand at waiting, and at last his impatience fairly got the better of him. It was a mere chance that he did not set out either for Denethorp or for the Jura—at all events, that he did not cut the Gordian tangle in which all things seemed to have knotted themselves, by the flight, not of a coward from the field, but of a weary man from the world.

But as in all black humours, so in his—“fling but a stone, the giant dies.” And, in truth, the sudden hammering upon his door, that roused him from the dreams that had begun in rose colour to end in sable when the sun had set, was literally like nothing less than a shower of many stones. It was the signal of the arrival of Dick Barton, and of Dick Barton alone. An ordinary being is content, when he visits the lodgings of a friend, with a formal tap: but the Bohemian of Bohemians always advanced to a visit as if he were attacking the gate of a fortress with a battering-ram.

And Dick Barton it proved to be, though such a Dick Barton as would have astonished considerably his fellow-orators of Shoe Lane. His face, which generally seemed to be neither with nor without a beard, was cleanly shaven; and the soap that such an operation renders a matter of necessity for the chin, seemed to have extended to the very roots of his hair, which also shared in this remarkable piece of philistinism. That it had actually been brushed and combed would be perhaps too much to say: but it had plainly, though but in fancy, beheld the vision of a brush, and evolved, though but from its inner consciousness, the idea of a comb, like the German philosopher who, without ever having seen one, trusted to his inner soul to evolve the idea of a camel. His clothes also, which generally looked as if they had been put on thirty years ago, and left to take their chance ever since, were now sufficiently arranged to give their wearer the air of the patron of a country dealer in second-hand garments: his coat seemed to be a marvellous specimen of misfit, not from carelessness, but from being worn by a man to whom a coat was a coat, and

nothing more. And, besides all this, while one of his hands was dingy, to say the least of it, up to the very finger nails inclusive, the other, by its comparative redness, seemed to show that the grimness of its fellow was not, as there had hitherto been good reason to suppose, its natural hue. It was the phenomenon of the hyacinth over again. In fact, the transformation was so remarkable — for any inconsistent change, in the case of a man who is always in appearance the same, amounts to a transformation in the eyes of those who know him well — that some had been reminded of the fable of the lion in love, others of that of the spaniel and the ass. Some marvelous influence must have been at work to induce Dick Barton to pare his nails, and so far to imitate the arbitrary ways of fashion as to insert the proper button of his waistcoat in its proper hole. One rash member of the staff of the "Trumpet," who was celebrated for the happy style of his badinage, asked him that very morning if the Mrs. B. that was to be was a brunette, that he in obedience to the law of contrast thought it his duty to become blonde: but he only answered by a growl that proclaimed him to be the lion still, and by an anathema upon woman-kind at large that, it is to be hoped, proved him, in his judgment of them, to be the less noble quadruped after all.

Félix himself could not but be aware of some sort of change, though he judged rather from general effect than from details. In fact, to see in Barton even the most remote tendency to the externals of respectability, was sufficient to impress the least observant eyes.

"Well," said his visitor, with an unwonted air of having something to say, and yet of not being able to say it, "what's the last news with you? At all events, you're alive — that's something. Do you know why I came here? I wanted to try my hand at the penny-a-line business, and thought I might have come in for a coronor's inquest — and I don't even see an empty poison-bottle. And if you have been indulging in charcoal, why, all I can say is, that charcoal smells monstrously like tobacco. And so — Well, this is a world of disappointment, and it serves us right, into the bargain. What is your philosophy?"

Félix knew his old comrade too well not to know that the latter had been right when he said in effect, that he expressed by laughter very much what other men would more consistently express by tears. And on this occasion the laughter was far

too forced not to contradict itself: not to be as sorry as the jest that was supposed to give it rise.

"My dear Barton," said Félix, holding out his hand, "my philosophy is simply this — that, so far as my own experience goes, candles are a great deal more valuable than the stakes for which we play by the light of them. But I am also sure that, having once shared in the deal, we ought fairly to play our hand out, whether we hold good cards or no."

"The devil it is! I for one don't see any ought in the matter. On the contrary, it seems to me that we have to sit down, and play the game out, whether we will or no — whether the devil stands at our elbow to turn our common cards into trumps, like some people we know, or whether we are left to the help of our own unaided stupidity, like you and me. But what the deuce is the matter with you? You have grown as oracular as the Cumæan Sibyl, and as epigrammatic as myself."

"Do you remember —"

"Remember? Only too well. If I could get rid of this confounded memory of mine — By the way, what do you think of women?"

"Of women?"

"Yes — of women. For my part, I think them enough to provoke a saint, let alone a devil. By all the gods and goddesses to boot, I *did* hope that Cram Warden would somehow get what he deserved, though I wouldn't be friendly enough to you to help the rascal send you to another and a better world. I call it better, simply because it isn't this world of ours: it couldn't be worse. Why, in the name of that quarter of the better world that men call hell, didn't you let me deal the cards in my own way? Any way, I would so far have dealt him what he deserved, that he, at least, should not escape whipping — to give a mild name to the soundest thrashing that was ever enjoyed by man."

"Barton," asked Félix, "can you be serious for a moment? You are my friend, I know: and now you are more my friend than ever."

"I should think so — if it had not been for me, there would have been a coronor's inquest after all. But can I be serious, you ask me? I haven't much cause to be anything else, I should fancy. "*Virtus laulatur et alget*" — half the Greek in England is to be found in Saragossa Row. I offered to pay for my dinner only yesterday with a Greek Epigram, as good as any in the whole Anthology; and — would you believe it? — the cur of a waiter, in-

stead of handing me a hundred pound note in change, demanded an additional fifteen-pence."

"Yes," continued Félix, not heeding his talk, which, more random than ever, as though, like the cuttle-fish concealing itself from its foes, he was striving to hide in a thick cloud of meaningless words some new feeling of which he was more than half ashamed. "You know in what way I mean. The brother of Marie is mine also. And now —"

"Bah! Because I advised a woman not to bathe in the Thames till the weather was warmer?"

"Is she with you still?"

"Yes — one can scarcely turn even so much as a woman out into Saragossa Row. Oh, you need not be jealous —" and he turned his face away suddenly with a sigh.

Félix looked up quickly. Could Barton also be a dreamer of dreams — could he, this incarnation of iambics and brandy — but the thought was too absurd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he continued: "fancy Mrs. Cram Warden turning out to be Miss Esther Barton. I am certainly well off for a brother-in-law — almost as well as he."

Félix looked at him again. Was the thought so absurd after all?

"I do not know what my fate may be," he went on: "I only know that it must be for ever apart from hers. I am denied the right of even obeying her. But come what may, she must not be left at least without some one to defend her rights — some one

to shield her, so far as may be, from harm. When I left her yesterday — you know how — it was with an intention of burying myself from the world, but not so deeply but that I might still watch over her whom — But now, even that is denied me. This may be the last time that you and I may ever meet. Let me, whatever happens, feel secure that you will be to her what I meant to be: I have no right to ask you, I know — but —"

"What — I? I who am not fit to take care of this carcass called Dick Barton — whom no man would trust to the extent of three penny-worth of gin? You trust Marie — Esther — to me?"

"Yes — to you."

"Then I say, yes, by God!"

He rose up at once from his chair, and tossed back his rough hair like a newly-wakened lion tossing back his mane. Félix could almost see a new strength bracing the limbs that nature had rendered so strong, as if in mockery to show how useless and ill bestowed her gifts may be.

But before he had time to reply, the door opened, and Hugh Lester entered hastily.

"I thought you would never come," said Felix. "Is it settled? When is it to be?"

"It is all settled," Hugh answered, without observing the presence of Barton. "On Friday fortnight I meet Mark Warden on Calais sands."

"You?"

"Yes — I."

THE NEWS HALF A CENTURY AGO. — THE Omaha Republican reproduces from the Canton (Ohio) Repository of August 24, 1815, this item of news of that day:

FROM FRANCE.

DEFEAT OF BONAPARTE.

GREAT BATTLE IN BELGIUM.

LORD WELLINGTON WITHIN TWO DAYS' MARCH OF PARIS.

ABDICATION OF BONAPARTE.

BOSTON, August 5, 1815. — The brig Abeline, Captain Wyer, has just arrived from France and brings Paris papers to June 23. They contain

Official Accounts of the Great Overthrow of the Whole French Army,

On the 18th of June, with the loss of all its cannon, baggage and stores;

The rapid flight of Bonaparte;

The abdication of the throne;

The choice of a provisional government of nine persons;

The declaration of the emperor, to wit:

"Frenchmen: In commencing war to support the independence of the French nation, I calculated upon the support of all. I had reason to hope for success, and I have braved all the denunciations of the powers against me. Circumstances are changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France.

"*My Political Life is Ended*, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French.

"Done at the palace of Elysium, the 22d of June, 1815. NAPOLEON."

BOSTON, August 5, 1815. — It appears by Wellington's official account of the battle fought at Waterloo, in Belgium, that Bonaparte was defeated with a loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 200 cannon and two eagles. The loss on the part of the allies is also severe.

The same paper contains Wellington's report in full.

Translated for The Living Age.
FRITZ REUTER.*

AMONG German writers of the present century, no one has found such speedy, and at the same time well-deserved, recognition, as Fritz Reuter.

This popularity is the more remarkable, because Reuter writes in a dialect, which, since the general introduction of the High-German language, during the last century, has only occasionally and shyly crept into print. When it has thus appeared, it has been mainly as the garb of low-comedy, and confined to limited localities.

With the disappearance of the Low-German language from literature, disappeared, to a great extent, the recognition of its historical authority and significance. It was thought suitable for common, and only for common, people, and many an aristocratic nose has been turned up in contempt at the round, rough, hard, full-toned syllables of the honest Plattdeutsch.

The general ignorance of the subject became so great, in course of time, that the opinion obtained credence, here and there, that the Plattdeutsch language was only a corrupted High-German. Nothing could be more erroneous, since, as every student of language and of history must be aware, the Low-German language, as a graft of the Old-Saxon on the German stock, was the ruling language, in the whole of Northern Germany, at the time when the present High-German language, — which owed to Luther's translation of the Bible, not only its rapid extension, but, in a certain sense, its very creation, — had not yet obtained general acceptance.

When we say that, "in a certain sense," the new High-German language owed its creation to the great reformer, we must not be understood to say that he, as an individual, could create a new language. That were beyond mortal power to accomplish. It is to be supposed that Luther, possessed by the desire of making his great work accessible and intelligible to all the German races, must have sought a language in which the dialects of upper and lower Germany could be molten together, as through a uniting medium.

This uniting medium he found in the written language of the Electoral court of Saxony, of which he observes, that "all the German Kings and Princes follow it," and which he therefore calls "the common German language," likely to be understood either in upper or lower Germany.

To this day, the Low-Germans, in many regions, call the High-German language the "Missingsch," that is "Meissenisch," from Misnia in Saxony.

The new High-German has, through its use in literature, been limited almost entirely to educated people, and has never become the spoken language, or dialect, of any particular race of Germans. As the recognized *Schriftsprache*, or written language, of all, it has served as a bond of Union between all the German races, and was, until lately, almost the only bond.

All the old treatises and documents, from the "Sachsen spiegel" (ancient code of Saxon laws) of the Ritter Eike von Repgow, to the Laws of Lübeck and Magdeburg, all the sources of history which have sprung out of the North German soil, with the exception of those composed in Latin, are written in the Nieder or Plattdeutsche Sprache, and it was only by degrees, in the course of years, that the High-German obtained the ascendancy over her older Plattdeutsch sister. Though the honest old Plattdeutsch has been crowded out of literature and jurisprudence, out of the pulpit and the schools, it still lives in the mouth of the people, in the streets and the markets, in the work-shop, behind the plough, and upon the sea. Even in many families of the upper classes, it is handed down, from our generation to another, as the medium of the most trustful and familiar intercourse.

With the disappearance of the language from literature, there could not fail to ensue great confusion in its writing. With the distinct, visible picture of the language, vanished also its rules, and it was written as capriciously as a newly formed dialect.

It is in this language that Fritz Reuter writes.

If in spite of this circumstance, Reuter's works have found a circle of readers, extending from year to year, far beyond the circuit of his native province, over the whole of the North, and even through the southern part of Germany, they must contain something, which makes it worth one's while to pierce through the rough and uninviting husk of the language, to the sweet kernel within. This is, indeed, the case.

Many seek only for the comic, or rather humorous element, in Reuter's writings, and they do not seek in vain. But such a reader is to be pitied, if he find merely what he seeks, — if, after reading these volumes, he does not acknowledge

* Frohsch's "Wörterbuch zu Fritz Reuter's Sammlungen Werke."

that he has found what he did not look for, but what is far nobler than mere humour,—real poetry. Reuter, like every truly healthy, strong and manly nature, appreciates humour, and has an uncommonly happy gift for it, but the comic is never his special end. His sportive humour furnishes only the natural vehicle for the colors, with which he paints, with the brush of a true artist, those life-like pictures, which astonish us by their freshness and beauty. The comic is only in the manner; it serves as the medium by which the most serious things are introduced; especially is this the case in most of the "Alle Kamellen" stories. The author often slips aside his laughing mask, and shows, beneath it, a deeply earnest, even sorrowful, face. Deep glances into human nature unexpectedly present themselves to the astonished reader, so deep and true, and often startling in their fidelity, as only a born poet, a searcher and knower of the human heart, can reveal. Even amid the bright and seemingly thoughtless play of humour, a gentle tone of sadness often trembles through the joyous laughter, touching the deepest emotions in the heart of the reader. And then his truth to nature, his distinctness and simplicity, his absolute freedom from all morbid sentimentality, artifice or effort! On the apparently so prosaic and mountainous soil of Mecklenburg, which serves as the stage, move these homely, rough, honest, Plattdeutsch burghers and peasants, as actors in the play, which wavers between broad comedy and deep tragedy, holding, however, from the first word to the last, the fixed attention of the spectator. When the curtain falls, everyone feels that a piece of real, warm, fresh life has been acted before them. These forms, which in their exquisite truth to nature, step out before the reader, like portraits from their frames,—we know them all. We have met them already, in real life, and we greet them as old acquaintances.

The writings of Reuter occupy in literature a place analogous to that of the Dutch school in painting. As even the pencil of a Sanzio might not be able successfully to reproduce the creations of a Van Dyk, an Adrian van Ostade, or a Wouverman, so even a master like Goethe has failed in his efforts to transplant into High German the "Thier Epos" of Low Germany, the Flemish "Reinart de Vos," or the Low Saxon "Reinike," without losing the ancient "forest odour," which, to employ Grimm's expression, is wafted to our

senses from these fables in their original form.

The native of North Germany, dwelling in a foreign land, separated not only by wide distances but by long years from the place where once his cradle stood, will find in Reuter's works a peculiar enjoyment, beyond that of other Germans. The bells of his childhood will echo in his ear, his spirit will traverse, on rapid wing, the wide spaces and the long years, back to his native home, and the sweet recollections of youth. He will hold silent communion with his own heart, and his lips will whisper, in gentle sadness, the words of another poet:—

"Aus der Jugendzeit, aus der Jugendzeit,
Weckst Du mir Bilder wunderbar;
O wie ist so weit, wie ist so weit
Was mein einst war!"

"Happy youthful days, happy youthful days;
How your wondrous visions round me shine;
Ah, how far away, so far away,
Joys that once were mine!"

From The Saturday Review.
COWPER.*

It is not very difficult, to point out the causes which have made Cowper one of the most popular among English poets. The purity both of his subjects and of their treatment, the pietistic tone which still endears him to the great religious party whose cause he delighted to plead, his domestic sympathies, his love of rural life, his common sense, the clear crisp English of his poems, have all had their part in his success. But there are of course far deeper causes than these. There are few intellectual qualities which are more delightful than humour, and Cowper was essentially a humourist. The humorous essays in the *Connoisseur* are his earliest prose compositions; "John Gilpin" is undoubtedly his most popular poem. His letters are models of polite fun—a fun as genuine and pleasurable as it is distinct from the wit of Horace Walpole. It is the humourist who "welcomes peaceful evening in" with stirred fire and closed curtains, and the urn steaming beside him; who finds his pleasure in peeping "through the loopholes of retreat at such a world" as the Babel around him; who lies awake half the night convulsed with

* *Poetical Works of William Cowper*. Edited by William Benham. Vicar of Addington. Globe Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

laughter over his friend's story, and rises next morning to pen the famous ballad of the ride to Ware. The well-known legend of the origin of the "Task" brings out the air of light, cheerful badinage which was natural to the man. Cowper asked Lady Austen for a subject. "You can write upon any subject," laughed his friend; "write upon this sofa." And Cowper at once begins, with a smile upon his lip,

I sing the Sofa, I who lately sang
Faith, Hope, and Charity!

and rambles on with a humourist's waywardness, the waywardness of Rabelais or Tristram Shandy. His poetic tone is heightened and set off in the verses that follow, as in others it is cramped and controlled, by the shrewd eye of a man of the world. Whether he wanders, indeed, beneath "the cool colonnade" of poplars, or drapes himself in the censor's mantle, one discerns always beneath poet or pietist the same keen, quiet observer of the fancies and fashions of men. Cowper is the predecessor of Crabbe as a painter of real life, but his touch is finer, his humour and sensibility truer and more delicate. Scattered everywhere over his pages are vignettes of men and women as perfect in outline and tone as those of Addison. When the wind blows open the gypsy's rags and discloses "a tawny skin, the vellum of the pedigree they claim," one almost fancies Mr. Spectator is again chatting with Sir Roger de Coverley and the fortune-teller. It is especially in his social figures that he recalls for us the neatness and precision of the great essayist. The group round the card-table, the chess-player with his "eye as fixed as marble," the art-connoisseur at an auction, Sir Smug at his patron's board, are all masterpieces of good-natured humour. But his range of observation is far deeper and wider than Addison's. The coarse despair of the farmer at Tithing day is as accurately painted as the vulgarity of the tradesman of Cheapside. The pathos of his picture of the broken-hearted servant-girl who haunts the common and "begs an idle pin of all she meets" is as irresistible as that of the story of *Le Fevre*. It is his humour that breaks out in Cowper's charming egotism. Half his attraction lies in his autobiographic tone. He is a Montaigne of a different stamp, chatting to us of his hares and his garden, his "fancies of strange images observed in the red embers" as he stoops over the fire, his friends and foes, his joys and sorrows. There is no poet whom we

know so intimately. The address to his mother's picture is the memoir of his childhood:—

When playing with thy vesture's tissued flow-
ers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile.

Each phrase of his life, each habit, each liking is as liberally laid open as in the self-revelations of the Gascon philosopher. Every one knows his early love of fields and flowers, his early study of Cowley, his learning Milton by heart, his walks arm-in-arm with Mrs. Unwin, his dislike of tobacco, his love for "the cups that cheer and not inebriate," his evenings with the tame hares gambolling over the carpet. His social taste is the taste of a genial Thackeray, with just the same touch of contempt for the rural snobbery around him. He chose the Unwins for his friends because he found them "the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable, and free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks. The old gentleman," he adds characteristically, "is a man of sense, and as simple as Parson Adams." In kindly company like this his life expanded freely. The greater passions, struggles, interests of the world, were strange to him. He had his love-disappointment at the opening of his life, and one of the most remarkable of his early poems shows, as Mr. Benham in his admirable biography has pointed out, that the blow told more heavily than most of his commentators have been willing to allow:—

See me, ere yet my destined course half-run,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rough coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!

A verse like this strikes, at the very opening of his poetical career, the note which closes it in the "Castaway." But his temper subsided early and naturally into the milder delights of Mary Unwin's friendship or Lady Austen's society. He shrank from ambition as from passion; the rough energy of his age, its canal-digging, and engine-building, its unsparing criticism, its audacious science, all were strange and distasteful to him. Something of the humourist's scepticism mingled with the natural shyness and timidity which secluded the poet from the world. The Cowper of popular legend is for once the Cowper of fact; it is only with his

hares, or in the cosy seat beside the tea-table, or in the little arbour where he sang hidden like a bird in leaves and flowers, that he was really at home.

No doubt there was another side to all this. Cowper's despair, his religious melancholy, his madness, invests him with a far more tragic interest than the sunnier aspect of his life. Mr. Benham's treatment of this difficult subject is wiser and more just than that of preceding biographers, but in his effort to be fair to the Calvinistic school among whom the poet was unhappily thrown he has fallen into the very common fault of unfairness towards the religion of his age. "All writers," he tells us, "agree in holding that it was an evil time both in faith and practice;" and he adopts Mr. Pattison's verdict that it was "an age destitute of depth and earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character; an age of 'light without love,' whose very merits were of the earth, earthy." Estimates of this kind always omit from the religion of the eighteenth century the one essential factor of the problem, the religious element itself. It is only by the exclusion of Nelson and Newton, of Wesley and Romaine, from its religion that we can pronounce it "an evil time in faith and practice," as it is only by the exclusion of Hume and Berkeley that we can pronounce its philosophy to be "without insight." It is amusing that Bishop Wilson, the divine in whom Mr. Arnold has lately found "light" and "love" most eminently combined, should be a divine of this very age of "light without love." The eighteenth century followed two centuries during which the world's mind had been wholly set on religious subjects and theological strife. Against this entire absorption of human energy into a single channel there was, no doubt, a strong and healthy reaction. Literature, science, mechanical enterprise, commercial activity all claimed their part in human effort. Within the religious pale itself there was, no doubt, a great change, and above all a vigorous reaction against the narrowness of theological systems. But it would be hard to count this reaction irreligious, as the Jacobite parsons counted it from whom our modern censures are mostly taken, unless we count justice and mercy so. The Latitudinarian school practically gave the tone to English religion during the eighteenth century, and in truth and fairness of theology the Latitudinarians stood

far beyond any who had preceded them. That it was the age of Evidences simply proves that, unlike later divines, scholars of the Paley stamp cheerfully accepted the test of free inquiry, the ultimate appeal to reason, and the task, possible or impossible, of reconciling its conclusions with faith. To the revived fanaticism of the Puritan school such a course seemed godless enough, just as to Cowper or Newton science and criticism seemed audacious defiances of Divine wisdom. But it is as difficult to accept the verdicts of Calvinism on these subjects as it is to accept the dictum of Mr. Pattison that the exhibition of religious truth for practical purposes was confined in "the period of the Evidences" to a few obscure writers. The writers of the *Sacra Privata*, the *Serious Call*, and the Saturday essays of the *Spectator* can scarcely be called obscure. That Cowper isolated himself from all the healthy effort and sober religion of his day, that his whole life flung itself into the gloomy fanaticism of men like Newton, we are far from considering, with Mr. Benham, an inevitable result of his religious earnestness. It might have been avoided, and had it been avoided one element at least of his melancholy, the form which it eventually assumed, would at any rate have been removed. But Calvinism furnished only one element of it. Its main cause lay in the man himself. It is difficult not to see how much of the religious excitement which ended in his terrible mania sprang from Cowper's craving for a sphere of feeling and action wider and greater than was naturally his own. There was in him a restlessness that beats its wings fiercely against the bars of the cosy little cage in which he lived. For all that was really powerful in himself and his work he cared least. He was an exquisite painter of character and landscape, but his aim was to be a moralist and a didactic poet. He put down his graceful vignettes of gypsies and poplar shades to assume the airs of a Christian Juvenal. He pronounced other themes to be worn out, and religion to be a new and unworked theme of his own discovery. But for a philosophical survey of the world with which his censure pretended to deal he was thoroughly unqualified. His politics were the mild Whiggery of a little country town. His classical training had left him utterly ignorant of history or science. "He foresees," says Mr. Benham, "the end of the world close at hand. He rails at the natural philosopher who attempts to discover the causes of physical calamities such as earth-

quakes or diseases, at the historian who takes the trouble to investigate the motives of remarkable men, at the geologist and astronomer." Nothing can be more wearisome than his condemnation of pleasures and a world of which he knew nothing. It is with the mere shibboleth of party that "he denounces oratorios, chess, whist-playing, and smoking as severely as he does breaches of the moral law." And it is the more unreal that the moment we get beneath the surface we find ourselves obliged to distinguish between Cowper himself and this Cowper who is simply repeating the jargon of his friends. In himself he preserves throughout a perfect moderation and good sense. "When he met with a smoker in the person of his friend Bull, his anger and scorn were over and done with directly." He did not hesitate to express his honest admiration of such a rake as Churchill. If he wrote like a bigot against Papists, he cancelled the passage on making the acquaintance of one, like a man of sense. He even made friends with a Roman Catholic family whom his neighbours shunned. His reply to Newton, who had censured him for intercourse with "worldly" persons, is a bold rebuke to his friend's fanaticism. "I could show you among them two men," he writes, "whose lives, though they have but little of what we call evangelical light, are ornaments to a Christian country,—men who fear God more than some who profess to love him." The unreality became far more terrible in its results when it passed into the sphere of personal piety. Cowper was by nature a gay, cheerful humourist; what he aimed at was the position of a stern religious enthusiast, or the gloomy seclusion of a rebel against God. He had the longing of an unquiet spirit for the imaginative woe of griefs which were really strange to his nature. Much of his earlier feeling must have been purely imaginary; a simple comparison of dates shows him writing merry letters to one friend at the very moment when he is inditing the gloomiest expressions of spiritual despair to another. But the conception of a struggle with heaven, of his position as the "Castaway" of Divine wrath, gave a grandeur and intensity to Cowper's life which had its pleasure as well as its pain. Byron hurling defiance at a God he feared is a different picture from Cowper playing with his knife and fork while grace was said, lest bystanders should think he ventured to join in the prayer. But in both poets there is the same indication of a satisfaction, differing greatly in-

deed in point of consciousness, at an isolation which gave them something of the grandeur of Satan. "Hell disavows and Deity disowns me" might have fallen from the lips of Lara. Even in the tenderer mood of Cowper's religious melancholy there are traces of the same longing for isolation, isolation from men where not from heaven. In the touching verses in which he paints himself as a "stricken deer" it is easy to note the unconscious pride with which he regards his own severance from the mass of men:—

Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Cowper purely as a poet. He was far from being the first to introduce landscape into poetry; in his own day Thomson had done this on a far larger scale than he ever attempted. But he is perhaps the first English poet who ever painted the personal joy of country landscapes. The author of the *Seasons* unwinds a glorious roll of scenes, but he never touches them or is himself a part of them. Cowper walks with us through the country he paints, splashing up muddy lanes to the peasant's cottage on the little hill, or stumbling among the molehills into the meadow "ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme." Only one English poet can be compared with him in the sense of actual familiarity with the scenes he describes, in that sense of open-airiness, if we may venture to coin the word, which pervades the delicious pictures of his "Task." But Wordsworth climbing Helvellyn, or skirting lake and mere, is another sight: from Cowper wandering along the sedge banks of Ouse. The poet of the Lakes deliberately chose his home among scenes of a special grandeur, apart from common English sights and sounds. Cowper took Huntingdon and Olney as he found them. It is his perception of the beauty in common sights and sounds, his general all-embracing pleasure in them, that is the note of his poetry. He may be said to have discovered the field so exquisitely worked out since by Tennyson, the landscape of the Eastern counties, with its slow rivers and spacious meadows, the tranquil landscape of half England. No

finer picture of such a scene has ever been painted than that which stands at the entrance of the "Task"; and still more exquisite, while more familiar, are the well-known lines,

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade

It is something of the tenderness of colour, the breadth and repose of these large landscapes, that makes such pictures as that of *Evening and Night in the "Winter Evening"* so charming. Cowper finds another point of likeness with Wordsworth in the closeness and fineness of his observation. His delight in the varying shades of tinting among the nearer woods, his view of the sheep pouring from the sheep-folds—

At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land—

are perfectly Wordsworthian. It is curious that both poets have noticed the unity of act among cattle in a meadow. Wordsworth's "there are forty feeding like one" is famous enough; Cowper's passage is less known:—

The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppress.

But between the relation of the two poets to the nature they describe there is a very wide difference. In Wordsworth there is little or no trace of any personal love or familiarity with any living creature. The linnet is little more than a bright creature stirring among the leaves. The lark is a symbol of domestic affection. The cuckoo is no bird, but a wandering voice. Cowper, on the other hand, is like Burns in his lovingness of temper and tone. His descriptions are often like so many soft caresses. He moves among the life of nature with a sort of playfellow feeling; the hare, to borrow his own words, scarce shuns him; the stock-dove still coos in the pine-tree, nor suspends her long love-ditty at his approach; the squirrel, "flippant, pert, and full of play," springs up the neighbouring beech only to "whisk his brush and

perk his ears and stamp and scold aloud with all the prettiness of feigned alarm and anger insignificantly fierce." The most famous of Cowper's lines is as characteristic as it is famous—"God made the country, and man made the town." And yet his own pictures of rural life are the best refutation of his words. No poet is more sternly realistic in his treatment of country people. The very woodsman marches along with his pipe in his mouth, "with pressure of his thumb to adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube that fumes beneath his nose." The riot, the dispute, the drunkenness of the village alehouse take a form singularly in contrast with the lyrical eulogies of Burns. We see the thief and the poacher prowling along the country lanes; the very milkmaid has flaunting ribbons on her head; if the village bells fall in melodious chime on his ear, the poet sketches with unsparring pen the drone of the village parson. Cowper is no writer of sham pastorals; his rustics are photographed as clearly and truthfully as the gentry of his social satire. It is in this combination of hard truthfulness in human portraiture with loving fidelity in his delineation of the natural life and scenery amongst which men live, that half Cowper's power consists. Of his use of humour we have spoken before, but it is especially noteworthy in its contrast with Pope's poetic use of wit.

We cannot now dwell further on either poet or poetry; but we must not conclude without drawing attention to the series of books of which the present volume forms a part. So far as we have seen them, the "Globe" editions of our English poets are admirable for their scholarly editing, their typographical excellence, their compendious form, and their cheapness. Mr. Benham's edition of Cowper is one of permanent value. The biographical introduction is excellent, full of information, singularly neat and readable, and modest—indeed too modest—in its comments. The text is arranged in chronological order, which, amongst other advantages, puts the "Castaway" in its proper position as Cowper's last poem. The notes seem concise and accurate, and the editor has been able to discover and introduce some hitherto unprinted matter. Altogether the book is a very excellent one.

From Temple Bar.
THE PRUSSIAN VICTORY AT LEUTHEN,
A.D. 1757.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

CHAUCER, in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," written near the end of the fourteenth century, speaks of Prussia, or "Preusse," as one of the parts of "Heatheness," in which his ideal knight had ridden, and had achieved honor for his "worthiness." We know also, from the historical chronicler Walsingham, that one of the merits of a real English knight (Henry of Bolingbroke, who became our king Henry IV.) was that about the same time when Chaucer was writing, in the year 1300, he had made a campaign, as a crusader, among the Teutonic Knights, against the heathens of Prussia, and the other barbarous countries in its vicinity. Prussia's civilization is little more than four centuries old. France, England, Spain, Germany, and Italy were, and long had been, Christian countries, flourishing with arts and literature, with commerce, with civic and other political organizations; while the greater part of Prussia continued to be a wild waste land, where the Teutonic Knights carried on, what they deemed a holy war of conversion or extermination, against the old pagan natives of the soil.

These Teutonic Knights were formed, originally, out of the remnants of the army of German crusaders, which the great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa led from Europe into Asia in 1189. Barbarossa was accidentally drowned in the river Cydnus; and part of his forces turned homeward without ever reaching Palestine. Others persevered, and took honourable part in the crusade against Saladin, of which our Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, of France, became the most important leaders. Imitating the Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, some of the German crusaders formed an order, or military priesthood, which took the name of "The order of Teutonic Knights of the House of St. Mary of Jerusalem."

When the Mahometans had reconquered nearly all the territories and strongholds of the Christians in Syria, the Teutonic Knights betook themselves to Venice. Their renown was high in Europe; and Conrad, Duke of Mazovia, about the year 1230, offered the Grand Master of the Knights, Herman de Salza, to cede to the order the provinces of Culm and Livonia, and all the lands that they could conquer from the idolatrous Prussians, who incessantly harassed the Duke's dominions.

The offer was accepted; and the Pope confirmed Duke Conrad's grant. The Knights, largely reinforced from all parts of Christendom, made themselves by degrees masters of Prussia, and many of the adjacent territories. Conversion to Christianity was enforced on the conquered natives at the sword's point. The immigration of German merchants, artisans and agriculturists was encouraged; and the cities of Elbing, Marienburg, Thorn, Dantzic, Königsberg, and others were founded. They added to the armorial ensigns of their order the imperial eagle, by permission of the Emperor Frederick II.

The order was for some time prosperous and powerful; but gradually it was weakened by internal dissensions, and by unsuccessful wars with the kings of Poland. King Casimir of Poland, in 1406, dismembered Prussia; as Frederick the Great of Prussia, four centuries afterwards, helped to dismember Poland. Casimir took Upper Prussia as part of his own dominions; and the Teutonic Knights were compelled to do homage to the King of Poland, and to acknowledge him as their feudal lord, in return for being allowed to retain possession of the rest of their territories.

About sixty years afterwards, in Luther's time, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights was a nobleman of the ancient House of Hohenzollern. Hohenzollern, the original seat of this remarkable family, is in Suabia. One of its members, Conrad of Hohenzollern, had attached himself to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and had been made by him, in 1170, Burgrave of Nurnberg. That dignity became hereditary in his family. The Hohenzollerns generally were high in favour with the Emperors; and, in 1417, Frederick of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nurnberg, received from the Emperor Sigismund the important dignity of Margrave of Brandenburg.

The province (the March) of Brandenburg lies close to the old Prussian territory of the Teutonic Knights. After several changes of rulers, Brandenburg had lapsed to the Empire. When the Emperor appointed Frederick of Hohenzollern to be its Graf (its Marquess), he at the same time conferred on him the rank of an Elector of the Empire; and the heads of the Hohenzollerns were styled Electors of Brandenburg, down to the time when they became kings of Prussia.

Early in the fifteenth century, when the doctrines of the Reformation were making rapid progress in Northern Germany,

Joachim I. of Hohenzollern was Elector of Brandenburg; and his cousin Albert was Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights. Both these Hohenzollerns adopted the Lutheran tenets; and so did many of the Teutonic Knights, but not all. Luther declared the Teutonic order to be a thing serviceable to neither God nor man. The Grand Master Albert was of this opinion; and he declared that the order was dissolved; but he contrived to make it serviceable to himself. With the sanction and aid of his feudal lord, King Sigismund of Poland, he declared himself thenceforth Hereditary Grand Duke of Prussia. Those of the resident knights, that agreed with him, became feudal proprietors of their estates under the Grand Duke as their immediate lord. Some of the knights objected to the change, and were expelled. They appealed to the Emperor; and the audacious Grand Duke, who thus secularized an ecclesiastical province, and who set himself up as a Lutheran temporal prince in the country, where he had been a Roman Catholic, half-military, half-sacerdotal Grand Master, was condemned by the Emperor Charles V., and put to the ban of the Empire. But the sentence could never be executed. Grand Duke Albert of Hohenzollern held and ruled Prussia firmly for forty years; and when he died, his son, Albert Frederick, became Grand Duke in his stead. But on the decease of Grand Duke Albert Frederick, in 1618, the direct lineage of Duke Albert of Prussia failed, and the inheritance of the Duchy devolved on the Brandenburg branch of the Hohenzollerns. About the same time the Elector's son acquired by marriage the heritages of the Duchies of Cleves and Juliers on the Rhine. The House of Brandenburg, thus aggrandized, was viewed with jealousy and disfavour by the House of Hapsburg. "Austria could not tolerate the formation of a German power which approached more nearly to herself in importance than any other; and it added greatly to the anxiety and embarrassment of the restorers of Roman Catholicism that this new power was a Protestant one, and that it would now afford a fresh support to the Protestant party throughout the Empire, which hitherto had been wavering and weak."* The territories of the Elector of Brandenburg underwent terrible devastations by the imperialist armies in the early part of the Thirty Years' War; and in the last

part of that war it suffered still worse from the Swedes—who, from being the Elector's allies had become his enemies, on account of a dispute for the possession of Pomerania. But the Elector Frederick William, who ruled Brandenburg and Prussia for many years after the close of the Thirty Years' War, was one of the ablest Princes of his age. He was obliged to give up the greater part of Pomerania: but he added to his dominions the important districts and towns of Halberstadt, Minden, and Magdeburg, which had formerly been independent states under the Prince-Bishops. He also obtained from the Polish King a release from the feudal subjection, which Prussia had so long been under to the crown of Poland. This was effected in 1657. We see thus that the existence of Prussia as an independent state is little more than two centuries old.

The policy of this Elector, Frederick William, deserves to be studied.* It was steadily pursued by him for forty years, and it has been maintained with almost equal consistency by his successors. That policy was to keep up and augment the military power of the state; and to this purpose all other considerations were made subordinate. The provinces, which composed Frederick William's dominions had, each of them, their estates and meetings of estates; possessing considerable, though ill-defined, constitutional powers. Frederick William did not wish to abolish these; but he was determined to have and maintain the autocratic power of doing "that which it pertaineth to a righteous prince to do." His manual as to princely rights and duties is said to have been a treatise by a jurist named Seckendorf, which lays down that, "though it is proper for a prince to treat his subjects as freeborn people, to listen to the advice of his estates, and to keep contracts made by him with them, still the sovereign power of the prince oversteps everything. The general good of all should be the object of government; but to insure this the prince must be strong enough to make his rule beneficially felt by all his subjects; he must possess the means of repressing disobedient subjects, foreign foes, and all such as do acts of violence."† Without entering into details of Frederick William's constitutional or unconstitutional struggles with his estates, it may be enough to observe that he succeeded as to the two cardinal points, of establishing a numerous and well-appointed standing army, and of

* Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. 1., p. 25.

* Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. 1., book 1., chap. III.
† *Ibid.*, vol. 1., p. 261, n.

raising money from his subjects by his own sovereign authority. Towards the end of the disputes between him and his diets, the utmost that the estates asked of him was, that they should have a consulting voice before new taxes were introduced.

His successor kept up the warlike fame of the Brandenburgs, and attained the long-desired object of raising the House of Hohenzollern from electoral to kingly dignity. On the 18th of January, 1701, with the assent and concession of the Emperor, he placed a regal crown on his head with solemn ceremonial, and became Frederick I., King of Prussia. The new kingdom under him took an honourable though subordinate part in the War of the Spanish Succession; and the "undaunted steadfastness" of the Prussian regiments won the warm praises of Eugene and Marlborough. In 1713, Frederick William I. ascended the Prussian throne. He had been brought up in the campaigns of the Netherlands; and he admired, even more intensely than his predecessors, military power, as the great glory of a sovereign. He bent his whole attention to the increase and improved organization of his army. This required money; and Frederick William became (as he said of himself) his own finance minister, as well as his own field marshal. Cynically simple in his private habits, parsimonious in all public expenditure that did not immediately benefit the army, an excellent accountant, and an indefatigable man of business, King Frederick William succeeded in keeping a well-filled treasury, at the same time that he maintained an army, large beyond all usual proportion to the population of the country, and better equipped than any other on the continent of Europe.*

* "A union of German provinces, which altogether did not number more than two millions and a half of inhabitants, and had not even any bond of connection among themselves, seemed, when compared with the kingdom of France, extending from the Pyrenees to the upper Rhine, and from the Mediterranean to the ocean, or with the neighbouring boundless empire of Russia, with the inexhaustible Austria, or with England, mistress of the seas, a very insignificant state. The only thing which gave to Prussia a certain rank among the powers of Europe, and a certain consideration in the world, was her military force. It was reckoned that France had at that time 160,000, and Russia 130,000 regular troops; but a great part of the former were employed in the garrisons of the numerous fortresses; while in the latter the men actually under arms were very far from corresponding with the army lists. The Austrian army was computed at 80,000 to 100,000 men; but of doubtful efficiency, and dispersed through the various provinces. What Frederick William I. did for Prussia in this rivalry of forces may be instantly measured, when we recollect that he increased the army from 38,000 men, which placed her on a military level with Sardinia

Frederick William recruited his armies from almost every country in Europe; but the main part, the substantial part of his military force, consisted of the younger sons of peasants, who were enrolled in the ranks by a compulsory levy; each regiment having a particular district assigned to it, out of which it should regularly keep up its numbers.* The Prussian King thought, like the Romans of old, that a peasantry furnishes the best troops. The increase of the agricultural population and the improvement of their condition became therefore objects which Prussian rulers, and especially Frederick William I., pursued with great earnestness, in order that there never might be wanting a supply of hardy peasant soldiers:

"*Masculorum rustica militum
Proles.*"

Frederick I., in 1709, had prohibited the nobles from annexing to their domains the lands which their agricultural serfs held under them. In 1739, Frederick William I. ordained that no peasant should be evicted from his holding, except for good and substantial reason; and even then the lord of the manor was bound to replace the evicted man by another tenant. The very remarkable legislation of Prussia during the last two centuries, in respect of her agricultural serfs and her system of land tenure,† has unquestionably been prompted by the desire of augmenting her military strength. I may mention here, though out of chronological order, that Frederick the Great, in 1749, when he was preparing for the foreseen renewal of his struggle with Austria, made a law expressly prohibiting all absorption of peasant lands; and I may refer here to the measures for abolishing personal serfdom, and otherwise ameliorating the condition of the small occupants of land, which Stein and Hardenburg introduced, when they were raising Prussia from the misery and degradation into which she was sunk for a time by her defeat at Jena in 1806.

or Saxon-Poland, to more than 80,000 men, i.e., nearly to that of Austria.

"The king's care was equally bestowed on the several arms. He increased the cavalry by more than half, and the artillery in still greater proportion. He suffered no discrepancies between the lists and the actual corps, and the fortresses occupied but a proportionately small number of men; taking the very lowest calculation, he had 72,000 men ready at a moment's warning, or with the smallest possible delay, to take the field"—Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. I., p. 420.

* See Ranke, vol. I., p. 422.

† See in the Parliamentary Blue Book, 1869, "Land Tenures in Europe," the report of Mr. Harris Gastrill, on Prussia.

Frederick William I. engaged in 1715 in a war with Sweden, the results of which were very advantageous for his kingdom. Prussia acquired by it the greater part of Pomerania, and the sole command of the river Oder; and an end was now put to the ascendancy which Sweden had previously exercised on the German side of the Baltic.

In 1740, when Frederick William I. died, and Frederick II., who won the title of Frederick the Great, succeeded him, the Prussian dominions comprised rather more than 47,000 square miles, with a population of 2,500,000. Frederick II. determined to make this kingdom one of the principal powers of Europe; and he effected his purpose. His dominions wanted solidity. The Prussian provinces stretched, or rather sprawled, across the map of Europe, without sufficient connection or breadth. The basis of the power of Prussia was in her central provinces on the Elbe and the Oder. To the south-east of these lay the large and fertile territory of Silesia, with an area of more than 14,000 square miles, and a population of 1,250,000. The acquisition of Silesia would not only give Prussia a most important increase, but it would also give her compactness and well-proportioned strength. The Electors of Brandenburg, about a century before Frederick II.'s time, had set up claims to some parts of Silesia; but they had not insisted on those claims, and Silesia had for more than 200 years been possessed by the House of Hapsburg as part of the Austrian hereditary dominions. But there was now a tempting opportunity for plundering Austria. The Emperor Charles VI. died in 1740, leaving no male heirs. He had obtained from all the chief states of Christendom treaties guaranteeing to his daughter Maria Theresa the succession to his dominions; but, as soon as he was dead, six of these supposed friendly potentates began a war of spoliation against the young and seemingly helpless princess, who had become the head of the House of Hapsburg. Frederick wanted Silesia as his share of the booty; he seized it and secured it; and then left his confederates to carry on the remainder of the War of the Austrian Succession by themselves. By a treaty commenced at Breslau and concluded at Berlin in 1742, Austria ceded to Prussia all Lower Silesia, and all Upper Silesia also, except the principality of Teschen, and some districts near it. War broke out again in 1744 between Frederick and Maria Theresa; but by the treaty of Dresden in 1745, the possession

of Silesia was confirmed to the Prussian sovereign, who, in return, recognised Maria Theresa's husband, Francis I. of Lorraine, as Emperor.

From the treaty of Dresden in 1745 to the beginning of the Seven Years' War, there was an interval of ten years' peace, which Frederick employed most energetically in strengthening the military resources of his dominions, and in organizing them, so as to be able to act with the greatest possible celerity and effect, whenever he might be attacked, or whenever it might suit him again to attack others.

The Seven Years' War (which was commenced by Frederick's march upon Dresden in 1756, and which was terminated by the treaties of Paris and Hubertsburg, in 1763), had its origin chiefly in the bitter feelings of hostility, with which the Prussian King was regarded by two royal ladies, and by a third lady, who, though uncrowned and unwed to any sovereign, ruled absolutely the councils of one of the greatest kingdoms of Europe. These were the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia, and Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. of France. The characters of both the Czarina and of the French favourite lady, were very open to sarcasm and lampoon; and Frederick was at least as proud of his power as a satirist and a wit, as of his military abilities. In the literary circle, which Frederick loved to gather round him in peace time, jests and epigrams on these notorious and important, if not illustrious, ladies, were very freely coined and repeated, Frederick himself being the author of many of the coarsest and most violent. They circulated rapidly in the capitals of Europe, and especially at St. Petersburg and Paris. Frederick succeeded amply in wounding the vanity of both the Czarina Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour: but, like many other jesters, he bought his success rather dearly. He earned for himself the most intense hatred of those, against whom he had raised the laugh; and the fair disposers of the armies of Russia and France were eager to attack and ruin the derider of their charms and characters.

Maria Theresa was Frederick's enemy from more honourable motives. She naturally resented the ungenerous and treacherous attack, which the Prussian King had made upon her at the time of her extreme need; and the loss of Silesia was a serious diminution of the power of Austria, which she was deeply desirous to repair. In the hope of recovering this province, and of

thrusting back the upstart House of Brandenburg to its old inferior position in the north-east of Germany, the Empress listened willingly to the counsels of her statesman Kaunitz, who recommended that Austria should ally herself not only with Russia, but also with Austria's ancient rival, France. The Saxons and the Swedes also viewed with displeasure and alarm the growing importance of Prussia, and had received old injuries from her, which they were eager to avenge. It seemed impossible that the new kingdom, however well drilled her armies might be, and however well they might be commanded, could resist the assaults of France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden united. Prussia's only allies on the continent were Hanover, Brunswick, and Hesse. It was true that the Elector of Hanover was also King of England; but it was thought that the English would be fully occupied by their own renewed war with France. When the treaty of Aix-le-Chapelle closed in 1748 the War of the Austrian Succession, in which both England and France had taken part, the rival claims of the two nations in North America and in India had been left unsettled. Hostilities between their colonists and garrisons in the Far East and in the Far West had never entirely ceased; and, in June 1755, the English, by way of reprisals for alleged French aggressions, captured a large number of French merchantmen and two ships of the line; an act that made formal and declared war within a short period inevitable.

The alliance between Austria and France brought about, on the other side, a close connection between Prussia and England, which was all the stronger, because King George II. of England firmly believed that it was only by the help of Prussia that his Hanoverian dominions could be defended against French invasion and conquest.

Two great issues were raised and settled in the Seven Years' War. The first, which more immediately concerned Prussia, was whether a new first-class power, and that a Protestant power, should be established in Northern Germany, notwithstanding the opposition of the House of Hapsburg. The second issue (which more directly affected England), was whether the English or the French race should become predominant in North America. It is to be remembered that less than 120 years ago France seemed more likely than England to become the ascendant power in the New World. The Canadas and Cape Breton belonged to her in the north of the American continent;

she possessed Louisiana southward; and her rulers were labouring zealously, and, as it appeared, successfully, to extend their colonies and dependencies along the whole course of the Mississippi, so as to gird in, with a band of hostile provinces, the thirteen British Colonies, that were scattered along the Atlantic coast, and finally to subjugate or exterminate their inhabitants.

But our conquest of Canada in the Seven Years' War crushed for ever those projects of French ambition. It made the Franco-Celtic inhabitants of America the inferiors, instead of becoming the lords and masters of the English settlers. It insured truth to the announcement which Montesquieu, a few years before, had made to the European world, "That a free, prosperous, and great people was forming in the forests of America, which England had sent forth her sons to inhabit."

American historians* rightly consider the Seven Years' War as the commencement of American independence; for our victories in that war saved their country from sinking into the ignominious wretchedness of a province of the old French monarchy. And not only are the campaigns, which actually took place on the American continent itself, material to the history of the United States; but the progress and the varying fortunes of the contemporaneous strife in Germany are also properly treated as essential portions of the same great narrative. If Frederick and his European allies had been crushed by their confederate enemies in the continental war, the English ministry could have sent out no new expeditions; they could not even have maintained any troops across the far Atlantic. On the other hand, France, if victorious in Germany, could have reinforced her armies in Canada into certain and overwhelming superiority. The English and the colonists of the time well knew that this was the fact. "We must conquer Canada in Germany," were the words of our great minister Pitt; and expressions no less emphatic were used by the chief men of thought and action in British America. Every victory, which Frederick gained, was hailed with as grateful rejoicings in Boston and New York as in London. This sympathy of England and of English America with Prussia a century ago was also made more fervent by the semi-religious character which the Seven Years' War assumed. Catholic

* See Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution," vol. i.

France and Catholic Austria were leagued together on one side, and their bigoted hate of Protestantism was notorious and active.

The negotiations which were carried on between the courts of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Vienna, Dresden, and Paris for a combined attack on Prussia did not escape the vigilance of Frederick. He was utterly unscrupulous about such formalities as expostulating, or asking for explanations, or even declaring war, before he struck a blow, if he saw a good opportunity of striking hard before his adversary was fully prepared, or even aware that a blow was impending.

Frederick had in 1756 not only a large number of soldiers, amounting to 120,000, enrolled on his army lists, but he had them actually under arms, well trained, well disciplined, well officered, and well organized. Infantry, artillery and cavalry, all were ready in due proportion for combined action, whenever their royal generalissimo should direct them to cross the frontier. Besides these disposable troops, he had his fortresses all effectively armed and garrisoned, and he had ample and well-arranged depôts and magazines for repairing the losses of men and matériel, which his troops in the field against an enemy might be expected to sustain. Careful organization before hostilities, and skilful alertness during hostilities, were the great secrets of Frederick's success in the war. He began it in August 1756, by suddenly leading an army, 64,000 strong, into Saxony. He took Dresden; he blockaded the Saxon troops in Pirna; repulsed an Austrian army that advanced to their relief, and compelled them to capitulate on the 14th of October.

Saxony and Silesia, but especially Silesia, became the core of Frederick's power during the war. In and along Saxony and Silesia he manœuvred and fought with unequalled skill, celerity, and resolution against the enormously superior armies, that came round against him on every side, and seemed certain to crush him, or at least to wear down his comparatively scanty forces. He was obliged to abandon the remote provinces of his kingdom. His capital, Berlin, was repeatedly pillaged, and more than once occupied by Russian invaders. But as long as he could retain Silesia, Frederick judged the struggle with his enemies to be maintainable; and the result of the war proved the soundness of his judgment. His warfare was far from being merely defensive. It consisted frequently of sudden and daring attacks: and

from his central position in Silesia and Saxony Frederick darted out, as opportunity offered, on the hostile bodies that were operating in other provinces. But when the Prussian King thus advanced with his main army against one of his numerous enemies, he unavoidably gave opportunities for others to inflict severe injuries on his power. Great part of Saxony was rent from him; and in the chequered campaigns of 1757 he nearly lost Silesia, a loss which would have been irreparable.

I have chosen for description the battle of Leuthen, one of the battles of this, the second year of the war, on account of the critical vicissitudes of that twelvemonth, and because Frederick's success on the field of Leuthen, when he seemed to be on the brink of ruin, was such as (in the words of Napoleon) "to restore all, and to give to the King of Prussia immortal glory." *

In the spring of 1757, Frederick made a bold and rapid march into Bohemia, and defeated an Austrian army near Prague. The beaten troops took shelter within the walls of Prague, and were blockaded there by the Prussians. Another Austrian force, under Marshal Daun, advanced, and took up a strong position at Kolin. Frederick attacked them there, but was completely defeated, with the loss of 15,000 men. Daun's activity in following up his victory was not equal to the skill and firmness which he had shown in gaining it. Frederick was able to retire with the wrecks of his army, and to unite them with the corps, which had been left in observation before Prague.

The exultation of Austria at the victory of Kolin was unbounded. A new order of knighthood was instituted, of which Marshal Daun was one of the first chief dignitaries. Not only the court of Vienna, but the camps of the Imperialist generals, were occupied for some weeks with rejoicings and thanksgivings. At last the main force of the Austrians, under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Daun, moved in the direction of Silesia. Frederick gave part of his army to one of his Generals, the Prince of Bevern, and sent him to defend Silesia, while the King himself, with the scanty remnant of his force, marched rapidly into Thuringia, towards the River Saale, where his presence was now urgently needed. A French army, under the Marquis of Soubise, strengthened by a large force of Imperialists, was advancing

* "Le Roi s'immortalise, et repare tout en gagnant la bataille de 5 Décembre." — *Napoleon's Mémoires*, vol. v., p. 353.

through Thuringia. The two armies met near Rossbach. Soubise attempted to turn the Prussian flank; but this manœuvre (to which Frederick owed many of his victories) required to be executed by thoroughly well-trained, and well-officered troops; and the army under Soubise was ill-formed, ill-organized, and ill-conducted. Frederick attacked them while they were floundering in their own confused and confusing movements. The Prussian cavalry and artillery threw them into a panic rout, and Frederick obtained a complete victory, with the loss of no more than 300 men. Only six of his battalions had taken part in the actual fighting. He took 7000 prisoners, thirty-seven colours, and nearly the whole of Soubise's cannon.

The success at Rossbach was brilliant, but, in Frederick's own words, "far more was necessary." The army, which was led by the King himself, had been victorious in Thuringia, but in other scenes of the war the Prussians were sustaining terrible reverses. Frederick hurried into Silesia to save, if possible, the important stronghold of Schweidnitz, which he knew to be hard-pressed by the Austrians under the Prince of Lorraine; but on his march he heard that Schweidnitz was already lost; with it were lost large magazines and military stores of every description, and 6000 men who had formed its garrison.

The Prince of Lorraine, encouraged by this conquest, attacked, with great superiority of force, the Prussian General Bevern, on the 22nd of November, near Breslau. He defeated him, and Breslau surrendered to the Austrians four days afterwards. The victorious army in Silesia under the Prince of Lorraine was now 80,000 strong; Frederick had not half that number; and many of the troops under him, when he resolved to continue his march and attack Prince Charles, consisted of beaten fugitives.

On the 4th of December, at daybreak, Frederick made a sudden attack on the town of Neumarkt, which lies about fourteen miles to the west of Breslau. He surprised there a body of 4000 Croats, who had been thrown forward without support a long way in advance of the Prince of Lorraine's main army. The intelligence that Frederick was marching to attack them had been received with contemptuous mockery by the Austrian commanders, all save one—that one was Marshal Daun, who had beaten Frederick at Kolin, but who knew that the Prussian King was an antagonist not to be trifled with. Fortunately for Prussia, Daun was now sub-

ordinate to Prince Charles in the Imperialist camp. The Prince of Lorraine showed, in many parts of his military career, considerable ability as well as courage; but at this crisis he was elated by success, and allowed his confidence to degenerate into carelessness.

Prince Charles had determined to advance against the advancing Prussians. He marched his forces out of their strong position in their camp near Breslau, and across the stream called the "Schweidnitz water." He then halted, and took up a position about ten miles from Neumarkt, across the road between that place and Breslau, by which Frederick was approaching. His position was a strong one: his right wing rested on the village of Nypern, and the ground in front of it, and of his right-centre, was marshy and broken, so as to greatly impede an enemy, if advancing against that part of the Austrian line. The centre and left-centre were posted in and near to the village of Leuthen, and his left wing had the support of the village of Sagchütz. His line stretched about five miles from north to south. About four miles in advance of his centre, on the road by which the enemy was coming up from the west, lay the little hamlet of Borne. The Prince sent forward three regiments of dragoons, and two of hussars, to occupy this advanced post.

Frederick had the great advantage of knowing accurately and minutely the ground, over which he was moving, and that on which his enemy was stationed. He had frequently in peace time reviewed his troops, and put them through the various manœuvres of an imaginary battle in this very locality. But this knowledge of the country, though it proved eminently serviceable to him in the real battle which ensued, made him understand keenly and painfully before the battle, how difficult it would be to dislodge the Austrian army, more than double his own in number, from the position in which it had halted. Victory was impossible for him, except by daring operations and consummate generalship on his part, seconded and carried out by intelligent self-devotion, and rapid but orderly evolutions on the part of the officers and soldiers. It is not common in modern warfare for a commander-in-chief to harangue an army; but Frederick knew that he had to meet no common emergency; and he felt the need of employing all the moral force that it was possible for him to acquire, before commencing a life-or-death struggle with an enemy,

who in physical force so far surpassed him. The beech tree is still pointed out on the road near Neumarkt, where the Prussian King assembled his generals, and thus addressed them: "While I was defeating the French, Charles of Lorraine has succeeded in capturing Schweidnitz, defeating Prince Bevern, and making himself master of Breslau. Great part of Silesia, the capital city of the province, and my stores of war are lost. My disasters would be irreparable, if I had not reason to place a boundless trust in your courage, your firmness, and your love of father-land. There is not one of you, but has distinguished himself by some great and honourable deed. The moment for valorous exertion has now come. Listen, then; I am resolved, against all rules of the art of war, to attack the nearly threefold stronger army of Charles of Lorraine. There is no doubt about the number of the enemy, or of the strength of their position. We must beat them; or we must all of us find our graves before their batteries. This is my determination. Thus I mean to act. Announce my decision to all the officers of my army. Prepare the soldiers for the scenes which are at hand. Let them know that I demand unqualified obedience. They are Prussians. They will not show themselves unworthy of the name. Is there any one of you who fears to share all dangers with me? If so, he may at once retire. I never will reproach him."

The King saw in the countenances and gestures of those whom he addressed, that they shared his spirit. He then added, "I know that not one of you will leave me. I rely on your true aid, and I feel assured of victory. Go, tell your regiments what you have heard from me."

As they moved to leave him, he said, "The regiment of cavalry which shall not instantly, at the order, charge, shall be dismounted, and sent into garrison. The battalion of infantry, that even falters, shall lose its colours. Now farewell, friends; we shall soon see each other as victors, or we shall see each other no more."

On Monday, the 5th of December, 1757, long before the winter sun rose, Frederick was on his march with his army in four columns from Neumarkt towards Leuthen. The King himself rode with the vanguard. The morning was dull and misty. About seven, the Prussians came to Borne, the little village already mentioned, about four miles in advance of the centre of the Austrian position, and occupied by Prince

Charles with five regiments of dragoons and hussars. Throughout this campaign the Austrians seem to have been negligent, to the last degree, of out-post duty, while the vigilant and active Prussians omitted no possible precaution or exertion, that could aid them in screening their own movements, or in watching and surprising their adversaries. The Austrian hussars and dragoons in Borne found that the Prussians were upon them in overwhelming force, without having been aware of their approach. Such of the Austrian vanguard as escaped, galloped off to the north of the causeway towards Nypern, to the right of the position of the Imperialist main army. The Austrian general Lucchesi, who commanded that wing, thought that the Prussian attack was being directed on him, and he sent earnest entreaties to Prince Charles and Marshal Daun for reinforcements. They were sent to him; and, what was still more important, Marshal Daun himself rode to the right wing, the scene of supposed peril. But the Austrian left was the real object of Frederick's operations, which were executed in the most rapid and skilful manner. He took advantage of a range of low hillocks, that trend from north-west to south-east, a little beyond Borne. He occupied their summits with detachments of cavalry; and, screened by them and by the mist, that continued more or less throughout the day, the Prussian battalions of infantry, and a large mass of chosen horse under Zethen (Frederick's favourite cavalry general), started to the south-east, so as to place themselves in overwhelming force upon and across the extreme Austrian left at Sagschutz. The movement was perilous. If the Austrian commanders had been more vigilant in pushing forward advanced squadrons to reconnoitre and ascertain exactly what their enemy was doing, the Prince of Lorraine might have brought down his reserves, and his forces from his right and his centre, and he might have taken the Prussian columns in flank while executing their oblique march towards the Austrian left. If this had been done, the Austrians would, in Napoleon's judgment, have taken the Prussian army *en flagrant delit*, and must have defeated it. But the Austrians seem to have expected that Frederick, if, after all, he ventured to assail them, would come on straight forward against their front; and they gave no interruption to the manœuvres of their skilful and determined foe. The Austrian commander on their left was General Nadasti, who, about one o'clock of the day, was surprised by

the sudden advance of Prussian troops all round the extreme point of his position. To use a metaphor from sea-fights, the Prussian force was not coming up against the Austrian broadside; but it had gained a position, whence it could rake the Austrian line from one end to another. But this was no mere artillery battle. The Prussians, ably handled, and answering gallantly to their King's expectations, overpowered Nadasti, though he was a good division-officer, and made a soldierly resistance. The Prussians advanced from south to north up along the line of the Austrians to Leuthen, their centre. Here there was for some time an obstinate struggle. Prince Charles and Marshal Daun saw, though not quickly enough, the real nature of their danger; and troops from the Austrian right were hurried down from Nymphen towards Leuthen; and an attempt was made to form a new Austrian line of battle, still having Leuthen for its centre, but at right angles to the old line, and facing southward against the advancing Prussians. If the Austrians could have effected this manœuvre, their great superiority of numbers might have given them the victory; and, in Frederick's judgment, this was the crisis of the battle.* But the Austrians were deficient in the rapidity and the accuracy of military movement, to which the Prussian King had brought his men by long and careful training. Frederick and his generals gave their adversaries no time for completing their new formation. Every Austrian battalion from their right wing, as it moved down, was promptly met and broken by the Prussians, who continued their vehement advance from south to north. Frederick had kept back a reserve of horse on his left; and these, as Lucchesi's cavalry wheeled round from Nymphen, gave them a sudden charge in flank, and drove them routed from the field. Marshal Daun strove in vain to draw up an orderly front of battle even in part of the field against the victors. Leuthen village was carried by the Prussian infantry after a hard and long struggle. Ziethen led his exulting cavalry in charge after charge on the disordered and retreating masses of Prince Charles; and before the sun went down the Austrian army, right, centre, left, and reserve, was

flying in total confusion towards the Schweidnitz water.

The short winter's day was now over; Frederick had certainly made the most of it: 10,000 of the Austrians lay killed or wounded, 12,000 were taken prisoners in the field, and 9000 were gathered up by the Prussians in the pursuit, which the indefatigable conqueror kept up till ten at night as far as the town of Lissa. The Prussians' loss in the battle was a little more than 6000 killed and wounded. Prince Charles left 17,000 men in Breslau, and with the rest of his beaten troops he hurried into Bohemia, closely pursued by a detachment of the Prussian forces under Ziethen.

The King, on the second day after his battle, formed the siege of Breslau, which surrendered to him on the 16th. Frederick recovered there his own magazines, which Prince Charles had captured in the preceding month; and he also made himself master of a great quantity of military stores, which the Austrians had brought with them on their Silesian campaign. The reconquest of Leignitz, on the 25th of December, completed the fruits of Frederick's victory at Leuthen—Silesia was once more Prussian; and the Court of Vienna, which had believed that province to be fully restored to the House of Hapsburg, and which thought that the war was on the point of closing with the utter ruin of the House of Brandenburg, saw all its projects scattered to the winds, and its hated foe, Frederick, as strong and as determined, as he had been when he first seized Silesia.

There were five more years of war after Leuthen. They were marked by many vicissitudes of fortune; but Frederick's military genius, and the noble loyalty and self-devotion with which his subjects endured their sufferings, sustained Prussia through them all. The sudden death of the Empress of Russia in 1762 relieved Frederick from the most formidable of his foes. Her successor, Peter III., actually became Frederick's ally; and though this support was of brief duration, owing to Peter's death in the July of that year, the Empress Catharine confirmed the peace which her predecessor had made with Prussia, and observed a strict neutrality during the remainder of the war. Sweden also in the same year retired formally from the contest, in which she had only mingled enough to expose her own altered and enfeebled condition.

On the other hand, during the last years of the war, Frederick was deprived

* "Les Généraux Autrichiens se voyant tournés et pris en flanc, essayèrent de changer de position; ils voulurent, mais trop tard, former une ligne parallèle au front des Prussiens; tout l'art des généraux du Roi consista à ne leur en pas donner le temps." — *Écrits Historiques de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse*, Tome IV., p. 166.

of the powerful support which England, under the administration of Pitt, had cordially and effectually given to the Prussian arms. England had aided Frederick not only by liberal subsidies of money, but by sending an English army to Germany, which, under the generalship of Frederick's pupil in the art of war, Prince Ferdinand, and in combination with the troops of Hanover and Brunswick, defended Frederick's flank on the East, and gloriously drove back the armies of France in some of the most eventful periods of the war. But on George III.'s accession to our throne in 1760, Pitt's authority in council, which had hitherto been paramount, began sensibly to decline. Lord Bute, who at this time had complete influence over the young King of England, disliked the King of Prussia, and was opposed to Pitt's bold schemes of conquest, especially to the measures with which Pitt wished to anticipate the hostility of Spain. Pitt obtained intelligence of a convention between the Spanish Bourbons and the French Bourbons in August 1761, by which Spain was bound to declare war against England in the following May, unless England should in the meanwhile have made peace with France. Pitt urged his colleagues, at the English council-board, to baffle this treacherous enmity of Spain by at once declaring war against her. His preparations were made to "smite at once the whole family of Bourbon." He was over-ruled in council, and resigned on the 5th of October, 1761. His successors in office were compelled in the following year to undertake the Spanish war, but at far less advantage than would have been the case if England had struck, when Pitt called for the blow. But still Spain suffered severely in the contest in which she had unwisely and unjustly interfered, and during the year 1762 lost Manila and the Havannah to the English arms.

But the British Court wished for peace, and the reverses of France had been such, that the cabinet of Versailles was eager for a cessation of disastrous warfare. Preliminaries of peace were signed at Fontainebleau on the 22nd of November, 1762, between France and Spain on the one part and England and Portugal (which had been attacked by the Spanish and aided by the British arms) on the other. Austria also now despaired of wresting, single-handed, Silesia from the Prussian king; and conferences were opened at Hubertsburg, a castle of the Elector of Saxony, situate on the road between Leipsic and Dresden.

The final treaty of peace between France, England, Spain, and Portugal was signed at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763; and the treaties between the King of Prussia and the Empress Maria Theresa, and between him and the Elector of Saxony, were signed at Hubertsburg on the 15th of the same month. By the treaty of Paris France ceded to England Canada and its dependencies and Cape Breton. Spain ceded Florida. The French were also bound by the treaty of Paris to withdraw their troops from Hanover, and from other parts of Germany which they to some extent still occupied.

The treaties of Hubertsburg contain little more than stipulations for the mutual evacuation of countries and towns taken or occupied during the war. Not a foot of land in Europe changed owners; though, according to the calculations of Frederick himself, the Russians had sacrificed 120,000 men, the Austrians 140,000, France 200,000, the English and their allies 160,000, the Swedes 25,000, the German circles, 28,000, and the Prussians 213,000, in the war. But the Seven Years' War in Germany, though the map of Europe showed no marks of it, was far from being a drawn game. The kingdom of Prussia, which had striven against such fearful odds and had not fallen, was justly regarded as victorious.

The result of the Seven Years' War established the independence of Prussia and her position as a first-class member of the European State system. The further steps, by which she advanced to her present condition of colossal power, may be briefly indicated.

Her robberies of Poland, by joining in the successive partitions of that unhappy country in 1772, 1793, and 1795, gave Prussia an increase of territory of more than 35,000 square miles, and an increase of population amounting to between four and five millions.

In 1806 she entered into a war with France under Napoleon I., in which she sustained dreadful defeat. She was obliged to accept the terms of peace dictated to her by her conqueror, at Tilsit, by which she was stript of nearly half her territory, and reduced for some years to the condition of a third-rate power. But this season of adversity, bitter as it was, and irreparable as it appeared to be at the time, was the main cause of the enormously increased strength, which Prussia has attained and is attaining in our own days. The profound national humiliation of Prussia between 1805 and 1813, the

rapacity and the contempt, with which she was treated by the victorious French, the sense of spoliation and of personal insult, which was brought home to every Prussian household during those seven years of woe, made the military spirit thenceforth the spirit of the whole population. Every Prussian then learned, and no Prussian has ever forgotten

"The moral lesson sternly taught,"

that for a State to escape oppression it must be independent; that to be independent it must be strong; and that in order to be effectively strong it must not merely possess the elements of strength, but it must have those elements ever ready for use in extensive and elaborate military organization. Perhaps this lesson is to be thoroughly learned only by suffering. The maxim that

Παθόντα δει μάθω

may apply to nations as well as to individuals. Yet surely the wise may take warning to some extent by the sufferings of others, or else history is written and read to little purpose.

Prussia, in the time of her extreme adversity, had statesmen who with equal energy and sagacity devoted themselves to prepare her restoration. Scharnhorst was her minister of war. Napoleon had bound Prussia down by treaty to maintain no more than 42,000 troops. But Scharnhorst, without ever exceeding the stipulated number, introduced and quietly kept up the system of dismissing each levy as soon as it was sufficiently trained, and of then replacing it by fresh recruits from among the youth of the nation, who in turn, after a limited period of service, retired and made room for others. By these means, when Prussia took up arms against Napoleon in the war of German independence in 1813, she had, not merely 42,000, but nearly five times that number of disciplined soldiers ready for action, besides the volunteers who started forward to rescue and avenge their fatherland. At the same time the Prussian statesmen, Stein and Hardenburg, were engaged in those measures for increasing the numbers, and for

improving the condition of the agricultural population, which have already been referred to.*

After the double overthrow of Napoleon by the Allies, Prussia, by the treaties of Vienna in 1815, regained her old territory, and also obtained large accessions, partly at the expense of Saxony and Sweden, and partly on the Rhine. Her total area was now 107,000 square miles; being considerably more than double what it was at the accession of Frederick the Great.

This giant-power made giant's strides to greater power by the Danish War in 1864, and by the Seven Weeks' War in 1866 against Austria and the Germanic States, which were Austria's allies in that contest. Prussia then annexed to herself the duchies of Sleswig Holstein, the duchy of Nassau, the kingdom of Hanover, the electorate of Hesse Cassel, the landgraviate of Hesse Homburg, as integral parts of her own territory. This made Prussia a compact state of 137,000 square miles, with a population of nearly 23,000,000. The Seven Weeks' War caused also the creation of the North German confederacy, with Prussia as its dominant power, and with all the troops of the Federation forming one army under the command of the Prussian King. The area of the whole territories of the Federation exceeds 160,000 square miles: the collective population amounts to nearly 30,000,000.

Still mightier augmentations of the power of Prussia appear to be approaching, as the inevitable results of the great and terrible war which now is being waged:

Τὰ δὲ πάντα θεῶν ἐν γούνοσι κεῖται.

* There is a remarkable passage in "Caesar's Commentaries" (edited by Sir Archibald Allison, vol. viii., p. 238), which shows that this system of keeping up the military power of a nation by giving all its youth a military training by reliefs, and by also attending to its agricultural interests, was practised among the most warlike nations of the ancient Germans:

"Suevorum gens est longè maxima et bellicosissima Germanorum omnium. Illi centum pagos habere dicuntur, ex quibus quotannis singula milia armatorum, bellandi causa ex finibus educunt; reliqui, qui domi manserint, se atque alios alunt. Hi rursus invicem anno post in armis sunt, illi domi remanent. Sic neque agricultura, nec ratio atque usus belli intermittitur."

Four of the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky have been brought to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Dr. Mapother, and are living there in perfect health. Their

transparency and want of colour, as well as the total absence of visual organs, render them very remarkable and interesting creatures.

Athenaeum.

From The Athenæum.
LIFE IN PARIS.

[*Par Ballon Monté.*]

PARIS, Oct. 17.

THE post-office balloons have, we believe, all reached their destination, to the great vexation of the enemy: that in which M. Rane left the other day had two shells fired at it while passing over Champigny; it escaped harm, but the shells killed one Mobile, and severely wounded two others who were practising at the target in a field near Adamville.

It is announced by the Government that all the pictures, tapestry, and other works of art, and objects of curiosity, were brought into Paris from the Château of Saint Cloud before the investment; amongst the works of art were Pradier's "Sappho," and the statue of "Night," by Collet. The Murillo had, it seems, been returned to the Louvre, whence it never ought to have been removed, in August last. The building of the *Institut* is being protected by the same means as were applied to the Louvre and other establishments, the embrasures of the windows and other parts being filled with sacks of earth; the vaults beneath are large and airy, and in these are deposited the most valuable books, manuscripts, and curiosities belonging not only to the *Institut* but also to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

The present war has brought to memory some curiosities of literature: amongst the rest one of Joseph de Maistre's paradoxes, to the effect that at certain times a great war is indispensable for the regeneration of nations, whose civilization and life are saved thereby; and as commentary on this it is said that there never were so few quarrels as at the present moment, that suicide is unheard of, and the Morgue empty! Logically, the major has swallowed the minor; that is all.

In one month nearly twenty new papers have been started in Paris, most of them of the ultra class and published at one *sou*; one of them appears four times a day. Six, if not more, are already defunct. The new Government has decreed the liberty of the press, but this does evidently not include that of press men, for M. E. Portalis, of the *Vérité*, is now a prisoner in the Conciergerie, as he says in a letter, "in a cell which held Tropsman, and between two assassins," for asking some awkward questions relative to Lyons and the Orleans princes, and is to be tried before a Council of War for having circulated false news, tending to provoke disobedience to the

laws and civil war. No government can, of course, allow violent attacks to be made upon it with impunity, at such times as these; but to lock a journalist up in the Conciergerie is scarcely compatible with freedom of the press or any other freedom. M. Jules Simon is determined, if possible, to push forward the work of education in spite of the war. He has for years worked hard for the improvement of female education, and he now proposes to the *Maire* of Paris to found at once normal schools for the instruction of both male and female teachers of private schools. It appears that there are ten departments in France in which there are no such schools, and that the metropolitan department is one of the ten. As to normal schools for female teachers, there are but nine in all France; the Sisters, who, ignorant as many of them are, are alone allowed to teach without undergoing examination and obtaining diplomas, have nearly the whole of the female primary schools in their hands. This, of course, is utterly opposed to M. Jules Simon's views, and he will alter it if possible.

The Academies continue to hold their regular meetings; at that of the Academy of Inscriptions, held some days since, M. Egger related some researches he had made respecting the Optics of Ptolemy; he found in a papyrus brought from Egypt by M. Mariette some passages in Greek concerning the question of optics; and there exist in the library (of the *Institut*?) some Latin manuscripts containing passages translated from Syrian, which make mention of similar questions. Lastly, in the Ambrosian Library of Milan similar passages have been found in the works of P. Ventura. M. Egger has not been able to find a trace of this text in the four books of the Optics of Ptolemy, and believes they must belong to the first book, which is not known to be in existence. He appeals to *savants*, who, he hopes, by comparing Latin and Syrian texts, will be able to clear up this obscure point in the history of science.

Conferences and meetings are beginning to be held again in aid of the war and the sufferers from it; one is now held every Wednesday at the Sorbonne; at the first of these M. Bouteville gave a discourse on free education and schools for the children of the defenders of Paris; and Dr. Bertillon addressed ladies who had devoted themselves to ambulance service on the first measures to be taken for the relief of the wounded.

The *Ecole des Beaux Arts* recommences

its courses in all the classes, and opens its Library and *ateliers* to-day.

It is an excellent sign that the Parisians are finding a little of their gaiety again. The writers in the popular journals are, of course, the chief *providers*. Two of these gentlemen visited an outpost the other day, when a few Prussians came in sight of the loopholes at which they were stationed; they begged to be allowed to have a shot each, which they obtained, and were going off thinking little more about it, when a man called out, "Here! I've got your Prussian!" and then they found out that they had actually killed a man, but which of them did it nobody could possibly say; they were both impressed with two opposite sentiments, and were at a loss whether to claim the honour of having fought in defence of the country, or to sink under the imputation of having committed murder.

The number of hospital-beds is, fortunately, far larger than the number of wounded, and this gives rise to many jokes; one ambulance is actually kept open, it is declared, by spoiling the only patient in it with good things, and so retarding his convalescence. A lady meets a friend in the street and says, "Ah! you are an officer; I hope if you are wounded you will come to my ambulance?"—"Very sorry, Madame. I cannot oblige you, but I am booked six deep already." Ambulance work is not so much to the taste of some ladies as that of the *vivandière*. A well known actress offered her services as *cantinière* to a volunteer corps: "Are you married?" was the first question—"Mon Dieu! non!" And now she dines at Brebant's daily, with an infirmary apron on. Hospital anecdotes are plentiful. A young Mobile had his leg broken, and it was set by a terribly slow practitioner; when the job was done and the surgeon's back turned, the Mobile said to his next bed-neighbour, "I have got a ball in my back, too, but I was not going to tell him; il m'a trop embêté."

The Brittany men are dreadfully shocked at some things in Paris: several of them the other day stood, almost with tears in their eyes, opposite a hideous caricature of the Pope; a gentleman saw at a glance what was the matter, bought all the copies of the print, and immediately tore them into fragments.

The following is original of its kind:—A

patient of Dr. Blanche, the famous physician of the insane, having recovered, asked permission to write to his family: "Make haste, then," said the doctor, "for the balloon starts to-morrow."—"The railway you mean, surely, doctor?"—"Ah! I had forgotten to tell you that since you were ill Paris is besieged and cut off from all communication." The poor man turned fearfully pale: "I thought I was cured and you tell me such stories as this!" Dr. Blanche was compelled to take his patient to the fortifications to prevent a relapse.

Here is a rampart story: A Zouave was determined to visit his *fiancée*, and got out without accident, but on his return was seen and fired at, but not hit; the gunners in Fort Issy, hearing the firing, began throwing shells; and Fort Vanvres followed the example. The enemy is said to have suffered severely, all because a Zouave went to see his sweetheart at Meudon.

The Mobiles do their best to make their encampments gay; some of the huts are covered with comic inscriptions, such as "Wanted a good cook; she must know how to take care of children"—"No Prussians admitted; the *concierge* is on the first floor"—"Wanted a maid-of-all-work" &c. On the Boulevard des Batignolles a regular concert is established, which opens every evening between seven and nine o'clock; the *impresario* and conductor is an old pupil of the Conservatoire, a comic singer as well as a musician; another performer was lately a singer at the El Dorado, and rouses the audience into enthusiasm with the "Cri de Vengeance." At the termination of the performance, a collection is made for the wounded. Over the cooking-place of one corps hangs a fine cat-skin, with the inscription "Au bon lapin-sauté."

Horse beef gives rise to hundreds of jokes:—"It is proposed to tax horse-flesh! By the hour or by the distance?"—"Horses were formerly stimulated by the spur, now it is by mustard"—"Garçon! un chapon au gros sel"—"Garçon! un filet de cheval sans sel." Comic definitions and dictionaries have long been the rage; here are two of the present moment: "*Fusil*—une arme que font partir les braves, et qui fait partir les poltrons!" "*Mitrailleuse*—Un ogre (*orgue*) de barbarie!"

From The Saturday Review.
THE PROPOSAL FROM THE LADY'S POINT
OF VIEW.

UNTIL woman's rights are put upon an advanced footing it is evident that a matrimonial engagement must constitute a more supreme and pre-eminent event in a woman's life than in a man's. The time may come when, engrossed in business or professional affairs, a woman may class her marriage among the minor episodes of her career; its higher and more memorable interests clustering round successes and trials of a public nature — her great cause, her first operation, her maiden speech. But hitherto it is not so, and therefore all that concerns this central event in woman's life is recognized by the female novelist as her special sphere. We know this from the mode in which the proposal, with all that gathers round it and leads up to it, stimulates her powers. Every student of these scenes feels it, naturally, to be of less import that the hero should acquit himself with distinction than the heroine. It is her opportunity; her words, her actions, everything that evidences her emotions should prove the presence of feminine perfection, if timidity prevents their distinct expression. In the man we tolerate awkwardness, audacity, even bad taste; but in her we can endure nothing that outrages the ideal. It is her hour; she must not come short of its demands. And to the demands of the occasion the female novelist is especially alive. We perceive a collecting of all her powers, a concentration of the spirits, a quickening sympathy as the proposal nears the keen encounter. The touch of mind with mind, of heart with heart, is interesting to her in a particular sense. It is the heroine's hour; she recognizes it also as her own. She feels that she holds the clue in her hands; it is the moment when her thoughts are stronger, her perception more sensitive, her instincts acuter than in her rival — man the author. We have a pathetic instance of this in the life of Miss Austen, who finished *Persuasion* in declining health. She did not bring about the re-engagement of Anne Eliot and Captain Wentworth to her mind, "and went to rest in very low spirits in consequence." It was terrible, no doubt, to fail her heroine at such a crisis. But under the stimulus of the occasion her powers rallied before morning; she cancelled the condemned chapters — which, however, every lover of her works must long to see, believing her rejected pages still better than most other writers' best — by a final effort

raised herself to the dignity of her theme, and satisfied herself and, we need not say, all her readers. Nevertheless, though we consider the proposal woman's speciality, yet we suspect she caught the manner from man. The first treatment of the subject according to the modern ideal is to be found in Sir Charles Grandison. In fact Richardson's genius was of the feminine type. In the scenes we refer to he writes from the woman's point of view; he triumphs in the number, the social importance, and the importunate constancy of his heroine's lovers. She is mistress of the art of rejecting, whether with spirit or with compassionate grace. Sir Charles walks the stage, Harriet Byron acts. We are lost indeed in a perfect labyrinth of punctilios and decorums when the two are brought together, and cannot get along for the delicacy of all parties — delicacy of both genders — "for female delicacy is more delicate than man's can be"; Sir Charles's share of this quality prompting him to make his offer first to the lady's grandmother, then as a great favour to beg a quarter of an hour's personal interview in the presence of the same grandmamma and aunt, for "neither Miss Byron nor I can wish the absence of two such parental relations," and all along to affect suspense and fears when we have known her to be in love with him through seven volumes, and if there was anything he might be sure of in this world it was that Harriet Byron was ready to have him. She has to cap all this with her superior female delicacy, and does so; and yet there transpire natural touches, little traits and turns, which keep the reader's sympathies alive. When she shuts herself up in her closet at the moment of his arrival, and her aunt, newly introduced to the "man of men," seeks her out to bring her into his presence — hinting "My love, you will appear to the finest man I ever saw in my life very particular" — we understand the twitter of her feelings, her "dejection," the pain of pleasure after long trial, the satisfaction that peeps out now she is sure of him, whatever Lady Clementina says or does, "if I don't misbehave." We are glad she shows enough of the real princess to pick a little hole even in Sir Charles's propriety. "He led me to my seat and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently lest he should think me precise, but as there were so many persons present I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison." Many leaves must be turned over before we arrive at the page where capital

letters herald the crisis to the reader's glancing eye. "CAN you, madam?" asks he; "I CAN, I DO," says she at length — this private declaration being followed next Sunday by a public one, when he takes her hand at the pew door to lead her out of church.

The conduct of the affair partly justifies Mr. Collins in his view of the truly feminine course on these occasions. A ready acceptance was not yet in vogue; and great credit is given to Harriet for a freedom from affectation that allows her to accept Sir Charles when he asks her, without further trial of his or the reader's patience. He does not speak without book when he informs Elizabeth, "I am not now to learn that it is usual for young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favours, and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time;" or again, when he concludes, "I shall choose to attribute yours to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females," Elizabeth's protestation "I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man," concludes a scene which is a satire on a prevailing impression that to accept at once showed an eagerness not consistent with feminine propriety.

When woman becomes the formal instructress of her sex, this topic very properly receives didactic treatment. Miss Edgeworth is great here. In *Patronage* she teaches the girl of eighteen what reply she is to make to her first offer. "To this first declaration of love (from the fascinating Buckhurst Falconer) Caroline listened with a degree of composure which astonished and mortified her lover. There was none of the flutter of vanity in her manner, nor any of the repressed satisfaction of pride. There was in her looks and words only simplicity and dignity. She said that she was at present happily occupied in various ways, endeavouring to improve herself, and that she should be sorry to have her mind turned from these pursuits." This is dignity, a little formal in the wording perhaps, but we like it better than the notion of modesty and feminine coyness drawn in her later heroine Helen, who is too self-conscious to show herself to advantage in the presence of an unengaged young man, and is only betrayed into nature and ease by her friend's figment of a secret attachment elsewhere.

But this coyness of approach towards

the masculine mind which once indicated true feminine reserve, not bearing the test of experiment, has gone out of favour with more modern exponents of the feelings. In its place there is the notion of struggle and intellectual conflict. As the declaration approaches, the lovers, in some ladies' novels, set their teeth for an encounter — a trial of will and strength through which alone a true understanding can be evolved. Miss Brontë first set this fashion. "I see the line which is my limit," is the lady's thought. "Nothing shall make me pass it. My heart may break; if it is baffled, let it break." "We had reached a critical point," notes the gentleman, "and we halted and looked at each other. She would not give in, I felt." "You can tell me, and shall tell me," he cries. "I never will," is the response. If the reader were not turning over the last pages, he might fear what would come of it. This duel of hearts is Miss Brontë's ideal, but she has milder scenes of very peculiar excellence. What pleasant original humour is shown in *Shirley*, where the boy Martin Yorke acquires a new insight into human nature by watching poor unreserved lovelorn Caroline under the agonies of fear for the life of her wounded lover, Moore: — "I suppose she is what they call in love with that long thing in the next chamber." And when with delightful ingenuity he has brought the two together, and, Moore making a much needed act of contrition, she takes his thin fingers between her two little hands "et les effleura de ses lèvres," the unspoken contract, with Martin for witness, brings these people together in as distinct and vivid a bond of interest as fiction often achieves. In *Villette* the love-making between Breton and Paulina is easy and graceful, as befits representatives of the elect class exempt from the greater trials of life. The girl in the dim twilight telling of her first love-letter; the confident lover who showed his sanguine temperament by smiling in the agony of suspense; the betrothal, where "Polly" pleads for him with her father — she can take care of them both, "he will be no inconvenience"; the father's gruff submission to the inevitable — all this is told with a reality which we look for in vain where masculine genius winds up the threads of its story. Mrs. Gaskell, remarkable as is her power at a scene, is scarcely great in this direction. In *North and South* the heroine rejects her Manchester lover with spirit enough, but the way they come together at last is ineffective. Mary Barton in the trial scene, where she at length

owns her preference, is somewhat stagy; not only is the scene impossible in fact, which does not very much matter, but the reader scarcely desires it to be true. There is, we remember, a good story in *Ruth* where the faithful servant relates her mode of receiving the addresses of a Methodist preacher, who unfortunately for him chose the time for paying his court when she was engaged in washing the kitchen floor. She felt it to be no occasion for remitting her exertions, but doggedly pursued him with brush and pail as he uneasily shifted from chair to chair so long as a dry spot remained whence to declare his passion. It is a matter of regret that George Eliot's views of woman's mission interfere with her success in this line, which must otherwise have been great. We have not space, and it might be invidious, to review living authoresses who throw themselves with interest into this department of the novel. We make one exception, however, in favour of *Woman's Kingdom*, by Mrs. Craik, the most didactic of modern illustrators of our subject, and who in *Good Words* throws over the old conventional treatment for her view of nature and good sense. Her heroine is a schoolmistress to be sure, which accounts for anything; but what a gulf sixty years have made between the frigidities of Miss Edgeworth and the artless candour, the frank admissions, of her sister-teacher of to-day! Edna receives a love-letter from a worthy man. "Poor Edna!" says her handsome sister. "Rich Edna!" cries her chronicler, "rich in the utmost wealth that heaven can give to mortal man!" "Never, until through the gate of death she should enter on the world everlasting, would there come to her such another hour as that first hour after she read William Stedman's letter."

After all, nobody can discuss this subject without returning at last to Mr. Trollope as its professor. Every novel-reader reads him, and knows that we here touch on his speciality. It is one on which he never ceases to exercise his ingenuity. He speculates and theorizes upon it, and illustrates it by a never-ending variety of examples. Here his fancy is inexhaustible. Realist as he is, it is his delight to divest the scene of its mystery and its terrors. He represents it as easy to make an offer. The difficulty with him is *not* to make one. Sham, illusory proposals constitute the gist even of his flirtations, and play round the real ones. To the boy of twenty it comes as easily and naturally as the exercise of his limbs. "Oh, oh Mary,"

cries Frank Gresham, "do you love me? Don't you love me? Won't you love me? Say you will. Oh, Mary, dearest Mary. Will you? Won't you? Do you? Don't you? Come now, you have a right to give a fellow an answer." And in justification of the easy style as opposed to the poetically-passionate phraseology which fiction indulges, and which within due bounds it is his mission to instil into the language of the affections, he quotes a scene from real life:—

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebeian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, Miss——, the long and the short of it is this: here I am; you can take me or leave me."

LADY—scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another.—"Of course I know that's all nonsense."

GENTLEMAN.—"Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane; here I am: come, at any rate you can say something."

LADY.—"Yea. I suppose I can say something."

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?"

LADY—very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale.—"Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

It is the affluence of his genius in this department that constitutes Mr. Trollope's widest popularity; it is the fact that you cannot open a page anywhere in any number but the chances are you come upon the scent or the fact of an offer. There is abundant matter for critics to admire in his lawyers, parsons, politicians, rustics, bagmen, or whatever other aspect of familiar life he sets himself to delineate and to divest of its conventional dignities; but the circulating library likes him for his straightforward love-making, terminating, in true English fashion, in a proposal. It likes the offer not slurred over, not taken for granted, not shirked, but treated with distinction as the proper decorous conclusion of all that has gone before. He indulges this national turn. In each novel there is something distinctive and memo-

nable in the method, provoking discussion and stimulating to criticism on the only point on which many fair novel-readers have a critical judgment. They take everything else on trust, but they have an opinion as to whether Lily did not lay her heart too open to Crosby, whether she should not have been won over at last by Johnny Eames's constancy; whether it was quite ladylike in Mrs. Bold to box Mr. Slope's ears; whether their pride would have stooped to take Sir John Ball when such a strain was needed to bring him to the point; whether the romance of an offer does not suffer from its being made in a painter's apron while the lady as Jael holds the nail and hammer; whether Mary Thorne was well or ill placed on the donkey which suited Frank Gresham's plans so well; whether the widow Greenow and her two swains, Cheeseacre the Norfolk farmer, and the Captain who poses to her the hills and the valleys, are not too vulgar for anything, and so on; and they appreciate the writer who thus exercises their intelligence accordingly. But compare the most effective of his scenes of this sort with similar efforts from skilled female pens, and it will be acknowledged that one writes from the head, the other from the heart. Still, he is woman's champion, he allows her her moment of pre-eminence, his feelings go with her, and generally give her the best of it. Mr. Trollope is kinder indeed to woman generally than most of his brotherhood, and especially we note to the widow, that mark for masculine satire often as unjust in its assumptions as Weller Senior, who lived in a delusion which makes him the typical victim of her wiles. As an offer the story deserves a place here *in extenso*, while at the same time it disposes of a calumny. The reader may remember that, misled by the splendour of his get-up, the tooters at Doctors' Commons assumed that his visit there could have but one object, and succeeded in persuading him that he wanted a licence:—

"And what's the lady's name?" says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. "Blessed if I know," says he. "Not know?" says the lawyer. "Nor more nor do you," says my father. "Can't I put that in afterwards?" "Impossible!" says the lawyer. "Very well," says my father after he'd thought a moment—"Put down Mrs. Clarke." "What Clarke?" says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. "Susan Clarke Markis of Granby Dorking," says my father. "She'll have me if I ask, I dessay. I never said nothing to her but she'll have me I know." The licence was

made out, and she *did* have him. What's more, she's got him now.

As proposals in the Weller class are subject to another public opinion, and are constantly made vicariously, it is probable that the hostess of the Granby saw nothing worse than an engaging presumption in this proceeding. As in royal contracts, an ambassador is constantly employed in these circles. We have known a man of credit and substance, who felt himself ill-qualified for love-making at first hand, employ the clerk of the Poor-Law Board to sound the object of his choice, as the only dignified official within his reach; but as coyness itself can hardly avoid a flippancy, pardonable under the circumstances, in receiving or rejecting such addresses, we are content that our exhausted space forbids our pursuing this line of our subject further.

From The Spectator.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

THE immense, and, as it were, self-dependent strength of the Prussian monarchy is shown in nothing so clearly as in the way the Hohenzollerns have maintained the tradition of thriftiness in the bestowal of rewards. They have never had to buy anybody. From first to last, from the first King to the first Emperor, the Sovereigns of Prussia have been exceptionally independent within their dominions,—have been as individuals wealthy, and have followed a bold, far-reaching, and ambitious line of policy. With territories little larger than Holland, and a country far less rich, they claimed and maintained a position among the mightiest potentates of the world, represented the faintest slight to an ambassador, and scarcely acknowledged precedence even in the Emperor of Germany. They have occupied precisely the position which tempts men to spend most lavishly, yet they have maintained for 150 years, through six generations,—in their official policy as in their household management—a tradition of thrift, pushed often to cheeseparing parsimony. One man in the line was a kind of Northern Bourbon, wasting wealth in sterile magnificence and coarse voluptuousness; but he did not break the tradition, and to this hour the Hohenzollerns are served better than any Princes of Europe, and give their servants smaller rewards. Nobody in Prussia is paid anything like the worth of his work. The

whole aristocracy is drawn into the army by salaries which would disgust English bank clerks, while the *élite* of the cultivated, men usually without means, are formed into an effective bureaucracy, and paid less than English clergymen. A General is paid like an English Captain, and a Prefect like a superior clerk, while the majority of the bureaucracy, which initiates and directs and moderates all things in Prussia, which governs in the highest sense of that misused word, are compelled to practise an economy which English Dissenting Ministers or Scotch schoolmasters would deem painful. A rigid, unsparring economy pervades every department, and has so penetrated officials as to become a kind of point of honour, as if waste or even expensiveness were in themselves just a little discreditable. To this hour, the King, who has become by successive accretions of wealth one of the richest princes in Europe — perhaps the richest in personal income — thinks it no shame to send to a city in distress which he keenly desires to conciliate 5,000 thalers, or £750, and would feel genuine surprise if informed that the sum was not very great. In the midst of incessant battles with Parliament for money, the Schloss treasure — £7,000,000 — has never been touched except for war, and the State commences a grand campaign, the greatest of our century, with a loan which London would take up at a bite and forget in a day. The extra amount of public money expended as yet in this war by Germany is not £20,000,000, and though £16,000,000 more were recently asked for, the Departments have found time to reduce the demand to twelve. Part of this economy is due, no doubt, to the practice of levying requisitions, taught by the First Napoleon to Germany; but its main support is a thrift so determined that the plunderers have given up the game in despair, and as a Prussian official once said to the writer, "Our Treasury is not afraid even of a dockyard." This rigour not only continues under the present Administration, but is slightly intensified, "many small peculations having been suppressed," and pushed in some departments almost into cruelty. The Prussian hospital service, for example, is penurious to an unjust degree. There are not enough surgeons, no comforts are allowed, not even hospital clothes, men with broken limbs still wearing their cheap rough uniforms. Quinine, chloral, good wine, everything that costs money, is always, the international surgeons report, wanting, and the disuse of chloroform is partly due

to a dislike for an expense which a little more "fortitude" in the victims of war would render needless. No General, however high, makes a fortune; Baron von Dreyse receives a modest wage, and we doubt if St. Joseph Whitworth would reckon Krupp as rich. The State in Prussia accepts your services, it does not buy them, and yet those services are exceptionally well rendered. There is not, so far as we know, an instance in Prussian history of a State servant having been rewarded as Marlborough was, or Wellington, or even Lord Hardinge or Lord Dalhousie. A sum was voted after Sadowa to the King to distribute among his highest servants; but Count Bismarck, who had given Prussia the supremacy of Germany, received only an estate large indeed in acreage, but not worth £50,000 in open market; and Baron von Moltke still less, a sum, if we remember rightly, of about £15,000.

Nor is this chariness of money made up by any lavishness of honours or carelessness in social discipline. The King is in the last resort master of every man, and accounts have been published, obviously correct, of the great Chancellor's dangers from a group of legitimist old ladies, who constantly by their influence with the King thwarted his best-laid plans. If the world is not utterly misinformed, he has had to resign once or twice, and even now he remains just what he was, Count Bismarck Schönhausen, — master in one way of the world, but hopelessly unable to contend with the stern old officer who is indebted to him for supremacy in Europe, for a position which fulfils the dreams of German legend-makers, and might make Frederick the Great leap under his stone shroud with exultation — chief among the statesmen of Europe, but still the "faithful servant of my august" and not very intellectual "master." It was widely rumoured after Sadowa that Count Bismarck would receive the little enclave which is still, we believe, kept in some way separate from Prussia, and would be Duke of Lauenburg, but Prussians only smiled at the report. He serves the Hohenzollerns, they said, not Napoleon; and so it proved. Honour enough to him that the King accepts his advice. The routine observed towards the Chancellor is intelligible — for after all he only makes history — but we confess, fully as we had recognized the policy of the great German dynasty in this matter of rewards, the cold thrift of honour as well as money which makes every star so valuable — we have felt a faint surprise at the measure meted out to Von Moltke.

He wins campaigns. He is the greatest in the field which the King best knows. The precise place which General von Moltke will hold in military history is still perhaps uncertain. He has never yet, either in 1864, or in 1866, or in 1870, been opposed to a reasonably good tactician, an equal army, or a formidable strategist. Beating the Danes, when they had only muskets, was poor work; and Benedek, perhaps hampered by secret instructions, proved but a feeble opponent; while in France he has never met a strategist of any sort, and only once a General. We rather think, writing only as observant civilians, that on that occasion he was defeated, and that August 16 should be credited to Marshal Bazaine, who, had he had but powder, would have retained the honours of the day. But generalship must be judged by its results, and judging by results, no Sovereign ever had such a servant as General von Moltke, who, having first reorganized an Army in which no soldier had ever seen a shot fired, having formed a school of generals and remade the scientific services, so guided that army as in a campaign of seven weeks to strike down the Austrian Empire, and then in a campaign of three months to subjugate the greatest of military monarchies. So far as close and scientific observers can detect, General von Moltke has been in this tremendous campaign the Providence of the German Army, has planned everything, foreseen everything, has never thrown away a life, and never missed a spring. His single brain has been worth a hundred thousand men, worth all Napoleon was to the French Army, and on his seventieth birthday the King of Prussia makes his mighty General a Count, promotes him one step in the social hierarchy, — as it were in recognition *en passant* of sound advice lent to him — the King — in his management of the war. A few days afterwards he makes two Princes of his own blood who, doubtless have fought well and succeeded, but who are nevertheless only efficient instruments in von Moltke's hands Field-Marschals, the superiors in the military hierarchy of the genius who has thus led them to victory and empire. In that realm of thought which of all others he understands,

in the very moment of supreme triumph, with his whole soul subjected to the advice which yet he will not reward, the greatest Prince in the world coldly and deliberately prefers to the claim of genius that of blood, and signifies to mankind that if his Generals master earth, they remain his family servants still.

There is something galling to men who believe that the tools should go to the workmen in such a distribution of honour, but while we protest, we are not blind to the strength manifest in such acts. They show that the terrible weakness of all new Governments, the necessity of buying support, is absent from the Prussian Monarchy. The State, and the King as its representative, have no need to conciliate any individual, not even the man who seems to work out victory as if it were a problem in the Calculus. He is bidden to work it out, and what higher inducement could there be? Had a Republic employed Von Moltke, it must have dreaded his ambition. Had he served Napoleon, Napoleon must have loaded him down with honours, and wealth, and territories, have filled him fat with spoil to bind him to his side, and even then must have dreaded in him a rival, a foe, or a successor. The King quietly admires and trusts. He has no need to bribe. He can be endangered by no rival, threatened by no enmity, undermined by no individual opponent. He is there, master by right of birth, in victory as in defeat too strong for even the semblance of hostility, as far beyond assault as if his power were self-derived, able to acknowledge aid, or to reward high service, or to abstain from rewarding them, and sure, whichever he does, to be held to have acted as became a King. If he hangs up his worn-out sword in the place of honour, lo! what a gracious King; if he flings it away, lo! what a master of the severest statecraft. Von Moltke has done his duty, and what can King say more? It is difficult to read of this Countship without a slight feeling of contempt for such niggardliness in the bestowal even of honours, or without a deep respect for the organization which is so strong that it need scarce be just to a soldier at whose name the fighting world grows pale.

SIGNOR CARLO NAVONE, the engineer, publishes at Turin a "Plan for a Submarine Passage across the Straits of Messina," with maps,

drawings, &c., for the purpose of uniting the Sicilian railway system with the main lines of the Italian Peninsula. Athenaeum.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, AND THE POLES.

THE newspapers of Russia and Prussia, which up to the beginning of the present war were never tired of repeating that the Polish nationality is a political nuisance the extirpation of which would be a benefit to the world, seem now to think that the Poles may be of some use after all. A short time ago we published an analysis of a remarkable article in the *Moscow Gazette* which recommended Russia to seek the assistance of the Poles for its protection against Prussia; and since then several Berlin papers have seriously maintained that the only real friend of the Poles in Europe is Germany, and that it is to her alone that they must look for the recovery of their independence. If we are to believe the Berlin correspondent of the *Kray*, a Polish paper published at Cracow, Count Bismarck wishes to persuade the Poles that he holds the same view. This correspondent quotes a conversation between the Count and a Pole of Galicia, in which the former is represented as having stated that a war between Russia and Prussia is only a question of time; that "after securing her position on the Rhine, Prussia must take up the cause of the Baltic provinces;" and that, "in order to be free to labour at her internal development, Prussia must re-establish Poland as a separate State between herself and Russia." According to a letter in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, however, Count Bismarck tells the Russians a very different story. The *Gazette* of the 8th inst. publishes, from a source whose trustworthiness it guarantees, a report of a conversation between the Count and "a Russian citizen." This

time it is stated that the Count declared the Baltic provinces "would be of no use to Germany, and only bring on her the eternal hostility of Russia," adding, with a characteristic touch of sarcasm, that "the Baltic barons would probably not like the Prussian Constitution with Lettish and Esthonian electors." As to Poland, the *Gazette* reports Count Bismarck to have observed that Germany would go hand in hand with Russia. These reassuring statements do not, however, seem to meet with much credit in the Russian press, which is pretty unanimous in demanding more material guarantees for the protection of Russia from German aggression. *Sudebni Wiestnik*, a paper the general tone of which is very friendly to Germany, proposes that Russia should be compensated for Prussia's acquisitions by the cession to her of Memel and the right bank of the Niemen — a suggestion which has raised a storm of indignation in the German press. A Hamburg journal, the *Borsenhalle*, expresses itself very strongly on this proposal, declaring that it would be impossible for Germany to cede an inch of German soil to any foreign Power. To this the *Moscow Gazette* retorts that the only reason why Russia refrains from asking for any such acquisitions is that she does not wish to give an example of a policy of conquest, which should now be given up by all civilized nations. This is certainly quite a new sentiment for a Russian paper, and is the more creditable to the *Moscow Gazette*, as it is only a few months ago that it published the famous articles of General Fadiyeff, openly urging Russia to make war on Austria as a preliminary to the acquisition of Constantinople.

EFFECTS OF THE POISON OF HEMP.—PROFESSOR H. C. WOOD describes in the *Proceedings of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia*, vol. xi., No. 82, the effects of extract of hemp on the system. The dose taken was an ounce and a half of the powdered leaves, heated with hot alcohol, and evaporated, making from 20 to 30 grains of the poison. No effect was felt for about two hours and a half, when the mind was suddenly thrown into a trance-like state, which was followed by great hilarity, and the appearance of alcoholic intoxication. The pulse then reached 120, and afterwards increased to 136, and spells of partial oblivion and unconsciousness succeeded, apparently of enormous duration, but in reality lasting at first not many

seconds. These periods became longer and more frequent, accompanied by an oppressive and intense feeling of impending death. Even the next day, after a night's sleep, these paroxysms returned, and were attended with partial anæsthesia. The plants from which the extract was made were grown in Kentucky, and were of the same kind as that so largely used in India for producing a sort of intoxication. This Indian hemp has been thought to differ from the plant grown in Europe for the sake of its fibre, but Prof. Wood believes them to be of the same species; but the summers in England are not sufficiently warm to produce any quantity of the peculiar resinous body in which resides the narcotic and intoxicating property.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY.

A LITTLE maiden, frank and fair,
 With pinafore and yellow hair,
 And chubby feet that wandered bare,—
 Her name was Fanny!
 I bade the bairn come one day,
 And leave her merry romp and play,
 And teach me Life's philosophy,
 If Life has any!

I bade her tell the reason why,
 When she had hurt herself, she'd cry;
 She somewhat thought, then made reply,
 She seldom did it!
 O ye who court the thinker's mood.
 Revolving things before the Flood
 And after, have ye understood
 More of Life's "quiddit"?
 Tinsley's Magazine.

STAGES OF LIFE.

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of
 thoughtes appere:
 And cury thought did shew so liuely in myne
 eyes,
 That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause
 of thought dyd ryse.
 I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that
 he
 Did wish yf God, to scape the rod, a tall yong-
 man to be.
 The yongman eke that feles his bones with
 paines opprest,
 How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue and
 lye at rest.
 The rich oldman that sees his end draw on
 so sore,
 How he would be a boy agayn, to liue somuch
 the more.
 Wherat full oft I smilde, to se how all these
 three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop
 and change degree.
 And musyng thus I thynk, the case is very
 strange,
 That man from welth, to lyue in wo, doth euer
 seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my wythered
 skyn,
 How it doth show my dented chewes [jaws], the
 flesh was worne so thyn:
 And eke my tothelesse chaps, the gates of my
 rightway,
 That opes and shuts, as I do speake, doe thus
 vnto me say:
 "Thy white and hoarish heares, the messen-
 gers of age,
 That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life
 doth asswage,
 Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging
 on thy chin:
 The whiche do write two ages past, the third
 now comming in.

Hang vp therefore the bit of thy yong wan-
 ton tyme:
 And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest
 life define."
 Whereat I sighed, and sayd, "Farewell my
 wonted joy:
 Trusse vp thy pack, and truge from me to euery
 little boy:
 And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme most
 happy is:
 If, to their time, they reason had to know the
 trueth of this."

Surrey.

LONGER LIFE.

THE lenger lyfe, the more offence:
 The more offence, the greater payn:
 The greater payn, the lesse defence:
 The lesse defence, the lesser gayn.
 The losse of gayn long yll doth trye:
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
 The shorter lyfe, lesse count I fynde:
 The lesse account, the sooner made:
 The count soon made, the meryer minde:
 The mery minde doth thought euade.
 Short lyfe in truth this thing doth trye:
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
 Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
 The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
 The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
 The ioyfull fare, the end of strife.
 The end of strife, that thing wishe I:
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
 Tottel's Miscellany, 1557.

THE MOON.

"I WATCHED the pale moon going up the sky
 In solemn splendour. The broad path and
 fair
 Lay through resplendent tracts of sapphire
 air.
 Methought the stars watched its course mourn-
 fully.
 Then did I mark, veiled were the realms on
 high
 Before her path in storm clouds everywhere,
 That waited her, like wild beast in its lair;
 But she went on in still serenity
 On her calm path of duty. Not less clear
 Was her white flame; unwaveringly she trud
 Through her pure world as though no storm
 were near.
 Up through the sky, with white feet silver
 shod,
 Then passed into the dark cloud without fear,
 Knowing her pathway was marked out of
 God."

From the Contemporary Review.
PAST SIEGES OF PARIS.

"PARIS," says Montaigne, "à mon cœur dèz mon enfance, et m'en est advenu comme des choses excellentes. Plus j'ay vu depuis d'autres belles villes, plus la beauté de celle cy peult et gaigne sur mon affection. *Je l'ayme tendrement jusques à ses verrues et à ses tâches.* Je ne suis François que par cette grande cité, grande en peuples, grande en félicité de son assiette, mais surtout grande et incomparable en variété et diversité de commodités, la gloire de la France, et l'un des plus nobles ornements du monde. Dieu en chasse loing nos divisions."

One would have hardly expected the sober Montaigne to have felt the witchery of Paris to this affectionate extent more than three centuries ago. Yet the city has ever possessed a strange fascination for its guests and indwellers, and that since the days of the Emperor Julian. This is no moment, however, for discussing from an æsthetic point of view the attractions and beauties of the capital, which are indisputable — she is now *en toilette de guerre*, ready to launch and to receive the thunderbolt of war, and subject to perils and privations which come but rarely in their lives on any cities, and which some, like our own capital, have never known, and perhaps will never know. It seems more suitable to the crisis to endeavour to see what figure she makes in history at the different periods at which a calamity like that she has now to endure has fallen upon her. A review of the past sieges of Paris will moreover place us in contact with some of the most salient points of the history of France, at moments when her fortunes were being cast anew into the crucible of destiny.

Leaving aside the attack on the Celtic island Lutetia by Labienus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, and the assaults of Frankish, Burgundian, and other Teutonic invaders, the first siege of Paris which we have to notice was as historically significant as any: since it was owing to the energy and valour displayed therein by Eudes Capet, Comte de Paris and Duke of France, that the Capetian race became distinguished above all the other noble families of

France — the prowess displayed by Eudes in defending Paris against the fierce onslaughts of the Normans for four successive years prepared the way for the establishment of the dynasty, which was destined to give to France such kings as Louis le Gros, Philippe Auguste, Saint Louis, Philippe le Bel, Louis XI., and Henry IV., the real founders of French unity. The unification of France and its formation into a separate nationality commenced at the siege of Paris by the Northmen. The nation then first clearly became conscious of its call to a separate national existence. The unwieldy empire of the Carlovingian dynasty, of which France was a mere dependant member, was already in decay and going to pieces. The last Carlovingian Emperor, Charles le Gros, was engaged too much in Italian politics, and his attention too much distracted by the demands upon it of the other constituent parts of his empire, to take sufficient care for this portion of his dominions which were year by year overrun and ravaged by the Northmen, and the necessity of a national and local dynasty for the protection of its interests became daily more evident.

Years had passed by since Charlemagne, with prophetic misgiving, beheld the first Danish fleet, and had a strange suspicion that the sons and grandsons of these sea-pirates would take terrible revenge on the nations of the West and South for the interminable warfare which he had carried on against the worshippers of Odin. Since then the fearless and ferocious Danish Jarls had carried terror with their dragon prows and their black sails into every part of the Carlovingian empire where the rivers were navigable to their keels. They had mounted the Rhine and the Moselle up to Cologne and Trèves. They had devastated Nantes and ascended the Loire, and the districts of the Garonne also knew them too well. The Seine had for years before their last great siege been a common highway for the Danish rovers. The monks of the great abbey Jumièges had habitually been in the habit of hoarding up a store of treasure from their revenues to buy off the merciless ravages with Danegelt, as they passed under their

towers; and Rouen had been sacked again and again by the fierce Vikings. Many were the tales told of the deeds of daring and ferocity done on Frankish ground by such men as Jarl Osker, Regner Lodbrok, Biorn Ironsides, his son, and Hastings, amid the fierce laughter of the wild seamen over the mead, when the wild light of the blazing logs turned to a ruddier hue the weather-beaten faces of the listeners, as they sat at their long tables in winter in the fir-built halls of Denmark and Norway. On one such occasion Regner Lodbrok boasted before Red Eric, the Ober-king, of his having mounted the Seine and put Paris to ransom; and upon Eric's expressing some doubts as to the truth of his story, he sent two of his men out of the hall to bring in before the drinkers the iron bar of the gate of Paris, and a carved larchen rafter of St. Germain-des-Prés, which he had carried off on his last visit. Indeed, under the effete Carlovingian rule the defences of the island city had fallen into ruin, and Paris was no more than an open city, from which the priests, soldiers, and inhabitants fled at news of the approach of the invaders. In the faubourgs, indeed, the strong, castellated monasteries were more capable of resisting attack than the city itself. On the north side was the monastery of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, and the yet stronger monastery of St. Denis, from which, however, the monks fled on more than one occasion, carrying off with them to Rheims the body of St. Denis. On the south side there was the once powerful monastery of St. Germain-des-Prés, where Clovis and Clotilde lay buried, whose effigies were on each side the portal of the church. There were also the no less celebrated convents of St. Victor and St. Geneviève. The Faubourg St. Germain, at that time, was the most remarkable part of the environs of Paris, containing not only those great monasteries, visible from afar, but the great hall of the Roman Palais des Thermes, then still standing, and the *vasta ruina*, as it was called later, of the Roman amphitheatre, also rising to a lofty height. During the past year the substructures of this vast edifice, which had been forgotten for centuries, were brought to light by excavations, and the discovery of skeletons under the soil in good preservation, evidently of bodies buried in haste, made it presumable that these were the victims of some one of the many Danish inroads up the Seine. The merciless Northmen, with cold-blooded calculation, slew men, women, and children on their way, in order to paralyze resistance with the terror they struck into the populations. They strung up the bodies of labourers on the trees by the side of the Seine in batches of six, seven, and a dozen at a time, and slew so many of the inhabitants that the Seine rolled down shoals of corpses, and the islands of the river were white with the bones of the natives who had fallen beneath their battle-axes, and were swept along by the current of the river till they were caught on the shores of the many eyots which rise from the bosom of the Seine. It was Charles the Bald, who himself had not ventured to attack the Danes from his strong position at St. Denis, during the capture of Paris in 861, and was even fain to buy off their retreat by a payment of heavy Danegeld, who restored the defences of Paris. Charles the Bald rebuilt the two bridges which the Danes had broken down, and which, being constructed on strong piles, prevented the ascent of their galleys up the Seine, and from so assaulting the island city on its east side, and he repaired and fortified anew the towers on the borders of the river. The two bridges of Charles the Bald, uniting the city to the northern and southern banks, were fortified further by towers, as *têtes des ponts* on the farther side from the city, and were in later times known as the *Petit Pont* and the *Pont au Change*. These bridges and towers of Charles the Bald did good service in the celebrated four years' siege of the city by the Danes in 885, under Sigurd or Siegfried, in the days of Charles the Fat. Many were the assaults made by their galleys and their fire-ships on the *Pons Pictus*, as the *Petit Pont* was called by the old monkish chroniclers, in order to destroy it and surround the island city. The outer towers of the bridges and the great tower known afterwards as *Le Grand Châtelet*, had to withstand, too,

many a furious attack. The Normans advanced to the assault of the towers of the bridge, under the shade of *mantelets*, and covered with flights of arrows and cross-bow bolts directed against the defenders of the towers, but were beaten off again and again with stones, and their *mantelets* destroyed with burning oil and pitch and wax — the only substitutes for nitro-glycerine and picrate of potash in those times. Primitive, indeed, were the means of assault and defence in those days — on the part of the besieged, one of the chief means of defence on which they relied were processions, with the bodies of St. Germain and St. Geneviève at their head, with prayers and litanies to the saints to help them in the hour of need. There was too a perpetual ringing of bells in the city to sound the alarm, and trumpets blown from the ramparts, to which the Northmen replied with fierce bursts of laughter and cries of derision — they were not accustomed to be beaten back, and felt sure the city would fall, as it had done before, into their hands. But this time they were mistaken. Charles le Gros, the Emperor, was far away, it is true, too busy with his Italian schemes to attend to the cries of distress from Paris; but the valiant Comte Eudes was there, with Robert his brother, and Eblis, Abbot of St. Germain-des-Prés, the nephew of Eudes, whose ability as a marksman was so great that he is hyperbolically said to have been able to kill off seven Danes at a shot. There was also the valiant warrior-bishop Gauzeline, who assisted his flock in their hardest strait — not only with benedictions and maledictions, and the perpetual singing of the litany, "*A furore Normanorum, libera nos, O Domine*," once universally chanted through the length and breadth of France, and which was intoned in the old Church of Ste. Geneviève even down to the siege of Louis XIII., but with goodly shots of the crossbow and doughty deeds of the strong arm. The Danes at last, despairing of taking the city by a *coup de main*, retired a little, and fortified themselves in St. Germain-le-Pont, and from there harassed the country all round, and advanced again to the assault of the city, from time to time. Many and many

were the supplications of the Parisians to their emperor to come to their assistance. The siege was conducted in such fashion that Count Eudes found time to go to Metz in 887 to supplicate the emperor anew for reinforcement, and to return with a body of German cavalry, with which he cut his way through the Danish ranks into the city.

He announced, moreover, the tidings that Henry, Duke of Saxony, was on the road to their assistance, and that the emperor himself would arrive as soon as he could get into motion. Henry, Duke of Saxony, did indeed shortly appear, but of him the Danes disposed during a sortie, by catching him, horse and all, in a covered pit, like a wild beast, and by putting him to death. Charles the Fat, however, did at last make his appearance with an army at the foot of Montmartre; but he preferred rather to treat with the Danes and to give them another weighty sum of Danegeld, and to divert their forces against Burgundy, then in revolt against him, than meet them in open field — much to the disgust of the inhabitants of Paris, who had been enduring a close and long siege with such steadfastness. This siege is, in fact, as we have said, the initial point of the history of modern France. The neglect of Charles the Fat, Carolus Crassus or Karl der Dicke, and his way of treating with the Danes, disgusted the Parisians with the Carlovingian rule; while the valiant conduct of the Count of Paris, and of all his family, not only in this siege, but in two subsequent ineffectual sieges by the Danes, signalized them as the fitting chiefs for the new nationality of France then in process of birth; and the Capetian dynasty may date its reign, indeed, from that very siege. It was an event which deeply stirred all Europe at the time, and lived long in the memories of men associated with romance. An account of it is to be read in the "*De bellis Parisiacæ urbis*" of Abbo, a monk of St. Germain, and a still more romantic version in the great poem of Ariosto. Ariosto has given a description of the siege as it came down to him, transfigured in the Carlovingian legends of the *Trouvères*. The siege is, of course, put back to the

time of Charlemagne, and its assailants are not Danes but Moors; this kind of change is common in all Carolingian legendary poetry. The besieger of Paris is, in Ariosto's verse, Agramante, son of the Moorish king Troiano.

"Parigi intanto avea l'assedio intorno
Del famoso figliuol del re Troiano,
Et venne à tanto estremitade un giorno,
Che n'audò quasi al suo nemico un giorno.
E se non che li voti et ciel placorno
Che delago' di pioggia oscura il piano
Cadea quel di per l'Africana lancia
Il santo Imperio e'l gran nomi di Francia."

The description of Paris is clearly given, but it is the Paris of Ariosto's own time, and not that of the ninth century:—

"Siede Parigi in una gran piamura,
Nell' ombelico a Francia, anzi nel core
Gli parsa la reviera entre le mura
E corre ed esce in altra parte fuore;
Ma fa un isola prima, e v'assicura
Nella città una parte, e la migliore;
L'altre due (che in tre parti è la gran terra)
Di fuor la fossa, e dentro il fiume serra."

The means of attack and defence are also well described:—

"Non ferro solamente vi s' aloptra;
Ma grossi massi e merli integri e saldi
E muri despeccati con molta opira
Tette di torri a gram pezzi di spaldi,
L'acque bollente che vengon di sopra,
Portano a' Mori insopportabil caldi;
E male a questa pioggia si resiste,
Ch' entra per gli elmi e fa accecar le viste,

"E questa piu nocea che 'l ferro quasi:
Or che dè far la nebbia di calcine?
Or che doveano far gli ardenti vasi
Con olio e zolfo e pece e trementine?
I cerehj in munizion non son rimasi,
Che d' ognitorno hanno di fiamme il crine;
Questi, scagliati per diverse bande,
Mettano a' Saracini aspre ghirlande."

A hundred years after these sieges of Paris by the Danes in 958, Otho II., Emperor of Germany, made a defiant march upon Paris, but contented himself with striking its gates with his lance and singing *Alléluia* with all his host on the hill of Montmartre. After which centuries passed by: the Capetian race were growing in greatness and prosperity. Philippe-Auguste and St. Louis had given new types of royalty to the nation. The astonishing movement of the Crusades had assisted in casting the kingdoms of Europe and society into new moulds; and although the crusading spirit was less active, it still survived, while chivalry, which was of coeval birth and allied to it, was in its richest

period of efflorescence, and, aided by the songs of the *Trouvères* and the *Troubadours*, had developed a new ideal of the noble and heroic, softened and adorned with those tenderer graces of life which have given a distinguishing charm to modern society, unknown to previous ages. The Valois branch of the Capetian race filled the throne of France, and had its title to possession challenged by the greatest, perhaps, of the few great kings of England—the chivalrous and magnificent Edward III., who had sworn amongst his knights and nobles at Windsor on the heron to conquer France—a vow in which all his subjects took part with such avidity and such quaintness, sometimes of chivalrous conceit, that the Bishop of Lincoln had in his train sundry squires who went about always with a green patch on one eye, because they had sworn never to look on the *dames de leurs pensées* with two eyes until they had done some mighty deed of prowess in France.

The King of France had then become a great king. He received the homage of the King of England for his French provinces. His cousins reigned at Naples and in Hungary. He was the protector of the King of Scotland. The brilliant court of the Valois was the most renowned in Europe for its gorgeous pageantries and splendid tournaments and festivals. It was, indeed, a court of kings. The kings of Navarre, Majorca, Bohemia, and often the King of Scotland, were to be seen surrounding the throne of Philippe of Valois. John of Bohemia, of the House of Luxembourg, whose son was afterwards emperor, under the title of Charles IV., declared he could only live in Paris, which he declared to be the "*séjour le plus chevaleresque du monde*."

The kings of the Valois race were indeed too *chevaleresque* and too much given to pageantry and display, and all the pleasurable vanities of chivalry, to make them serious antagonists for such a king as Edward III. They led their mighty hosts of nobles and knights to battle as though they were going to a mere tournament, or military *promenade*, as the phrase now is. Edward, on his side, though the chivalric vein was very strong in him, managed to combine the chivalrous spirit with a very close attention to business. He had, moreover, greater military genius than any of the kings and princes with whom he had to contend. He understood the increasing value of infantry in the field. He cultivated for this purpose the goodwill of the burghesses and yeomen of England, en-

larged the privileges of the towns and commons, and paid attention to commerce — so that when he took the field against the kings of France, he was able to do so not only with a full exchequer, but with a goodly body of archers and crossbowmen, to whom were mainly due the wondrous defeats which he was enabled to inflict on the splendid chivalry of France. He had, however, to learn his business as an organizer of victorious invasion. His first invasion in 1339 came to no very good end: but Cressy won for him Calais, and Poitiers laid all France open to his incursions.

It was not, however, until 1359 that he made his most serious attempt on Paris. *Jean-le-Bon* was then his prisoner; and the young Dauphin was then in the capital, directing its defence, with the aid of the famous Etienne Marcel, *précôt des marchands*, and the leader of the popular movements which had already begun to distinguish Paris as one of the most impulsive and high-spirited of European cities. Indeed, the discord, divisions, and popular revolts which had occurred in the capital when John was in captivity, and under the weak rule of the Dauphin, and which were owing to the intrigues of Charles the Mauvais, King of Navarre, with Marcel and the popular party, had acted as an encouragement to Edward in his invading policy, and contributed largely to his success. He counted on the obstacles which the revolutionary party in Paris would throw in the way of national organization, just as Bismarck has done, but still he never was able to get possession of the city.

Edward III., nevertheless, appears to have landed his army at Cherbourg in 1359 in as thorough a state of organization as the times were capable of. His little host of 30,000 men was, for the age, as completely prepared in every branch and against all contingencies as the Prussian host of this year. Nothing appears to have been forgotten in the way of equipment and for the commissariat, and the force was even fully provided with means of diversion. The English king was, it is said, the first to make use of artillery in the field, and all his weapons and accoutrements were of the newest fashion and in perfect order. Six thousand chariots followed the army with provisions, ammunition, and stores of all kinds, among which were mills for grinding flour, ovens for baking bread, forges for repairing armour and weapons, and all sorts of migratory workshops; the army was even provided with its packs of hounds for hunting, and with little barks — we suppose like Welsh coracles — for

catching fish from in time of Lent. Against the perfect organization of the English army, the immense mass of French *grands seigneurs* and knights were a mere brilliant, brave, but thoughtless mob, incapable of common action or of doing anything but throw each other into confusion — so they came to utter ruin at Cressy and Poitiers, and Edward III. could march through France this time just as he would. He did not, however, come straight to Paris; he marched right across France from Cherbourg to Rheims, amid the autumnal mud and the rain. He had a notion of getting himself crowned at Rheims as King of France. He was unable, however, to take that ancient city; so after remaining before its walls for six weeks, he raised his camp and marched by Châlons and Bar-le-Duc to Troyes, and held the duchy of Burgundy to ransom for 200,000 golden crowns. He then piously made his devotions at Easter at Chanteloup, where 1,200 fugitives had taken refuge in a church, and were surrounded and the church set fire to; and where, out of the 1,200 so shut up, only such escaped as jumped out of the windows, and a good many of these were killed by the English captains, amid much horse-laughter, so that 300 only were saved altogether. From Chanteloup Edward advanced to Bourg-la-Reine. The terror spread by the approach of the English host was so great, that no living being was to be seen far or near on the march, and as they came on they burnt Monthéry and Lonjumeau and everything *en route*. Edward advanced and fixed his quarters in the Faubourg St. Germain. This was the portion of the suburbs of Paris which had grown the most since the Northmen's siege of Paris. That southern suburb has, strangely enough, always been the learned quarter of Paris, and its chief accretion took place in the twelfth century, when Abelard and Guillaume de Champeaux settled there, and set up rival schools, which attracted an immense colony of students, so that Abelard may be looked on as the founder of the Paris Faubourg St. Germain. Edward III., however, does not seem to have given any attention to scholastic philosophy, neither did he venture on an actual assault of the city. He contented himself with blockading it, and with sending a defiance to single combat to the Dauphin, with burning the faubourgs and the villages all around, and laying waste the country, so that the trembling citizens from the walls of their capital beheld the smoke of their ruined houses ascending around them on all

sides. Paris at this time seems to have numbered about 49,110 inhabitants, and their anxiety about assault was so great that it was forbidden in the capital that the bells should be rung by night in the churches and monasteries for matins, for fear that the enemy might approach the walls at such time unheard. Only the *courre-feu* was allowed to be sounded at evening from Notre Dame; and in all the churches and convents matins were sung at *courre-feu* instead of at midnight—a change found so agreeable in some convents that they continued to sing matins at *courre-feu* instead of at midnight long after the English had departed. The inhabitants, moreover, of Paris, headed by Marcel, the *prévôt des marchands*, and his *échevins*, made a wonderful vow to the Virgin Mary of Notre Dame, if she would bring about their deliverance; they vowed her a taper of the length of the circumference of Paris (then 4,155 *toises*, about six miles), to be burnt day and night before her shrine, with further promise that this monstrous taper should be renewed every year. Whether this vow of the monstrous taper had any real efficacy or no, certain it is that the King of England did depart at last, but not before he had consumed all and wasted all far and near, and reduced Paris to the extremities of famine. He wanted provisions himself, and so broke up the blockade, and soon after concluded the peace of Bretigny, by which he secured Aquitaine and Calais, and got 3,000,000 crowns of gold. The monstrous taper, it must be added, was really purchased for the Virgin of Notre Dame—so she was probably the only gainer in France by the war. Such a taper was kept always alight before her shrine, except during the troubled days of the League, till the year 1608, when M. Miron, then *prévôt des marchands*, substituted a silver candelabrum, with an ever-burning light, for the original taper.

Great indeed were the horrors which twenty years of English invasion had brought with it throughout the length and breadth of France; but as they were infinitely surpassed by those which the country suffered under the more merciless inroad of Henry V., and were necessarily of a similar character, we omit to notice them here. The claim of the Plantagenet king to the throne of France was indeed an unjustifiable pretext for invasion; yet he has some excuse in the arrogant tone assumed by the monarchs of France towards English kings, because they chanced to be their liege men, and in the

provocation which he had received in respect of his French possessions; and the chivalrous character of the age, the gallant, loyal, and courteous bearing of the chieftains on either side towards each other, the universal want felt by the leading spirits of those times for some field in which to display knightly accomplishments and virtues, render the story of the contest, as it is found in the pages of Froissart, inferior to none for interest in the history of the world, if we keep out of sight the barbarities which accompanied it, and the suffering which it entailed on the French people. In the story of the burgesses of Calais, towards whom Edward's cruelty relented at the intercession of his queen, and also in that of the generous liberation of Sir Hervé de Leon at the noble remonstrance of the Earl of Derby, the reader rejoices to see the barbarian disappear before the earnest voice of merciful and chivalrous appeal. The aggression of Henry V., however, had little of this chivalrous nature, it was an aggression of ambition and policy and calculation, the aggression of an offshoot of a usurping race, who took advantage of the distracted condition of France to invade her territories for dynastic purposes. The Lancastrian monarch had the brain and the heart of a conqueror, and felt moreover that his family had need of some splendid successes in the realms of France to cast a glory of victory around their throne equal, if possible, in splendour to that which the Plantagenets had won for themselves, in order to become respectable in the eyes of the English nation.

France had, indeed, recovered with marvellous rapidity from the effects of the last English invasion, since the valour of Duguesclin had liberated her soil. Paris, within the fortifications which Marcel had erected round her northern side, beginning with the Tour de Billy, near the Arsenal, and following nearly the line of the present boulevards up to the Tour du Bois of the Louvre on the Seine, had grown in wealth and prosperity, and increased in population. Its inhabitants already were characterized by that light, gay *frondeur* spirit, yet capable of immense efforts and courage on occasion, for which it has ever since been distinguished, so that Froissart was capable of writing of its citizens about twenty years after the peace of Bretigny—"Il avoit alors de riches et puissants hommes armés de pied en cap, la somme de trente mille, aussi bien appareillés de toutes pièces comme nuls chevaliers pourraient être et disaient quand ils se nombraient

qu'ils étaient bien gens à combattre d'eux-mêmes et sans aide les plus grands seigneurs du monde." Indeed, all the kings of the Valois race held in some dread the rising independence of spirit of the French citizens of that time, who were in constant intercourse with the free cities of Flanders, which they endeavoured to emulate in their aspirations for liberty; and it was as much the suspicion and apprehension which the French kings felt for the criticism of the Parisians in their manner of court life and public and private conduct, as the superior charm and climate of the valley of the Loire, which induced the Valois monarchs to prefer Blois, Chambord, Chinon, and Amboise to their royal residences on the borders of the Seine.

Rapid, however, as had been the growth of French prosperity during the last twenty years, it was now destined, during the period of the second English invasion, to fall into just as rapid a decline, and to descend to such a depth of misery as England has never known in the whole of her history. France, however, has not once, but several times, in the course of her national existence, been the prey of such horrors, in the way of suffering brought upon her by invasion and war and civil and religious discord, that they surpass all power of description, and her rapid recovery from such states of utter desolation show an elasticity in the character of the people such as no other nation can exhibit. Charles V., who as Dauphin had been the antagonist of Edward III., and who had even been on his knees as a suppliant before the Parisians in the person of Marcel, died in 1380, and was succeeded by Charles VI. then twelve years of age. During his minority his three uncles undertook the regency, which, owing to their jealousy and quarrels brought disorder on the country. The spirit of the Parisians was still rising, and in consequence of some fiscal exactions, the *Revolte de Mailotins* took place, in which the court of Charles VI. capitulated with the people of Paris for a quiet entry into the city.

A reaction, however, took place. The king and his governors made a great display of force, and carried on war against the Flemings, who then, as later, were ever the allies of the Parisians in their popular movements. The Flemings were defeated by the royal forces at Rosbecq, and the royal party treated the victory as one over the Parisians, and the young king entered Paris lance in hand, as though into a conquered city. The country then was afflicted with a series of ca-

lamities which were sufficient for its ruin without the English invasion. The young king was married to the infamous Isabeau de Bavière, whose shameful adulteries and intriguing spirit made her a woman as fatal to France as Eleanor de Guienne. The king himself fell into a state of madness, and continued so afflicted for the greater part of his life. Under a disputed and divided regency the Burgundian and Armagnac parties created factions among the citizens, and contended with ferocity for the possession of the capital. Assassination and massacres became of almost daily occurrence. As the Dauphin grew up a party formed about him also, and then came the famous scene at the bridge of Montereau, in which the great Duke of Burgundy, *Jean sans Peur*, who was suspected of the assassination of a rival prince of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, was himself assassinated before the eyes of the Dauphin, who had invited him to the interview.

That fatal scene at Montereau sufficed, together with the victory of Agincourt, to give Henry V. possession of the kingdom and of the capital; for the Burgundian party not only held the person of the king, but were the ruling faction in Paris. The new Duke of Burgundy, who played much the same part as Charles le Mauvais on the previous invasion, at once, out of enmity to the Dauphin, threw himself into the English alliance, and by the Treaty of Troyes, signed in 1419, by both King and Queen of France, — in which Isabeau de Bavière had the infamy to call her son the *soi-disant Dauphin*, and so throw doubts on his legitimacy, — the heir to the throne was declared for ever excluded from the succession on account of his crimes; and, under its stipulations, the English king found himself shortly after lodged in the Louvre as husband of a daughter of France, and heir to the monarchy.

The victor of Agincourt entered the Parisian capital in state, riding between the poor mad King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, and followed by a suite in which were the Dukes of Clarence, Bedford, and Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick.

Not long, however, did Henry V. enjoy his conquest, for he died on the 31st of August, 1422, at Vincennes: and the mad king, Charles VI., died likewise about two months later — followed to the grave by the tears and sympathy which subjects have ever bestowed on monarchs so afflicted.

The death of the English king, and the

assumption, by the Dauphin, of the title of Charles VII., naturally revived the spirit of independence in France; but during the course of the struggle, which lasted for fifteen years, up to the time of the evacuation of Paris by the English, the miseries of France and the desolation of Paris reached an inconceivable pitch of intensity. In such a theatre of misery as France then became, one figure, however, appears of miraculous purity and heroism, a very incarnation of the spirit of France, the inspired warrior-virgin of Lorraine — of that Lorraine which Prussia would now wholly dismember from France. Jeanne d'Arc, however, never set foot in Paris, although she appeared before its walls. The inspired heroine knew, she said, that her mission was ended when she had delivered Orleans and taken her king to be crowned at Rheims, where she stood with that banner in hand which she said it was right should also share of the glory, since it had had its share of the pain.

She was, however, led to undertake the siege of Paris against her will. She advanced, nevertheless, to the assault with all her old fearlessness, leading the attack at the Porte St. Honoré, where the city was surrounded by a double moat. The outer ditch was dry; this she crossed, and passed over the rampart to the one within, where she stood sounding the water with her lance, and calling for faggots and wood to fill up the trench, regardless of the arrows and cross-bow bolts and insults which English and Burgundians hurled around her from the walls, till she received a shot in one of her legs, and her standard-bearer fell beside her. This was the first check of La Pucelle, and preceded only shortly her captivity at Compiègne, which led to her martyr end at Rouen. This was in 1429, and Paris was not evacuated by the English till 1436, when only 1,500 English remaining as a garrison, under Lord Willoughby, this remnant of the invaders shut themselves up in the Bastille, and the Burgundians, who were still the dominant faction in the town, and who had become disgusted with the English alliance, admitted the troops of the king, under his constable, Richemont. The English garrison were, however, allowed to depart peaceably, the Parisians contenting themselves with a few sarcastic cries at their French dignitaries who attended them.

It would be interesting for an Englishman if he could make to himself some vivid conception of the rule of the English kings in Paris. Henry V. paid frequent visits to his French capital, and he held solemn

feasts in the Louvre at Christmas and at Pentecost. He sat in great state at table under a magnificent dais, for all the world to see, by the side of his young French queen, and surrounded by English princes of the blood, and by English bishops, nobles, and knights, and as many French ones as he could get to attend him. The old mad king of France remained in almost complete seclusion and obscurity in the vast Hôtel de St. Paul, wanting even necessities at times, and visited only by old servitors and good burgesses of Paris, who remained faithful in misfortune. The little Henry VI. was brought to Paris in 1431, and it is said that his grandmother Isabeau watched him pass her palace on his way to the Louvre from behind a window, and that the little boy turned round to look at her. The government of the city was carried on by the Duke of Exeter, and the first president of the parliament Philippe de Morvilliers; but it was a government of tyranny and terror; for a single word of censure against English or Burgundian, tongues were pierced and the pillory made use of. But the state of things was so terrible during the last years of the English rule, that death itself was a happy release for most citizens of Paris. The city was in a chronic state of famine, pestilence was rife from time to time, and after 1434 the intensity and length of the winter frosts were appalling; it snowed one winter for forty days and forty nights. In the "Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris," the writer says he saw boys and girls lying on dirt-heaps in the city, thirty and forty together, dying of hunger and cold, and moaning out together. "Je meurs de faim! Je meurs de faim!" The population of the city was reduced one-half. There were 21,000 abandoned houses in Paris, and the inhabitants pulled them to pieces to make fuel of the wood-work. The state of hunger was such that dogs were dangerous, and dog-killers were appointed, and the poor followed them to catch up such offal as might be thrown to them from the slain dogs, while the denudation of the environs was so complete that wolves invaded the capital by night, and attacked people in the street. Nor were the horrors of the country less fearful. Armies of brigands and undisciplined soldiers — some of them were known by the terrible name of *écorcheurs* — devastated the provinces. Their ferocity was such that they roasted children in the sight of their parents to extort money. Labourers abandoned the spade and the plough, since the whole country was eaten

up by bandits and marauding soldiers and wolves, and they could look for no profit from their labour. They therefore turned either brigands in self-defence, or fled to the woods to live in caves with wild beasts, and some in their wild despair sought to make a compact with the demon. The misery of the people was so intense that a strange maniacal dance, accompanied with convulsions, became an epidemic among the populations: it was known as the *Dance de St. Gai*. When it was once commenced, lookers-on became infected with an irresistible contagion, and with shrieks and convulsive contortions joined in the round till they fainted, or died of exhaustion. The dance afterwards known as the *Dance Macabre*, took its origin from this strange malady, and the "Dance of Death" of Holbein, and that yet to be seen on the bridge of Lucerne, perpetuate the memory of the days of the last English invasion of France, when the population far and wide looked to death as the only sure alleviation of their miseries.

France, however, yet again, with that astonishing elasticity which one never ceases to wonder at in reading her history, speedily recovered from the depth of wretchedness into which she had been plunged by the last English invasion; and Paris, too, started up anew, and increased rapidly in extent and prosperity. Although here we deal only with the sieges of Paris, yet in any account of the secular fortunes of the great city it would be impossible to pass over the intimate sympathy which existed between her and that strange monarch, Louis XI. Paris and Louis XI. thoroughly understood each other, and they lived together on the most familiar terms. Paris, in despite of her love of splendour and display, her capricious moods and her petulant ill-humour, has always had in her generous heart an invincible and steady tendency towards democracy; and Louis XI. was, for a crowned head, the most revolutionary democrat who ever lived. He had thoroughly understood how the feudal system was utterly a thing of the past, and how all the good that it ever contained had gone out of it, and only the bad remained. With the subtlest craft and most indomitable purpose he undertook to reduce once for all into thorough subjection the great feudal chiefs who overawed the crown of France, and whose jealousies, conspiracies, and ambitions were for ever plunging the country into a state of anarchy, and rendering it the prey of a foreign invader. The great contest in which he contrived to

send Charles the Terrible to his ruin before the Alps was one instance of the dexterity and tenacity with which he carried on the war against the whole system of feudalism; and the crafty and provident monarch foresaw with truly prophetic political genius what part the *tiers état* and burgesses of France were to play in the new order of things. Hence he made friends to himself among the burgesses and townsfolk all over France, and relied on them for appreciation and support of his policy. But nowhere did he pay such court to the people as in Paris. He liked their caustic humour, enjoyed their jokes, and tolerated them with good-humour even when they told against himself. He was a cautious, prudent hard worker himself in his own way, and the good sense of the sober trader and artisan of Paris was more to his taste than the gorgeous airs and fanfaronading demeanour of the great feudal nobles and barons, every one of whom thought himself a *roitelet*, or little king, and a possible competitor for the throne of France itself. For Louis XI. Paris was his refuge, his citadel, his arsenal. "Ma bonne ville de Paris," he said of her, "si je la perdais, tout serait fini pour moi." And he did his best to show he liked them; he dressed just like an ordinary burgess of Paris, walked with the people, and became goodfellow well met with all, and was popular among them as no other king of France has ever been. He increased their city privileges, called their burgesses to his council, listened to their advice, harangued them at the *halles*, hearkened to their complaints, talked with them, exchanged jokes with them, and told them *salés contes*. He loved, above all, to dine at the Hôtel de Ville with the *prévôt* and the *échevins*, with the magistrates of the parliament, or with some rich trader of the city. He let everybody take him by the hand, and talk to him about the most ordinary business, and stood godfather to crowds of city children. "Comperé," the burgess said to him, taking him by the *pourpoint*, and "compère," he replied to the humblest among the artisans. He and the Parisians of that time understood each other thoroughly, and happier had it been for the commons of France if they had had other such sovereigns to look after their interests; for Louis XI. was remorseless as fate to great ladies on their knees imploring for the head of a traitorous feudal chieftain, but scrupulous to the uttermost in repairing any damage he might involuntarily have caused a poor countryman or country housewife by overrunning

their grounds in hunting, or in any other way.

After Louis, however, the princes of the House of Valois returned to their ruinous love of foreign adventures and extravagant court display; none of them loved, like Louis, to stand the brunt of the biting jests of the Parisians, or to run the risk of overhearing their sparkling sarcastic *chansons*, and they preferred, for the most part, to hold their gay courts and entertain their fair mistresses, apart from public view, in their splendid châteaux on the sunny Loire. However, Paris was growing so rapidly in opulence and strength, and absorbing so much of the spirit of the provinces, that it was impossible for royalty to think of neglecting it altogether, or for fixing its permanent seat elsewhere. And, moreover, the terrible conflict between the Catholic and Reformed religions was on the eve of its birth in France. The religious spirit of the country was being sundered in twain, and the schism was destined to involve the whole nation in one of the longest and most terrible struggles to be found in the annals of man; and Paris was, by its very nature, the headquarters of Catholicism, just as La Rochelle became the headquarters of the Huguenots.

Paris had grown now to be a city of some 200,000 or 210,000 inhabitants. It was the city of Ste. Geneviève and of St. Louis, of the Sorbonne, and of the University—the very fount of French orthodoxy; it was the *isle sonnante* of Rabelais—the city of a thousand bells, of eighty churches, of sixty convents, and Catholic to the core. Catholicism was the very soul of the gay city. The festivals and processions and pomps of the ancient Church were more in accordance with the exuberant life of the joyous capital. Solemn, stately, and severe, Calvinism was too dark and morose a creed for the light and joyous Parisian nature; for there never appears to have been more than about seven or eight thousand Huguenots in Paris—a mere fly on the back of an elephant, as was said in those times. Calvinism was more suitable to the severe and quiet life of the provincial cities, where existence, on account of the general emigration of the more volatile spirits to the capital, had a more sombre and more austere aspect. The Calvinists, moreover, were not a tolerant race; they mocked at the great Catholic festivals, destroyed crosses, insulted and broke to pieces the statues of the Virgin and Saints whenever they had an opportunity, and the Catholics

regarded them as infidels and savages. In fact, the partisans of either religion thought it impossible that both could go on side by side in peace and tranquillity. This view of Paris by no means justified, but it accounts in some measure for the facility with which the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew was organized within its walls, and for the fact that the Parisians soon outstripped, in Catholic fervour, the authors of the massacre themselves—and submitted to the domination of the League, and determined in the terrible siege, which they endured from Henry IV., to perish one and all, rather than run danger of ceasing to be Catholic.

One of the strangest of stories, indeed, is that of Paris under the domination of the League, when the *Conseil des Seize*, composed of the chiefs of the sixteen quarters of the city, under the lead of the Guises, and in combination with the ambassador of Philip II. and the Spanish faction, ruled the fortunes of Paris and swayed the destinies of France. It wanted, indeed, but little that a new dynasty, that of the Guises, should be set up in the capital to replace the Capetian, just as the Capetian had replaced the Carolingian; and Henry III. on the day known *par excellence* as the Day of the Barricades, since it was the first of the innumerable days of barricades in Paris, must have had no small misgiving when he fled in terror from the city, as to whether the career of royalty for his race was not for ever ended.

The fighting behind barricades, indeed, was but a substitute for an older fashion of fighting to which the Parisians had been accustomed in former times, that of fighting behind chains, which were regularly kept suspended at the corners of the streets, and ever in readiness for this purpose, and which they had used with such effect in the tumultuous days of Etienne Marcel and Charles Le Mauvais. These chains had, in subsequent times, been for the most part removed, but the rapidity with which they supplied their places with barricades in 1588 against Henry III., evinced at once their genius for this mode of city fighting.

Henry III. had some cause to complain of the ingratitude of the Parisians, for he was the first of the Valois monarchs since Louis XI. who had fixed his habitation in Paris, and he loved the city, and had done much for its embellishment. Nevertheless, notwithstanding his self-flagellations with scourges of silk, and his constant processions, barefooted, in the streets, in the

robe of a penitent and with little dogs in his arms, and with pearls in his ears, the people of Paris did not believe him to be a sincere Catholic. They had a contempt for the depraved, effeminate monarch, whose character was a medley of Asiatic vices and Italian wiles. They believed that he would, if he dared, make friends with the heretics and establish heresy itself in the capital; and as they were completely won over by the brilliant dashing qualities of the politic Guises, they insisted that Henry should work hand in hand with the Guises for the subjugation of the Huguenots.

The name of Guise had, however, become odious to Henry III., who saw through their ambitious schemes and fully understood the danger of having them for either foes or friends; and he had forbidden the Great Duke all approach to the capital. But the populace were growing wild with suspicion and dread of what dark plots, perhaps a counterpart of the St. Bartholomew, the beloved son of Catherine de Medicis might be hatching against them, as he sat in the Louvre surrounded by his minions and protected by his Swiss guard, and they invited the Guise to come among them. The duke was not slow to answer the summons, and his sudden appearance was the occasion of such a demonstration of popular feeling as it has rarely been the lot of any man to experience. As the hero and darling of Parisian faith rode down the Rue Saint-Denis, flowers were thrown down upon him from windows, where ladies stood wreathed in smiles, saying, "Te voilà, bon prince, nous sommes sauvés;" crowds came round him to kiss his hands, his raiment and his boots; and women rushed forward to rub rosaries and crosses against his horse.

The story of the strange visit of Guise to the Louvre, at the request of Catherine de Medicis, of his marvellous escape, and of the perplexity and indecision of the king, has been told over a thousand times, and we will not here repeat it. It was clear that Paris could not hold Guise and Henry at the same time; the populace feared an attack by Henry on the Hôtel des Guises, now the Hôtel des Archives, in the Marais, on which the escutcheons of the Guises are yet to be seen emblazoned; and so they determined to be beforehand with the king. They broke out into revolt on the Place Maubert, headed by friars and monk-preachers and the students of the university, without whom no revolution has ever been complete in Paris. They descended the banks of the Seine by

the bridges, got hold of the arsenal and the Hôtel de Ville, and then came and erected a barricade right in front of the king, not thirty yards from the Louvre, crying, "Allons chercher le frère Henri au Louvre."

The talk of the people and the Guises, indeed, had long been of shutting Henry up in a monastery, like one of the last of the imbecile Merovingian kings; and the Duchesse de Montpensier, the sister of the Guises, even carried scissors at her girdle, with which she had sworn to give him the tonsure. After some hesitation, Henry III. slipped out of the back of the Louvre, on pretence of going to visit the Tuileries, then in process of building; but when once out of the Porte Nouvelle—for the Tuileries were then outside the walls—he mounted his horse and rode off to Chaillot and St. Cloud, taking the road of flight which so many sovereigns have taken after him. He was never destined to enter Paris again, and it is said that at Chaillot he turned his horse round on an eminence overlooking the city, and shook his hand with imprecations against the capital which he had loved and fostered to no purpose.

One of the strangest of revolutions, and one of the strangest of revolutionary crowds were those of the Day of the Baricades. The motley mob which effected it was poured forth from gloomy *hôtels* as solid as castles, from churches and convents, from quaint houses with overhanging stories, from dark cavernous shops, and from filthy lanes of low black wooden houses where the refuse of the poor and the degraded herded together. On they came through the muddy streets in a torrent, composed of nobles, and magistrates, and counsellors, of burgesses, students, soldiers, and rabble, all clothed and armed according to their station, and mixed up with a mass of priests, and monks, and friars, who had their cowls turned back to make way for the helmet, and panted beneath the weight of the corslet under their serge, and the heavy partisan or arquebus which they carried on their shoulders; and this strange mixture of lay and monkish revolutionists held possession of Paris for six years, until the entry of Henry IV. into the capital in 1594.

It was six years of a frenzied existence, marked with the strangest traits of heroism, fanaticism, and folly. The news of the assassination of the Guises by Henry III., at Blois, arrived in Paris during the festival of Christmas, and the whole population took to fasting and signs of mourn-

ing, with endless masses and funeral ceremonies in honour of their martyr-chief. The people lived in the streets, the churches, and the Hôtel de Ville, and denunciations of endless war against the king, with sermons, and interminable religious processions, barefoot and with lighted tapers followed each other day by day. One such procession was composed of all the children of the capital, who went barefoot and with lighted tapers to the portal of Ste. Geneviève, and when they arrived there dashed their tapers to the ground, crying out, "Dieu éteigne ainsi la race des Valois!"

The Sorbonne indeed met together and declared the king deposed, while the rabble everywhere tore down the royal escutcheons and destroyed all the ensigns of royalty, just as it was our fate to see the imperial ensigns of Napoleon III. destroyed after the battle of Sedan. The *Conseil des Seize* too met together and appointed a provisional government, styled *Le Conseil de l'Union*, and named for its chief the Duke of Mayenne, the brother of the murdered Guises.

After the assassination of the Guises, Henry III. was then in a measure forced to accept the alliance of his heretic cousin, Henry of Navarre, and the two advanced together to the siege of Paris, and established their camp at St. Cloud, from whence the last worthless Valois is said to have pronounced a threat of extermination over the city where he had been covered with humiliation.

"Co serait grand dommage de ruiner une si grande ville — toutefois il faut que j'ai raison des rebelles qui sont dedans. C'est la cœur de la Ligue, c'est au cœur qu'il faut la frapper. Paris! chef du royaume, mais chef trop gros et trop capricieux, tu as besoin d'une saignée pour te guérir, ainsi que toute la France de la frénésie qui lui communique. Encore quelques jours, et l'on verra ni tes maisons ni tes murailles, mais seulement la place où tu auras été."

The knife, however, of Jacques Clement prevented the accomplishment of Henry's vindictive intentions and avenged the Guises. Henry of Navarre, on taking the title of Henry IV., found himself too weak to carry on the siege of Paris. He had to retire and go and win the battles of Arques and Ivry, in which latter fight he so discomfited the forces of Mayenne, that the chief of the League retired to the north with a view of reforming his army, and effecting a junction with Parma, who also was waiting for a favourable moment

to interfere in the affairs of France, and prevent the Béarnais from taking Paris.

The success, however, of Henry, at Arques and Ivry, won for him the confidence of the nation, and he found himself at the head of forces again sufficient to march upon Paris, and this time to invest it. The siege began on the 7th of May, 1590, and it is said that Henry, if he had immediately attacked the city, might have taken it at once, as it is also said that if, during the siege, he had not run away from time to time to pay fugitive court to his mistresses, as was the practice of *le vert galant*, he might have brought it to a successful conclusion.

The siege thus lasted three months and seven days; and of all the sieges of Paris, it was the most complete and the most terrible.

The Duke de Mayenne had conferred the chief command of Paris on his step-brother, the Duc d'Aumale, and his cousin, the Chevalier d'Aumale. They had under their orders two companies of men-at-arms, 200 horsemen of the Sieur de Vitry, 100 mounted arquebus men, 800 French foot-soldiers, 500 Swiss, and 1200 Germans under the Baron d'Eberstein. They had besides 65 cannons on the ramparts. These composed the regular troops; but besides these forces, there was the militia of Paris, which was capable of putting 50,000 men under arms. Henry IV., on his side, had but 12,000 foot-soldiers and 3,000 cavalry; but they arrived before the walls attended with all the prestige of the victory of Ivry, gained only two months before. The enormous disproportion between the forces which then sufficed for the siege and defence of Paris, and those which are at present engaged therein, is apparent enough. Paris indeed has grown to be ten times the size which it then was; but we must probably multiply Henry's forces by twenty to reach the number of the Prussian besiegers of to-day. Everything had been done which could be done by way of provisioning the town, of putting the ramparts in order, and of arming and drilling the militia. And as the power of resistance of the town depended on the strength of its religious and fanatical enthusiasm, the Duchesses of Nemours, Montpensier, and Mayenne, and the Papal Legate, and the ambassador of Spain, left no means unused to excite the people to religious frenzy. The Sorbonne issued a public decree, dated on the very day on which Henry appeared before the walls, declaring that eternal punishment would be the lot of those who might be disposed to range themselves as

the side of a heretic monarch, and eternal happiness of those who rejected him to the death. But it was the preachers in the pulpit and the street that roused the popular ire to the highest pitch; two Italians, Panigarola and Ballarmino, of the suite of the Legate, though preaching in their own tongue, produced an effect which it is difficult to even account for, and assisted to raise the fanaticism of the populace and their hatred of heretics to a superhuman power of endurance.

Immediately from the commencement of the siege, provisions, not being able to arrive by the Seine, began to rise in price till at last they were not to be bought for money. Henry restrained himself to a blockade of the city, and did not use his artillery, either on account of his deficiency in that arm, or some other cause.

Paris, however, was never quite hermetically sealed up. The chivalry of the king who scoured the country were not numerous enough to prevent peasants with provisions getting through the besieging force from time to time, and braving every danger for the sake of the enormous profit to be gained. The soldiers, too, of his own army were tempted to enrich themselves by allowing the necessaries of life to be smuggled into the town; while the officers, who had all some friend or relative in the city, connived when they could at this contraband commerce, or sent themselves presents into the city. Even the king, in a gallant way, forwarded from time to time presents of comestibles to his fair enemies, the besieged princesses. On the 26th of May the population of the city was found to be 200,000 in number; but a good many of the wealthier citizens had departed before the siege. The same day an inventory was made of the provisions in store, and it was calculated that there was corn enough for one month, after which time there would remain 7,500 quarters of oats of which bread was to be made. On the 26th of June, the wheat being exhausted, and the poor beginning to suffer severely, while the members of all the religious communities appeared to be in very good case, it was decided that the religious houses should maintain the poor, and that the convents and monasteries should therefore be visited, and an inventory taken of their stores. The ecclesiastical bodies, and especially the Jesuits and Capuchins, did not support this investigation very well. It was found that the Jesuits, says l'Estoile, had more corn left than would be sufficient to last them for a year, besides having quantities of other provisions. The

Capuchins, too, had biscuit in abundance, and no religious house was there but was found to have been extremely provident, and to be furnished with a larder and granary sufficient for six months' longer siege. Of course nearly every family a little rich had a secret store of some kind. Money was in time found to be of no use for the purchase of provisions, and the poorest refused it, and said they wanted bread and not money; there were, indeed, two kinds of poor in Paris — the poor who had money and no food, and the poor who had neither food nor money. Of the former sort there were seven thousand, of the latter five. All the chief persons at the head of the League contributed, so far as they could, to the necessities of the needy. All luxury, all other expense, and, indeed, all manner of work, except that necessary for the preparation of food and for the defence of the city, was suppressed. As long as money was of value the Cardinal de Gondi, Bishop of Paris — who, however, was no Leaguer — kept on selling all the silver ornaments of the churches in order that the proceeds might be distributed to the poor; and the Cardinal Legate made daily distributions, as likewise did the ambassador of Spain. All the ladies and the *seigneurs* of the League likewise put themselves upon strict necessities, and gave away all they were able to bestow. Soon, however, notwithstanding a momentary alleviation caused by a reinforcement of provisions which Mayenne contrived to introduce by a feigned attack, the stores of the monasteries were exhausted, no corn was left, and the oat-bread was resorted to. All sheep and oxen had disappeared, and no flesh was to be met with at the butchers but the flesh of horses, asses, and dogs, and this was sold at such an excessive price as to be beyond the reach of most of the inhabitants. The people now began to collect the grass and herbs on the ramparts and open places, and to boil them; then they tried to make bread of bones ground to powder, and even ransacked human graveyards for the purpose of making bread in this fashion, which they called *le pain de Madame Montpensier*. Had they known how to extract a gelatine from the bones of animals it might have given them some nourishment, but this way of making bread of bone-dust, because it looked like flour, affected those who partook of it with dreadful maladies. The skins of animals of all kinds began now to be boiled and eaten, and old leather of all kinds was eagerly sought for the same purpose. The streets were filled with a hag-

gard, scarecrow population, and the cries, "Du pain ou la paix!" came to be daily heard. In order to stay the hunger of the people so far as possible, huge cauldrons, called *les marmites d'Espagne*, were established in the streets, in which soup was made of grasses and weeds gathered in the town and thickened with oat-bran, while the fires for boiling them were made of the timbers of deserted houses. For habitations began to be emptied very fast, 100, 150, and 200 people dying from malady and hunger in one day. Soon the numbers of the dead increased so rapidly that it was found impossible to bury them. The chiefs of the League and the preachers went round to sustain the courage and endurance of the people. The Duke de Nemours and the Chevalier d'Aumale gave them exhortations, and the monks and friars on all sides preached that death by hunger offered a way to the glory of martyrdom equally efficacious with death by the sword, while news of the success of the League in the provinces over the Huguenots, and of the advance to their aid of the Duke de Mayenne, or of the Duke of Parma, and of some promise of the King of Spain, was every day invented to raise the spirits of the besieged.

Up to the 27th of July the Parisians still occupied the faubourgs, from which they were still able to extract some slight provision in the way of herbs and vegetables. On the 27th of July, however, Henry, who up to that day had been employed in taking St. Denis, ordered a general assault along the whole circuit of the attack, and drove the Parisians within the walls. His forces, indeed, had been of late considerably increased by the arrival of the Duke de Nevers with a body of cavalry, and of bodies of *gentilhommes* of various provinces of the north and south. His valorous, loyal, and free-hearted nature, and his successes, began to gain adherents on all sides.

Part of the resources on which the besieged had hitherto existed were thus cut off, and the famine soon grew to be too horrible for details. The Duchess of Montpensier carried a little dog in her arms which she said she had reserved for herself at the last extremity, and the *marmites d'Espagne* grew thinner and thinner in their broth, and were now flavoured with rancid tallow and foul grease, or anything that could be put into them. In their desperation the populace attempted sorties, but they were driven back. Henry however, yielded to pity, and allowed 3,000 people to come out of Paris on one

day, and 4,000 on another. On one of these occasions the soldiers in the lines imagined those passing out exceeded the prescribed number, and drove about 500 back into the town, which the famished people entered howling with lamentation at the thought of miseries yet to be endured, and which they had imagined were at an end. On the 27th of July, when the Parisians lost the faubourgs, a report was made to Nemours which declared that 30,000 people had already perished; as the siege was continued to the 30th of August, this number may, perhaps, have been doubled—yet we can hardly believe one account which makes the death-total as high as 100,000. The sufferings towards the end of the siege were of unspeakable horror; we read of two children dying, and their mother converting their bodies into food, and then dying herself of insanity; and of men disputing with dogs for the carrion of the streets, which they devoured raw, like unclean beasts.

This siege of Paris was ultimately, as is well known, put an end to by the advance of Parma, after his junction with Mayenne. The forces of Henry IV., however, now consisted of 20,000 infantry and 7,000 horse, and he felt himself strong enough to allow Parma to advance to Meaux, which is only twelve leagues from Paris, before he raised the siege. He knew the city was in such horrible extremity that it must surrender in a few days, and perhaps in a few hours. But on the 30th of August he felt the game was too dangerous to remain, and to expose himself to so able a general as Parma, with his Italian and Spanish infantry, then the finest in the world; so he withdrew from his lines to Bondi two hours before daybreak. At daybreak on the 30th the sentinels on the ramparts perceived that the besiegers were no longer at their posts, and uttered cries of joy which brought nearly the whole population to the walls. The poor people could scarcely credit their sudden deliverance. In a few hours peasants flocked into the city from all sides and brought them some slight alleviation of their miseries.

A solemn procession was instantly organized, with the Archbishop of Lyons and the Duke de Nemours at its head, for rendering thanks at Notre Dame for the cessation of such incredible suffering. It was long, however, before the capital was again thoroughly supplied; the country around was so wasted with war that provisions were got together with great difficulty. On the 31st of August the commandant of the League at Dourdain brought up a

few carts, and four days after a thousand waggons came into the city from the country about Chartres; but the Seine was still closed, and provisions still at an exorbitant price. Between the 13th and the 15th of September, however, corn fell, by increased supplies, at once from twenty-four crowns to six crowns the bushel.

The famine during the siege of Paris by Henry IV. could not fail to present a subject for description to Voltaire in his "Henriade." The lines are not bad if one can get over some false Horatian and Virgilian touches, but they do not rise above very creditable mediocrity.

"Mais lorsque enfin les eaux de la Seine captive

Cesseront d'apporter dans ce vaste séjour
L'ordinaire tribut des moissons d'alentour;
Quand on vit dans Paris la faim pâle et cruelle,
Montrant déjà la Mort qui marchait après elle,

Alors on entendit des hurlements affreux;
Ce superbe Paris fut plein de malheureux,
De qui la main tremblante et la voix affaiblie
Demandaient vainement le soutien de leur vie.
Bientôt le riche même, après de vains efforts,
Epreuve la famine au milieu des trésors —
Ce n'était plus ces jeux, ces festins, ces fêtes
Où de myrte et de rose ils couronnaient leurs têtes;

On vit avec effroi tous ces voluptueux,
Pâles, défigurés, la mort dans les yeux,
Périssant de misère au sein de l'opulence,
Détester de leur biens l'inutile abondance.
Le vieillard dont la faim va terminer les jours,

Voit son fils au berceau qui périt sans secours.

Ici meurt dans la rage une famille entière;
Plus loin des malheureux, couchés sur la pousière,
Se disputaient encore, à leurs derniers moments,

Les restes odieux des plus vils aliments.
Ces spectres affamés, outrageant la nature,
Vont au sein des tombeaux chercher leur nourriture;

Des morts épouvantés les ossements poudreux,
Ainsi qu'un pur froment, sont préparés par eux —

Que n'osent point tenter les extrêmes misères!

On les vit se nourrir des cendres de leurs pères —

Ce détestable mets avança leur trépas,
Et ce repas pour eux fut le dernier repas."

He is more amusing, as might be expected when he has to deal with the convent of the ecclesiastics, who were found to be in so good a state of preparation for the siege.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 880

"Ces prêtres cependant, ces docteurs fanatiques,
Qui, loin de partager les misères publiques,
Bornant à leurs besoins tous leurs soins paternels,
Vivaient dans l'abondance à l'ombre des autels."

Henry IV., though assisted by our Queen Elizabeth, had a good deal of fighting yet to do before he could enter Paris. There was a siege of Rouen to undertake, which also he was obliged to raise, and a great deal of marching and countermarching in the rear and in the front of Parma, and retreating across the Seine in face of Caudebec. However, his abjuration made things easier for him. Catholics, and even old Leaguers, were won over at last to the side of the gallant and blithe-hearted fighter, who never knew when he was beaten, and who never knew fear. He came to have a strong party in Paris itself, and the Duke de Cossé Boisac, a dexterous man, who had a shrewd notion that the Bearnais must win all hearts in the end, and who had a military command under the League, which placed the gates of Paris in his power, came to a secret agreement with the monarch, and by some astute manoeuvres contrived to divert the attention and suspicion of still obstinate Leaguers, and to arrange the guard at the gates, so that Henry IV., after a long ride through a dark night of rain and thunder, could enter Paris at four o'clock in the morning by the Porte Nouvelle—by the same gate through which Henry III. had retreated on the Day of Barricades. There was but slight resistance, and that arose from a body of the Swiss Guard in the pay of the Leaguers, who delayed to lay down their arms, and a few of whom were shot. And when Henry IV., before entering the Louvre, rode to render thanks at Notre Dame—which has participated for now almost six centuries in all the joys and sorrows of Parisian life—the populace were loud in their cries of "Vive le Roi!"

Yet this Paris of the reign of Henry IV., for which he fought so gallantly, and which was defended against him so desperately, which even then had a strange fascination for those who knew it, was a very different city from the one we now know; and the accounts we have left of it hardly make us wish to turn the hands of time back three centuries, and to live in its midst. Even while Henry was ruling the city peaceably from the Louvre, crimes of all kinds, assassinations, and duels, and deeds of violence were of daily occurrence. No street was lighted in his time; after sunset the city was buried in profound

darkness and quiet, and no good burghesses, much less a woman, dared to move forth from their threshold. The thick door and heavy swing shutters of the shops were locked up with ponderous bolts and chains, and nothing was heard in the streets at night but the creaking of the heavy sign-boards, as they swung upon their hinges across the streets. In the winter every place of amusement, and all theatres, and even wine-shops, were shut up at four o'clock in the afternoon. Moreover, the streets were hardly paved at all, and the most frequented thoroughfares were as deep in mire and mud, and as foul with dirt, as the streets of some provincial town in Spain at the present day; indeed, if one would know something of what a town in France or England was like three centuries ago, we can very easily form a notion from the most benighted of the provincial towns of Spain of our own time. There were no quays along the river in Henry's time, and inundations of the Seine in the city were frequent; indeed, even up to one hundred and fifty years ago, the Champs Elysées were often flooded by the river, and at such times you might go on a boat up to the Invalides. There were, besides, no places for public promenade, and even in walking in the daytime in the streets you were not safe from quarrel or assault. While the susceptible point of honour of the *gentilhommes* made duels of such constant occurrence in the Pré-aux-Clercs, behind the mill of St. Marcel, or beneath the walls of the Chartreux, that in fifteen years four thousand nobles were killed, and seven thousand pardons were granted for homicide — not to speak of the gangs of ruffians and robbers who infested the city, and with whom the numerous prisons of Paris, the Châtelet, the Conciergerie, the For l'Evêque, and others, were always kept tenanted. Every day, too, some of these gentry were either scourged, or racked, or hung up by the neck, while every attempt was made to put down duelling by the punishment of death, but to little purpose.

Henry IV., however, did much for Paris; he built the quarter of the Marais, and the Place Royale; and the visitor to that quarter in the present day will find much to remind him of Henri Quatre, and many a quaint picturesque bit of scenery such as he will not meet with in the Paris of Baron Haussman. Many of the streets in that quarter were named by Henry, after the provinces, Berri, Pictors, Xaintonge, &c., through which he had ridden so much and battled so long, and where he knew every

foot of the roads. And by wandering about near the Marais may be found many a by-street, many a *tourelle*-window, and quaint gable, and sculptured doorway, suggestive even of days before those of Henry IV. Henry IV., too, gave a unity of form to Paris which it had never known before. He erected the two quarters on either side of the Ile de la Cité, with symmetrical streets; and he built the Pont Neuf, where his statue is still to be seen, and around which, in times of trouble, the poor people of Paris used in former days ever to collect, as though they could find comfort in looking even in bronze at his honest hooked nose and his beaming smile.

There has never until now been another regular siege of Paris since the days of Henry IV., though troubles enough have happened there; half-sieges and revolts, insurrections, pitched battles, and foreign invasion have by turns drawn forth the blood of its citizens in its streets and under its walls.

The years went on, yet never again did time or revolution give back to the French people a monarch who cared for them as Henry IV. In his stead reigned in course of time two priests — the pitiless and politic Richelieu, and the subtle and crafty Mazarin; but neither of them gained the affections of the people; and the spirit of the nobility and of the burghesses of Paris, which had been cowed by the terrible rigour of the first Cardinal, ventured anew to break out into revolt, and to claim some of their ancient independence and privileges under the second. The war of the Fronde was the result — a war which showed, however, that a terrible degeneration in steadfastness of purpose and solidity of character had come over France since the heroic tragic days of the Wars of Religion.

There was something serious at the bottom of that wild war of the Fronde — some vague desire of fixing municipal rights and noble privileges, and of making a stand before the all-devouring growth of arbitrary power; but whatever there was of serious, in the original motives of its best actors, no one appeared in the movement capable of conducting it steadily towards any settled purpose, and the people, who at first took interest in its vicissitudes, stood by at last and looked on in utter indifference, while princes like Condé and Turenne fought now on one side and now on the other. So far as the nobles and princes were concerned, they fought chiefly for the smiles of their mistresses, or for some petty object of ambition. Yet the Fronde, too, had its Day of Barricades on the 27th of

August, 1498, at the beginning of the war, when the people of Paris believed in the sincerity of the Frondeurs, and arose to demand the liberation of the Counsellor Broussel, who had been imprisoned for remonstrating with the Court against new and arbitrary taxation. Terrified at the popular outbreak, the Queen-mother fled with her young son, and took shelter at St. Germain in its dilapidated, unfurnished château, and was subject to such privations as we read of in the pages of Madame de Montteville. Paris, too, afterwards underwent a nominal siege for more than three months, but there was little blood shed, and the siege was not serious enough to put much hindrance in the way of supplies. Far more serious, however, was the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine, fought out between Turenne on the side of the Royalists, and Condé on the side of the Frondeurs, in 1652, when Mlle. de Montpensier, one of the Amazons of the Fronde, got possession of the Bastille during the fight, and herself directed its cannon against the Royalists, and forced them to retreat. But, as we have said, the whole movement resulted in utter failure, and arbitrary power came out of it stronger than before. As for Paris, its privileges were abolished, its militia was disarmed, what few chains, relics of the old independent spirit of former times, remained, were removed, a royal garrison was settled for ever within its walls, and the registers of the parliament and of the Hôtel de Ville, which recorded the proceedings of this abortive revolutionary effort, were torn by the hand of the executioner. Paris, so far as it possessed any political, municipal, or fiscal rights, had them annihilated in this aimless conflict. The absolute monarchy of Louis XIV. was established, and was to endure till the Revolution. Paris henceforth was regarded with suspicion, and ceased to be the residence of its kings at all, who betook themselves first to St. Germain, and after to Versailles, and governed France and its capital from their palaces. This state of things lasted one hundred and thirty years, and then the cannon of the Bastille were again heard, but it was to proclaim the fall of the monarchy, and to announce the birth of Revolution.

In 1814 and 1815 Paris underwent two capitulations, but in neither case was there any siege, and only in the first case any fighting. On the 30th of March, 1814, the allied troops were close upon Paris, but the city was unprepared for defence. The

first Imperial Government, in this respect a true prototype of the second, had allowed the Parisians to remain in complete ignorance of the real situation of affairs up to the time that the enemy was at the gates of the capital. Whatever, however, could be humanly performed at so brief a notice, was effected; and a battle — one of the most brilliant in history, although obscured in the immense blaze of military glory, or the military carnage, of the Empire — was delivered under the walls of the city, before Belleville, by the marshals Marmont and Mortier, against the allied armies. The two marshals had but about 22,000 or 23,000 men to oppose to 170,000, of whom 100,000 were actually engaged against them. They withstood this enormously disproportionate force for an entire day, and put 12,000 of their enemies *hors de combat*. Marshal Monecy at the same time defended the *barrière de Clichy*, at the head of a detachment of National Guards, against overwhelming numbers — a feat of arms which has been commemorated in a picture of Eugène Delacroix, and by a statue erected on the theatre of his exploit, which statue, strangely enough, was only completed and uncovered on the day when the news of the defeat of Wissembourg arrived in Paris. By a strange coincidence of destiny, a prince who entered Paris in the train of the allied sovereigns fifty-six years ago, supported by armies numbering about 700,000 men, is now engaged again in hostilities before the capital, and submitting it to a siege of unprecedented magnitude. What may be the results of this immense military enterprise, it is impossible to foresee. Paris may yet organize and discipline the forces at present within her walls so as to be able to meet the Prussians in open field; and if France is not degenerate to an incredible degree, she has in her provinces millions of men and indefinite resources for organizing forces far superior in numbers to those which Germany now has in the field, and with which she can march to the relief of the capital. We can, however, speak with certainty of the past, and say that the stately and unrivalled capital of France has as yet behaved in a way worthy of her splendour and her secular renown; and that the fortitude and concord of her citizens in this her hour of adversity have hitherto disappointed her enemies, and equalled the expectations of her friends.

From Saint Pauls.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM—I will not say how old, but well past middle age. This much I feel compelled to mention, because it has long been my opinion that no man should attempt a history of himself until he has set foot upon the border land where the past and the future begin to blend in a consciousness somewhat independent of both, and hence interpreting both. Looking westward, from this vantage-ground, the setting sun is not the less lovely to him that he recalls a merrier time when the shadows fell the other way. Then they sped westward before him, as if to vanish, chased by his advancing footsteps, over the verge of the world. Now they come creeping towards him, lengthening as they come. And they are welcome. Can it be that he would ever have chosen a world without shadows? Was not the trouble of the shadowless noon the dreariest of all? Did he not then long for the curtained queen—the all-shadowy night? And shall he now regard with dismay the setting sun of his earthly life? When he looks back, he sees the farthest cloud of the sun-deserted east alive with a rosy hue. It is the prophecy of the sunset concerning the dawn. For the sun itself is ever a rising sun, and the morning will come though the night should be dark.

In this "season of calm weather," when the past has receded so far that he can behold it as in a picture, and his share in it as the history of a man who had lived and would soon die; when he can confess his faults without the bitterness of shame, both because he is humble, and because the faults themselves have dropped from him; when his good deeds look poverty-stricken in his eyes, and he would no more

claim consideration for them than expect knighthood because he was no thief; when he cares little for his reputation, but much for his character—little for what has gone beyond his control, but endlessly much for what yet remains in his will to determine; then, I think, a man may do well to write his own life.

"So," I imagine a reader interposing, "you profess to have arrived at this high degree of perfection yourself?"

I reply that the man who has attained this kind of indifference to the past, this kind of hope in the future, will be far enough from considering it a high degree of perfection. The very idea is to such a man ludicrous. One may eat bread without claiming the honours of an athlete; one may desire to be honest and not count himself a saint. My object in thus shadowing out what seems to me my present condition of mind, is merely to render it intelligible to my readers how an autobiography might come to be written without rendering the writer justly liable to the charge of that overweening, or self-conceit, which might be involved in the mere conception of the idea.

In listening to similar recitals from the mouths of elderly people, I have observed that many things which seemed to the persons principally concerned ordinary enough, had to me a wonder and a significance they did not perceive. Let me hope that some of the things I am about to relate may fare similarly, although, to be honest, I must confess I could not have undertaken the task, for a task it is, upon this chance alone; I do think some of my history worthy of being told, just for the facts' sake. God knows I have had small share in that worthiness. The weakness of my life has been that I would ever do some great

thing; the saving of my life has been my utter failure. I have never done a great deed. If I had, I know that one of my temperaments could not have escaped serious consequences. I have had more pleasure when a grown man in a certain discovery concerning the ownership of an apple of which I had taken the ancestral bite when a boy, than I can remember to have resulted from any action of my own during my whole existence. But I detest the notion of puzzling my readers in order to enjoy their fancied surprise, or their possible praise of a worthless ingenuity of concealment. If I ever appear to behave to them thus, it is merely that I follow the course of my own knowledge of myself and my affairs, without any desire to give them either the pain or the pleasure of suspense, if indeed I may flatter myself with the hope of interesting them to such a degree that suspense should become possible.

When I look over what I have written, I find the tone so sombre — let me see; what sort an evening is it on which I commence this book? Ah! I thought so; a sombre evening. The sun is going down behind a low bank of gray cloud, the upper edge of which he tinges with a faded yellow. There will be rain before morning. It is late autumn, and most of the crops are gathered in. A bluish fog is rising from the lower meadows. As I look I grow cold. It is not, somehow, an interesting evening. Yet if I found just this evening well described in a novel, I should enjoy it heartily. The poorest, weakest drizzle upon the window-panes of a dreary road-side inn in a country of slate-quarries, possesses an interest to him who enters it by the door of a book, hardly less than the pouring rain which threatens to swell every brook to a torrent. How is this? I think it is because your troubles do not enter into the book, and its troubles do not enter into you, and therefore nature operates upon you unthwarted by the personal conditions which so often counteract her present influences. But I will rather shut out the fading west, the gathering mists, and the troubled consciousness of Nature altogether, light my fire and my pipe, and then try whether in my first chapter I cannot be a boy again in such fashion that my ghostly companion, that is, my typical reader, will not be too impatient to linger a little in the meadows of childhood ere we pass to the corn-fields of riper years.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE I FIND MYSELF.

No wisest chicken, I presume, can recall the first moment when the chalk-oval surrounding it gave way, and instead of the cavern of limestone which its experience might have led it to expect, it found a world of air and movement and freedom and blue sky — with kites in it. For my own part I often wished when a child, that I had watched while God was making me, that I might have remembered how he did it. Now my wonder is whether when I creep forth into "that new world which is the old," I shall be conscious of the birth, and enjoy the whole mighty surprise, or whether I shall become gradually aware that things are changed, and stare about me like the new-born baby. What will be the candle-flame that shall first attract my new-born sight? But I forget that speculation about the new life is not writing the history of the old.

I have often tried how far back my memory could go. I suspect there are awfully ancient shadows mingling with our memories; but, as far as I can judge, the earliest definite memory I have is the discovery of how the wind was made; for I saw the process going on before my very eyes, and there could be, and there was, no doubt of the relation of cause and effect in the matter. There were the trees swaying themselves about after the wildest fashion, and there was the wind in consequence visiting my person somewhat too roughly. The trees were blowing in my face. They made the wind and threw it at me. I used my natural senses, and this was what they told me. The discovery impressed me so deeply that even now I cannot look upon trees without a certain indescribable, and, but for this remembrance, unaccountable awe. A grove was to me for many years a fountain of winds, and, in the stillest day, to look into a depth of gathered stems filled me with dismay; for the whole awful assembly might, writhing together in earnest and effectual contortion, at any moment begin their fearful task of churning the wind.

These were no trees in the neighbourhood where I was born. It stood in the midst of grass, and nothing but grass was to be seen for a long way on every side of it. There was not a gravel path or a road near it. Its walls, old and rusty, rose immediately from the grass. Green blades and a few heads of daisies leaned trustingly against the brown stone, all the sharpness of whose fractures had long

since vanished, worn away by the sun and the rain, or filled up by the slow lichens, which I used to think were young stones growing out of the wall. The ground was part of a very old dairy-farm, and my uncle to whom it belonged, would not have a path about the place. But then the grass was well subdued by the cows, and, indeed, I think, would never have grown very long, for it was of that delicate sort which we see only on downs and in parks and on old grazing farms. All about the house — as far, at least, as my lowly eyes could see — the ground was perfectly level, and this lake of greenery, out of which it rose like a solitary rock, was to me an unfailing mystery and delight. This will sound strange in the ears of those who consider a mountainous, or at least an undulating surface, essential to beauty; but nature is altogether independent of what is called fine scenery. There are other organs than the eyes, even if grass and water and sky were not of the best and loveliest of nature's shows.

The house, I have said, was of an ancient-looking stone, gray and green and yellow and brown. It looked very hard; yet there were some attempts at carving about the heads of the narrow windows. The carving had, however, become so dull and shadowy that I could not distinguish a single form or separable portion of design: still some ancient thought seemed ever flickering across them. The house, which was two stories in height, had a certain air of defence about it, ill to explain. It had no eaves, for the walls rose above the edge of the roof; but the hints at battlements were of the merest. The roof, covered with gray slates, rose very steep, and had narrow, tall dormer windows in it. The edges of the gables rose, not in a slope, but in a succession of notches, like stairs. Altogether, the shell to which, considered as a crustaceous animal, I belonged — for man is every animal according as you choose to contemplate him — had an old-world look about it — a look of the time when men had to fight in order to have peace, to kill in order to live. Being, however, a crustaceous animal, I, the heir of all the new impulses of the age, was born and reared in closest neighbourhood with strange relics of a vanished time. Humanity so far retains its chief characteristics that the new generations can always flourish in the old shell.

The dairy was at some distance, so deep in a hollow that a careless glance would not have discovered it. I well remember

my astonishment when my aunt first took me there; for I had not even observed the depression of surface: all had been a level green to my eyes. Beyond this hollow were fields divided by hedges, and lanes, and the various goings to and fro of a not unpeopled although quiet neighbourhood. Until I left home for school, however, I do not remember to have seen a carriage of any kind approach our solitary dwelling. My uncle would have regarded it as little short of an insult for any one to drive wheels over the smooth lawny surface in which our house dwelt like a solitary island in the sea.

Before the threshold lay a brown patch, worn bare of grass, and beaten hard by the descending feet of many generations. The stone threshold itself was worn almost to a level with it. A visitor's first step was into what would, in some parts, be called the house-place, a room which served all the purposes of a kitchen, and yet partook of the character of an old hall. It rose to a fair height, with smoke-stained beams above; and was floored with a kind of cement, hard enough, and yet so worn, that it required a good deal of local knowledge to avoid certain jars of the spine from sudden changes of level. All the furniture was dark and shining, especially the round table, which, with its bewildering, spider-like accumulation of legs, waited under the mullioned, lozenged window until meal-times, when, like an animal roused from its lair, it stretched out those legs, and assumed expanded and symmetrical shape in front of the fire in winter, and nearer the door in summer. It recalls the vision of my aunt, with a hand at each end of it, searching empirically for the level — feeling for it, that is, with the creature's own legs — before lifting the hanging leaves, and drawing out the hitherto supernumerary legs to support them; after which would come a fresh adjustment of level, another hustling to and fro, that the new feet likewise might settle on elevations of equal height; and then came the snowy cloth or the tea-tray, deposited cautiously upon its shining surface.

The walls of the room were always whitewashed in the spring, occasioning ever a sharpened contrast with the dark-brown ceiling. Whether that was even swept I do not know; I do not remember ever seeing it done. At all events, its colour remained unimpaired by paint or whitewash. On the walls hung various articles, some of them high above my head, and attractive for that reason if for no other. I never saw one of them moved from its place

—not even the fishing-rod, which required the whole length betwixt the two windows: three rusty hooks hung from it, and waved about when a wind entered ruder than common. Over the fishing-rod hung a piece of tapestry, about a yard in width, and longer than that. It would have required a very capable constructiveness indeed to supply the design from what remained, so fragmentary were the forms, and so dim and faded were the once bright colours. It was there as an ornament; for that which is a mere complement of higher modes of life, becomes, when useless, the ornament of lower conditions: what we call great virtues are little regarded by the saints. It was long before I began to think how the tapestry could have come there, or to what it owed the honour given it in the house.

On the opposite wall hung another object, which may well have been the cause of my carelessness about the former—attracting to itself all my interest. It was a sword, in a leather sheath. From the point, half way to the hilt, the sheath was split all along the edge of the weapon. The sides of the wound gaped, and the blade was visible to my prying eyes. It was with rust almost as dark a brown as the scabbard that infolded it. But the under parts of the hilt, where dust could not settle, gleamed with a faint golden shine. That sword was to my childish eyes the type of all mystery, a clouded glory, which for many long years I never dreamed of attempting to unveil. Not the sword Excalibur, had it been “stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,” could have radiated more marvel into the hearts of young knights than that sword radiated into mine. Night after night I would dream of danger drawing nigh—crowds of men of evil purpose—enemies to me or to my country; and ever in the beginning of my dream, I stood ready, foreknowing and waiting; for I had climbed and had taken the ancient power from the wall, and had girded it about my waist—always with a straw rope, the sole band within my reach; but as it went on, the power departed from the dream; I stood waiting for foes who would not come; or they drew near in fury, and when I would have drawn my weapon, old blood and rust held it fast in the sheath, and I tugged at it in helpless agony; and fear invaded my heart, and I turned and fled, pursued by my foes, until I left the dream itself behind, whence the terror still pursued me.

There were many things more on the

walls. A pair of spurs, of make modern enough, hung between two pewter dish-covers. Hanging book-shelves came next; for although most of my uncle's books were in his bed-room, some of the commoner were here on the wall, next to an old fowling-piece, of which both lock and barrel were devoured with rust. Then came a great pair of shears, though how they should have been there I cannot yet think, for there was no garden to the house, no hedges or trees to clip. I need not linger over these things. Their proper place is in the picture with which I would save words and help understanding if I could.

Of course there was a great chimney in the place; chiefly to be mentioned from the singular fact that just round its corner was a little door opening on a rude winding stair of stone. This appeared to be constructed within the chimney; but on the outside of the wall, was a half-round projection, revealing that the stair was not indebted to it for the whole of its accommodation. Whither the stair led, I shall have to disclose in my next chapter. From the opposite end of the kitchen, an ordinary wooden staircase, with clumsy balustrade, led up to the two bed-rooms occupied by my uncle and my aunt; to a large lumber-room, whose desertion and almost emptiness was a source of uneasiness in certain moods; and to a spare bed-room, which was better furnished than any of ours, and indeed to my mind a very grand and spacious apartment. This last was never occupied during my childhood; consequently it smelt musty notwithstanding my aunt's exemplary housekeeping. Its bedstead must have been hundreds of years old. Above these rooms again were those to which the dormer windows belonged, and in one of them I slept. It opened into that occupied by Nannie, our only maid. It had a deep closet in which I kept my few treasures, and into which I used to retire when out of temper or troubled, conditions not occurring frequently, for nobody quarrelled with me, and I had nobody with whom I might have quarrelled.

When I climbed upon a chair, I could seat myself on the broad sill of the dormer window. This was the watch-tower whence I viewed the world. Thence I could see trees in the distance—too far off for me to tell whether they were churning wind or not. On that side those trees alone were between me and the sky.

One day when my aunt took me with her into the lumber-room, I found there, in a corner, a piece of strange mechanism.

It had a kind of pendulum; but I cannot describe it because I had lost sight of it long before I was capable of discovering its use, and my recollection of it is therefore very vague — far too vague to admit of even a conjecture now as to what it could have been intended for. But I remember well enough my fancy concerning it, though when or how that fancy awoke I cannot tell either. It seems to me as old as the finding of the instrument. The fancy was that if I could keep that pendulum wagging long enough, it would set all those trees going too; and if I still kept it swinging, we should have such a storm of wind as no living man had ever felt or heard of. That I more than half believed it, will be evident from the fact that, although I frequently carried the pendulum, as I shall call it, to the window-sill, and set it in motion by way of experiment, I had not, up to the time of a certain incident which I shall very soon relate, had the courage to keep up the oscillation beyond ten or a dozen strokes; partly from the fear of the trees, partly from the dim dread of exercising power whose source and extent were not within my knowledge. I kept the pendulum in the closet I have mentioned, and never spoke to any one of it.

CHAPTER II.

MY UNCLE AND AUNT.

WE were a curious household. I remembered neither father nor mother; and the woman I had been taught to call *auntie* was no such near relation. My uncle was my father's brother, and my aunt was his cousin, by the mother's side. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a sharp nose and eager eyes, yet sparing of speech. Indeed, there was very little speech to be heard in the house. My aunt, however, looked as if she could have spoken. I think it was the spirit of the place that kept her silent, for there were those eager eyes. She might have been expected also to show a bad temper, but I never saw a sign of such. To me she was always kind; chiefly, I allow, in a negative way, leaving me to do very much as I pleased. I doubt if she felt any great tenderness for me, although I had been dependent upon her care from infancy. In after years I came to the conclusion that she was in love with my uncle; and perhaps the sense that he was indifferent to her save after a brotherly fashion, combined with the fear of betraying herself and the consciousness of her unattractive appearance, to produce the contradiction between her looks and her behaviour.

Every morning, after our early breakfast, my uncle walked away to the farm, where he remained until dinner-time. Often, when busy at my own invented games in the grass, I have caught sight of my aunt, standing motionless with her hand over her eyes, watching for the first glimpse of my uncle ascending from the hollow where the farm-buildings lay; and occasionally, when something had led her thither as well, I would watch them returning together over the grass, when she would keep glancing up in his face at almost regular intervals, although it was evident they were not talking, but he never turned his face or lifted his eyes from the ground a few yards in front of him.

He was a tall man of nearly fifty, with gray hair, and quiet meditative blue eyes. He always looked as if he were thinking. He had been intended for the church, but the means of prosecution of his studies failing, he had turned his knowledge of rustic affairs to account, and taken a subordinate position on a nobleman's estate, where he rose to be bailiff. When my father was seized with his last illness, he returned to take the management of the farm. It had been in the family for many generations. Indeed that portion of it upon which the house stood, was our own property. When my mother followed my father, my uncle asked his cousin to keep house for him. Perhaps she had expected a further request, but more had not come of it.

When he came in, my uncle always went straight to his room; and having washed his hands and face, took a book and sat down in the window. If I were sent to tell him that the meal was ready, I was sure to find him reading. He would look up, smile, and look down at his book again; nor, until I had formally delivered my message, would he take further notice of me. Then he would rise, lay his book carefully aside, take my hand, and lead me down stairs.

To my childish eyes there was something very grand about my uncle. His face was large-featured and handsome; he was tall, and stooped meditatively. I think my respect for him was founded a good deal upon the reverential way in which my aunt regarded him. And there was great wisdom, I came to know, behind that countenance, a golden speech behind that silence.

My reader must not imagine that the prevailing silence of the house oppressed me. I had been brought up in it, and

never felt it. My own thoughts, if thoughts those conditions of mind could be called, which were chiefly passive results of external influences—whatever they were—thoughts or feelings, sensations or dim, slow movements of mind—they filled the great pauses of speech; and besides, I could read the faces of both my uncle and aunt like the pages of a well-known book. Every shade of alteration in them I was familiar with, for their changes were not many.

Although my uncle's habit was silence, however, he would now and then take a fit of talking to me. I remember many such talks; the better, perhaps, that they were divided by long intervals. I had perfect confidence in his wisdom, and submission to his will. I did not much mind my aunt. Perhaps her deference to my uncle made me feel as if she and I were more on a level. She must have been really kind, for she never resented any petulance or carelessness. Possibly she sacrificed her own feeling to the love my uncle bore me; but I think it was rather that, because he cared for me, she cared for me too.

Twice during every meal she would rise from the table with some dish in her hand, open the door behind the chimney, and ascend the winding stair.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY-STAIR.

I FEAR my readers may have thought me too long occupied with the explanatory foundations of my structure: I shall at once proceed to raise its walls of narrative. Whatever further explanations may be necessary, can be applied as buttresses in lieu of a broader base.

One Sunday—it was his custom of a Sunday—I fancy I was then somewhere about six years of age—my uncle rose from the table after our homely dinner, took me by the hand, and led me to the dark door with the long arrow-headed hinges, and up the winding stone stair which I never ascended except with him or my aunt. At the top was another rugged door, and within that, one covered with green baize. The last opened on what had always seemed to me a very paradise of a room. It was old-fashioned enough; but childhood is of any and every age, and it was not old-fashioned to me—only intensely cosy and comfortable. The first thing my eyes generally rested upon was an old bureau, with a book-case on the top of it, the glass

doors of which were lined with faded red silk. The next thing I would see was a small tent-bed, with the whitest of curtains, and enchanting fringes of white ball-tassels. The bed was covered with an equally charming counterpane of silk patchwork. The next object was the genius of the place, in a high, close, easy-chair, covered with some dark stuff, against which her face, surrounded with its widow's oap, of ancient form, but dazzling whiteness, was strongly relieved. How shall I describe the shrunken, yet delicate, the gracious, if not graceful form, and the face from which extreme old age had not wasted half the loveliness? Yet I always beheld it with an indescribable sensation, one of whose elements I can isolate and identify as a faint fear. Perhaps this arose partly from the fact that, in going up the stair, more than once my uncle had said to me, "You must not mind what grannie says, Willie, for old people will often speak strange things that young people cannot understand. But you must love grannie, for she is a very good old lady."

"Well, grannie, how are you to-day?" said my uncle, as we entered, this particular Sunday.

I may as well mention at once that my uncle called her *grannie* in his own right and not in mine, for she was in truth my great grandmother.

"Pretty well, David, I thank you; but much too long out of my grave," answered grannie; in no sepulchral tones, however, for her voice, although weak and uneven, had a sound in it like that of one of the upper strings of a violin. The plaintiveness of it touched me, and I crept near her—nearer than, I believe, I had ever yet gone of my own will—and laid my hand upon hers. I withdrew it instantly, for there was something in the touch that made me—not shudder, exactly—but creep. Her hand was smooth and soft, and warm too, only somehow the skin of it seemed dead. With a quicker movement than belonged to her years, she caught hold of mine, which she kept in one of her hands, while she stroked it with the other. My slight repugnance vanished for the time, and I looked up in her face, grateful for a tenderness which was altogether new to me.

"What makes you so long out of your grave, grannie?" I asked.

"They won't let me into it, my dear."

"Who won't let you, grannie?"

"My own grandson there, and the woman down the stair."

"But you don't really want to go — do you, grannie?"

"I do want to go, Willie. I ought to have been there long ago. I am very old; so old, that I've forgotten how old I am. How old am I?" she asked, looking up at my uncle.

"Nearly ninety-five, grannie; and the older you get before you go, the better we shall all be pleased, as you know very well."

"There! I told you," she said with a smile, not all of pleasure, as she turned her head towards me. "They won't let me go. I want to go to my grave, and they won't let me! Is that an age at which to keep a poor woman from her grave?"

"But it's not a nice place, is it, grannie?" I asked, with the vaguest ideas of what *the grave* meant. "I think somebody told me it was in the churchyard."

But neither did I know with any clearness what the church itself meant, for we were a long way from church, and I had never been there yet.

"Yes, it is in the churchyard, my dear."

"Is it a house?" I asked.

"Yes, a little house; just big enough for one."

"I shouldn't like that."

"Oh yes you would."

"Is it a nice place then?"

"Yes, the nicest place in the world, when you get to be so old as I am. If they would only let me die!"

"Die, grannie!" I exclaimed. My notions of death as yet were derived only from the fowls brought from the farm, with their necks hanging down long and limp, and their heads wagging hither and thither.

"Come, grannie, you mustn't frighten our little man," interposed my uncle, looking kindly at us both.

"David!" said grannie, with a reproachful dignity, "*you* know what I mean well enough. You know that until I have done what I have to do, the grave that is waiting for me will not open its mouth to receive me. If you will only allow me to do what I have to do, I shall not trouble you long. Oh dear! oh dear!" she broke out, moaning and rocking herself to and fro. "I am too old to weep, and they will not let me to my bed. I want to go to bed. I want to go to sleep."

She moaned and complained like a child. My uncle went near and took her hand.

"Come, come, dear grannie!" he said, "you must not behave like this. You know all things are for the best."

"To keep a corpse out of its grave!" re-

torted the old lady, almost fiercely, only she was too old and weak to be fierce.

"Why should you keep a soul that's longing to depart and go to its own people, lingering on in the coffin? What better than a coffin is this withered body? The child is old enough to understand me. Leave him with me for half an hour, and I shall trouble you no longer. I shall at least wait my end in peace. But I think I should die before the morning."

Ere grannie had finished this sentence, I had shrunk from her again and retreated behind my uncle.

"There!" she went on, "you make my own child fear me. Don't be frightened, Willie dear; your old mother is not a wild beast; she loves you dearly. Only my grand-children are so undutiful! They will not let my own son come near me."

How I recall this I do not know, for I could not have understood it at the time. The fact is that during the last few years I have found pictures of the past returning upon me in the most vivid and unaccountable manner, so much so as almost to alarm me. Things I had utterly forgotten — or so far at least that when they return they must appear only as vivid imaginations, were it not for a certain conviction that accompanies them — are constantly dawning out of the past. Can it be that the decay of the observant faculties allows the memory to revive and gather force? But I must refrain, for my business is to narrate, not to speculate.

My uncle took me by the hand, and turned to leave the room. I cast one look at grannie as he led me away. She had thrown her head back on her chair, and her eyes were closed: but her face looked offended, almost angry. She looked to my fancy as if she were trying but unable to lie down. My uncle closed the doors very gently. In the middle of the stair he stopped, and said in a low voice,

"Willie, do you know that when people grow very old they are not quite like other people?"

"Yes. They want to go to the churchyard," I answered.

"They fancy things," said my uncle. "Grannie thinks you are her own son."

"And ain't I?" I asked innocently.

"Not exactly," he answered. "Your father was her son's son. She forgets that, and wants to talk to you as if you were your grandfather. Poor old grannie! I don't wish you to go and see her without your aunt or me: mind that."

Whether I made any promise I do not remember; but I know that a new some-

thing was mingled with my life from that moment. An air as it were of the tomb mingled henceforth with the homely delights of my life. Grannie wanted to die, and uncle would not let her. She longed for her grave, and they would keep her above ground. And from the feeling that grannie ought to be buried, grew an awful sense that she was not alive — not alive, that is, as other people are alive, and a gulf was fixed between her and me which for a long time I never attempted to pass, avoiding as much as I could all communication with her, even when my uncle or aunt wished to take me to her room. They did not seem displeased, however, when I objected, and not always insisted on obedience.

Thus affairs went on in our quiet household for what seemed to me a very long long time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENDULUM.

It may have been a year after this, it may have been two, I cannot tell, when the next great event in my life occurred. I think it was towards the close of an autumn, but there was not so much about our house as elsewhere to mark the changes of the seasons, for the grass was always green. I remember it was a sultry afternoon. I had been out almost the whole day, wandering hither and thither over the grass, and I felt hot and oppressed. Not an air was stirring. I longed for a breath of wind, for I was not afraid of the wind itself, only of the trees that made it. Indeed, I delighted in the wind, and would run against it with exuberant pleasure, even rejoicing in the fancy that I, as well as the trees, could make the wind by shaking my hair about as I ran. I must run, however; whereas the trees, whose prime business it was, could do it without stirring from the spot. But this was much too hot an afternoon for me, whose mood was always more inclined to the passive than the active, to run about and toss my hair, even for the sake of the breeze that would result therefrom. I bethought myself. I was nearly a man now; I would be afraid of things no more: I would get out my pendulum, and see whether that would not help me. Not this time would I flinch from what consequences might follow. Let them be what they might, the pendulum should wag, and have a fair chance of doing its best.

I went up to my room, a sense of high

emprise filling my little heart. Composedly, yea solemnly, I set to work, even as some enchanter of old might have drawn his circle, and chosen his spell out of his iron-clasped volume. I strode to the closet in which the awful instrument dwelt. It stood in the farthest corner. As I lifted it, something like a groan invaded my ear. My notions of locality were not then sufficiently developed to let me know that grannie's room was on the other side of that closet. I almost let the creature, for as such I regarded it, drop. I was not to be deterred, however. I bore it carefully to the light, and set it gently on the window-sill, full in view of the distant trees towards the west. I left it then for a moment, as if that it might gather its strength for its unwonted labours, while I closed the door, and, with what fancy I can scarcely imagine now, the curtains of my bed as well. Possibly it was with some notion of having one place to which, if the worst came to the worst, I might retreat for safety. Again I approached the window, and after standing for some time in contemplation of the pendulum, I set it in motion, and stood watching it.

It swung slower and slower. I wanted to stop. It should not stop. I gave it another swing. On it went, at first somewhat distractedly, next more regularly, then with slowly retarding movement. But it should not stop.

I turned in haste and got from the side of my bed the only chair in the room, placed it in the window, sat down before the reluctant instrument, and gave it a third swing. Then, my elbows on the sill, I sat and watched it with growing awe, but growing determination as well. Once more it showed signs of refusal; once more the forefinger of my right hand administered impulse.

Something gave a crack inside the creature: away went the pendulum, swinging with a will. I sat and gazed, almost horror-stricken. Ere many moments had passed, the feeling of terror had risen to such a height that, but for the very terror, I would have seized the pendulum in a frantic grasp. I did not. On it went, and I sat looking. My dismay was gradually subsiding.

I have learned since that a certain ancestor — or was he only a great-uncle? — I forget — had a taste for mechanics, even to the craze of the perpetual motion, and could work well in brass and iron. The creature was probably some invention of his. It was a real marvel, how, after so many years of idleness, it could now go as

it did. I confess, as I contemplate the thing, I am in a puzzle, and almost fancy the whole a dream. But let it pass. At worst, something of which this is the sole representative residuum, wrought an effect on me which embodies its cause thus, as I search for it in the past. And why should not the individual life have its misty legends as well as that of nations? From them, as from the golden and rosy clouds of morning, dawns at last the true sun of its unquestionable history. Every boy has his own fables, just as the Romans and the Englands of the world have their Romuli and their Arthurs, their suckling wolves and their granite-sheathed swords. Do they not reflect each other? I tell the tale as 'tis left in me.

How long I sat thus gazing at the now self-impelled instrument, I cannot say. The next point in the progress of the legend, is a gust of wind rattling the window, in whose recess I was seated. I jumped from my chair in terror. While I had been absorbed in the pendulum, the evening had closed in; clouds had gathered over the sky, and all was gloomy about the house. It was much too dark to see the distant trees, but there could be no doubt they were at work. The pendulum had roused them. Another, a third, and a fourth gust rattled and shook the rickety frame. I had done it at last! The trees were busy away there in the darkness. I and my pendulum could make the wind.

The gusts came faster and faster, and grew into blasts which settled into a steady gale. The pendulum went on swinging to and fro, and the gale went on increasing in violence. I sat half in terror, half in delight at the awful success of my experiment. I would have opened the window to let in the coveted air, but that was beyond my knowledge and strength. I could make the wind blow, but, like other magicians, I could not share in its benefits. I would go out and meet it on the open plain. I crept down the stair like a thief—not that I feared detention, but that I felt such a sense of the important, even the dread, about myself and my instrument, that I was not in harmony with souls reflecting only the common affairs of life. In a moment I was in the middle of the storm—for storm it very nearly was and soon became. I rushed to and fro in the midst of it, lay down and rolled in it, and laughed and shouted as I looked up to the window where the pendulum was swinging, and thought of the trees at work away in the dark. The wind grew stronger and

stronger. What if the pendulum should not stop at all, and the wind went on and on, growing louder and fiercer, till it grew mad and blew away the house? Ah, then, poor grannie would have a chance of being buried at last! Seriously, the affair might grow serious.

Such thoughts were passing in my mind, when all at once the wind gave a roar which made me spring to my feet and rush for the house. I must stop the pendulum. There was a strange sound in that blast. The trees themselves had had enough of it, and were protesting against the creature's tyranny. Their master was working them too hard. I ran up the stair on all fours: it was my way when I was in a hurry. Swinging went the pendulum in the window, and the wind roared in the chimney. I seized hold of the oscillating thing, and stopped it; but to my amaze and consternation, the moment I released it, on it went again. I must sit and hold it. But the voice of my aunt called me from below, and as I dared not explain why I would rather not appear, I was forced to obey. I lingered on the stair, half minded to return.

"What a rough night it is!" I heard my aunt say, with rare remark.

"It gets worse and worse," responded my uncle. "I hope it won't disturb grannie; but the wind must roar fearfully in her chimney."

I stood like a culprit. What if they should find out that I was at the root of the mischief, at the heart of the storm!

"If I could believe all I have been reading to-night about the Prince of the Power of the Air, I should not like this storm at all," continued my uncle, with a smile. "But books are not always to be trusted because they are old," he added with another smile. "From the glass, I expected rain and not wind."

"Whatever wind there is, we get it all," said my aunt. "I wonder what Willie is about. I thought I heard him coming down. Isn't it time, David, we did something about his schooling? It won't do to have him idling about this way all day long."

"He's a mere child," returned my uncle. "I'm not forgetting him. But I can't send him away yet."

"You know best," returned my aunt. *Send me away!* What could it mean? Why should I—where should I go? Was not the old place a part of me, just like my own clothes on my own body? This was the kind of feeling that woke in me at the words. But hearing my aunt push back

her chair, evidently with the purpose of finding me, I descended into the room.

"Come along, Willie," said my uncle. "Hear the wind, how it roars!"

"Yes, uncle; it does roar," I said, feeling a hypocrite for the first time in my life. Knowing far more about the roaring than he did, I yet spoke like an innocent!

"Do you know who makes the wind, Willie?"

"Yes. The trees," I answered.

My uncle opened his blue eyes very wide, and looked at my aunt. He had no idea what a little heathen I was. The more a man has wrought out his own mental condition, the readier he is to suppose that children must be able to work out theirs, and to forget that he did not work out his information, but only his conclusions. My uncle began to think it was time to take me in hand.

"No, Willie," he said. "I must teach you better than that."

I expected him to begin by telling me that God made the wind; but, whether it was that what the old book said about the Prince of the Power of the Air returned upon him, or that he thought it an unfitting occasion for such a lesson when the wind was roaring so as might render its divine origin questionable, he said no more. Bewildered I fancy, with my ignorance, he turned, after a pause, to my aunt.

"Don't you think it's time for him to go to bed, Jane?" he suggested.

My aunt replied by getting from the cupboard my usual supper—a basin of milk and a slice of bread; which I ate with less circumspection than usual, for I was eager to return to my room. As soon as I had finished, Nannie was called, and I bade them good-night.

"Make haste, Nannie," I said. "Don't you hear how the wind is roaring?"

It was roaring louder than ever, and there was the pendulum swinging away in the window. Nannie took no notice of it, and, I presume, only thought I wanted to get my head under the bed-clothes, and so escape the sound of it. Anyhow, she did make haste, and in a few minutes I was, as she supposed, snugly settled for the night. But the moment she shut the door, I was out of bed and at the window. The instant I reached it, a great dash of rain swept against the panes, and the wind howled more fiercely than ever. Believing I had the key of the position, inasmuch as, if I pleased, I could take the pendulum to bed with me, and stifle its motions with the bed-clothes—for this happy idea had dawned upon me while Nannie was un-

dressing me—I was composed enough now to press my face to a pane, and look out. There was a small space amidst the storm dimly illuminated from the windows below, and the moment I looked—out of the darkness into this dim space, as if blown thither by the wind, rushed a figure on horseback, his large cloak flying out before him, and the mane of the animal he rode streaming out over his ears in the fierceness of the blast. He pulled up right under my window, and I thought he looked up, and made threatening gestures at me; but I believe now that horse and man pulled up in sudden danger of dashing against the wall of the house. I shrank back, and when I peeped out again he was gone. The same moment the pendulum gave a click and stopped; one more rattle of rain against the windows, and then the wind stopped also. I crept back to my bed in a new terror, for might not this be the Prince of the Power of the Air, come to see who was meddling with his affairs? Had he not come right out of the storm, and straight from the trees? He must have something to do with it all! Before I had settled the probabilities of the question, however, I was fast asleep.

I awoke—how long after, I cannot tell—with the sound of voices in my ears. It was still dark. The voices came from below. I had been dreaming of the strange horseman, who had turned out to be the awful being concerning whom Nannie had enlightened me as going about at night, to buy little children from their nurses, and make bagpipes of their skins. Awaked from such a dream, it was impossible to lie still without knowing what those voices down below were talking about. The strange one must belong to the being, whatever he was, whom I had seen come out of the storm; and of whom could they be talking but me? I was right in both conclusions.

With a fearful resolution, I slipped out of bed, opened the door as noiselessly as I might, and crept on my bare, silent feet down the creaking stair, which led, with open balustrade, right into the kitchen, at the end farthest from the chimney. The one candle at the other end could not illuminate its darkness, and I sat unseen, a few steps from the bottom of the stair, listening with all my ears, and staring with all my eyes. The stranger's huge cloak hung drying before the fire, and he was drinking something out of a tumbler. The light fell full upon his face. It was a curious, and certainly not to me an attractive face. The forehead was very project-

ing, and the eyes were very small, deep set, and sparkling. The mouth—I had almost said muzzle—was very projecting likewise, and the lower jaw shot in front of the upper. When the man smiled the light was reflected from what seemed to my eyes an inordinate multitude of white teeth. His ears were narrow and long, and set very high upon his head. The hand which he every now and then displayed in the exigencies of his persuasion, was white, but very large, and the thumb was exceedingly long. I had weighty reasons for both suspecting and fearing the man; and, leaving my prejudices out of the question, there was in the conversation itself enough besides, to make me take note of dangerous points in his appearance. I never could lay much claim to physical courage, and I attribute my behaviour on this occasion rather to the fascination of terror than to any impulse of preservation: I sat there in utter silence, listening like an ear-trumpet. The first words I could distinguish were to this effect:—

"You do not mean," said the enemy, "to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede, that you intend to bring up the young fellow in absolute ignorance of the decrees of fate?"

"I pledge myself to nothing in the matter," returned my uncle, calmly, but with a something in his tone which was new to me.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other. "Excuse me, sir, but what right can you have to interfere after such a serious fashion with the young gentleman's future?"

"It seems to me," said my uncle, "that you wish to interfere with it after a much more serious fashion. There are things in which ignorance may be preferable to knowledge."

"But what harm could the knowledge of such a fact do him?"

"Upset all his notions, render him incapable of thinking about anything of importance, occasion an utter——"

"But *can* anything be more important?" interrupted the visitor.

My uncle went on without heeding him.

"Plunge him over head and ears in——"

"Hot water, I grant you," again interrupted the enemy, to my horror; "but it wouldn't be for long. Only give me your sanction, and I promise you to have the case as tight as a drum before I ask you to move a step in it."

"But why should you take so much interest in what is purely our affair?" asked my uncle.

"Why, of course, you would have to pay the piper," said the man.

This was too much! *Pay the man that played upon me after I was made into bagpipes!* The idea was too frightful.

"I must look out for business, you know; and by Jove! I shall never have such a chance, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

"Well, you shall not have it from me."

"Then," said the man, rising, "you are more of a fool than I took you for."

"Sir!" said my uncle.

"No offence; no offence, I assure you. But it is provoking to find people so blind—so wilfully blind—to their own interest. You may say I have nothing to lose. Give me the boy, and I'll bring him up like my own son; send him to school and college, too—all on the chance of being repaid twice over by"——

I knew this was all a trick to get hold of my skin. The man said it on his way to the door, his ape-face shining dim as he turned it a little back in the direction of my uncle, who followed with the candle. I lost the last part of the sentence in the terror which sent me bounding up the stair in my usual four-footed fashion. I leaped into my bed, shaking with cold and agony combined. But I had the satisfaction presently of hearing the *thud* of the horse's hoofs upon the sward, dying away in the direction whence they had come. After that I soon fell asleep.

I need hardly say that I never set the pendulum swinging again. Many years after, I came upon it when searching for papers, and the thrill which vibrated through my whole frame, announced a strange and unwelcome presence long before my memory could recall its origin.

It must not be supposed that I pretend to remember all the conversation I have just set down. The words are but the forms in which, enlightened by facts which have since come to my knowledge, I clothe certain vague memories and impressions of such an interview as certainly took place.

In the morning, at breakfast, my aunt asked my uncle who it was that paid such an untimely visit the preceding night.

"A fellow from C——" (the county town), "an attorney—what did he say his name was? Yes, I remember. It was the same as the steward's over the way. Coningham, it was."

"Mr. Coningham has a son there—an attorney too, I think," said my aunt.

My uncle seemed struck by the re-

minder, and became meditative.

"That explains his choosing such a night to come in. His father is getting an old man now. Yes, it must be the same."

"He's a sharp one, folk say," said my aunt, with a pointedness in the remark which showed some anxiety.

"That he cannot conceal, sharp as he is," said my uncle, and there the conversation stopped.

The very next evening my uncle began to teach me. I had a vague notion that this had something to do with my protection against the machinations of the man Coningham, the idea of whom was inextricably associated in my mind with that of the Prince of the Power of the Air, darting from the midst of the churning trees, on a horse whose streaming mane and flashing eyes indicated no true equine origin. I gave myself with diligence to the work my uncle set me.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE LESSONS.

It is a simple fact that up to this time I did not know my letters. It was, I believe, part of my uncle's theory of education, that as little pain as possible should be associated with merely intellectual effort: he would not allow me, therefore, to commence my studies until the task of learning should be an easy one. Henceforth, every evening, after tea, he took me to his own room, the walls of which were nearly covered with books, and there taught me.

One peculiar instance of his mode I will give, and let it stand rather as a pledge for the rest of his system than an index to it. It was only the other day it came back to me. Like Jean Paul, he would utter the name of God to a child only at grand moments; but there was a great difference in the moments the two men would have chosen. Jean Paul would choose a thunder-storm, for instance; the following will show the kind of my uncle's choice. One Sunday evening he took me for a longer walk than usual. We had climbed a little hill: I believe it was the first time I ever had a wide view of the earth. The horses were all loose in the fields; the cattle were gathering their supper as the sun went down; there was an indescribable hush in the air, as if Nature herself knew the seventh day; there was no sound even of water, for here the water crept slowly to the far-off sea, and the slant sunlight shone back from just one

bend of a canal-like river; the haystacks and ricks of the last year gleamed golden in the farmyards; great fields of wheat stood up stately around us, the glow in their yellow brought out by the red poppies that sheltered in the forest of their stems; the odour of the grass and clover came in pulses; and the soft blue sky was flecked with white clouds tinged with pink, which deepened until it gathered into a flaming rose in the west, where the sun was welling out oceans of liquid red.

I looked up in my uncle's face. It shone in a calm glow, like an answering rosy moon. The eyes of my mind were opened: I saw that he felt something, and then I felt it too. His soul, with the glory for an interpreter, kindled mine. He, in turn, caught the sight of my face, and his soul broke forth in one word:—

"God! Willie; God!" was all he said; and surely it was enough.

It was only then in moments of strong repose, that my uncle spoke to me of God.

Although he never petted me, that is, never showed me any animal affection, my uncle was like a father to me in this, that he was about and above me, a pure benevolence. It is no wonder that I should learn rapidly under his teaching, for I was quick enough, and possessed the more energy that it had not been wasted on unpleasant tasks.

Whether from indifference or intent I cannot tell, but he never forbade me to touch any of his books. Upon more occasions than one he found me on the floor with a folio between my knees; but he only smiled and said—

"Ah, Willie! mind you don't crumple the leaves."

About this time also I had a new experience of another kind, which impressed me almost with the force of a revelation.

I had not yet explored the boundaries of the prairie-like level on which I found myself. As soon as I got about a certain distance from home, I always turned and ran back. Fear is sometimes the first recognition of freedom. Delighting in liberty, I yet shrunk from the unknown spaces around me, and rushed back to the shelter of the home-walls. But as I grew older I became more adventurous; and one evening, although the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I went on and on until I made a discovery. I found a half-spherical hollow in the grassy surface. I rushed into its depth as if it had been a mine of marvels, threw myself on the ground, and gazed into the sky as if I had now for the first time discovered its true

relation to the earth. The earth was a cup, and the sky its cover.

There were lovely daisies in this hollow—not too many to spoil the grass, and they were red-tipped daisies. There was besides, in the very heart of it, one plant of the finest pimpernels I have ever seen, and this was my introduction to the flower. Nor were these all the treasures of the spot. A late primrose, a tiny child, born out of due time, opened its timid petals in the same hollow. Here then were gathered red-tipped daisies, large pimpernels, and one tiny primrose. I lay and looked at them in delight—not at all inclined to pull them, for they were where I loved to see them. I never had much inclination to gather flowers. I see them as a part of a whole, and rejoice in them in their own place without any desire to appropriate them. I lay and looked at these for a long time. Perhaps I fell asleep. I do not know. I have often waked in the open air. All at once I looked up and saw a vision.

My reader will please to remember that up to this hour I had never seen a lady. I cannot by any stretch call my worthy aunt a lady; and my grandmother was too old, and too much an object of mysterious anxiety, to produce the impression of a lady upon me. Suddenly I became aware that a lady was looking down on me. Over the edge of my horizon, the circle of the hollow that touched the sky, her face shone like a rising moon. Sweet eyes looked on me, and a sweet mouth was tremulous with a smile. I will not attempt to describe her. To my childish eyes she was much what a descended angel must have been to eyes of old, in the days when angels did descend, and there were Arabs or Jews on the earth who could see them. A new knowledge dawned in me. I lay motionless, looking up with worship in my heart. As suddenly she vanished. I lay far into the twilight, and then rose and went home, half bewildered, with a sense of heaven about me which settled into the fancy that my mother had come to see me. I wondered afterwards that I had not followed her; but I never forgot her, and, morning, mid-day, or evening, whenever the fit seized me, I would wander away and lie down in the hollow, gazing at the spot where the lovely face had arisen, in the fancy, hardly in the hope, that my moon might once more arise and bless me with her vision.

Hence I suppose came another habit of mine, that of watching in the same hollow, and in the same posture, now for the sun, now for the moon, but generally for the

sun. You might have taken me for a fire-worshipper, so eagerly would I rise, when the desire came upon me, so hastily in the clear gray of the morning would I dress myself, lest the sun should be up before me, and I fail to catch his first lance-like rays dazzling through the forest of grass on the edge of my hollow world. Barefooted I would scud like a hare through the dew, heedless of the sweet air of the morning, heedless of the few bird-songs about me, heedless even of the east, whose saffron might just be burning into gold, as I ran to gain the green hollow whence alone I would greet the morning. Arrived there, I shot into its shelter, and threw myself panting on the grass, to gaze on the spot at which I expected the rising glory to appear. Ever when I recall the custom, that one lark is wildly praising over my head, for he sees the sun for which I am waiting. He has his nest in the hollow beside me. I would sooner have turned my back on the sun than disturbed the home of his high-priest, the lark. And now the edge of my horizon begins to burn; the green blades glow in their tops; they are melted through with light; the flashes invade my eyes; they gather; they grow, until I hide my face in my hands. The sun is up. But on my hands and my knees I rush after the retreating shadow, and, like a child at play with its nurse, hide in its curtain. Up and up comes the peering sun; he will find me; I cannot hide from him; there is in the wide field no shelter from his gaze. No matter then. Let him shine into the deepest corners of my heart, and shake the cowardice and the meanness out of it.

I thus made friends with Nature. I had no great variety even in her, but the better did I understand what I had. The next summer, I began to hunt for glow-worms, and carry them carefully to my hollow, that in the warm, soft, moonless nights they might illumine it with a strange light. When I had been very successful, I would call my uncle and aunt to see. My aunt tried me by always having something to do first. My uncle, on the other hand, would lay down his book at once, and follow me submissively. He could not generate amusement for me, but he sympathized with what I found for myself.

"Come and see my cows," I would say to him.

I well remember the first time I took him to see them. When we reached the hollow, he stood for a moment silent. Then he said, laying his hand on my shoulder,

"Very pretty, Willie! But why do you call them cows?"

"You told me last night," I answered, "that the road the angels go across the sky is called the milky way—didn't you, uncle?"

"I never told you the angels went that way, my boy."

"Oh! didn't you? I thought you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Oh! I remember now: I thought if it was a way, and nobody but the angels could go in it, that must be the way the angels did go."

"Yes, yes, I see! But what has that to do with the glow-worms?"

"Don't you see, uncle? If it be the milky way, the stars must be the cows. Look at my cows, uncle. Their milk is very pretty milk, isn't it?"

"Very pretty, indeed, my dear—rather green."

"Then I suppose if you could put it in auntie's pan, you might make another moon of it?"

"That's being silly now," said my uncle; and I ceased, abashed.

"Look, look, uncle!" I exclaimed, a moment after; "they don't like being talked about, my cows."

For as if a cold gust of wind had passed over them, they all dwindled and paled. I thought they were going out.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" I cried, and began dancing about with dismay. The next instant the glow returned, and the hollow was radiant.

"Oh the dear light!" I cried again. "Look at it, uncle! Isn't it lovely?"

He took me by the hand. His actions were always so much more tender than his words!

"Do you know who is the light of the world, Willie?"

"Yes, well enough. I saw him get out of bed this morning."

My uncle led me home without a word more. But next night he began to teach me about the light of the world, and about walking in the light. I do not care to repeat much of what he taught me in this kind, for, like my glow-worms, it does not like to be talked about. Somehow it loses colour and shine when one talks.

I have now shown sufficiently how my uncle would seize opportunities for beginning things. He thought more of the beginning than of any other part of a process.

"All's well that begins well," he would

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say. I did not know what his smile meant as he said so.

I sometimes wonder how I managed to get through the days without being weary. No one ever thought of giving me toys. I had a turn for using my hands; but I was too young to be trusted with a knife. I had never seen a kite, except far away in the sky: I took it for a bird. There were no rushes to make water-wheels of, and no brooks to set them turning in. I had neither top nor marbles. I had no dog to play with. And yet I do not remember once feeling weary. I knew all the creatures that went creeping about in the grass, and although I did not know the proper name for one of them, I had names of my own for them all, and was so familiar with their looks and their habits, that I am confident I could in some degree interpret some of the people I met afterwards by their resemblances to these insects. I have a man in my mind now who has exactly the head and face, if face it can be called, of an ant. It is not a head, but a helmet. I knew all the butterflies—they were mostly small ones, but of lovely varieties. A stray dragonfly would now and then delight me; and there were hunting spiders and wood-lice, and queerer creatures of which I do not yet know the names. Then there were grasshoppers, which for some time I took to be made of green leaves, and I thought they grew like fruit on the trees till they were ripe, when they jumped down, and jumped for ever after. Another child might have caught and caged them; for me, I followed them about, and watched their ways.

In the winter, things had not hitherto gone quite so well with me. Then I had been a good deal dependent upon Nannie and her stories, which were neither very varied nor very well told. But now that I had begun to read, things went better. To be sure, there were not in my uncle's library many books such as children have now-a-days; but there were old histories, and some voyages and travels, and in them I revelled. I am perplexed sometimes when I look into one of these books—for I have them all about me now—to find how dry they are. The shine seems to have gone out of them. Or is it that the shine has gone out of the eyes that used to read them? If so, it will come again some day. I do not find that the shine has gone out of a beetle's back; and I can read *The Pilgrim's Progress* still.

CHAPTER VI

I COBBLE.

ALL this has led me, after a roundabout fashion, to what became for some time the chief delight of my winters—an employment, moreover, which I have taken up afresh at odd times during my life. It came about thus. My uncle had made me a present of an old book with pictures in it. It was called *The Preceptor*—one of Dodsley's publications. There were wonderful folding plates of all sorts in it. Those which represented animals were of course my favourites. But these especially were in a very dilapidated condition, for there had been children before me somewhere; and I proceeded, at my uncle's suggestion, to try to mend them by pasting them on another piece of paper. I made bad work of it at first, and was so dissatisfied with the results, that I set myself in earnest to find out by what laws of paste and paper success might be secured. Before the winter was over, my uncle found me grown so skilful in this manipulation of broken leaves—for as yet I had not ventured further in any of the branches of repair—that he gave me plenty of little jobs of the sort, for amongst his books there were many old ones. This was a source of great pleasure. Before the following winter was over, I came to try my hand at repairing bindings, and my uncle was again so much pleased with my success, that one day he brought me from the county town some sheets of parchment with which to attempt the fortification of certain vellum-bound volumes which were considerably the worse for age and use. I well remember how troublesome the

parchment was for a long time; but at last I conquered it, and succeeded very fairly in my endeavours to restore to tidiness the garments of ancient thought.

But there was another consequence of this pursuit which may be considered of weight in my history. This was the discovery of a copy of the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*—much in want of skilful patching, from the title-page, with its boar smelling at the rose-bush, to the graduated lines and the *Finis*. This book I read through from boar to finis—no small undertaking, and partly, no doubt, under its influences, I became about this time conscious of a desire after honour, as yet a notion of the vaguest. I hardly know how I escaped the taking for granted that there were yet knights riding about on war-horses, with couched lances and fierce spurs, everywhere, as in days of old. They might have been roaming the world in all directions, without my seeing one of them. But somehow I did not fall into the mistake. Only with the thought of my future career, when I should be a man and go out into the world, came always the thought of the sword which hung on the wall. A longing to handle it began to possess me, and my old dream returned. I dared not, however, say a word to my uncle on the subject. I felt certain that he would slight the desire, and perhaps tell me I should hurt myself with the weapon; and one whose heart glowed at the story of the battle between him on the white horse with carnation mane and tail, in his armour of blue radiated with gold, and him on the black-spotted brown, in his dusky armour of despair, could not expose himself to such an indignity.

It is difficult to obtain good specimens of the *Holothuridea*, because these creatures have the singular habit, when alarmed, of "starting" so violently as to eject the whole of their viscera. Certain of the branching forms are also exceedingly difficult to procure in a perfect state, from the extreme facility and readiness with which they spontaneously break themselves up when captured. The late Professor Edward Forbes gives a very amusing account of his unsuccessful attempt to secure a "brittle-star" which he had caught in his dredge, and for which he had prepared a bucket of fresh water to kill it instantly, and so, he hoped, avoid its demolition. He says: "As I expected, a *Luidia* came up—a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not gen-

erally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sank my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *Luidia* to the purer element. Whether this cold element was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped the largest and brought up the extremity of an arm, with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

Popular Science Review.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER.

I.

I HAVE been thinking much of late, at odd times, and most of all when lying awake at night, of the various literary phases through which my student-life has passed during a period of half a century. As we grow older our memories cling with increased power to the history of the Past, and lay hold even of the minutest details, which in earlier and more excitable stages of our career have passed into indistinctness, if not into total oblivion. The cause of this is manifest. In the heyday of life, when all activities, physical, emotional and intellectual, are at their height, the Present is everything to us, the Past nothing. The impressions of to-day efface the impressions of yesterday. It may be business, or it may be pleasure that engrosses us; but in either case it leaves us little time to think, little room to remember. But age, if it does not "bring the philosophic mind," brings an increased desire for rest. We cease to do for the mere sake of doing; we love composure more than excitement; both the eventful and the emotional are less and less to us every year; fresh impressions are not readily made upon our minds: so little by little old impressions cease to be crowded upon and effaced by their successors, and the Past comes out more distinctly, with a photographic minuteness of detail. Not whilst we are climbing up the hillside do we pause to survey the landscape below; and we could take in, if we did so pause, only a limited view of the expanse which is revealed to us when we approach the summit. It is upon the hill-top that we see those distant breadths of country which are hidden from us on a lower level.

All this, doubtless, has been said scores of times before. I speak of it as of something well known, and not likely to be contested, only as a prelude to this chapter of literary egotism. It was brought very vividly before me a little while ago when, happening to read in the newspapers that a certain old house standing in desolate majesty on the margin of Epping Forest, in which I had lived for some time as a boy-child, was about to be converted into a reformatory or refuge, I determined, one holiday, to visit it, ere all trace of the original building should be effaced. I had not been there since I was eight years old; but I felt, as soon as I had entered the outer gate, that I could find my way about the place blindfold. My companion was sur-

prised at the readiness with which I led her from room to room, along this or that passage, indicating uses to which each apartment had been put, and with like unerring accuracy through the gardens and grounds, and out-houses. There was only one thing about which my memory misled me, ranging back over an interval of forty-five years. I was surprised, as all people are surprised, who visit in maturity the scenes of their childhood, at the comparatively small dimensions of all the places with which an idea of magnitude had been associated in my memory. The halls, the passages, the rooms, the staircases—all seemed to have shrivelled since I last saw them. There was my father's library, which I had always pictured as a spacious apartment, the walls of which were covered by an incredible number of volumes on every conceivable subject. It had dwindled down to a common-place room of very moderate dimensions, into which I could not have crowded one-half of my own literary stores. But there was one interest—one charm in my eyes of which nothing could deprive it; for in that room I had made my first acquaintance with books.

I was no marvel of precocity. I did not, like Jeremy Bentham, read Constitutional History when I was four year old. My first acquaintance with books, like that of most other children, was for the sake of the pictures they contained. I remember that there was a copy of Daniell's *Rural Sports* in the library which was an especial favourite, of which I was never tired—the engravings, especially those illustrative of Coursing, being, to my juvenile senses, wonders of artistic excellence. I think it was in this same work that there was a picture of "Hambletonian beating Diamond" (these were race-horses, not greyhounds) "in a match for 3,000 guineas," which raised within me an ardent desire to see a race. There was also a copy, in I know not how many volumes, of the *British Theatre*, the engravings in which were a continual source of delight to me, though, doubtless, in an artistic sense, exceedingly poor affairs. I have a lively recollection of the frontispiece of the *Tempest*, in which there was a representation of Ariel. It was quite a child-Ariel, rather plump than otherwise, and it laid fast hold of my juvenile imagination, as what then appeared to me an embodiment of feminine beauty. I remembered the very shelf on which the volume used to rest, nearly half-a-century ago, and from which, by help of the library-steps, I used to extract it, wonder-

ing whether there was anything half so beautiful in real life.

But I soon began to delight in books for the sake of something besides the pictures; though the pictures still were an attraction. There was, in those days, a description of cheap literature very popular among the boys of the period — most probably for want of something better to beguile them. We delighted in what were called “sixpenny pamphlets.” About two octavo sheets — or perhaps a little more — of closely printed matter upon thin paper, were enclosed in an equally thin wrapper of some bright colour — blue and yellow prevailing; and these sheets contained some highly exciting romance. The illustration, however, was the most remarkable part of the brochure. A large folded picture faced the title-page, painted always in the grandest colours. It represented some of the most stirring scenes of the novelette — a terrific single combat, or a midnight murder, or the appearance of a ghost by the bedside of a guilty man. There was sure to be death of some kind in it, with profuse shedding of blood, the persons represented, dead or alive, being commonly attired in garments supposed to represent the Italian costume of some period or other. Italian names were greatly in vogue in this species of literature — Alonzos and Lorenzos were conspicuous among the good heroes; and, if I remember rightly, Gasparo was the favourite name of the villain of the piece. I do not think there was much morality, or, indeed, poetical justice in these novelettes, for generally the whole of the personages of the story, good and bad, were killed off before the end of it, and their castles (for they always lived in castles) were left to be tenanted by the night-owl and the bat. There was generally, it should be stated, a monk in the piece, who, we may be sure, was no better than he should be. Sometimes the scene was transferred from Venice or Naples to one of the Scottish Isles, the Tartan dresses of the chief actors, and the supposed free use of the claymore, being considered favourable to pictorial display. Excepting that I can remember that there was a very highly-seasoned version of the story of George Barnwell, I do not think that the experiences of modern English life furnished subjects to the soul-harrowing sixpenny romancer. And he was right; for young people in those days did not much care to read about Georges and Nancys, when they could get Alonzos and Violettas for the same money. And a high-collared

blue coat with brass buttons and a round black hat were sorry subjects for coloured illustration in comparison with the doublets and mantles and the wonderful feathered head-dresses of the Italian counts, to say nothing of the fatal drawback to English life, that the Englishmen of the time did not live in castles or wear tremendous swords by their sides.

Of these “pamphlets” I was a great devourer in my childish days. I had, indeed, a precocious love of horrors. I spent all the little pocket-money that came to me by prescription, or that I could beg or borrow, upon these startling romances. Many a sixpence did I wring, in my eighth year, from my kindest of mothers, pleadingly and importunately “to buy a pamphlet;” and, the money given, I was presently on the back of my pony — a wonderful little Shetlander named Donald — cantering down, full of eagerness and excitement, to the little bookseller’s shop, where these treasures were on sale. I remember the anxiety with which I watched the taking down of the pile of blue, yellow, and red pamphlets; the joy which arose in my heart, when I was told that there were “a number of new ones;” and the disappointment which came upon me at other times when I saw that they were all “old shopkeepers.” I have bought books of all kinds since; I have made in out-of-the-way places some rare discoveries and great bargains; but never have I rejoiced in my literary acquisitions more than when I carried home, on Donald’s back, one of these sixpenny pamphlets, with a blazing frontispiece, showing how Gasparo and his murderous accomplices were run through the middle, one after another, by the handsome and heroic Alonzo.

This taste for the Literature of the Horrible was further stimulated, soon afterwards, by my accidentally stumbling upon a volume of Shakspeare which contained the doubtful drama of *Titus Andronicus*. I devoured it greedily. Those delightful little side references — or stage instructions — such as “they fight,” “kills him,” “stabs him-self,” “dies,” &c. &c., constituting its chief charm. Some other tragedies, with similar references to murder and suicide, as *Othello* and *Hamlet*, afterwards attracted my attention, but none ever had so much of my juvenile affection as *Titus Andronicus* — by reason chiefly of the terrible mutilation of Lavinia, and the extraordinary atrocities of Aaron the Moor. From that time, however, I became a steady and persistent reader of Shaks-

peare, and in due time came to read the least exciting plays for their poetry, as I had before read others for their horrors.

It was some time, however, before the taste for the horrible passed away. My father changed his residence, when I was in my ninth year. I then came within the influence of a better class of circulating library, and soon felt equal to the mastery of books in boards — sometimes three or four volumes in extent. They had no pictures, but the subjects were much the same as those of the sixpenny pamphlets, but with less simplicity of diction and directness of aim. *The One-Handed Monk*, the *Romance of the Pyrenees*, and other fictions of that kind, whose names I have forgotten, solaced all my leisure hours. My favourite authors were Mr. Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. I used to ride down to the little town of B——, on the confines of Middlesex and Herts, and ask the most kindly and accommodating of booksellers and librarians if he had “anything in my way.” Five-and-forty years have passed since that time, and still I can remember the smile on the good man’s face — it was a pale face, slightly pock-marked, with a deal of intelligence in it — as he sometimes made answer, “Nothing horrid enough for you to-day, Master John.” I was then about ten years old; and I remember painfully the penalty which I paid for supping upon these horrors. I had an intense dread of nocturnal solitude; I was haunted with tremendous fears of murderous bandits whenever I was alone after nightfall. I had an elder brother, who slept in the same room with me, but who by virtue of seniority was sometimes allowed to “sit up” with his elders, after I had been dismissed to bed; and, oh! the agony of that weary watching until he came — the awful stillness of the house; for our room was at a distance from all the apartments where waking people sat, and even from the nursery of the younger children. If my mother had only known why I begged so importunately to “sit up too,” I am sure that I should never have been refused. But much as I suffered, it would have been greater suffering to me to have betrayed my infirmity; so I endured in silence, and was often glad when the holidays were at an end.

I think that my fondness for this kind of “trash,” as older people correctly called it, did not escape the notice of my father; for I remember that about this time he bribed me to read *Plutarch’s Lives*, by promising me that the book should be my

own as soon as I reported that I had read every line of it. It was a very handsome large-paper copy, in two volumes, each twice as big as my Latin dictionary at school; and I was not long ere I had transferred them to my own particular shelf, where they stood as twin Gullivers amidst my little regiment of Lilliputians. I found the book by no means unpleasant reading, and I think that my mastery of it was one of the turning-points of my young literary career — I achieved a taste for the biographical; and I purchased out of my own pocket-money *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, *The Knights of King Arthur’s Round Table*, and some volumes of the *Percy Anecdotes*. I then first tasted blood as a collector, and, encouraged by my first success, I offered to read through *Rollin’s Ancient History* (it was, I think, an edition in eight volumes) on the same terms as I had read the *Plutarch*. But I did not find it half so interesting. I toiled laboriously through those dreadful Punic Wars; but before I had completed my task, desolation swept over our household, and even the *Plutarch*, which I had earned so bravely, passed under the hammer of the remorseless auctioneer.

I was then eleven years old. I had been sent to Eton, where I do not remember to have read anything but Homer and Virgil; but being removed thence to a large private school in the country, I again became a *helluo librorum*. My love for the horrible had passed away, and I grew intensely poetical. First of all I had the Byron fever very strongly upon me. I have a lively and loving recollection of a little volume known as the *Beauties of Byron*, which too often lay hidden beneath the larger dimensions of my Latin dictionary in school-hours, and in playtime travelled about with me in the breast-pocket of my round jacket. Talk of young love! There is nothing that in depth, in fervour, in purity can be compared with these first fresh communings with the Ideal — these worshippings of poetical beauty. There were some choice passages from the *Ginour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, which I committed to memory, and often “spouted” with such volubility, that I obtained the nickname of the “mad poet.” I thought those lines beginning with —

Yes; love, indeed, is light from heaven —
A spark of that immortal fire
By angels shared, by Allah given.
To lift from earth each low desire —

the very finest that mortal pen had ever written; and I was never tired of repeat-

ing them. I can hardly repeat them now without emotion, so instinct are they with associations of the past. I had a sort of personal interest, too, in the Byronic individuality. I had seen Lord Byron's funeral file through Barnet, on its way to Newstead; and in reply to my boyish inquiries, I had learnt something of the history of the poet, which had both attracted and repulsed me — an antagonism of sentiment, which naturally intensified my interest in him. In my young mind, he was not unlike some of the mysterious heroes who figured in the romances which had lately been my favourite reading. I had, too, a picture of the poet; and I turned down my shirt-collar, and sported what we then called the "Byron tie." Some of my schoolfellows found out a likeness in my boyish face to the picture of the bard, and they dubbed me "Byron" in no unkindly spirit. I was rather proud of it than otherwise, especially when I thought of some of the very uncomplimentary *soubriquets* which clung to many of my companions. It might, indeed, have been worse. At all events, it was soon lost, whereas there are some nicknames which men never shake off to the last day of their lives, and are a calamity to them during all that time. As for myself, people are surprised in these days to learn — I think that some are quite incredulous about it — that I ever cared to read poetry, and still more that I have ever written it. I don't think that we know very much of one another in this world. We shall know a little more in the next. "I suppose you never read a novel?" was said to me not long ago. "I am always reading novels," I made answer somewhat, perhaps, in hyperbolic phrase. It was thought to be a grim joke — an ironical sort of vaunting of the grave affairs to which outwardly my life is devoted. But it is simply a fact, that now, in my old age, and with much weighty business on my hands, I take an increased delight in the perusal of works of fiction. I read most of the best serial stories in the monthly magazines, and some also of the weeklies. I am seldom a number in arrears, and I am extremely grateful to the writers. My belief is, that the popular notion that novel-reading is confined to women and to idle men is altogether a mistake. To the busiest man a novel is the greatest refreshment; to the careworn man it is the greatest diversion. It does not much signify that it should be a very good novel. It is enough that there should be a story sufficiently engrossing to take a man out of himself; to suffer him, whilst following

the fortunes of others, and sympathizing with their troubles, for a little while to be oblivious of his own. But this is an anticipatory digression. I am writing of the Present, when I should adhere to the narrative of the Past.

It was very soon after this attack of Byron fever that I got possession through a circulating library, of a copy of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It was a large edition in big type, and it was not easy to hide it beneath an Ainsworth or a Lempriere. I do not quite know why it should have been contraband, out of school as well as in (for so it was), unless it were, as I suspect, that there was a general prohibition against all intercourse with the Circulating Library. Our head master, an accomplished classical scholar, was by no means destitute of poetry. I remember now, as it were yesterday, his giving me a shilling for ending a Latin hexameter, in a copy of verses on *Hortus*, with "*lilia candent*," as my dactyl and spondee. "*Candent!*" he said — "*candent!* Good word." And he fumbled in his capacious waistcoat-pocket. "Other boys write *crescunt*. Here's a shilling for you. Always put colour into your verses on such subjects as this." But I doubt whether his acquaintance with modern poetry extended any lower than Pope's and Cowper's translations of Homer, with which he was wont in those days to illustrate our Homeric studies, often pointing out to us how much of the force of the original was lost in Pope's elegant version of the *Iliad*. He had an excellent classical library, various editions and commentaries, dictionaries and lexicons of all kinds; but it was deficient in English literature, the history being confined mainly to such dreary works as those of Hook and Mitford, illustrative (I use the word by courtesy) of the annals of Rome and Greece. He gave me, when I was between fifteen and sixteen, the run of this library; and I remember that he particularly recommended to my perusal three works on the art of composition, with which he desired me to make intimate acquaintance. The first was Blair's *Rhetoric*; the second Lord Kames's *Elements of Criticism*; and the third Coplestone's Latin work on the same subject. I studied them in this order of succession; and have been very grateful ever since for the recommendation.

And here I am minded to digress a little, for the purpose of observing that the large private schools which flourished half a century ago are now nearly extinct. I doubt whether we have substituted any-

thing better for them in our large proprietary schools and other more pretentious so-called "collegiate" establishments, in which there is far less of individual responsibility and supervision. Of course, much, nay everything, depends upon the personal qualifications, or character rather, of the head-master. I have seen a large school of high reputation, full to overflowing under one man, dwindle down little by little under his son, though a better scholar than the father, until it perished from inanition. But although there was not the element of permanency in these establishments, I am disposed to think that under a successful régime, which might last for more than a quarter of a century, there was nothing much better, on the whole, in the way either of education or discipline, throughout the country. I was, for five years, at a large private academy at Schoolsbury. There were from 110 to 120 boys (I hung my hat upon peg No. 108) during the whole time of my sojourn. I went there from Eton. I was, therefore, supposed to be "fast," and was regarded with fear and misgiving by the master, and with something of admiration by the boys. But, excepting that I had learnt to swear awfully, I was not much worse than the other boys, and I was accounted, on more than one occasion, a ringleader when I had only fallen into some preconcerted frolic. I soon left off swearing, and fell into the ways of the private-school boys, which had plenty of fun in them, but no great harm. And now I can look back along a vista of forty years, and plainly see, by force of contrast with other institutions, that there was really as much good and as little evil as is ever to be seen in any association of young people between the ages of eight and eighteen. I cannot say that we all lived under the same roof, for the school had outgrown the capacity of the original roof-tree to cover it; and we had the House (proper) — the "new buildings" — and the "other house," which fronted another street, but in the rear was open to the play-ground; but were all embraced by the same domestic management, and under the same parental eyes. I am convinced that the Doctor knew well not only the intellectual capacity but the moral character also of his hundred and odd boys; for he dealt with them very differently in respect both of tuition and of discipline. One of his favourite sayings was, "Boys will be boys; but I hate and detest a sneak." He had no mercy for meanness. He flogged hard; always declaring that it hurt him more than the culprit; which we never believed in those days, though I am now far from incredulous about it. There was no cruelty in him. Tyranny was an abomination to him. I remember well how, whenever a little boy — a "new boy" — of tenderer years than most, or seemingly of feebler health, was placed under his care, he would lead him up by the hand to one of the senior boys, when in full school assembled, and would say to him, "I place this little fellow under your charge. See that no harm comes to him!" And never was any trust more faithfully, more chivalrously fulfilled than that which was thus confided to the stalwart stripling selected for the defence of one too weak to defend himself. No blows ever fell upon him. If they had fallen they would have been amply avenged. In this microcosm, therefore, there was little tyranny. And I may add that there was little strife. I do not remember more than half-a-dozen great fights. Perhaps, the rareness of them made them all the more terrible when they came off, for we did not fight about trifles. Sometimes, we had humble imitations of "Gown-and-Town" rows, for we used to play at cricket on a public green; but one luckless day a number of town-boys having thrown stones at our wickets, we pursued them into a neighbouring churchyard, and swift-footed H—— L——, having outrun, stump in hand, the other disciples, dealt one of the enemy such a blow that he died before the day was out. We never played again in public places, but had playing-fields of our own; and no boy, either in play or in earnest, ever struck with a stump again. Perhaps the horror and alarm engendered by the accident made us generally pacific. We expected that retribution would some day overtake us; but we lived down the misfortune, a happy and healthy race of boys. During a period of five years not one died — not one was carried home to die; and the worst epidemic that I can remember amongst us was the *mumps*.

I am sorry, I say, that scholastic establishments of this kind have become so rare, if they have not altogether disappeared; for they had many of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of public schools, and they were infinitely less expensive. I do not think that we were much below Eton and Harrow in respect of our general social status. We had the sons of all the Cathedral dons, boy-members of some of the best county families in the West of England, a good sprinkling of the titled aristocracy, with the usual num-

ber of children of professional celebrities. There was as much gentlemanly feeling and fine sense of honour amongst us as in the best of public-school communities, and unless a boy were a hopeless dullard, he could not fail to learn something; for every fellow "was called up" for some part of each of the class-lessons, and none knew what part it would be. We could not make much use of "fudges" and "crams;" but were obliged to go in honestly for the lexicon and dictionary. It was not very easy either for one boy to pass off another's verses as his own. I remember, having written with great care a dozen hexameters and pentameters for a very dear but unpoetical friend, hoping to obtain for him great credit and, perhaps, the supplementary honour of a shilling, the bitter disappointment which I experienced when I heard the præceptorial voice saying, audibly to the whole school, "This won't do; take them away. I know John —'s verses a hundred miles off?" And then I saw poor little Damon slinking off, his fair head crestfallen, to his "place." I could not comfort him till after school, and with difficulty then, for I had to encounter his reproaches. "Why," he said, with a naïveté which it is pleasant to recall, quite pouting and half-crying — "Why didn't you put some false quantities into them, when you were writing for such a blunderer as me?" It was my first lesson in the dramatic. I knew, then, that I had made a mistake; that my egotism had betrayed me and punished my friend. I tried, after this, to write verses for Damon, in a dramatic sense, and I was not altogether unsuccessful. I have often since thought of what Goldsmith said of Johnson, about "making little fishes talk like big whales."

It was about the time of this *Lalla Rookh* episode that I fell spiritually in love with L. E. L. I do not think that many people in these days even "commit flirtation with the muse" of poor Letitia Landon, whose life was a poem, and a sad one, in itself. But forty years ago, the young of both sexes found great delight in her strains. We have grown too robust, too worldly, too real for the indulgence of much sympathy with such sentimental outpourings; even the young maidens of this generation would pronounce them to be "sickly twaddle." But in my days of verdure, neither young men nor maidens were ashamed to be romantic, and we read L. E. L. with rapture. I am not sure that it was very wholesome food that we devoured thus eagerly — at all events it was not strength-

ening. We learnt from it to believe in the hollowness and artificiality of society, at a time of life when faith and hope are not uncomely possessions. The coldness of the world, not in an atmospherical, but a moral sense, was, I remember, one of the favourite subjects of the young lady's muse; and I became unsocial in holiday-time and fond of solitude, solacing myself with such thoughts as these, which I quote from my boyish memory; —

Oh! but for lonely hours like these
Would every finer current freeze . . .
To think one's own thoughts, and to be
Free as none ever yet were free,
When prisoners to their gilded thrall,
Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall,
With frozen feelings, tutored eye,
And smile that is itself a lie.

I believe that the first debt which I ever incurred in my life was for the purchase of *The Last Pleiad, the Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems*, which made their appearance whilst I was a worshipper of the Landon, and, which not having money enough to obtain, as a cash transaction, I was compelled to obtain upon credit. Well, I might have got into debt for something worse. For if these mild Pierian draughts did me no great good, they did me very little harm. Perhaps, after all, it was rather natural taste than the tuition of L. E. L., which rendered me, even in youth, disinclined to "lighted halls" and in maturer years made me detest and eschew them.

Not very long afterwards, chance led me into new poetic regions, which made all which I had before traversed appear dull and prosaic. In the island of Jersey, I purchased one of Galignani's large, double-columned editions of the *Modern British Poets* — a volume containing the complete poetical works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.*

* Residents in Guernsey and Jersey had, in those days, immense literary advantages over their friends in the larger islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Cheap editions were then unknown in England, and the works of many modern poets had never been collected. The editions, therefore, published by Galignani and by Baudry, which were not contraband in the Channel Islands, were luxuries greatly appreciated by the English residents there. All the best English novels were reprinted in Paris immediately after their appearance in London, and in the course of another week or two were sure to be on sale in Jersey, at the cost of three or four francs, instead of a guinea-and-a-half. The collected editions of the modern poets were excellent — well edited and well printed, and prefaced by well-written biographies. I do not think that, up to the present time, any better edition of Byron's works has been published, than that edited by the present Sir Henry Bulwer nearly forty years ago. I made my first acquaintance, through these editions, with the writings of Wordsworth, Southey, Bowyer, James, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, and others.

I bought the book for the sake of the first-named of the three poets, for I had seen Coleridge, when a very little boy, and had sat on his knee, in Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate. I can remember, even now, the dreamy eyes of the "old man eloquent," and the amused expression of his face, as he commented on my wonderful likeness to my mother, and muttered, as I was told afterwards, something rhythmical, resembling —

The child he was fair and was like to his mother,
As one drop of water resembles another.

But these personal associations were not strong enough to keep me from transferring my allegiance to Shelley, whom I recognized, with unstinting loyalty, as the *Megistos*, and I lay at his feet, captive and enslaved. I do not know whether it was the splendour of the imagery, the wonderful variety of the rhythm, or the mysterious philosophies which lay hidden in these haunting melodies, that enchanted me; but I was fairly enchanted. A new era seemed to dawn upon me. I was then seventeen — earnest, enthusiastic, sensitive, ambitious — hating poor dear old Commonplace (so beloved by me now) from the very depths of my heart. I can never forget how I was wont to lie, in the warm summer-time on a green hill-side, overlooking a beautiful bay, with the dim whitish line of the coast of France here and there severing it from the horizon. A fresh world of thought seemed to open out before me, and these new glimpses of the unseen, the unknown, invigorated whilst they subdued me. It was a strange mixture of weakness and strength. The "worn-out creeds" seemed to pass from me, and, for the first time, I began to think — or, perhaps, I should say that I began to inquire. It was all very foolish. I cannot bring myself to say that it was wrong: for I was very young, and I could not help it. But I must honestly confess that there came upon me a distemper of infidelity, which lasted for some years. I think that, from the age of eighteen to twenty-one, I was in a chronic state of doubt, not denying, but not believing, anything. It was a natural result of my worship of Shelley, that I should have betaken myself to the works of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. I was also startled the other day by seeing among the reviews of a popular weekly periodical a criticism on the *Political Jus-*

tice. It was, probably, a new discovery of the writer; to me it was like a resurrection from the dead. Nearly forty years had passed since the *Political Justice* had been to me almost a text-book, with the *Enquirer* as a sort of supplement to it. I can never forget the eagerness with which I possessed myself of the great master's novels and romances — "narratives of fictitious adventure," as he was wont to call them — *Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, *Fleetwood*, &c. I had read a great number of novels at this time — novels of what used to be called the "silver-fork school;" but these fictions of William Godwin appeared to me in those days to be something totally distinct from anything I had read before — something with real pith and sinew and muscle in them. It is mainly in youth that we walk in stilts. The stilted phraseology of the philosopher pleased me mightily at that time, for, in spite of the lesson which, as above narrated, I had learnt at school, I had come but very imperfectly to appreciate the dramatic. Godwin said that he "could not condescend" to make even the humblest of the personages whom he introduced into his fictions speak the "jargon" which was thought to be appropriate to them. I wonder whether anybody now reads *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Perhaps the great reviewer who exhumed the *Political Justice* may some day exhume these romances. It is said that after the appearance of *St. Leon*, Lord Byron asked Godwin to write another romance. "It would kill me," said the latter. "Never mind," said the former, "we should have another *St. Leon*." But philosophical novels in these days are not popular; the present generation would regard *St. Leon* as simply wearisome, and turn from it as a bore. For my part, I began to read Godwin for Shelley's sake, but I continued to read him for his own. With the vanity of youth, I thought myself capable of grappling with the most abstruse problems — religious, metaphysical, social — and I had an obscure idea that everything was wrong. From Shelley and Godwin I betook myself to other writers of a still more liberal kind; and the bolder their speculations the better I liked them. I read the *Age of Reason*, the *System of Nature*, and other similar works, until I had fairly inoculated myself with the infidelity of the French Revolution. As I outlived the process, I do not think that it did me much harm. It is well to get over these diseases in youth; for when once vanquished, they seldom or never return to

In addition to those named in the text, I never could have become acquainted with these works in any other way — but I do not mean this to be a plea for piracy.

us at more hazardous periods of life. I am inclined to think that most great readers go through it, and that the sooner it is over the better.

And, after all, it was not an unmixed evil, for whilst in this philosophical stage of studentship, I read some better philosophies than those of Tom Paine and D'Holbach. Being of a peculiarly studious disposition, and delighting in nothing so much as books, I was destined for the army, and sent to India. A few weeks before I started, my grandfather gave me a hundred pounds to spend as I liked, and I invested the greater part of it in books. I shall never forget the delight with which I walked out from Smith, Payne and Smith's, after cashing the good old gentleman's cheque, and flung myself loose upon the book-shops of London. I knew exactly where to go for any particular description of literature, for I had stood, with hungry heart and longing eyes, at the windows of many a bibliopole in the thoroughfares of the great metropolis — just as I have seen street Arabs look yearningly into the steamy windows of the cook-shops. There was that edition of Bacon — *opera omnia* — in I know not how many volumes, for which I had been longing for months, and *Cudworth's Intellectual System*, and *Bishop Berkeley's Works*, and a beautiful copy, "half-Russia, marbled-edges," of Shaftesbury, which had scored itself deeply in my heart. To have possessed myself of all these and many more like treasures, before the shops were closed was indeed a day's work worthy to be marked with white chalk. The upshot of it was that I embarked for India, proud in the possession of a library. Those were the grand old days of the passenger-ships "round the Cape," when there was none of that paltry stinting as to space, which is among the necessities of our fast-going steamers. I could take with me any number of boxes of books — some for present use in my own cabin, and the rest deep down in the recesses of the hold. There is no finer, no fairer place for quiet reading than the poop of an Indiaman. The first spasms of sea-sickness wrestled down, the crisp blue waters of the Bay of Biscay fairly passed, those boxes of books were unfailing sources of delight. I had had no time even to open the booksellers' parcels. They had been sent to the outfitter to pack them for me, and I did not know till I opened the cases what each of them contained. I remember that I found Bacon and Berkeley in my cabin; but I rather think that Cudworth was in the hold.

As I had no avaricious desire to keep these literary stores to myself, my fellow-passengers rejoiced also in my acquisitions, and daily visits were made to my cabin in search of "something to read." I am ashamed to add, however, that there was another case in my cabin, which proved a greater attraction than the bookcases, namely, a case of foreign liqueurs, as curaçoa, maraschino, parfait amour, &c., which had been put on board for me duty-free by a relative in the Channel Islands, and which, when discovered, made No. 8, star-board side, a favourite place of resort. There was one of my younger comrades, however, who, to do him justice, cared at least as much for the books as for the bottles. Not that he in any way objected to the latter; for we were wont to discuss, over a glass of *eau d'or*, the very gravest questions —

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,

in a manner which I have no doubt was absurdly puerile and pretentious. He was a second-lieutenant of engineers, and had gone in for the philosophies, like myself. If there was not much logic, there was much audacity in our speculations. We made up by breadth of assertion for what we lacked in depth of thought. My cabin in foul weather, and the quarter-deck in fine, was the scene of these disputations. And very delightful they were, although my friend, who was a great mathematician, lacked the poetic element, and I could not persuade him to read much of Shelley, but the notes to his poems. He insisted that the poetry was mystical, unreal, unlike anything of which we have living experience. We were looking over the sides of the vessel one day, as we were entering the Indian Ocean, when I suddenly exclaimed to him, pointing to the bright crisp waters below, and what was going on there, —

As the flying fish leap
From the Indian deep,
And mix with the sea-birds half asleep.

"Jove!" said my friend, "a very apt impromptu. The thing exactly."

"It is one of the unrealities of Shelley," I quietly replied.

He shook his head. "That won't do. Where could Shelley have seen such things?"

I took him to my cabin, and turned out the passage — in the *Prometheus*, I think.

"But how could he know?"

"Pure inspiration, perhaps — the *voies* — the seer."

"Nonsense!"

"Well then, perhaps, his friend Trelawney told him."

I wondered whether the poet himself could have revealed the source of his knowledge. Perhaps he read it in a book. It is the faculty of genius to appropriate everything that comes in its way, whether in books or in conversation, when actual vision is denied; and we often wonder at the fidelity of the local colouring, drawn sometimes from most remote and seldom-visited countries, which we find in the writings of poets who have never gone far from home. After the close of the late Abyssinian war, I met at dinner some who had taken a conspicuous part in it. Many questions were put to them about the incidents of the campaign, and answered with the usual frankness of soldiers. When there was a pause, I told the chief of the Abyssinian heroes present, that there was a question which I particularly wished to put to him. As I had been in some measure officially connected with the conduct of the expedition, it was thought that my question must be a grave and portentous one. "Did you ever see a damsel with a dulcimer?" I asked. There was a little of the silence of surprise; so I explained that I had been anxious to ascertain the truth of Coleridge's lines,—

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw —
It was her Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

The answer was satisfactory. Abyssinian maids had been seen playing on dulcimers, or what were supposed to be dulcimers. Coleridge, a great dreamer of dreams, was also a great devourer of travels, and it is probable that he had been reading Bruce not long before the vision came upon him. At all events, I ascertained the fidelity of the picture; and though it was not quite worth ten millions of money, I set it down as one of the profitable results of the campaign. Perhaps the most profitable results of all foreign wars are the new geographical and ethnological facts which they reveal to the public eye. In this sense, at least, we let in the light of civilization through the riddlings of our grape and canister,—I write as an old man,—or of the more refined implements of destruction, which enlightened nations in these more advanced times have substituted for them. Such knowledge may be purchased dearly, but after all, it is of more importance than the *amour propre* of emperors and kings.

THE greatest evil of domestic familiarity is that those who live together in that life, have far too soon made up their minds about each other. I am nearly sure that this must be a true maxim, for I thought that it was so when I was a boy, and looked at things from a boy's point of view; and I think so now, when I am a man, and consider the matter from a man's point of view.

This evil practice of making up the mind too soon about the merits and demerits of our fellow-creatures, acts in a remarkable way upon great men who do great things in the world, and who are often astonished, and deeply mortified, because those who live nearest to them, their own wives, and brothers, and sisters, and children, do not seem to care much about their labours, or to feel as much interest in those labours as the outer world does.

The greatest author of the last generation, who enjoyed a European fame, was blest with a family. Some one said to his eldest son, "How you must have delighted in your father's works!" To which he replied, "I have never

read any of them." Now this reply of the son's must not be supposed to indicate heartlessness. He had made up his mind about his father; he knew what his father was like, or supposed that he did, and he naturally felt less interest in that father's writings than any ordinary person would do.

It would be a great comfort to men of genius, whether authors, artists, statesmen, or inventors, if they were to recognize this inevitable fact — namely, that the people who live nearest to them, and probably love them most, are less interested in their doings than any other persons. They know all about them, as they think. They have made up their minds about them, and they do not want books, or pictures, or statues, or speeches, or inventions to tell them what sort of persons are their husbands, or fathers, or brothers, or sisters, or intimate friends. Domestic familiarity has killed curiosity; and curiosity has something to do with the interest with which we regard any new work of a worker who is not familiarly known to us.

Arthur Helps.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

THE LATER LABOURS OF MR. MORRIS.*

SOME querulous members of the critical faculty were grumbling at Mr. Morris awhile ago for wasting his time over the translation of Icelandic Sagas. Other men, it was said, could translate those, if need be; but no other could finish the *Earthly Paradise* for us. This double position was obviously true in both its terms; and it yet affords an instance of the possibility for perfect truth to be perfect platitude, and for a foolish position to be sustained in veracious words. The fact is that Mr. Morris's occupation with the Icelandic Sagas has been as far from waste of time as any other of his fruitful and varied labours. In the first place, taking for granted linguistic ability, of all the men qualified to render the old Norse tongue into English, there is, as far as one knows, scarcely a man who could furnish so thorough a rendering of the word and spirit of an Icelandic Saga as could the author of the *Life and Death of Jason* and the *Earthly Paradise*; and in the second place, the inevitable communion of the poet's soul with the souls of the sagamen of old has been an admirable influence in the elaboration of the very *Earthly Paradise* supposed to be harmfully kept in abeyance by the labours of translation.

If any one will say that it is bootless giving us modern versions of barbarous old Sagas nowadays, when we have done with the primitive half-bestial life of which the sagamen sung in prose, to such a one we bow; to him it is bootless to offer Saga-fare; but, assuming that we are not so far gone on the road to perfect civilization but that some of us may yet find matter of pleasure and profit in a fresh old story or so of vivid adventure and real home-life, told much as a sagaman might have told it, then the translation of this sort of literature is a good work, varying in excellence with the excellence of the reproduction only. In truth, it is scarcely an assumption to arrogate more than this; for the years that are piling our "culture" about

us are also widening to an unmistakable extent the conviction that "precious is the soul of man to man;" and so increasing the estimated value of works which yield us clear notions of what life physical and intellectual was among our far-off predecessors, and of what found favour in their eyes and ears as worthy matter for poetry, or a prose form of presentation commensurate in its influences with poetry proper.

A Saga, then, claims respect in its degree as unquestionably as an Iliad or an Odyssey, an Imitation of Christ or a Divine Comedy; and the translation of a Saga most to be desired is that which, besides possessing the greatest essential faithfulness, smacks least of terms suggesting modern thoughts. To secure essential faithfulness, in so far as it can be secured by Icelandic scholarship, Mr. Morris has wisely associated himself in his sagalabours with Mr. Magnusson; and there is not another writer of refinement, it may be fearlessly said, who writes English so free from what may be paradoxically called the barbarisms of civilization as the English wherein the history of Jason, and the collected tales of the *Earthly Paradise*, are told by Mr. Morris. The language of those poems has, as an essential part of its beauty, a great primitiveness, and a freshness coextensive with the young-world freshness of the things narrated, and the way of narrating them; and these are the qualities of mind and language which alone would avail to make a modern English translation of a Saga anything like in nature to a work of art. Except for a certain innate delicacy of refinement—a subtlety of refinement imposed upon Mr. Morris by his descent through many good ages, however much he may yearn through those ages to the remoter past—except for an easy unstrained avoidance of all the coarsenesses of the younger world—Mr. Morris has, in his poetry, so completely merged his modernness in sympathy with the times he has depicted, that we have an excellent guarantee for his capacity to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the times of Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue and Grettir the Strong, and of the sagamen who put the doings of those times on record, and rejoiced to tell the tale of Sigurd Fafnir's-bane. This capacity is a very rare one nowadays, and is the indispensable adjunct to fitness of language-faculties for the perfect translation of anything old. Opposite the title-page of *Grettis Saga*, Mr. Morris has inscribed a beautiful and noble-spirited sonnet—the two quatrains expository of a sad-faced

* *Grettis Saga*. The story of Grettir the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris. London: F. S. Ellis, King's-street, Covent-garden, 1893.

The Saga of Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue and Rafn the Skald. Translated by the same. (*Fortnightly Review*, January 1893.)

The *Earthly Paradise*, a Poem. By W. Morris. Part III. (September, October, November.) London: Ellis, 1879.

Volunga Saga. The Story of the Volungs and Niblungs, with certain Songs from the Elder Edda. Translated from the Icelandic by Eirikr Magnusson and William Morris. London: Ellis, 1870.

and tender paganism, and the terminal se-tett embodying somewhat of the poet's inevitable modern refinement of idea on the same subject :

" A life scarce worth the living, a poor fame
Scarce worth the winning, in a wretched land,
Where fear and pain go upon either hand,
As toward the end men fare without an aim
Unto the dull grey dark from whence they came:
Let them alone, the unshadowed sheer rocks
stand

Over the twilight graves of that poor band
Who count so little in the great world's game!

Nay, with the dead I deal not; this man lives
And that which carried him through good and
ill,

Stern against fate while his voice echoed still
From rock to rock, now he lies silent, strives
With wasting time, and through its long lapse
gives

Another friend to me, life's void to fill."

But there is no need of such evidence as this to prove the whole-hearted friendliness with which the fortunes of *Grettir* have been followed closely by the poet, and put into his own tongue. An almost exuberant sympathy with the hero of the Saga appears and reappears in every chapter of the volume, in some deftly-turned simplicity or vigorous piece of narration of vigorous proceedings.

The character of the man *Grettir* is a very complete and compact one. Its compactness and completeness must have been seriously invalidated by any translator who had not the quick perceptions and vivid intuitions of Mr. Morris; but as we get the character from his hands, there is no flaw in the dramatic portraiture, no single trait bearing a trace of the baneful metamorphosis always undergone by characters in translation. We have lively faith in the existence of such a man as *Grettir* here appears; and although he is not of us, we feel, in following him from page to page, that there is a manly integrity about him, with all the roughness of his time; so that we are bound to respect his dogged consistency throughout life, from the time when, being set to rub his father's back, he rasps the reverend dorsal muscles with a carding-comb, to the final fight, when, having held the island of Drangsey for three years in defiance of its owners, the man, dying of a gangrened wound, lays bravely about him, and falls, unflurried and unflinching, under the perfidious and cowardly hands of hired ruffians. "In such wise" (to sum the strong man up in the quaint perfection of Mr. Morris's saga-language) "*Grettir* lost his

life—the bravest man of all who have dwelt in Iceland. He lacked but one winter of forty-five years whenas he was slain; but he was fourteen winters old when he slew Skeggi, his first man-slaying; and from thenceforth all things turned to his fame, till the day when he dealt with Glam* the Thrall; and in those days was he of twenty winters; but when he fell into outlawry† he was twenty-five years old; but in outlawry was he nigh nineteen winters, and full oft was he the while in great trials of men; and such as his life was, and his needs, he held well to his faith and troth, and most haps did he foresee, though he might do naught to meet them." (p. 243.)

Many readers might perhaps find the story of *Grettir* dry, on account of the entire absence of anything that would now-a-days be recognized as "sentiment." *Grettir's* dealing with women are confined to one incident which, though amusing, is neither romantic nor edifying; and the only love-passages that lend an interest to the book for such readers are in the foreign matter introduced into the Saga in a late stage of its development—the loves of the Lady Spes and Thorstein Dromund, the brother and avenger of *Grettir* the Strong. These passages, traceable to the mediæval romance-period, and some of which are indeed identical with passages in the romance of *Tristram*, are a serious disturbance of the Saga's bleak but bracing atmosphere; and it is conceivable that the translators might have eliminated the excrecent parts without sin. Certainly the dextrous and delicate hand of one of the translators might have performed the operation with advantage to us and to the Saga too. The oral epics of our ancestors, such as *Grettla*, added to by one generation after another, are surely subject to correction and retrenchment even by hands as late as ours, unless we are to assume ourselves inferior to all who have been concerned in passing down and compiling these epics: but this is a matter for a translator's own conscience; and we cannot fairly find fault with one who chooses to give us the whole instead of a part.

He who feels the lack of sentiment in *Grettla* should turn, for a different idea of this important literature, to the beautiful little *Saga of Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue*

* Glam was a malignant ghost whom *Grettir* successfully laid, but whose dying curse followed him till his death.

† He "fell into outlawry" through a misapprehension, and not for any ill deed really done.

and *Rafn the Skald*—a piece pervaded by an exquisite sentiment, with a far larger element of intellectual life than the *Story of Grettir* has, and free from any such blot as the importation of mediæval romance-matter just alluded to: if he be not then bitten with a taste for these things, let him there rest from his labour, for mere labour it will be. But if the reverse be the case, a rich treat will be in store for him in Mr. Morris's latest saga-labour—the noble *Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs*, the northern and parent form of the *Nibelungen Lied*. Here he will find sentiment enough and romance enough—flashes of a weird magnificence that all the ice-hills of the Land of Ice have not been able to overreach with their long dusk shadows, and that all the “cold gray sea” that rings the island of Thule has not washed free of its colour and heat. The marvels of this marvellous story are strongly upborne by the only firm pillars art has ever had—those, namely, whose bases are fixed in the utterly real, and whose capitals reach the topmost heights of the imaginative and ideal. The science of human souls shown in the general conception of the book, and the particular conception of each character, is perfect and deep and piercing—albeit those characters do not depart from the simplicity of primitive people; and, although the presence of the sexual element lacking in *Grettir* gives a certain thrill of interest that that has not, yet the life depicted in the two pieces is of the same primeval stamp; and the *ensemble* of these pictures of our fathers as they were serve to place vividly before us the fact that human passion is now much what it was then, for all the lapse of centuries and growth of refinements.

Sigurd Fafnir's-bane (the Sigfried of the *Nibelungen Lied*) is not the rough character that *Grettir* is: he is not behind him in readiness to kill his enemies, and so on; but there is a certain courtliness about him without the dishonesty of the court, and a comeliness without the effeminacy of the polished produce of later times. *Grettir* is a brute, but a noble brute; Sigurd is noble, but not a brute by a long way: and yet we must ask the “cultured” to pardon us, if we confess that to us the one fierce headstrong savage of the *Grettis Saga* seems a greater conception, artistically, than Sigurd or any other man of *Volsunga*. As a work, however, this latter must carry the palm from its more grisly rival, for the variety's sake of its incidents and characters, and for the strength's

sake of the finer feelings treated in it and ignored in the other. The one figure of the warrior-woman Brynhild, so utter a woman for all her king-slayings and war-deeds, is priceless; and the working-out of the final crash, when Brynhild is so thrown as to be the constant witness of another woman's happiness with the man of her own choice—crash full of passion and death and disaster—is a thing not often surpassed in any literature.*

It cannot be doubted that, though the reading public may require time for the appreciation of these works, appreciated they will ultimately be; for the interest of them is too genuine, and the clasp of labour bestowed on them by Mr. Morris too high, to admit of any ultimate failure of recognition. The Eddaic Songs translated and appended to the *Volsunga* volume are very successful translations; and the one which has been inserted as chapter xxxi. of the *Saga* is a truly beautiful poem as now rendered. It contains the elements of that song of Tennyson's so highly prized by all readers of taste, *Home they brought her Warrior dead*, and has a large dramatic pathos to which that lyric gem cannot pretend. Mr. Morris has doubtless done well to render these early poem in short irregular unrhymed stanzas, if stanzas they are to be called; and he has, without loss of ease and simplicity, given a good sprinkling of the alliterations which the Icelandic poets used for the adornment of their verse. His renderings of periphrastic expressions, too, strike us as having a peculiar excellence; and, though this be the case, the finest of all the poems is peculiarly free from such expressions, probably by reason of the great earnestness of that poem's depicted sorrow and the intense reality and simplicity of the whole scene. This is the chapter xxxi. named above, and which treats “of the lamentation of Gudrun” (Sigurd's wife) “over Sigurd dead, as it is told in the ancient songs.” Some portions of this poem are touchingly musical, as, for instance, this that occurs twice:

“Naught gat Gudrun
Of wail or greeting,
So heavy was she
For her dead husband,

* Were our subject the whole range of Saga literature, so far as it has been made accessible to the general reader by translations, we should not fail to place prominently the *Njala* and the *Gjall Saga* of Mr. Dasent; the last named of which is a beautiful little piece, and the first a work on a grand scale; but being concerned with Mr. Morris alone at present, we cannot do more than note the well-known great excellence of Mr. Dasent's language for Saga purposes, and the fact that his translations are the result of his own unaided scholarship and taste.

So dreadful-hearted
For the king laid dead there."

And he must be peculiarly impervious who does not see an exquisite and tender feeling in the two stanzas that follow that, wherein it is told that Gullrond "swept the sheet away from Sigurd and turned his cheek toward his wife's knee," in order to "get greeting" for her after other means had failed. The stanzas are:

"Once looked Gudrun —
One look only,
And saw her lord's locks
Lying all bloody,
The great man's eyes
Glazed and deadly,
And his heart's bulwark
Broken by sword-edge.
Back then sank Gudrun,
Back on the bolster,
Loosed was her head-array,
Red did her cheeks grow,
And the rain-drops ran
Down over her knees."

The version of the story of the Völsungs, formed by this and the Eddaic poems printed at the end of the volume, is necessarily fragmentary and incomplete as compared with the prose version — a great portion of the original verse being lost; but any one of these poems will well repay close reading, even if the style and matter be a little strange at first.

It is easy to tell upon one's fingers the thoroughly great translations of alien works into our tongue; and this must continue to be the case, for only now and then does a man who is an original contributor to a noble literature care to give his time to the reproduction of any fragment of another literature; and only men capable of noble original artistic efforts have, in completeness, the right vein of capacity for passing a thing of beauty from an alien language into their own. Among the few great translations we have, these Sagas will take their place — ranking doubtless, for perfection in their kind and for permanence of interest, with Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's renderings of the Early Italian Poets and the *Vita Nuova*, with Mrs. Browning's *Prometheus Bound*, with Mr. Carlyle's *Wilhelm Meister*, and with some two or three translations of earlier production.

The assimilation of Saga spirit into the fabric of the *Earthly Paradise* cannot but be a gain to a work owning as crowning virtues directness of thought and narration, and freshness of out-door atmosphere; and the *Lovers of Gudrun*, the chief piece

in the autumn quarter of the book, shows how admirably the poet has taken in the whole method of Saga-telling, condensed it, overlaid it with certain beauties something above the Saga standard of decoration, and given it out again as an unmistakable section of the *Paradise*, yet embodying somewhat of matter and manner not found in former sections.

The general laying out of the *Lovers of Gudrun*, a story taken from the *Laxdæla Saga*, corresponds with the laying out of the Sagas with which Mr. Morris has enriched our language by direct prose translation. It opens by giving us an introduction to the two families mainly concerned in the action, and principally to Kiartan the son of Olaf the Peacock, Bodli the son of Thorleik and cousin of Kiartan, and Gudrun the daughter of Oswif. Then, as in the *Saga of Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue*, a dream is introduced (Gudrun's, this one) and prophetically interpreted. The interpreter, Guest the Wise, then prophesies things concerning Kiartan and Bodli. Next Gudrun fulfils a portion of the first prophecy by marrying a man whom she soon leaves on account of his ill-treatment of her, and another portion by taking a second husband, who is shortly afterwards drowned. It is now that the important part of the history begins: Kiartan, reputed to be the noblest youth of Iceland, woos Gudrun, is betrothed to her, and, after much happiness in her society, goes unmarried with Bodli to seek adventure in Norway, where King Olaf Tryggvason is busy propagating Christianity at the sword's point. No sooner are they leaving Iceland than Bodli finds to his desperation that he too loves Gudrun; but he harbours at first no thought of trying to win her from Kiartan, whom he regards as something more than a brother. They are made welcome by King Olaf, and Kiartan soon betakes himself to paying attention to Ingibiorg, the king's sister, who becomes deeply enamoured of him. He finds her a very charming companion, and seems to have forgotten Gudrun, the while poor Bodli's feelings are more and more entangled by the memory of the Icelandic Helen; and at length Bodli goes back to Iceland, bearing a hot heart, and a message from Kiartan sufficiently cool in tone. After a short fierce period of irresolution, he makes Gudrun understand that Kiartan is to wed Ingibiorg, and woos his cousin's betrothed for himself. She accepts him, and shortly after their marriage Kiartan returns to fulfil his pledge. Then it comes out that, for all his desire to rove, and for all his

seeming carelessness of his old love while with Ingibiorg, he is in truth passionately attached to Gudrun. His life is spoiled, cannot be repaired by his marriage with Refna, a second maid who falls in love with him, and troublous times ensue for all — eventuating in the death of Kiartan by Bodli's sword, and the slaying of Bodli by Kiartan's family, his natural avengers under the moral code of the time and place. Thus is another part of Guest's forecast accomplished; and for the rest, Gudrun, after long mourning, marries a fourth husband, whom also she outlives to become a blind and sad old woman, with an elderly son.

Such is the mere outline of the tale — such the well-selected material of Mr. Morris's last great poem. Saga literature has yielded him his material and the manner of laying out, and introduced a new element of freshness into his book. But no Saga has afforded him the tender refinement with which Gudrun, Ingibiorg, and Refna are drawn; no Saga has given him the largeness with which the fierce and fond elements of Gudrun's character are brought out, or the subtlety wherewith Bodli, the Agonistes of the piece, is depicted in his severe nobility, dashed with a single red streak of perfidy — in his complex combination of strong purpose and weak yielding to temptation. Bodli is the profoundest conception Mr. Morris has given us; he is a man of an exceedingly fine nature, of intense warmth in his affections, and, when led to indulge in his passion for Gudrun at the expense of his deep friendship for Kiartan, he bids good-bye for ever to happiness, and knows he has done so — his very nobility of nature crushing his heart with remorse at the one perfidy into which he has fallen. He honestly believes that he loves Gudrun better than Kiartan does; and even in that belief he can get no solace from a marriage brought about by a betrayal of his friend, though that friend looked very much like a man who meant to betray his love. The utter unsatisfaction of Bodli after he has put hope away from Gudrun's heart is finely drawn: he cannot rest away from her, and he is miserable with her.

“ So time wore,
And still he went to Bathstead more and more,
And whiles alone and whiles in company
With raging heart her sad face did he see,
And still the time he spent in hall and bower
Beside her, did he call the evildest hour
Of all the day, the while it durel; but when
He was away came hope's ghost back again
And funnel his miserable longing, till
He said within himself that naught was ill

Save that most hideous load of loneliness.
How so the time went, never rest did bless
His heart a moment.” (p. 417.)

Marriage, however, appears to have been a matter of course in those days; and Gudrun's obvious line of conduct, on conviction that the noblest youth of Iceland was not, as supposed, at her disposal, was to take the man at her feet, recognized as the next noblest, and get what happiness she might from a union based on a one-sided love. But not a suspicion of joy to either man or woman arises from the partnership contracted under these sombre conditions. “ A dismal wedding!” says the poet —

“ Every ear at strain
Some sign of things that were to be to gain;
A guard on every tongue lest some old name
Should set the poisoned smouldering pile aflame.

But if 'neath all folk's eyes things went e'en so,
How would it be then with the hapless two
The morrow of that feast? This I know well,
That upon Bodli the last gate of hell
Seemed shut at last, and no more like a star,
Far off perchance, yet bright however far,
Shone hope of better days; yet he lived on,
And soon in-deed, the worst of all being won,
And glams of frantic pleasure therewithal,
A certain quiet on his soul did fall,
As though he saw the end and waited it.
But over Gudrun changes wild would sit,
And sometimes stony would she seem to be;
And sometimes would she give short ecstasy
To Bodli with a fit of scolding love;
And sometimes, as repenting sore thereof,
Silent the livelong day would sit and stare,
As though she knew some ghost were drawing
near,
And ere it came with all the world must break,
That she might lose no word it chanced to
speak.” (pp. 482, 8.)

And so matters go hideously on, until Kiartan's coming back and marrying Refna drive Gudrun frantic with sorrow at having missed the man who has really loved her, and whom she most loves, rage with the husband through whose agency the miscarriage of her happiness has chanced, and jealousy of the woman who has apparently inherited the affection once for her alone. Under Mr. Morris's treatment it is of course through no coarse and brutal enmity between his dioscursi that the catastrophe comes about, but through the ferried torrent of Gudrun's love being diverted into a channel of temporary hate, and fed and irritated by the “ fierce dull sons of Oawif,” ever jealous of Kiartan, Bodli, and the rest of Olaf's household. The soul which the poet has put in Bodli is far superior to the wreaking of animal hatred on his betrayed friend; and Kiartan, though a much sim-

pler study in psychology, is no less noble than Bodli, so no more capable of low hate. Kiartan's is one of those large and liberal natures occasionally seen blended with such great personal attractiveness, that every one, man or woman, is more or less subject to the easy, princely, unassuming ascendancy of the person so endowed. These rare souls, being courted and made much of wherever they go, have no need to take life otherwise than easily; and it remains an open question to bystanders how much sterling nobility such natures really hold, until some dire dilemma brings out the truth at bottom of the soul. Kiartan, a man fitted eminently for a large simple life of success, might never have shown greatness or smallness but for the perfidy of the "false foster-brother," the "loving lovesome traitor," as Bodli is variously denominated by foster-mother and wife; and when these two fine fellows are thrown into collision on the swirl of the current of Gudrun's fierce love, that would fain consume the thing loved for very hell of jealousy, each desires only to fall by the other's sword — Bodli advancing his blade to meet the parry and retort of Kiartan, and Kiartan throwing down his arms unexpectedly to take in his breast the "lover's blade," the sword borne by Bodli, and long since cursed as the future bane of the stock of Olaf the Peacock. The culminating refinement of the poet upon Saga barbarism comes in the speech of Bodli over his dead rival — a passage hard to surpass for truly cultivated pathos; and one which, having no sufficiency of space to extract entire, we will not mar by cutting.

Between the issue of the former and present sections of the *Earthly Paradise* no change in the author's way of work, in point of style, has come about; and we may now fairly look to him with hope of a long continuance in the production of poems of this delightful cast. His manner of work was once excellently described as "without finish and without fault." This compact criticism was made *à propos* of the *Jason*; and it still holds good, for the poet has made meanwhile no approach whatever towards the standard of workmanship which has half-frozen the soul of at least one great poet of the day — that standard, namely, that demands the rendering of narrative work "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." Mr. Morris's poetry still grows flowerwise and treewise, and would be unutterably ruined if it fell ever into the mosaic order of things. Let us "thank with brief thanksgiving whatever gods may be" that these things are so —

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that the classic stories of the *Death of Paris*, of *Acontius and Cydippe*, of *Rhodope*, the Northern dream-story of the *Land east of the Sun and west of the Moon*, the Oriental marvel tale of the *Man who never laughed again*, furnish poetic reading as precious as the thirteen tales given us last year, while the *Lovers of Gudrun* is hard to classify, except as a poem of the highest order among the romantic poems of all ages.

Were Mr. Morris no more than he has playfully called himself, a "dreamer of dreams born out of his due time," the permanency of his works might be questionable. But whatever he dreams, or whatever dream of other men he makes his own for the nonce, is rendered vivid by so much reality, so much healthiness of landscape and sky, so much truth of human interest, psychology so sterling as far as it goes, that with the easy musical flow of his rhythm and his perfectly individual simplicity of song-language, these works must be an heirloom of price for later generations as long as English poetry is read. Some readers may start at seeing so modern a word as "psychology" connected with Mr. Morris's name; but that this least curiously psychological of all our real poets of the present day has closely studied souls there can be no moment's doubt. He chooses generally to treat psychological phenomena of the greatest simplicity available, and delights not in the setting or solving of problems of character. But his men and women *are* men and women; they love with the passion of adult and healthy persons, and not with the rose-colour sentimentality of boys and girls, or the pallid and blasé ferocity of jaded *roués*. Their life is large and open, and their interest enduring for living men and women, however far such may be removed by modern use from openness and largeness in their own lives. In the *Lovers of Gudrun* the highest note attainable under these conditions has been struck; and the value of Mr. Morris's future name must be sensibly heightened by the issue of this masterly production. It seems to us a somewhat strange thing that no very special notice has been taken of this poem; for it is a tale to which, rather than to the *Völsunga Saga*, we would append the invitation prefixed by the poet to his translation of that Saga —

"So draw ye round and hearken, English Folk,
Unto the best tale pity ever wrought !

* * * * *

Of utter love defeated utterly,
Of Grief too strong to give Love time to die ! "

From The Saturday Review.
POPPING THE QUESTION IN NOVELS.

It has been cynically suggested that the secrecy, so creditable to woman, hanging over the details of every declaration, is due as much to a sense of failure on her own part, of dissatisfaction at her share in the transaction, as to any nice sense of honour. Probably both parties are conscious that the supreme moment of life has been blundered through, has found them unprepared. The contact of souls which recalls Paradise was arrived at by a process which was not eloquence, nor yet grace. The man knows he bungled the thing, and said nothing in the way he meant to say it. The lady is conscious of a sense of quandary quite obscuring her habitual keenness of observation. The scene is indistinct and blurred, but she fears she was awkward. She wishes she had sustained the dignity of the situation, the crisis of her triumph, in a higher strain of thought and expression. The result is pleasant, and so is the retrospect, but at the same time each side is glad there was no looker-on. There are indeed some people who like to tell everything that happens to them, who have no restraining impulses, and think it candour to invite the world to a microscopic inspection of themselves; but these are more commonly men. It is men who generally blab on the matter now in question. "Prig" is very justly a masculine designation. In this spirit an American transcendentalist relates the story of his wooing:—"How do you think I offered myself?" he asks his hearer, almost a stranger. "I had never told Miss — that I loved her; never told her she was handsome; and I went to her and said, 'Miss —, I'm come to offer myself; but first I'll give you my character. I'm very poor; you'll have to work. I'm very cross, and irascible; you'll have everything to bear; and I've liked many other pretty girls. Now what do you say?' And she said, 'I'll have you,' and she's been everything to me." The man who addressed a lady thus, unless he had had very great encouragement, must have had a lofty notion indeed of his place in the scale of being. Such people want no help, but to more modest men a passing review of the subject under the light of fiction may be acceptable in the way of instruction, suggestion, and warning. That such light is available for practical purposes is proved by the fact that at one time the immortal offer of Dickens's carrier had grown into a formula. The man who did not know how to put his

wishes into intelligible words took refuge in an alias, and announced that "Barkis was willin'" — an ignominious, shabby refuge indeed, throwing upon the lady all the expense of furnishing the romance which she feels to be essential to the occasion, but which dovetails incongruously enough with such an introduction.

As the subject of the novel proper is love and courtship, so its moral should be looked for in the conduct of that love-making. Many so-called novels do not depend on this subject, either for their interest or their didactic value. They may be masterpieces in their way, but because the story owes nothing to its lovers, the title of novel is a misnomer. We treat of those novels that carry out their title. A good novel we regard as a very important guide to youth in the conduct of a love affair. It is at once a school of rhetoric and deportment, and a moral counsellor and director. In the first place, it inculcates the two virtues of courage and modesty in equal proportions. People who never read novels are apt to be impudent or pusillanimous, according to their natural tendency, or the tendency of their age. Mr. Trollope says that in these days men never expect to be refused. It is a doctrine among them that young ladies think only of getting married, and that few dare to refuse any man who is at all justified in proposing to them. Now the best and most remarkable scene in a novel is often a spirited refusal. A student of this class of literature will avoid the scrape which presumption gets itself into. He would not, for example, after reading *Granby* — which Sydney Smith regarded as fulfilling all the requirements of a novel — make an offer in a boat, lest he should be subject to the humiliation of rowing the lady back to shore a sulky, cowed, rejected man. On the other hand, the whole teaching of romance counsels him to try his chance, and holds out hope to every constant lover; it tells him to be bold, "and everywhere be bold," but still with the counteracting whisper in his ear, "be not too bold." The men that pass their lives shilly shally, always meaning to marry and never making up their minds, are not novel-readers. The novel teaches the meaning of opportunity and its transitoriness, as in that excellent novel *Emilia Wyndham*; it shows the immense importance of a spoken word, and how, if the moment is allowed to pass by, people often drift from one another, never to come together again. On the other hand, it warns one not to be the slave of opportunity, a wise man mak-

ing more of such than he finds. Thus, Thackeray's Lovel the Widower, finding Elizabeth on the point of being driven from his house, and her boxes corded in the hall, makes his offer there and then in the presence of his mother and mother-in-law, his children, and all the servants, having first summoned the lady at the pitch of his voice to accept this public amends for the insult she had received. Again, the novel-reader learns many a lesson of propriety in manners, for want of which some young fellows take liberties and exhibit an insufferable arrogance which cuts them off from eligible society and good connexions. The use of the Christian name, for instance, is made a turning-point in some novels we know; it is viewed as a declaration, or tantamount to one. We think it is Coningsby who shows his delicate sense of the privilege of so addressing a young lady, condensing a proposal into its use. "Let me call you *my* Edith, for I love you." Mr. Trollope in his earlier manner made great use of the same opportunity. "I may call you Rachel, then?" asks one of his lovers. "Oh, no, please don't," is the timid reply. "What would people think?" "Perhaps they would think the truth," said he. "Perhaps they would imagine I called you so because I liked you. But perhaps they might think also that you let me do so because you liked me. People do make such mistakes." We say Mr. Trollope's earlier manner, for we note a very material change in his conduct of these affairs, and one which renders him a less safe guide to ingenuous youth. His lovers now are apt to introduce their proposal with a process which has hitherto been supposed to seal the bargain—a step which the rash follower of this precedent might, under some circumstances, find to involve unpleasant consequences; though Mr. Trollope's ladies behave under the infliction much after the pattern of Jenny Dennison. They call the men wicked; "De'il's in the fallow," they seem to say; and then ensue reflections and comparisons altogether in the temper of that incomparable waiting-maid:—"He has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday after a'."

The novel-reader has an advantage over all others in the moment of rejection—a rude awakening which has been compared to falling down stairs. After the first shock, memory gently interposes with abundant matter for encouragement. How many a point-blank refusal in the second volume has he not known to issue in glad accept-

ance in the third! Other people as confident as he have met with as stunning a reverse. Was it not Darcy, in *Pride and Prejudice*, who has no doubt of success when he opens the matter to Elizabeth with the fatal arrogance, "In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you"; and, after a scene of unsurpassed spirit, is answered by the lady, "You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that could have tempted me to accept it"? And yet her feelings by the end of the book had undergone such a change as to make her receive with gratitude and pleasure her arrogant lover's now modest assurances that his own wishes were unchanged. A good novel's consolations are lessons as well; it points out to the lover his mistakes and how to correct them.

But, after all, the main use of this class of reading is in the vast scope and field it opens to the intelligent inquirer—the immense variety of alternatives, whether for warning or example, which the pages of fiction hold out; for every lover in fiction furnishes material for one or the other. The unbounded choice is the thing, directed by that insight into character and temperament which it is the high office of the novelist to instil. Thus the use of the word *wife* indicates the straightforward offer. It pleases simple women. "Anne Thompson, will you be my wife?" is the conventional Quaker's first word of love-making. She says "Yes," and the thing is settled. Also it is effective where the advantage of wealth or position is on the gentleman's side. "Of course, Grace," said Major Grantley, "you know why I am here?" He paused, and then remembering that he had no right to expect an answer to such a question, he continued, "I have come here, dearest Grace, to ask you to be my wife." But there is a confident abruptness in this form that will not do under reverse circumstances. In opposition to this, some women are to be approached with timid, distant entreaty, as Tito to Romola. "If you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little." Then there is the manly offer of heart and hand, which is perhaps of all modes the most taken for granted by the outside unthinking world. "There is my hand," says Lucius Mason to Sophia Furnival. "There is my hand," says she, as they stand holding one another palm to palm. He quite honest, she

only able to reach the pitch of half honesty. Sometimes more point is made of the shape and quality and action of the hands; thus Felix Graham offers his broad right hand. "If you can take it, you cannot doubt my heart goes with it," and the timid Madeline says not a word, nor does she lift her eyes from the ground; but very slowly she raises her little hand and allows her soft, slight fingers, &c.

It is supposed to be the way to a spoiled pretty woman's heart to defer all fine speeches, and to propose through her faults. Some women like it. Thus Felix Holt performs his wooing, if such it is to be called, through mere bullying, and even Mr. Knightly makes his way to Emma's breast through plain-speaking. Some are won through disparagement of person; so Mr. Rochester recommends himself to Jane Eyre. "You, poor, obscure, and small and plain as you are, I entreat you to accept me." Some with an audacious bargaining, as the cold-blooded love-making between Penderennis and Blanche. "You say I take you with what you bring. I say I take you with what you bring." Some with ardour and *abandon*, as the same Penderennis offering his heart at one time to Miss Costigan in the words of Byron or Moore, while she exclaims, "Oh, 'tis beautiful!" and carries on a mental calculation about the "turned gown and hashed mutton;" and in the last page to Laura, where the love-making is compressed into a line or two of effective writing and description. "The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak." In a word, "directly he entered the room Pen went up to Laura of the pale face, who had not time even to say, 'What, back so soon,' and seizing her outstretched hand, just as she was rising from her chair, fell down on his knees before her, and said quickly, 'I have seen her (Blanche of *Mes Larmes*), she has engaged herself to Harry Foker—and—and now—Laura?'" However, this going down on the knees, dear as it may be to romance, is out of date—an unsafe proceeding as far as novels teach us; there is an inherent difficulty in getting up again, and as far as our memory serves, people are always caught in the act. Even in this supreme moment the guilty couple are sure to be interrupted by the entrance of the cynical old lady so dear to Thackeray, with her tall butler peering over her shoulder. Do our readers recall Mr. Guppy, the attor-

ney's clerk in *Bleak House*, whose delicate attention to his mother's habits does him so much honour? As a happy blending of the real and ideal his proposal deserves quoting at length, though it meets with so chilling a return from the object of his passion:—

"My present salary, Miss Summerson, at Kenge and Carboy's is two pounds a week. . . My mother has a little property which takes the form of a small life-annuity. She is eminently calculated for a mother-in-law. . . She has her failings, as who has not; but I never knew her do it when company was present, at which time you may freely trust her with wine, spirits, or malt liquors. Miss Summerson! in the mildest language, I adore you. Would you be so kind as to allow me (as I may say) to file a declaration—to make an offer." Mr. Guppy went down on his knees. I said, "Get up from that ridiculous position immediately, sir, or you will oblige me to ring the bell."

Of all pleas, we think that of long acquaintance is the most discouraged by fiction, from Dumbiedikes downwards. When Jennie Deans is obliged to be explicit with her extraordinary lover, and to own "I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye," his astonishment is quite natural. "Another man better than me, Jeanie! How is that possible, woman? ye hae kenned me sae lang." Dumbiedikes had read no novel. He could not, therefore, understand why habit should not work the same results on both sides. Jeanie even, for the same reason, thought the argument plausible. Instead of confuting, she accepted it. "Ay, but, Laird, I kenned him langer." It is this long acquaintance which at once makes Johnny Eames such a persevering suitor and renders his case hopeless. He cannot understand the force of a sudden fancy, and expects to supersede it. In fact, however, if he had come newly upon the scene he might have had some chance, but Lily had known him long enough to be familiar, and it would not do. She no longer cares for the other man, but he has shattered her as a tree is shattered by a storm. "It is no longer a tree," she says, "it is a fragment." He argues, "Then be my fragment?" "No, dear, it cannot be." Perhaps long acquaintance and a readiness to be made use of and to put up with fragments induces contempt, as in the case of Major Dobbin and his Amelia. The man who falls into Toot's vein, and treats his own time, feelings, and exertions as "of no consequence," will not be accepted till the romance of life is exhausted.

The novel assists the development of

natural genius and resource. Some people cannot make an offer in a plain way. It must be characteristic of the proposer—something enigmatical, and perhaps have a spice of the grotesque in it. Invention shows itself indulgent of idiosyncrasies, and delights in what is original. To the people we indicate, of whatever social standing, how suggestive is the offer of Dickens's Cheap Jack! How admirably he brings his calling and especial gifts into play. What a pretty riddle he makes of the wedding-ring, which, standing on his cart—himself in very high feather, and conscious of an appreciative hearer in the lovely "Suffolk Dumpling," who stands listening to him out of a second-floor window—he offers for public competition:—

"Now, what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever-beautiful old lady in Thread-needle Street, London City. Now, what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock all in gold, and all in one. Now, what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not a going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banus." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning she says, "Oh dear, its never you, and you never mean it?" "Its ever me," says I, "and I am ever yours and I mean it."

The subject is too full—full to overflowing—for connected discussion within our limits. We can but touch here and there upon some of its innumerable heads. The question of letters, for instance! But here it must be owned that fiction has not so much the advantage over fact as in a hand-to-hand encounter. Perhaps the whole matter of a love-letter is condensed in Sam Weller's Valentine:—"Before I see you I thought all women alike, but now I find what a soft-headed, incredulous turnip I must have been, for there aint anybody like you, though I like you better than nothing at all."

From The Saturday Review.
EPITAPHS COLLECTED IN SPARE
MOMENTS.*

EACH day's experience puts to flight some rooted prejudice; and this little col-

* *Epitaphs Collected in Spare Moments.* By A. "Commercial." London: F. Maiben. 1870.

lection of epitaphs has a tendency to shake the belief we have hitherto entertained that the bagman's acquaintance with a town or parish was limited to the shops of his customers, and the hostelrys where he settles his treaties of commerce with due libations of brandy-and-water. The book before us is a token that these worthies are in the habit of varying the traditionally jovial routine of their visits; and it might almost, at first sight, form the ground of a theory that they are the "travellers" whom so many headstones importune "to stay" or "to pause." Of course a little erudition suffices to assure us that "Siste! viator!" is a figure of speech somewhat antecedent to the days of bagmen, and having its original pertinency in the fact that it was used to arrest the passengers along the Appian or Flaminian Ways, which in old Rome were flanked on either side by sepulchres; and a perusal of modern epitaphs generally might suggest how much more practical was the brevity of the monumental inscriptions in ancient times than the longwindedness of those wherewith in modern days we violate truth, congruity, and taste. But our "Commercial" scarcely goes so far as the critical or philosophical aspect of his subject; he aims rather, in a very unpretending but still very creditable fashion, to preserve the record of quaint, curious, touching, quizzical, solemn, and satirical epitaphs upon which he has hit in his musings among the tombs of English towns and parishes. One obvious drawback in our more pretentious modern books upon this subject is that their compilers seldom give the names of the places where such or such an epitaph is to be seen, and leave us in doubt whether many of these "grave epigrams" (as Sir Joshua Reynolds called them to Burke, without intending a pun) are not rather verses, sentences, and sentiments that might have been engraven on stone or marble, than such as have been. In the book before us every epitaph is traced to the locality where it met the collector's eye, although it must occur to any one that it may recur in half a hundred other places. At any rate we here attain an assurance that any given epitaph is actually extant, and this helps us not inconsiderably to gauge the amount of maudlin sentiment, of mistimed pleasantry, of cacography, and of doggrel verse which survivors have thought meet to pile up to the memory of deceased friends and relatives.

It does not appear that our "Commercial" has in any of his travels met with any

epitaph so brief, true, and telling as those typical epitaphs from the Latin, "Prævit," "Fui Caius," or "Miserrimus," or the Roman widower's testimony to his deceased spouse that she was "pia, pudica, lanifica, domiseda." The nearest approach to such brevity is perhaps the epitaph found on a stone built in the wall of Finedon Church, Northamptonshire (p. 17):—

Here lieth John Dent,
In his last tenement.— 1704.

Even when grieving survivors in this country aim at being succinct, they are apt to be tautological, as in the case of the husband who recorded on his wife's tomb (p. 30), "She was—what? What a Wife should Be. She was that!" More commonly they exhaust the catalogue of human and divine gifts, graces, and virtues, and, fearing that they have underdone their work, bid the reader refer to "the last six verses of the last chapter of Proverbs, to know her worth." We are ourselves cognizant of a case where—all that could be said of the deceased having been set forth in a mural inscription—the tomb in the churchyard was inscribed with name and date, and the words "for further particulars, see monument in the Church." It is fair to add that in this case the fault lay with the engraver, who read his instructions too literally. As a rule, however, it cannot be doubted that long and laboured epitaphs are as great a solecism against good taste as the elaborate and excessive sculpture of the monument of Miss Trewbody, of which Southey said, in reference to the two Cupids with marble tears which supported the shield bearing her epitaph, that "these were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had any concern." Lengthy epitaphs, as may be shown from the book before us, as well as from Weever, Le Neve, and other more important contributions to the subject, are apt to be a snare to composers, if imperfectly acquainted with the boundary line between the sublime and the ridiculous. Few would credit, if it were not transcribed in the fifth page of the collection under review, from a tombstone in Bury St. Edmund's churchyard, that a widow, however sad the circumstances of her husband's death by the bursting of a blood-vessel, could have failed to see the revolting incongruity of this one of four couplets:—

A sudden death's a shocking thing to see,
His last life's blood was sprinkled over *she*!

Or the ignorance of a "bereaved and de-

voted son" who, putting up a monumental stone to his father in Highgate Cemetery, could invite him to look down from the spirit land, and "watch over and direct" this child's "frail mortal actions." The "Commercial's" note at this epitaph is very much to the point. "Which is better," he asks, "to rely on the Spirit of a Father, or the Father of Spirits?" It would seem, indeed, that a doubly keen perception of the ludicrous had need to befriend any one who essays epitaph-writing, lest he should be led to perorations like that which concludes an *in memoriam* to certain deceased members of the Ball family, in Nuneaton churchyard:—

When death shall strike, great will be your falls,
For you will be like to these poor Balls.

No doubt a great deal must depend upon the propinquity, and also on the sincerity, of the epitaphiologist. This on a child of six years old in Eastbourne churchyard bespeaks at once the outpourings of the motherly heart:—

When the first wild thrill is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to Heaven,
And think "my child is there":
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yield the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes the parent's grief.

The very lack of finish which makes these lines fall short of true poetry is in itself an earnest of their genuineness, and we are not sure that there is not more natural poetry in them than in the more polished quatrain on an infant's tomb in Alverstoke churchyard (p. 30):—

On life's wild ocean, tempest-tost and pained,
How many voyagers their course perform:
This little bark a kinder fate obtained,
It reached the haven ere it met the storm.

One of this class of epitaphs in the book before us, taken from Aston churchyard, near Birmingham, constitutes as concise and telling an answer to the heathen's doubt of a resurrection, by a comparison of human with vegetable life, as any that we have found in more elaborate and aspiring poetry:—

She died—yet is not dead!
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb;
It bloomed to die—she died to bloom,
Her summer hath not sped.

It lays hold of the "sure and certain hope" as trustfully as that which Le Neve has preserved from Gloucester Cathedral;—

Within this urne an infant nine months old
Is laid in trust. God takes His purest gold
First to Himself. We all are but as flowers,
That spring and grow and fade in a few hours.

Not to tarry longer on the epitaphs to children — though from Ben Jonson's day, and even much farther back, until the present, there has been no lack of touching and natural poetry poured forth in them — we have only to express a wonder that the compiler of this collection should have thought so obvious a piracy as the epitaph in p. 74 worth a place amidst his often well-chosen samples. It is in reality only a re-cooking of the pretty epitaph to Frances Soane, with which every one is familiar, and which begins, "The cup of life just with her lips she pressed." We must add, too, that not one of the epitaphs on children in this collection can compare for pathos with one which Mr. Pettigrew has borrowed, in his capital collection published by Bohn, from an Irish country churchyard. It might be said to sin against the prime essentials of epitaph-writing — brevity and terseness; but we defy any one with a heart to apply strict rules to the fourteen tender lines of a mother to her child, to which we refer. In the case of those who have died at a riper age we are perhaps naturally more intolerant of sentimentalism. There is something that goes against the grain in the maudlin epitaph to the memory of "Little Jane," from Brading churchyard, as to which the compiler refers us to Legh Richmond's "Annals of the P. or"; and we get no sense of aught save tedium from the long string of heroics in another churchyard in the Isle of Wight to the memory of the "Dairyman's Daughter." It is a consolation to live in the days of a reaction against twaddle; and if there were but the type to which we have just referred, and the more matter-of-fact and homely and comparative type of two hundred years ago to choose from, we should close at once with the latter. Of this sort our author gives us a good specimen in the epitaph on Rebecca Rogers of Folkestone, who died August 22, 1688: —

A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation:
Nor will her Landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment:
From Chimney-money too this cell is free;
To such a House who would not Tenant be?

Another of like type, and probably of early date, is familiar to many readers in its comparison of life to a "winter's day"

and its programme of meals. "The oldest one but sups and goes to bed" represents one of its six lines, which end with the moral "He that goes soonest has the least to pay." We are persuaded that at this point the epitaph ought to end, and that, ending here, it marked the "private sleeping-chamber of Richard Hislop, Islington," as it is said to do in p. 41. The two couplets which we have seen added in other collections —

Death is the waiter: some few run a tick,
And some, alas! must pay the Bill to Nick:
Though I owed much, I hope that trust is given,
And truly hope to pay all debts in Heaven —

strike us as an afterthought, vulgarly expressed, and exhibiting a somewhat shaky theology. The payment of debts, by the way, in a literal acceptance, is a by no means infrequent point in rural epitaphs. In Llanthony Church, Monmouthshire, we came recently on at least three or four slabs on which one couplet ran: —

My debts are paid: my grave you see:
Therefore prepare to follow me.

It is hard to see the cogency of the first clause, or its connexion with the inevitable consummation.

Enough perhaps has been said of the contents of this collection to show that it is, as far as it goes, creditable to its author. In a matter-of-fact businesslike fashion he has set down in order the epitaphs which have arrested his eye. And the result has been that he has preserved a fair amount of matter of diverse interest. Thus, for the curious on the topic of centenarianism he provides three cases of life prolonged beyond the hundredth year — a woman who lived to 101 years of age, a woman who served in 1745 as a foot soldier and lived to 108 years, and a man who distanced both these by living to 127. Then again, to the well-known nautical epitaph beginning with "Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves," and ending with "our admiral Christ," he has a military pendant in memory of "a soldier of Jesus," Samuel Bates, who from the tomb gives out,

I am billeted here by death,
And quartered to remain;
When the last trumpet sounds
I shall rise and march again.

He has a garden-suggested epitaph on three children; the famous "blacksmith" epitaph from Aston churchyard (p. 50); and the "parish clerk" epitaph from Rugby (p. 51), with one or two arithmetical epi-

taphs in which the composer put into verse little calculations of the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren left behind by the deceased. There are also epitaphs devoted to the particular manner of death; none, however, so good as that said to be found in Thetford churchyard which accounts for the deaths of a whole family, of which

The father died of a mortification in his thighs,
The sister dropp'd down dead in the Miseries.

This indeed is such "a horrible tale" that, if the compiler has not seen the gravestone we refer to, we cannot blame him for declining to accept it on faith. But the fault which we should say pervades his volume is the undisguised lack of all literary skill and arrangement. These epitaphs, which we have briefly attempted to class, are unclassified by the "Commercial," who might have immensely added to the value of his book by a little pains and systematizing. He might have marshalled a host of little detachments under the heads of epitaphs suggested by name, calling, cause of death, habits of life, and half a dozen other features. He might have traced home to their first occurrence such favourite epitaphs as that which might well have been given in p. 77, as a parallel case to the quick following deaths of James Lawrance and Jane his wife, and which was written by Sir Henry Wootton on the monument of Sir Albertus Morton and his wife:—

She first departed. He for one day tried
To live without her; liked it not, and died.

But the "Commercial" has plainly not felt himself equal to the task: and therefore, although his labour (or rather perhaps his recreation) in collecting extant epitaphs will be of use, in its way, to supplement and vary the collections of others in the same field, it cannot lay the faintest claim to the rank of even such a volume as Mr. Booth's *Epitaphs*, much less to that of the exhaustive work on the subject which we hope will some day be written.

From The Saturday Review.
WHAT IS FRANCE?

A THOUGHTFUL article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with many things in which we thoroughly go along, has glanced at some of our efforts to correct popular errors with regard to the origin of the existing French State. If we rightly understand the writer, he neither misun-

derstands nor disputes our facts, but he has somewhat misunderstood our object in bringing forward those facts. He tells his readers:—

"A learned writer who has made his doctrines familiar to the readers of the *Saturday Review* impresses on us week after week with exceeding emphasis that France is only a name for the territories which were from time to time governed by the successors of Hugues Capet. It seems to us that the corresponding assertion is true of all the States of Europe, except those of which the monarchy was elective; and, indeed, what comprehensive definition could be given of the Germany now victorious over France, except that it is the assemblage of communities which follow the military leadership of the King of Prussia? The inference, however, which we are intended to draw is that the bond of union implied in past subjection to the same Royal family is somehow weaker and less respectable than that which combines the Germans, whether this last tie be language, or race, or membership in the Holy Roman Empire.

Now the object which we have all along had in view has not been to point a contrast between the origin of Germany or England and that of any other State, still less to show that the tie which binds together the different parts of France as it now stands is "weaker or less respectable" than that which binds together the different parts of Germany or any other State. Our object in taking up the subject, one which we took up years before the present war began, was simply to correct popular historical misconceptions, especially when false political inferences have been drawn from these misconceptions. The great misconception with which we have been fighting is the tendency to assume that France, in the modern sense of the word, has existed from the beginning of recorded history, and that wherever *Francia* is spoken of, France, in the modern sense of the word, is intended. We have tried to show that the name France is a name of the same class as the names of Burgundy, Saxony, and Austria, names which have shifted their places on the map, and which, in different ages—sometimes in the same age—have meant very different things. *Francia* in one use of the word means a region very much larger than modern France and of which modern France is only one part. In another use it means a region much smaller than modern France, being in fact a small part of modern France. In a third sense, it means a country wholly beyond the bounds of modern France. The two former usages are obsolete; the latter may be said still to

exist; only for convenience sake we distinguish in common speech *France* or *Frankreich* from *Franconia* or *Franken*. Our object has been to guard against the confusions and errors which have arisen from these ambiguous uses of the same word. As a matter of past history, to confound the different uses of the name France is an error of exactly the same kind as to confound the different uses of the names Saxony or Burgundy. If a man fancies that the Saxony subdued by Charles the Great was the same as the modern Kingdom of Saxony, if he fancies that St. Hugh of Burgundy must needs have come from Dijon or the coasts thereof, he makes a gross historical blunder, but his historical blunder is not likely to lead to any bad practical consequences. But if a man confounds the *Francia* of the Carolingian Emperors with the France of modern times, the historical blunder is very likely to lead to bad practical consequences. It is hardly too much to say that, but for this kind of blunder, but for babble about the Rhine, babble about "the France of Clovis and Charlemagne," the present war could never have taken place. There is a sense, following the usage of a particular age, in which Köln, Aachen, and Mainz may be said to be in *Francia*. There is another sense, following the usage of another age, in which Köln, Aachen, and Mainz, and moreover Rheims, Châlons, and Metz, may all be said to be in *Austria*. But from the latter fact no one is likely to draw any wrong political inferences; no one is likely to argue from it that those cities ought to form, or ever did form, part of the dominions of the present King of Hungary and Archduke of Austria. But from the former fact, the fact that certain German cities are said to be in *Francia*, people have constantly drawn most dangerous and destructive political inferences. Or we may take another case. There is a sense, that is, according to the usage of a particular age, in which Verona and Padua may be rightly said to be in *Austria*. This last fact has remained harmless, because nobody has ever made any use of it. But if Austrian ingenuity had been as keen as French ingenuity, this bit of ambiguous and obsolete geography might have been turned to as good purpose as the other bit of ambiguous and obsolete geography. Verona and Padua might have been claimed as inherently Austrian cities, just as Köln and Mainz have been claimed as inherently French cities. The Austrian claim to the natural frontier of the Po might have been pressed

with exactly the same amount of reason as the French claim to the natural frontier of the Rhine.

These errors, as being not only great historical blunders but errors which are really dangerous as regards present politics, we have done our best to strive against. If we have insisted on our "doctrines" "week after week," it is because the hydra has many heads, because "week after week" we have seen the same errors springing up again, here in books, there in articles. We have striven to show what the real origin of modern France is; namely, the Duchy of France or Paris granted by Charles the Bald to Robert the Strong, enlarged by all the territory which, by fair means or foul, its successive Dukes, Kings, Commonwealths, and Tyrants have contrived to add to it. We have argued that a State so formed has no right to identify itself either with the *Gallia* of Cæsar or with the *Francia* of Charles, but that it is simply one State out of several which has arisen within their limits. We argued therefore that France has no more right to claim the frontier of the Rhine than Belgium has to claim the frontier of the Seine, or possibly of the Pyrenees. But we have never said that this origin of France was anything peculiar to France, or that it was an origin peculiarly discreditable. On the other hand we have often insisted on the close parallelism between the growth of France and the growth of the other chief modern States. In most cases, at some age or another, a number of States, more or less akin to or connected with one another, but not under the same Government, have been formed within some geographical area roughly or clearly defined. Gaul, Germany, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, England—in all these cases some one State has, in one age or another, taken a start; it has grown greater and greater, and it has in the end swallowed up all or most of its neighbours. In our own country this process may be said to have gone on twice; Wessex grew into England, and England thus formed grew into the United Kingdom. The history of Castile in Spain, of Sweden in Scandinavia, of Piedmont in Italy, of Prussia in Germany, has been very much of the same kind. And we have constantly striven to point out that the history of France in Gaul is really a history of the same kind. In all these cases, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, sometimes quicker, sometimes slower, one State among several has risen to a predominance over the rest, and has

to a great extent incorporated the rest. If we go into the details of each acquisition in each case, we shall no doubt find that the means used were sometimes honourable, sometimes dishonourable, but the historical result was the same in all cases. But then it is hard to make people understand that the case of France in Gaul really is analogous to that of Piedmont in Italy or of Prussia in Germany. For they assume that France must from all time have been at least continuous with old Gaul, if not greater still. A France which is not Gaul but only a part of Gaul, just as Prussia (more accurately Brandenburg) is not Germany but only a part of Germany, is an idea which most people find hard to take in. We do not wish to prove the position of France to be different from that of Prussia; we wish to prove that it is the same, while other people fancy that it is different.

Another source of confusion which we have had to fight against is the fact that, through assuming France to be the same as Gaul, people fail to understand the different processes by which the French Kings acquired the different countries which have been joined together to make modern France. Few people can see the distinction between the position of Normandy, of Aquitaine, and of Provence. The truth is that there were two utterly distinct processes (either of which might be just or unjust in particular cases) by which the Kings of the French acquired their dominions. Some of the old provinces were fiefs of the Western Crown, over which the Dukes of the French, when they became Kings, had a feudal superiority. Such were Normandy and Aquitaine. But there was this difference between them, that when Philip Augustus annexed Normandy, he was annexing territory which his remote forefathers had really held as their own; but that when Philip the Fair momentarily, and Charles the Seventh permanently, annexed Aquitaine, they were annexing territory over which they had never had more than an external, and indeed nominal, superiority. But when Louis the Eleventh annexed Provence, he was annexing a territory as foreign to the French crown as Elsass. This again people do not understand. When Philip the Fair seized Lyons, when Louis the Fourteenth seized Strasburg, when the elder Buonaparte seized Lübeck, the process was in all three cases the same; only people do not understand this, because they assume that Lyons and Provence must always have been parts of France.

From The Spectator.

THE EMPEROR'S CONFESSION.

SAINTE BEUVE'S wonderful criticism on the manufactured type of Cæsar will occur to everyone who reads that strange confession which the ex-Emperor of the French somehow regards as his apology for the crime and disaster of the War. "We see them," said that great critic, "perhaps without a drop of hereditary blood in their veins, without a single primitive trait of the founding genius of their race, seem to become by force of application, study, culture, its worthy and legitimate inheritors. As the cranium of a child is changed in form under a continued pressure, so they make up their character in the mould of their inflexible vocation. They are in some sort *deformed* into sovereigns, into emperors. Everything is pushed in one direction, and they come out from the mould in unvarying similitude. By long habit changed in nature, they really acquire something of the high qualities of their office — the love of greatness, and the semblance of greatness, an imposing assurance, a *sang-froid*, a tranquillity, a presence of mind which nothing disturbs, and which sometimes wears the aspect of genius itself, a feeling of superiority to all who surround them which is justified when it makes itself accepted. We must ask of them, however, none of those diversities of genius which distinguish the first, the divine Cæsar. In war, placed face to face with difficulties, obstacles, *quadrilatères*, they are at a stand, at their wits' end. In peace, obliged to face problems of State where the spontaneous force of genius is required, they hesitate, vacillate, are irresolute. "We must do something great," they say; but this deed of power, of which they never cease to dream, they know not how to perform, even how to imitate. It must be prepared for them, brought to them already shaped and in order, and they accept it, often without too much discrimination, without distinguishing the semblance from the reality." If Sainte Beuve had wished to describe the Emperor in his last phase, he could not have described better, not only what he really is, but what he himself ostentatiously asserts himself to be. Frank is not the word for the Emperor's confession; we have in it almost the flagrant realism of a literary pre-Raphaelite artist describing his own incompetence, vacillation, and imbecility, and describing it with point, one might say, ardour. Such a document almost raises our conception of what human sincerity under certain conditions is capable of, while it

also suggests a doubt of the Emperor's ability to conceive the real effect of his own picture. Sainte Beuve speaks of the type of men who are "deformed into Cæsars," but this document may almost be said to maintain from beginning to end that its writer is that, and nothing better. It asserts the following propositions:— that the Emperor never had, from beginning to end, the command of events; that his military plans had for years been over-ruled by the Chamber of Deputies, so that his Army was not in a condition for war; that he was the sport of the national feeling in making war; that he had conceived a campaign of which the whole idea depended on swiftness of movement, though knowing that the military organization admitted only the most slow and cumbrous movement; that having lost the initiative, he vacillated as to what to do next; that too late he decided on the retreat on Châlons, and on going himself to the capital to resume the reins of political government; that he was over-ruled as to the retreat by the Government at Paris, and prevented from appearing in the capital by the meeting of the Chambers which took all powers out of his hands; that he let MacMahon march, against his own and the Emperor's better judgment, to the relief of Metz and Bazaine; that when finding he was too late, MacMahon retreated, and the Government of Paris telegraphed an urgent order to go on, the Emperor again acquiesced in a forward movement which he felt sure was utter destruction, in deference to the Regency; that he surrendered his sword to the King under the impression that, as the war was directed against him personally, his captivity might save France; and that he followed up this patriotic step by the very inconsistent policy of avowing to his captor that he had been the involuntary instrument rather than the cause of the war. Throughout this confession there runs a sort of note of fatalism which may explain to the careful eye the strange indifference of the Imperial avowals. It would have lent character and dignity to the document if that fatalistic tone had been more predominant. For as it is, it reads like a detailed confession of incapacity without even as much as usual of that consciousness of a deep underlying dignity of character which has hitherto redeemed the public speeches of the Emperor from anything like common-place. And worst of all, the confession ends by throwing all the fault of failure on that deep-rooted anarchy of French society, from which the Emperor promised to save

France,—ends with a very plain statement indeed, that "the excesses of the tribune and the press" must be put down with a strong hand before French society can be saved again. In other words, the Emperor adds to an elaborate confession of political and military incapacity a virtual threat, if ever he could be restored, to try a new *coup d'état*.

The only grand quality about this wonderful confession in its grand sincerity,—a quality which a careful observer of all the Emperor's public manifestos will find running through them from first to last. Whatever deceptions and intrigues the Emperor may have engaged in have been at least kept from the light. But the sincerity conceded,—and even that is not phrased with the usual dignity,—never was there such an avowal of imbecility, never did a document of the kind assert more ostentatiously:—"I had no will of my own, amid the confusion of events. I was pressed on this side and that, and yielded on all sides in turns, without believing that I was doing any good by yielding, and still less that I could do any good by resisting." Take this about the retrogression after the disasters at Wörth and Spicheren, "Under these circumstances, profoundly depressed at witnessing all his combinations destroyed, and driven in these few days to think no longer of any but a defensive position, the Emperor resolved immediately to lead back the Army to the Camp of Châlons, where it might have gathered together the débris of Marshal MacMahon's army, Faily's corps, and that of Douay. This plan, when communicated to Paris, was at first approved by the council of Ministers; but two days afterwards, a letter from M. Emile Ollivier informed the Emperor that upon mature consideration the Council had decided that it had been too hasty in approving the retreat of the army upon Châlons, since the abandonment of Lorraine could only produce a deplorable effect on the public mind; in consequence of this, he advised the Emperor to renounce his project. For the moment, therefore, the Emperor yielded to this counsel." So the Emperor tried to concentrate and fight at Metz, but he "was paralyzed by the absolute ignorance in which we always remained concerning the position and strength of the hostile armies,"—an ignorance which the Emperor treats helplessly as a sort of fate. Then some of the Generals exhort the Emperor to go back to Paris and resume his political superintendence of the State. The Emperor vacillates: "These consider-

ations had an indisputable weight which did not escape the Emperor, who, however, did not wish to leave the army till it had recrossed the Moselle to its left bank." Then the Ministers persuade the Empress-Regent to overpass the restricted authority entrusted to her by summoning the Chambers, and the Emperor looks helplessly on. The Ministers "appeared afraid to pronounce the name of the Emperor; and he who had quitted the army and had only relinquished the command in order to resume the reins of Government, soon discovered that it would be impossible to play out the part which belonged to him." So he made no effort either to rule the army or the country, but wandered about a forlorn imperial ghost between Châlons and Rheims. Then MacMahon proposed retreating upon Paris, the Emperor agreeing that this was what ought to be done. But "the language of reason was not known in Paris. It was wished at all hazards to give public opinion the empty hope that Marshal Bazaine could still be succoured." MacMahon, though it was acting against his own judgment, was too gallant to refuse the hopeless duty. "As for the Emperor, he made no opposition. It did not enter into his views to oppose the advice of the Government and of the Empress-Regent who had shown so much intelligence and energy in the midst of the greatest difficulties, although he perceived that his own influence was being completely nullified, since he was acting neither as head of the Government nor as head of the Army." Surely fatalism never before took so pallid and meaningless a hue. The Emperor was abdicating his functions and consenting to be nobody, not to save his country. — but in his own belief, apparently confirmed by facts, in order to assist in its destruction. Everybody being weak, vacillating, and confused, the Emperor gave way to all this weakness, vacillation, and confusion against his own judgment, lest any one should suppose he was playing for his own hand. When MacMahon, seeing he was too late, ordered a retreat, and, nevertheless, formal injunctions came by telegraph during the night to continue his march, "unquestionably," says the defence, "the Emperor could have countermanded this order, but he was resolved not to oppose the decision of the Regency, and had resigned himself to submit to the consequences of the fatality which attached itself to all the resolutions of the Government." And this grand resolve he carried out up to the moment when he ordered

the surrender of Sedan, when he broke through the rule to set the example of a surrender which did more probably to break the spirit of France than the most terrible slaughter in a hand-to-hand fight would have done.

But the crowning imbecility was yet to come. "The Emperor being convinced," we are told, "according to the assertions of the Press, that the King [of Prussia] had declared that he had made war not against France, but against her Sovereign, did not hesitate to constitute himself a prisoner, hoping that the object of the war being attained by the sacrifice of his liberty, the conqueror would be less exacting towards France and the army." No doubt a generous conception, but how carried out? In his interview with Count Bismarck, the Emperor having appealed to the generosity of the King for the Army and for France, "added that the war having been unfortunate, he would not altogether throw off the responsibility which lay upon him, but that he was bound to state that he had only obeyed a violently excited national feeling." "Bound to state," — who bound him? True or false, when he was proposing so magnanimously to buy peace for France by the sacrifice of himself, what on earth bound him to put ready primed into Count Bismarck's hand the great argument which that able statesman has always known how to use against the new Government which repudiates the responsibility of the war? It was only another piece of helpless vacillation. The Emperor first thought he would sacrifice himself to excuse France, and then thought he would excuse himself a little at the expense of France, and, as usual, cancelled all the meaning of his own actions.

The mistake of his policy, argues the Emperor, in conclusion, was his ever giving liberty to the anarchical powers of the tribune and the press. No, the mistake of his policy was the attempt to rule without the moral power. He had not industry enough to know the real condition of his army, nor the firmness to keep at peace when he was unfit for war. He had not sagacity enough either to trust his people or to distrust them. He gave a little liberty, just enough to shake his throne, but not enough to confirm it. He held fast to a parliament which France scorned and distrusted, while allowing it to hear language which increased that scorn and distrust. He kept up tyranny enough to justify the people in calling him a tyrant, and granted liberty enough to make the accusation easy and safe. He

aimed at doing "something great" in the little spirit of conscious trepidation. His only hope for the campaign required swiftness and decision at a time when every branch of the military service was disorganized and corrupt. At the first blow he lapsed into fatalism and threw up his hand. He lacked energy to claim his legal authority either in the Army or in the State. He threw cold water on every plan that was adopted, but did not prevent its adoption. He stood by to paralyze his Generals, and when he surrendered his sword to save France, could not refrain from teaching Count Bismarck how to point a sword at the heart of the France he was trying to save. Truly may the French say of their late Emperor, after reading this marvellous confession, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The logical corollary of such a document as the Emperor's defence is a formal abdication.

From The Spectator.

LEON GAMBETTA.

It is quite natural that M. Leon Gambetta, stoutish Marseillaise advocate of thirty-five, with the look of a traffic-manager, and Dictator of France outside Paris, should have some difficulty in obtaining recognition even from those Englishmen who are favourable to the French cause. He is an offence to all their instincts. That a man, not being a Prince by birth, should bear rule without "legal" title, without patent from any King, or election by any Assembly, or sanction from any plebiscite, is to most Englishmen an annoyance; and that he should be a lawyer and, according to English precedents, a young man, is almost an affront. Englishmen groan, it is true, under the sway of the old, denounce the electoral system as fatal to young ability, and, whenever they have anything to do outside political or military business, select men under forty to do it; but nevertheless old men govern opinion in England as elsewhere, and the rise of a man not yet worn out to the highest position is to them an offence requiring to be excused. They follow a middle-class Premier with enthusiasm, and are delighted because he has transferred to the sons of the professionals a monopoly of administrative work; but still in their hearts they

cannot believe that a man without birth, or wealth, or long experience can be a fitting ruler for a great nation even in the throes of a Revolution. Add to his want of "blood," of position, and of years, the fact that he belongs to the race which gave Napoleon to France, and that he is still essentially a Southerner, a man of superficially impulsive emotion and lyrical utterance and fiery temper, who, if he thinks a General a traitor, says so without inquiry, and it is easy to understand why Englishmen cannot appreciate or even endure M. Leon Gambetta, are inclined to defend Marshal Bazaine *because* he has been denounced by that "young despot," and are half pleased at reverses they yet dislike because they prove that his Southern sanguineness of speech is so little justified by events. We have nothing to say, of course, against their impression, based as it is on a perfectly honest ignorance that there can be men, and considerable men, who are not in the least like Englishmen. If M. Gambetta were an Englishman, and yet wrote and spoke as he does, the chances that he would be a fool in action would be overwhelming; but being what he is, an energetic Southerner, trained to write and speak for a Southern multitude, it may be expedient, despite English impressions, to look a little deeper than his words to find him.

And so looking, we see, or think we see, a personage who is not the English idea of M. Gambetta at all, but one entirely different. Judging by visible facts alone, we discern in M. Gambetta a man of a type common among Italian politicians and men of business,—men who are superficially fussy and oratorical, or even vulgar, with nothing about them indicating power except steady eyes and square brows; but who have nevertheless a faculty of succeeding, of choosing men, and of impressing themselves upon other men. That M. Gambetta possesses this last faculty in an unusual degree is self-evident. Of legal title to rule France he has in the English sense of legality not a shadow. Of moral title to take his special position as Minister both of War and of the Interior he had only this,—that General Trochu considered him, on the whole, the fittest man for those offices. His colleagues in Tours might fairly have been jealous of him as a recruit who had superseded veterans, his subordinates in the War Department might reasonably have distrusted him as a civilian who never saw a field-piece. He had immediately and directly to rule the most exacting, self-

opinionated, and independent body of men in the world,—the General officers of the old French Army,—men who disliked him as a Republican, dreaded him as a Red, and detested him as a *Pekin*. Yet from the moment when he dropped, tired out with a journey by balloon, into his chair in the old Archiepiscopal Palace of Tours, and announced that he was invested with full powers to defend the country, no one throughout France has seriously disputed his authority. His colleagues have become his clerks, and have as his clerks reorganized the Army Intendance till complaints of deficient supplies have all but disappeared. The Treasury was empty, but he refilled it. The arsenals were half empty, but one great army, perhaps two, have now artillery, horses, gunners, and breech-loaders. The loan in England, the immense contract for arms with America, the still greater contracts in France itself for artillery, provisions, carts, and clothes, were all arranged by himself, and are all “drawing,”—the actual cash, goods, transport, munitions, which were not in being two months ago, being there to-day at General D'Aurelles' disposal. These were acts within the competence of any energetic business man; but M. Gambetta had three questions to decide of infinitely greater importance to the future of France and of the war, and he has, to all appearance, decided all successfully. First of all, he had to determine by action, and not by words, whether the Republicans or the Reds were to conduct the war, whether he would employ organization or anarchy as his grand weapon. Red in his energy and his impulsiveness, M. Gambetta is Republican by brain, by virtue of that commonsense which never in the highest whirlwind of his passion quite leaves an Italian; and he decided for the Republic. Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse were in insurrection for the Red flag; to quarrel with it was, feeble men said, to introduce civil war; but M. Gambetta faced the danger, told the Lyonnese Reds in so many words that they were wicked fools, risked actual war at Marseilles, where a well-meaning Prefect, weakened by English ideas about bloodshed, had made himself agent of the Ultras; and within two months from his arrival compelled every free city in France, Lyons and Marseilles included, to submit quietly to his agents. The respectables everywhere rose at his summons, the anarchists have everywhere been beaten, and the revolt of the Lyons Gardes Mobiles on their march westward is prob-

ably the last spurt of a resistance which, since the tide of victory seems to turn, has throughout France become impossible. The mutineers were treated as mutineers, enveloped by more faithful troops, compelled to produce their ringleaders, to see them shot, and to march on, in their hearts recognizing that the State was in France supreme once more. The second task was still more difficult,—to re-affirm once for all the vital principle forgotten for twenty years in France, that a General is a servant of the State, as much bound to obey orders as the humblest gendarme. That task involved in the midst of a war a quarrel with the men of the sword. Under the Emperor every French General has felt himself an entity, a personage, a man with a separate position in the great Club which kept the Emperor on his throne, and has repudiated almost in words the notion of obedience to any civil authority whatever. The future historian of France will be able to show that many of the disasters of this great war had no other cause than the bickerings and jealousies of the Generals, their intense sense of their individual rights and privileges. So ineradicable was this evil spirit, the very root of insubordination, that even within the fortnight a French General, General Cambriels, has ventured to have and to act on a private opinion that it was beneath his position to act with another French General, named Garibaldi,—that, in fact, he had, as a “regular” soldier, a right to settle whom the State should and should not accept as its allies. M. Gambetta met this spirit in the only way in which it can be met anywhere,—by an inflexible assertion of the supremacy of the civil authority, by removing General after General without explanation or apology, by reducing officers, promoting officers and even—in defiance of all traditions since Louis Philippe is a moment of subserviency destroyed France by accepting the Law which abolished the right of the State to dismiss an officer, and so made of the Army a self-dependent Club—making officers, until he had found the men who were prepared to obey the State, and who therefore, have for the first time stemmed the tide of French disaster. The Generals reduced to reason, there still remained the greater task of reducing their soldiers to obedience. The difficulties in the way were enormous. Under the Empire the officers had gradually become accustomed to tolerate laxity, and found refuge from resistance in isolation,—had, to use an expressive, though unjust phrase, become

"afraid of the men," till they hardly dared issue an unpleasant command, till the tradition of obedience had disappeared, while the proclamation of the Republic had of itself destroyed the tradition of mere deference. Deference, at no time strong in a French Army, where the private may be the social superior of his officer, could not be restored; but obedience might be, and it was. Rising fully to the height of the situation, the stoutish Italian advocate who for the hour represented France decreed that in this supreme hour of danger every soldier guilty of disobedience, insubordination, or pillage should be treated as he would be in the Prussian Army, — tried by court-martial of officers only and executed there and then. A stern hint was, at the same time, given to all general officers that this order had no limits, and was meant to be executed as well as read, if they intended to remain in command. The new power, which exists as an ultimate power in every army in the world, was, therefore, relentlessly but justly applied, and executions, said to have exceeded 100 in number, completely restored discipline in the Army of the Loire, — discipline of the old and true kind, under which a soldier dare no more plunder the peasantry without orders than he dare retreat before the enemy without a signal. Correspondents raged and talked of discontent, and the certainty that D'Aurelles would be shot — as if that mattered — but no army ever mutinied against discipline yet; the officers recovered their places and their confidence, the men found once more that they were led, and once again, for the first time since Wörth, it became possible to execute manœuvres, and to move men swiftly without leaving one-half of them behind. It had come to this with the French Army, that a march of ten miles a day reduced it to a disorganized crowd. The instrument of which the

Prussians make such use, the field telegraph, has been organized; and finally, by the appointment of civil Commissaries, with absolute power of making requisitions, to accompany the Army, M. Gambetta has removed the last and most serious difficulty in the way of the Intendance, has enabled it to levy supplies from the country, without demoralizing the Army by employing soldiers in a task which, if left to them, degenerates into unauthorized plunder. As a result of all these decrees, France has again an army which can fight a battle in the field.

We have taken every fact in this article from the letters of men who are bitterly hostile to M. Gambetta; who consider him a foe of the army, an upstart, and a lunatic; who are never tired of shrieking for a military dictator, and consider that France is lost because her representative "looks like a *bourgeois*," — a remark, by the way, which is only true, so far as it is true, of so many French and Italian statesmen, who are apt to want the impassiveness most Englishmen and all Germans of rank are accustomed to affect. And we ask our readers deliberately whether the man who has done all this for his country, who in two months has re-established order in the great cities and discipline in the armies of France; who, amidst unheard-of disasters, has struggled against national despair, with one hand beating down anarchists, and with the other building up armies, and who, in the very midst of a work which he believed to be on the edge of success, halted to accept an armistice he detested because his beleaguered colleagues had approved it — a man, that is, who has displayed the energy of a Jacobin and the self-restraint of an English Cabinet Minister — is a man to be so utterly despised? Our prayer is that when England's hour of danger shall arrive, we also may find such a man, with the one additional quality of silence.

We gain some notion, says the *Gardener's Chronicle*, of what a siege means when we learn from Paris that the veteran director of the Jardin des Plantes, the well-known chemist, Chevreul — aptly called, from his researches into the nature of fatty substances, — "the king of the fatty acids," — has placed himself at the head of a brigade composed of *employés* of the Museum, and betaken himself to the fortifications. M. Delaunay, the Director of the Observatory, and M. Milne-Edwards, have

marched to the scene of action at the head of nearly the whole of the officers and servants of the Academy of Sciences and the Museum. What should we think here in London if the chief librarian of the British Museum, with Professor Owen and Mr. J. J. Bennett as his *aides*, took the field with their subordinates and occupied Shooter's Hill, or if the director at Kew, with his staff, took upon themselves the defence of Richmond Hill? And yet this is what it has come to in Paris.

IN A CELLAR AT STRASBURG.—A French paper gives the following account of the experiences of one of the inhabitants of Strasburg during the siege:—"I had been established in Strasburg for many years, and my affairs had never been so prosperous as they were when the war broke out. On the approach of the enemy I sent away my wife and family, but could not leave my warehouses and shops, lest when the town was taken they should be given up to pillage. The first eight days all went well, the quarter I inhabited seemed to be spared; but on the ninth day a shell exploded in front of my house and broke all the windows on the ground floor. I thought it prudent from that time to take refuge in my cellar. I had some provisions there, so that I seldom went out of it. I spent my days and evenings in reading, little thinking what was about to befall me. On Saturday, the 10th, about mid-day, while I was taking a meal, I heard a tremendous noise overhead. I ran to the stairs to ascertain the amount of damage doubtless caused by a shell falling into my house. I drew back terrified. The entrance of the cellar was stopped up by portions of the wall. The house had fallen in, and I was buried alive. What passed through my mind in the first hour of my captivity I cannot adequately describe. I had fits of dumb anger, to which general exhaustion succeeded. By degrees I came to myself, for I must confess I completely lost my head; I collected my ideas, and thought I remembered having during the day brought down a petroleum lamp. I felt my way to the piece of furniture on which I believed I had placed it, and by good fortune there it was. I lighted it instantly. It was then that I realized my true situation; all round me there were ruins; the staircase no longer existed; I could no longer deceive myself; the house had fallen in and this cellar was to be my tomb. To clear the rubbish on that side was my only hope, and I began it with the fury of despair. Every brick I took away made others fall; the walls crumbled continually, and I was from one moment to another threatened with destruction by the ruins. Then my lamp went out for want of oil, and for a time I gave up all hope; but the instinct of self-preservation prevailed, and I set to work again in a sort of rage. I had been working, as it seemed to me, more than two days, when the ceiling suddenly fell in; a brick struck me on the head, and I fainted. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell. When I reopened my eyes I perceived an opening above my head; the stars were shining; it was night. I suffered horribly, and dared not move for fear of producing a fresh fall of masonry. I waited for day in mortal anxiety. As soon as I could realize my position hope returned. I made a heap of the rubbish all round me, and clinging to a beam of the ceiling, I raised myself out of this cellar which had so nearly been my grave. Once out of it, I again gave way. When I came to myself once more, I crouched down among the ruins of my abode

and wept for more than two hours. I had spent four days in that cellar. I went into it without one grey hair, and now it is quite white. I have aged more than twenty years in four days. As for my shops, all are burnt. I had worked for ten years to set up my family in tolerable comfort. My wife and I looked for an old age exempt from care; now all must begin over again, and I see no prospect of anything but misery for our future days."

Pall Mall Gazette.

FLUID LENSES. — An invention has been patented by Mr. Woodward, of Baltimore, U.S., which consists in bending circular discs of glass to any curvature, either spherical or parabolical, and afterwards cementing and firmly securing them together by means of rings or bands of metal, or other suitable material, thus forming cells for holding fluids, whereby a fluid lens, or any combination of fluid lenses, may be made of any required focus, and of a size much larger than can be made of solid glass; and, by means of the spherical or parabolically curved glasses, the metallic rebated rings, and system of cementing which are employed, a combination of cells may be formed for holding fluids of different indices of refraction, thus forming a fluid lens which will overcome both spherical and chromatic aberration in its own construction, and also whereby reflectors can be made of any of the precise and exact curvatures mentioned, the shells of glass being silvered like ordinary mirrors.

THE result of the experiments at Woolwich in reference to war balloons is that it has been found that a height of 100 fathoms at horizontal distance of 600 fathoms from the enemy would enable observers to secure the widest expanse of view. It is ascertained that captive balloons attain stability. The balloon having taken a stationary position, eight cameras and lenses spread round the country at equal distances enable the country to be photographed. The inclination and length of the cord to keep the balloon in the same stratum of air was found to be easily calculable. By the new system of military telegraphy for field service telegraph wires can be carried through the air from *terra firma* to a balloon, and the wire can be paid out as fast as the balloon sails; and two or more balloons can be kept in communication with each other, so that telegraphic operations can be made from the balloon to head-quarters and thence to the base of operations. It is believed that war balloons will be manufactured at the Royal Arsenal, and that officers of Royal Engineers will be trained in their use.

Nature.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1386.—December 24, 1870.

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MIGHT AND RIGHT: A DIALOGUE.

Πάντως ἐπὶ γ' οὐ θανατώσει.

KING WILLIAM.

I WIELD the strength of the chosen race,
My breath makes kingdoms to fall and stand;
I have moved my landmarks a goodly space,
And won fair realms from the stranger's hand.

I have driven the "Welsh" with spear and sword

In the cause of God and my people's gain,
That German tongues may sing to the Lord
In the fields of Alsace and fair Lorraine.

On my right stands Bismarck to do my will,
With steel in his words and blood on his pen;
On my left sits Moltke calm and still,
Weaving his nets with meshes of men.

Am I not lord in the day of wrath,
To smite my foes with a holy rod?
Who shall blaspheme or bar my path?
Is not my sword as the sword of God?

FREEDOM.

O king of the proud and patient folk,
When you rose in power to guard your Rhine,
And smote the tyrant with stroke on stroke,
The sword was yours, but the edge was mine.

Can I sell my children to serve your will?
Shall they bow their necks to a yoke again?
Of plunder your nets may take their fill,
But the meshes are wide for the souls of men.

Though you burn with fire and sow with salt
All fenced cities from Rhine to Seine,
Is France the soil where your armies halt?
Nay, France is mine, and your thought is vain.

The sunbeams are broken and dashed in spray
Till the waves are spent and the storm is done:

Lo, saith the wind, how I rule the day!
Lo, how my fury hath quenched the sun!

The music of sun and stars in their path
Is fuller than storm-wind and beat of drum.
For you the darkness and day of wrath:
The light is mine and the reign to come.

Spectator.

F. P.

THE TREE.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost sweeping down.

"No: leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.

"No: leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather the berries or no?"

"Yes: all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

From Herr Bjorneaen's "Arne."

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

In her bower she lay, like a snow wreath flung
'Mid flow'rs of brightest hue;
Pouting roses about her hung —
Violets 'neath her mantle hung —
Shedding their light of blue.

Pillow'd on one fair arm she lay,
Beneath her silver veil —
Her golden locks in wanton play,
As sunbeams through the mist make way,
Stole round her bosom pale.

Falling waters afar were heard,
To lull the slumb'ring fair;
Yet ever and aye her soul seem'd stirr'd
In dove-like murmurs, as if the bird
Of dreams sat brooding there.

All rude winds were hush'd to rest —
Only the enamoured south,
Wantoning round her swan-like breast,
The silken folds of her azure vest
Kiss'd with its fragrant mouth.

L. L. D.

THE LOVER SENEETH SIGHEs TO MONE HIS SUTE.

Go burning sighe vnto the frozen hart,
Go breake the yse which pities painfull dart
Myght neuer perce and yf that mortall prayer
In heauen be herd, at lest yet I desire
That death or mercy end my wofull smart.
Take with thee payn, whereof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leaue me then in rest, I you require:
Go burning sighe fulfil that I desire.
I must go worke I see by craft and art
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I can not therefore assaile her
With pitefull complaint and scalding fier
That from my brest disceinably doth start.

Translated from Petrarch, by Sir Thos. Wyatt.

From The Quarterly Review.
LORD PALMERSTON.*

It sounds strange to say of a man who died in his eighty-second year that he died opportunely, neither too soon nor too late, for his fame. Yet this is strictly true of Lord Palmerston. If he had died at seventy, before his first Premiership, the place permanently assigned to him by history would be amongst British statesmen of an inferior order: he would have no pretension to rank with Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Peel, or Canning; he would, at best, be remembered as one who, by conducting the foreign policy of the country on liberal and enlightened principles, had caused England to be regarded, with alternating fear and gratitude, as the eager, not invariably judicious, promoter of free institutions throughout the world. On the other hand, if he had lived a year or two longer, he would probably have survived much of his utility and his popularity: although he would certainly not have fallen back on the reactionary party, he would hardly have moved fast enough to satisfy the party of progress, who were already beginning to murmur; he was imperfectly qualified for a home minister at the best of times; he would have upheld unwillingly and with a bad grace the banner of Retrenchment and Reform; and neither the disestablishment of the Irish Church nor the Irish Land Bill would have been carried (if carried at all) in the sweeping, dashing, and uncompromising style in which Mr. Gladstone has carried them.

It was owing to the peculiar exigencies of a transition period that Lord Palmerston's reputation culminated. It was during a lull, between the ebb and flow of the tide, when the State vessel was pausing in her course, that the national voice kept him at the helm. The rational majority of the people thought that, after the abolition of almost all prominent and admitted evils or inequalities — after such measures as Catholic Emancipation, the

Reform Bill of 1832, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, with the attendant and analogous changes — we might rest, be thankful, and take breath, before hazarding any fresh attempt to improve or confirm our political, social, or material advantages by legislation. In other words, moderate Conservatism was in the ascendant; Lord Palmerston was pre-eminently a moderate Conservative; and the widespread conviction that he was so, that he was equally opposed to undue caution and rash enterprise, was what gained him the confidence and insured him the support of the most influential portion of the so-called Opposition in addition to the largest, steadiest, and (we think) wisest section of the Liberal party. During the closing years of his career he attained and held power by being the representative man, or (more correctly speaking) representative politician, of the period; and this must not be understood in a depreciating sense, for it was not he who changed and accommodated himself to the times, but the times had come over to his way of thinking and acting. He remained substantially what he always had been; *tout vient à propos à qui sait attendre*; and the good fortune which attended him through life had so ordered it that, as contemporary after contemporary died out, he should be recognized as the statesman of all others best qualified to satisfy the expectations of his countrymen.

If any persons connected or intimately acquainted with Lord Palmerston and anxious for his fame should be inclined to question Sir Henry Bulwer's eminent qualifications for his task, their doubts and misgivings will be materially lightened, if not altogether dissipated, by the opening paragraphs, in which he clearly develops his estimate of the life and character which he proposes to describe and illustrate, and his plan: —

“ I have undertaken to write the biography of a great statesman under whom I long served, and for whom I had a sincere and respectful attachment. I shall endeavour to perform this not ungrateful task with simplicity and impartiality, feeling certain that the more simply and impartially I can make known the character of a singularly able and honourable man, the more

* *Life of Henry John Temple, Third Viscount Palmerston, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.* By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B., M.P. Vols. I. and II. London, 1870.

likely I am to secure for his memory the admiration and affection of his countrymen. The most distinguishing advantage possessed by the eminent person whom I am about to describe was a nature that opened itself happily to the tastes, feelings, and habits of various classes and kinds of men. Hence a comprehensive sympathy, which not only put his actions in spontaneous harmony with the sense and feeling of the public, but by presenting life before his mind in many aspects, widened its views and moderated its impressions, and led it away from those subtleties and eccentricities which solitude or living constantly in any limited society is apt to generate.

"In the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to a wide range of observation over contemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their exaggerations, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognize, but not prematurely or extravagantly indulge. He did not believe in the absolute wisdom which some see in the past, which others expect from the future; but he preferred the hopes of the generation that was coming on to the despair of the generation that was passing away. Thus there was nothing violent or abrupt, nothing that had the appearance of going backwards and forwards, or forwards and backwards, in his long career. It moved on in one direction gradually but continuously from its commencement to its close, under the influence of a motive power formed from the collection of various influences—the one modifying the other—and not representing in the aggregate the decided opinion of any particular party or class, but approximating to the opinion of the English nation in general. Into the peculiar and individual position, which in this manner he by degrees acquired, he carried an earnest patriotism, a strong manly understanding, many accomplishments derived from industry and a sound early education, and a remarkable talent for comprehending and commanding details. This, indeed, was his peculiar merit as a man of business, and wherein he showed the powers of a masterly capacity. No official situation, therefore, found him unequal to it; whilst it is still more remarkable that he never aspired to any prematurely. Ambitious, he was devoid of vanity; and with a singular absence of effort or pretension, he found his foot at last placed on the topmost round of the ladder he had been long unostentatiously mounting."

This strikes us to be just in conception

and felicitous in expression. It is fully borne out by the ensuing biography, for which abundant materials of the rarest and most valuable description were fortunately at hand; including an autobiographical sketch down to 1830, journals for several years, and numerous letters to near relatives and trusted friends to whom the writer communicates his thoughts and speculations on both private and public matters without reserve. The letters to his brother, Sir William Temple, the diplomatist, who became Minister at Naples, would alone constitute a highly interesting publication.

There is a conventional understanding that no notes are to be taken of what passes in Cabinets, and when notes have been taken that they should be carefully suppressed or sealed up till the generation interested in and affected by them shall have passed away. Lord Palmerston does not appear to have considered himself bound by any understanding of this sort. Some of his journals contain full and curious notes of what took place in the earlier Cabinets of which he was a member, and these have been placed at the unrestricted disposal of Sir Henry Bulwer, in the full confidence (amply justified by the result) that he would exercise a sound discretion in quoting from them. He has used them in a manner to throw new and valuable light on public characters and events, without (that we can see) withdrawing the veil from anything which policy or delicacy required to be concealed.

The distinctive merit of his book is the manner in which, step by step, by aid of these documents, the individual Palmerston is developed and placed in broad relief, until it is made clear how and why a man without commanding eloquence, without personal or parliamentary following, without grandeur of conception or originality of view, rose gradually and steadily to the highest point of power and popularity to which it is well possible for the subject of a constitutional State to rise. The trains are laid from the beginning, and even in the few and faint traces of Lord Palmerston's boyhood that have remained un-erased by time, Sir Henry Bulwer discov-

ers proofs that the boy was father to the man. It is curious, therefore, that he should have omitted to mark the probable influence of blood and race to which Mr. Kinglake drew attention in a sketch of "The Minister who held his own Way:"—"His partly Celtic blood, and perhaps, too, in early life, his boyish consciousness of power, had given him a certain elation of manner and bearing which kept him for a long time out of the good graces of the more fastidious part of the English world."* When this passage was read to Lady Palmerston at Broadlands, on the first appearance of the book, she denied the Celtic blood almost as indignantly as Lady Teazle denied the pillion and the coach-horse, but on immediate reference to the "Peerage" she admitted that Mr. Kinglake was right.

According to Sir Henry Bulwer, the Temples were gentlemen in the reign of Henry VIII., and Lord Palmerston's immediate ancestor was the younger brother of Sir William Temple, the trusted counsellor of William III. and the honoured patron of Swift. Henry, the son of this younger brother, was the first Viscount Palmerston, created March 12th, 1772, and was succeeded by his grandson, described as an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a lover and appreciator of art, which he studied in Italy. He was also an admirer of beauty, of which he gave a proof in his second marriage to Miss Mee, who is "said to have been the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the peer was carried. Our late Prime Minister (born 20th October, 1784) was son of the second Viscount, of whom I have just been speaking, and of Miss Mee, who, though not of aristocratic birth, from all accounts appears to have been not only handsome, but accomplished and agreeable, and to have taken in a becoming manner the place in Dublin and London society which her marriage opened to her. Her husband's artistic tastes led him at various times into Italy; and it was thus that a portion of the future minister's boyhood was passed in that country in the fate of

which he always took an interest." It was there also that he acquired an accomplishment which he subsequently turned to good account. He spoke Italian fluently and idiomatically. His residence abroad also inspired him with a wholesome distaste for sundry habits and customs of the English, which did not fall into deserved discredit till long after he had grown to man's estate, without at the same time in the least impairing his boldness of spirit or manliness of tone. Writing to his friend Francis Hare in Italy, from Harrow, January 5th, 1798, after expressing his admiration of Andromeda's leave-taking scene with Hector in the 5th Book of the "Iliad," he says:—

"I am now doing Cæsar, Terence, Ovid, Homer, Greek Testament, and a collection of Greek epigrams, and after the Easter holidays, which are now drawing near, I shall begin Virgil, Horace, and some more. I am perfectly of your opinion concerning drinking and swearing, which, though fashionable at present, I think extremely ungentlemanlike; as for getting drunk, I can find no pleasure in it. I am glad to see that though educated in Italy you have not forgot old England. Your letter brings to my mind the pleasant time I spent in Italy, and makes me wish to revisit the country I am now reading so much about; and when I am sucking a sour orange, purchased by perhaps eight biocchi, I think with regret upon those which I used to get in such plenty in Italy; and when eating nasty things nicknamed sausages, envy you at Bologna, who perhaps now are feasting off some nice ones. I have begun to learn Spanish, have also begun to read 'Don Quixote' in the original, which I can assure you gave me much pleasure. Mr. Gaetano, if you remember him, desires to be remembered to you. I can assure you I have by no means left off my Italian, but keep it up every holiday with Mr. Gaetano, who has published a new Italian grammar, which has been very much approved of here in England. I cannot agree with you about marriage, though I *should be by no means precipitate about my choice*. Willy is come to Harrow, and sends his love to you. I send you no news, as I know none. Adieu!"

Francis Hare was the eldest of four highly-gifted and accomplished brothers. He is the only friend or acquaintance of Lord Palmerston's boyhood mentioned or commemorated by him, and it is somewhat

* "The Invasion of the Crimea," vol. I. p. 452.

remarkable that there is no allusion in the Autobiography to his having been at Harrow with Byron and Peel.* The fact is he had no turn at any time for that sort of habitual companionship which passes current for friendship in the world, the binding nature of which may be collected from Selwyn's cynical confession: "When I lose a friend, I go to White's and choose another." The only person beyond the circle of his own family to whom Lord Palmerston was believed to have accorded the full privileges of a friend was the late Sir George Shee. At the period when his education was proceeding, the city in the British isles which shone the brightest with intellectual light was Edinburgh, proudly arrogating the title of the Modern Athens. Rarely was such a constellation seen of historians and philosophers, and numerous were the pilgrims who hurried to do homage and imbibe inspiration at their shrine. It became the fashion for young Englishmen of rank to take the University of Edinburgh as an intermediate stage between a public school and an English University. Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne) Lord John (now Earl) Russell, and William Lord Melbourne, are three distinguished examples. Lord Palmerston is a fourth, and he has left a memorable acknowledgment of what he owed to his Scotch *Alma Mater* in his Autobiography:—"I left Harrow at sixteen, and went for three years to Edinburgh. I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In those three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess." Dugald Stewart wrote thus to Mr. Blane on the 27th April 1801:—

"With regard to Mr. Temple, it is sufficient for me to say that he has constantly confirmed all the favourable impressions of him which I received from your letter. His talents are uncommonly good, and he does them all possible justice by assiduous application.

"In point of temper and conduct he is everything his friends could wish. Indeed, I cannot say that I have ever seen a more faultless character at his time of life, or one possessed of more amiable dispositions."

The professor had yet better reason than he suspected at the time to be pleased with his pupil. His lectures were in a

great measure extemporized; and when Sir William Hamilton undertook to publish them, the notes which proved most useful were those taken by Lord Palmerston. The autobiography proceeds:—

"In 1803 I went to St. John's, Cambridge. I had gone further at Edinburgh in all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge than the course then followed at Cambridge extended during the two first years of attendance. But the Edinburgh system consisted in lectures without examination; at Cambridge there was a half-yearly examination. It became necessary to learn more accurately at Cambridge what one had learned generally at Edinburgh. The knowledge thus acquired of details at Cambridge was worth nothing, because it evaporated soon after the examinations were over. The habit of mind acquired by preparing for these examinations is highly useful."

In the great majority of instances the habit of mind acquired by preparing for mathematical examinations, the grand object at Cambridge, is all-in-all: very few students remember the details, or make any practical use of them in after life; and it is to be feared that the mind is more frequently weakened than strengthened by any extraordinary strain put upon it. "Dr. Outram (we are quoting from the Autobiography), my private tutor at Cambridge, more than once observed to me that as I had always been in the first class at college examinations, and had been commended for the general regularity of my conduct, it would not be amiss to turn my thoughts to standing for the University whenever a vacancy might happen." He acted on the hint when he was only just of age and had not yet taken his degree, his competitors being Lord Henry Petty and Lord Althorp. "I stood at the poll where a young man circumstanced as I was could dare expect to stand; that is to say, last, and by a large interval the last of the three. It was an honour, however, to have been supported at all, and I was well satisfied with my fight." At the general election in 1806 he was elected for Horsham, with Lord Fitzharris; but they were unseated on petition, and thought themselves fortunate in being so; for "in a short time came the change and the dissolution in May, 1807, and we rejoiced in our good fortune in not having paid 5000*l.* for a three months' seat." He then stood again for the University, and was again unsuccessful, although, had he been less scrupulous on a point of honour, he might have succeeded; for it was only by putting the strongest pressure on his friends that he induced them to divide their votes

* There is a Harrovian tradition (which may pair off with the Etonian one of the battle between the Duke of Wellington and Bobus Smith) that Lord Palmerston fought a desperate battle with a boy much bigger than himself and conquered by tenacity.

according to an alleged engagement instead of plumping for him. Soon after this he came into Parliament for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a borough of Sir Leonard Holmes. "One condition was that I should never, *even for the election*, set foot in the place; so jealous was the patron that any attempt should be made to get a new interest in the borough."

He had just before been nominated a Lord of the Admiralty through the interest of his guardian, Lord Malmesbury, with the Duke of Portland, then First Lord of the Treasury. But he does not appear to have taken any active part, either in business or debate, till the Session of 1808, although his journal (begun June 29, 1806) proves him to have been all along an attentive and speculative observer of events. We are warned by a note in his handwriting that the opinions and remarks contained in the journal must be regarded merely as the exact expressions of his feelings at the moment when they were written, and by no means as his fixed or unalterable estimates of things, persons, or events, but we shall confidently cite the passages which throw light on contemporary history or the formation of his mind and character. Those who remember his own firm, almost jaunty, step and carriage at past eighty, will be amused by this entry for July 3, 1806:—

"The King's health is extremely good. He walks as firmly as anybody at his age (68) could be expected to do, and scarcely avails himself when on the terrace (at Windsor) of the assistance of a stick which he holds in his hand. His eyes, however, are scarcely of the smallest use to him."

Recent events give point and interest to the entries of December 30, 1806:—

"A succession of events as rapid and extraordinary as those which occurred in the close of the last year, have marked the termination of this. In 1805 Europe saw with astonishment the ancient and powerful empire of Austria laid in the dust in the course of three months. The battle of Ulm, the consequent surrenders of the Austrian army, and the battle of Austerlitz, reduced the Emperor to the abject conditions of the treaty of Presburg. This year one single battle (Jena) has annihilated the former rival of Austria."

The parallel is rendered more striking by the complete reversal of the parts, and will be found on close inspection to be greatly to the disadvantage of the French. According to M. Thiers not more than 30,000 Austrians surrendered at Ulm; and the capitulation was conditional on no

relieving army appearing within eight days. "Mack's sole resource (remarks the historian of the Empire) was to throw himself sword in hand on one of the points of the iron circle inclosing him, to die or open a passage. He would certainly have been beaten. But military honour would have been satisfied, and, next to victory, this is the most precious of attainable results." The Archduke Ferdinand actually did put himself at the head of the cavalry and a body of infantry, 15,000 in all, and broke through the iron circle inclosing him.

The relative positions of France and Prussia in 1806, prior to the battle of Jena, are succinctly noted by Lord Palmerston:—

"Prussia and France had, for some time, been upon terms less friendly than their usual good understanding. When the publication of the Rhenish Confederacy and the demand of Buonaparte for some of the smaller possessions of Prussia, in order to complete his confederate system, opened the eyes of the latter, and convinced the Prussian court that the unprincipled system of aggression, which they had assisted France in enforcing against every other state of Europe, would at length be applied against itself, and that it had no choice left but resistance, or an unconditional acknowledgment of vassalage and submission, the King of Prussia sent, therefore, to Buonaparte three demands; to which he required an answer by the 8th of October. These were, that the French troops should retire from Germany, that no opposition should be made by France to the establishment of a *Northern Coalition*, of which Prussia should be the chief and protectress, in order to counterbalance the Rhenish Confederacy.

The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806:—

"The force on each side was nearly equal amounting to about 120,000 men. The two armies had for some days been near each other; but the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action. The reason of this is stated to have been the spirit of desertion prevalent in the army, which rendered it useless to send out patrols, who generally joined the enemy instead of returning with intelligence. Two days before the battle 10,000 French penetrated between the centre and left wing of the Prussians, got to Naumburg in their rear and burnt their magazines. The two armies were, at that time, in the following positions: the French at Mühlhausen, Eisenach, and Gotha; the Prussians at Erfurt, Jena, and Zeitz. Upon finding that a body of the enemy were making a demonstration to turn their left wing, the Prussians threw that wing back. In the mean time the French fell upon them, and an action commenced which lasted from eight in

the morning until three in the afternoon, when victory was declared in favour of the French. The loss of the Prussians—killed wounded and prisoners—amounted to fifty thousand men, and the rest of the army was entirely dispersed. Mr. Ross, who went as secretary to Lord Morpeth, said the rout of the Prussians exceeded belief. The flying troops were scattered in all directions. Corps without their officers, and officers without their corps, cavalry and infantry, cannon and waggons, were all mixed in one general confusion. To rally or re-assemble them was impossible, and the only limit to the captures and slaughter of the Prussians was the inability of the French to pursue them. The King fled to Berlin, whence he retired immediately to Cüstrin."

There is a note by Lord Palmerston on this passage:—

"He (the King) fled from thence to Osterade, in the neighbourhood of Dantzic. Such was his apathy with regard to his affairs, that when Count M. Woronzow, who was sent from Petersburg on a mission to him, reached Osterade, he was immediately invited to attend the king on a hunting-party. They had good sport, and killed a wolf and an elk. The queen, though ill and disgusted with this ill-timed amusement, was forced to join the party."

"After such a signal overthrow as that of Jena" (continues Lord Palmerston) "it is natural to endeavour to find out reasons in the treachery or incapacity of the officers concerned, and it often happens that much injustice is done in this manner to men whose only fault has been a want of success." From his analysis of the causes, they appear to have been identically the same as those which have just led to the military collapse of France: all-pervading corruption and maladministration, combined with carelessness, presumption, and incapacity. The low moral tone of the Government and army of Prussia in 1806 had quite as much to do with the catastrophe as the bad generalship of their chiefs; and the Duke of Brunswick (the Prussian commander-in-chief at Jena) had more than one point of character in common with MacMahon:

"The Duke was a man who carried personal courage even to rashness, but wanted that firmness and decision of character so necessary for a great commander. No one could execute with more ability and courage the orders of others, but, placed at the head of an army on which depended the fate of a kingdom, he shrunk from the responsibility of his situation, and lost in hesitation and doubt those moments which should have been employed in vigorous exertion."

The power that lay prostrate in 1806 is

now exclaiming *Vae Victis!* and, Brennus like, flinging the sword into the scale. We leave it to the philosophic historian to explain how this wondrous change has been brought about.

Several pages of the Journal are occupied with the General Election of 1807, and will be read with surprise by the generation who have no personal experience of our representative system prior to 1832

"The method adopted by Ministers with regard to their borough seats was very politic and ingenious. They purchased seats from their friends at a low price, making up the deficiency probably by appointments and promotions. These seats they afterwards sold out at the average market price to men who promised them support; and with the difference they carried on their contested elections. The sum raised in this manner was stated by a person who was in the secret to be inconceivably great, and accounts for an assertion afterwards made by Lord Grenville in the Lords, that "not one guinea of the public money had been spent for elections." It may be imagined that if seats were bought for two thousand five hundred, or even two thousand pounds, and sold again for five thousand pounds, a comparatively small number of such transactions would furnish a considerable fund; and Government had so many seats passing through its hands that, at last, in one or two instances, it sold them to people who only professed themselves in general well-disposed towards them, without exacting a pledge of unconditional support."

It was at this election that Sheridan at Westminster, and Tierney at Southwark, the once popular candidates, found the tables turned against them, and had to complain of the violence of the mob. "Sheridan's unpopularity was said to have arisen chiefly from his never having paid his debts. Numbers of poor people crowded around the hustings, demanding payment for bills which he owed them." During the Norfolk election "two ladies, friends of Wodehouse (Coke and Wyndham's opponent), having appeared every day in a barouche and four at the hustings with his colours, the friends of Wyndham determined to drive them away, and accordingly put two women of the town in another barouche, decorated with the same ribands, and drew them alongside the carriage of the ladies. This unmanly insult so incensed those who were the objects of it, that they determined to be revenged. They consequently prevailed upon some of the electors to petition against the sitting members; and as the fact of their having treated is notorious, there is no doubt of their being turned out."

When (in March 1807) the new parlia-

ment met, the government, the Broad-bottom Administration or as they were half mockingly called "All the Talents," appeared in the beginning of the month so strong that it seemed beyond the power of events to shake them. "They (to quote from the Journal) and their adherents had so long and assiduously made the country re-echo with the boast that they alone were fit to conduct the affairs of the nation that the multitude — who seldom take the trouble of judging for themselves, and are apt to believe what they perpetually hear — began at length to give them credit for the abilities of which they claimed such exclusive possession; and keeping the king as a sort of state prisoner, by allowing none but themselves to approach him, they began almost to consider themselves a fourth branch of the Government of the country. From this height of power nothing but their own conduct could have brought them down." The rock on which they split was the eternal Catholic question. They were succeeded by the Portland Administration (March, 1807), under which Lord Palmerston's long tenure of office commenced with a junior lordship of the Admiralty. In the following September he made his maiden speech; and a maiden speech at that time was an event to which no slight importance was attached:—

"There was not (remarks Sir H. Bulwer) so much and such constant talking in the House of Commons then, as there is now. People did not take up the morning's reports of the debates and put them down, lost amidst the wilderness of commonplace remarks of commonplace men on commonplace subjects, which, in the flattering way it has become the fashion to adopt in speaking of ourselves, we call business-like speaking, but which in reality is for the most part twaddle, that prevents or impedes the transaction of business.

"The ordinary affairs of Government, which after all have to be gone through as a matter of course, with little or much speech about them, were permitted to pass off quietly, without every member making a speech which no other member wanted to hear — any great affair was debated in a great manner by the leading men. When a new member was animated by ambition, he made a trial of his strength, and was judged by the assembly he addressed as fit or unfit to be one of the select to be listened to. The ordeal was a severe one. But the novice who passed it with tolerable credit in the judgment of those men whose opinion was the test of success and failure, and who knew at once how to detect mind — which, if accompanied by energy, ends in giving ascendancy in any body of men who live much together — was henceforth

classed, and almost certain, if he persevered in a parliamentary career, to obtain place and distinction."

In other words, the House of Commons, prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, partook more of the character of a debating club, in which the main object was display, than of a representative assembly in which members are compelled to think of their constituents and grant to one another the license each is compelled to ask in his turn. It has consequently become a less critical audience so far as style and manner are concerned, and readily dispenses with graces of elocution in a speaker who relies on argument, information, and good sense. But it by no means follows that what we are agreed to call business-like speaking is for the most part twaddle, or that the benefits of discussion are best attained by allowing a few party leaders or established orators to monopolize the debates. Indeed, when great affairs are debated, the leaders still speak too often and too long, to the exclusion of many who might bring peculiar knowledge to bear on the subject, or who, as representatives of classes, are well entitled to be heard.

The parliamentary *debûts* of celebrated men would form an instructive and interesting chapter in the political history of England. Sheridan's was a failure; Canning's a moderate success. Lord Chatham was a born orator. On its being remarked, after Pitt's first speech, that he bade fair to become one of the best speakers in the House, a first-rate judge exclaimed, "He is so already." Fox's debating excellence was obtained by practice: he has left a record that he spoke every night during his first session, which does equal credit to his perseverance and the patience of the House. Erskine, confused by the contemptuous look and gesture of Pitt, narrowly escaped a break-down. Mr. Gladstone fully sustained the expectations of the admiring friends of his youth. Mr. Disraeli resumed his seat amidst shouts of derisive laughter, after uttering his memorable and prophetic boast, "The time will come when you *will* hear me."

Charles Lamb proposed to draw up a list of men who had never made but a single joke in their lives. A list might also be made of men who established a reputation by a speech and never made another, or made others so indifferent that they have come to be regarded as never made at all. "Single Speech Hamilton" is one example; "Single Speech Hawkins" (who came out on the second reading of the Reform Bill) another; and the meteorlike

appearance of a third brought him on two marked occasions into honourable competition with Lord Palmerston, who says in his Autobiography:—

"In September of this year, 1807, Copenhagen was taken, and the Danish fleet carried off. The Danish expedition was the great subject of debate at the beginning of the Session in 1808. Papers relating to it were laid before Parliament. At that time lay Lords of the Admiralty had nothing to do but to sign their name. I had leisure therefore to study the Copenhagen papers, and put together a speech, on which I received many compliments. Robert Milnes,* better known as Orator Milnes, had made a splendid speech on the first night of the discussion.

"He chose to make a second speech on a following night, to show that he was as good in reply as in preparation. His speech was a bad one, and my first speech was thought better than his second."

Writing to his sister three days afterwards (Feb. 6, 1808) Lord Palmerston says: "I certainly felt glad when the thing was over, though I began to fear I had exposed myself; but my friends were so obliging as to say I had not talked much nonsense, and I began a few hours afterwards to be reconciled to my fate." This feeling of dissatisfaction argued well for the future. On a young man's expressing satisfaction at his own performance to Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer observed: "That, sir, shows not that your execution was good, but that your conception was petty." Lord Palmerston complains in the same letter that the papers had not been very liberal in their allowance of report. The speech occupies less than two columns in the "Parliamentary Debates," and Sir H. Bulwer's appreciation of it seems just:—

"The speech to which this correspondence alludes was evidently composed with much care, and in those parts which had been carefully consigned to memory was spoken with great ease and facility; but in others there was that hesitation and superabundance of gesture with the hands, which was perceptible to the last, when Lord Palmerston spoke unprepared, and was seeking for words, which he always employed appropriately, but which it cost him pains to find.

* Mr. Robert Milnes was a college friend of Lord Byron, and a distinguished member of his set, which comprised the late Lord Broughton, Mr. W. Banks, Charles Skinner Matthews, and Scrope Davies. He was offered a peerage by Lord Palmerston as a mark of personal respect, which he refused, on the ground that he might be obliged to oppose Lord Palmerston's government in the House of Lords. (On his death, the peerage was offered to and accepted by his son, now Lord Houghton, whose social, literary and political position fully justified the elevation.

This marred, no doubt, the continued effect of his delivery, and made him doubtful, as we have seen, at first as to the impression he had produced; but every one recognized that a clever, well-instructed young man had been speaking, and made ready allowance for defects which might not remain, and to which if they did the House would become accustomed."

The concluding remark was evidently suggested rather by the eminently successful close of Lord Palmerston's parliamentary career than by its rather doubtful and hesitating commencement. On his first becoming Premier, his conduct of affairs in the House of Commons was condemned for levity of tone and misplaced jocularity. "Let him remain Premier for a year or two," observed a member of the highest literary and political distinction, "and our standard will be lowered till we prefer this laughing devil-may-care method of getting through business to the wit of Canning and the gravity of Peel." The result fully confirmed the justice of the observation, which was made by one of the most refined and acute of contemporary writers and thinkers, Lord Lytton.

The quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Canning broke up the Portland Administration, and Perceval became Prime Minister, owing rather to the confusion and separation of parties produced by the Catholic question, and to his concurrence in royal illiberality, than to his proved merits as a statesman, for as such he hardly attained mediocrity. Having to form a ministry out of the materials of the last to the exclusion of its most distinguished members, he was compelled to look about him for young men of promise, and his attention was naturally attracted to Mr. Milnes and Lord Palmerston. The account in the Autobiography of the ensuing transactions differs slightly from that in the contemporary letters to Lord Malmesbury, as well as from the version orally communicated to friends; but the upshot was that Lord Palmerston had the successive offers of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Secretaryship at War, conditioned in each instance on the prior refusal of Mr. Milnes; and his mode of receiving them manifests a rare degree of self-knowledge and discretion.

"I own (he writes to Lord Malmesbury) of course one's vanity and ambition would lead to accept the brilliant offer first proposed; but it is throwing for a *great stake*, and where much is to be gained, *very much* also may be lost. I have always thought it unfortunate for anyone, and particularly a young man, to be put above his proper level, as he only rises to fall the

lower. Now, I am quite without knowledge of finance, and never but once spoke in the House."

After describing the interview with Perceval, in the course of which he was told that Mr. Milnes must have the refusal of the Secretaryship of War as well as that of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he writes:—

"He (Perceval) said that he felt that this preference of Milnes might not appear very flattering to me, but he trusted I should view it in its right light, as proceeding from his great anxiety to secure a doubtful friend who might be of essential service to our cause. I assured him that my principal wish was that his Government should receive every possible accession to strength, and that no personal considerations would prevent me from acquiescing in any arrangement which could conduce to that end, but that in point of fact the first offer he had made me of the Exchequer was so very flattering, that, having declined that, I could not in any case object to giving Milnes the preference as to the War Office; and that should he decide to take it, I should very willingly take a seat at the Treasury."

Mr. Milnes, after a long conference with Perceval and another with Canning, determined to support Perceval and decline office altogether:—

"This latter resolution, which surprised me exceedingly, is founded upon real and unaffected diffidence. I think it a great pity, both for him and for us, as he would be more useful in office than out of it. The War Office has consequently come to me, conditionally, however, upon arrangements I will presently mention. In the mean time, Perceval having very handsomely given me the option of the Cabinet with the War Office (if I go to it), I thought it best, on the whole, to decline it; and I trust that, although you seemed to be of a different opinion at first, you will not, on the whole, think I was wrong. The office is one which does not invariably, or, indeed, usually go with the Cabinet. A seat there was consequently not an object to me for appearance sake; and considering how young I am in office, people in general, so far from expecting to see me in the Cabinet by taking the War Office, would, perhaps, only wonder how I got there."

The office of Secretary-at-War, which he was destined to hold so long, suited and grew upon him. After some weeks' trial, he writes:—"I continue to like this office very much. There is a good deal to be done; but if one is confined, it is some satisfaction to have some real business to do; and if they leave us in long enough I trust much may be accomplished in arranging the interior details of the office so as to place it on a respectable footing."

In a letter to his sister, after his first official speech in bringing forward the army estimates, he says that, besides the commendations of his friends, which were things of course, the Opposition were civil and complimentary. "Windham was pleased to make honourable mention of me; and, what I certainly least expected, Whitbread, with whom I had never before exchanged a word, took occasion, as he met me entering the House yesterday, to say some very handsome things about perspicuity and information."

One great attraction of this sort of biography, largely composed of personal reminiscences and familiar letters, is that it revives and records, in all their original freshness, many scenes and incidents which are too illustrative to be forgotten, *e. g.*:—

"We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, Chairman of the Committee, would not take notice of him, when he several times attempted to rise, in order to put some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chatham, flew out into such a passion, and swore, and abused the Chairman and the House to such a degree that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d—d insignificant little puppy, and snapping his fingers at him said he did not care *that* for him or the House either. He is now amusing himself with the sergeant-at-arms, and I think was very lucky in not being sent to Newgate or the Tower."

The rule or understanding that members of the Government, not being of the Cabinet, are to be chary of their eloquence except when the business of their respective departments is discussed, would have prevented Lord Palmerston from taking an active part in debate during the first eighteen years of his official life had he been possessed with the desire of shining, which he was not. But it did not prevent him from giving marked indications of latent power, nor even from indulging in the same kind of *persiflage* and humorous retort which was latterly by turns his weakness and his strength. The commencement of his reply to a very formidable assailant, Brougham, before whom most debaters of his standing would have quailed, was in these words:—"The honourable and learned member has made an accusation, which I certainly cannot retort upon that honourable gentleman himself, namely, that *he very seldom troubles the House with his observations*. I, at all events, will abstain from all declamation,

and from any dissertation on the Constitution, and confine myself to the business at present on hand — the Army Estimates of the current year."

The ridiculous blunders with which Joseph Hume was wont to diversify his economical statements doubtless gave full effect to this sarcasm: — "He (Lord Palmerston) recollected that he had heard of an ancient sage, who said that there were two things over which even the immortal gods themselves had no power, namely, past events and arithmetic. The honourable gentleman, however, seemed to have power over both." It was not an ancient sage, but a modern orator and wit, Canning, who said that nothing was so misleading as figures, except facts. Hume's matter-of-fact understanding, with his utter insensibility to fancy or humour, besides serving as an armour of proof against the pointed shafts showered upon him, occasionally turned the tables, and produced a telling, because unpremeditated, effect: as when Lord Palmerston, in reply to a demand for papers, observed that considerations of delicacy (to foreign States) forbade their production. "There it is!" exclaimed Hume; "wherever there is delicacy, there is sure to be something wrong." Although the aphorism is quaintly expressed, without the fitting limitations or modifications, he was not much beside the mark so far as official reticence is concerned.

The death of Perceval in 1812 led to the formation of a Government under Lord Liverpool, which Sir H. Bulwer describes as "universally considered the weakest that ever undertook to hold the helm of a great State, but which suffered less from opponents and was more favoured by events than almost any other that has conducted the affairs of this country." Certainly the weakest that ever conducted the affairs of this country for fifteen consecutive years, thanks to the prudent moderation of its chief, to whom may be applied the witty remark in the "School for Scandal," that there are "valetudinarians in reputation as in constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection." The political capital acquired by the Tories the better part of a generation, whilst the Whigs were proportionately discredited by their ineffective and often factious opposition. It was seven years after the peace that we find Lord Byron writing: —

"Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual
Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they
were.

Nought's permanent amongst the human race,
Except the Whigs not getting into place."

In this (Lord Liverpool's) administration, remarks Sir Henry Bulwer, "Lord Palmerston having refused — before the offer was made to Peel — the Secretaryship for Ireland, maintained, without rise or fall, during fifteen years the post which he had received in 1810 from Mr. Perceval, uniting during this period the pleasures of a man of the world with the duties of a man of business. No one went more into what is vulgarly termed 'fashionable society,' or attended more scrupulously to the affairs of his office; no one made better speeches on the question, whatever it was, that his place required him to speak on, or spoke less when a speech from him was not wanted. His ambition seemed confined to performing his functions with credit, without going out of the beaten track of his office as a volunteer for distinction." To complete the impression of Lord Palmerston's position and habits in early life, it should be added that he had a turn for literature, associated with the wits, and contributed to the "New Whig Guide." Every one has heard the story of Sheridan's dinner-party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On its being mentioned at Brockett as apocryphal, "Not at all," exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn: Sheridan gave the first, and my attention was attracted by the frequent appeals of the improvised servants to 'Mr. Sheridan.'" "And did you improve the language?" "Not, certainly, at that dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed."*

Nor should Lord Palmerston's conduct as an Irish landlord be forgotten; for in this capacity he acted persistently and conscientiously on the conviction that

* Charles Surface is described as hitting on the same expedient: — "Sir Benjamin Backbite. — 'No man lives in greater splendour. They tell me that when he (Charles Surface) entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities, have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-room, and an officer behind each guest's chair.' — *The School for Scandal*."

property has duties as well as rights. There were years when he sacrificed the entire income of his Sligo estates to their improvement, and neither the excitement of politics, nor the attractions of society, ever long diverted his attention from the moral as well as material well-being of his tenantry. Sir Henry Bulwer has printed several letters detailing the steps he took for this purpose, which might still afford useful hints to proprietors similarly situated. We find him writing from Cliffoney in 1808 :

"Roads are the first necessity for the improvement of Ireland. In my last ride the day was very fine, and the whole tenantry came out to meet me, to the number, in different places, of at least two or three hundred. The universal cry was, 'Give us roads, and no petty landlords.'"

He said one day, not long before his death, that he had a thousand tenants who paid less than five pounds each, many under a pound. "But do they pay?" "Not always, they pay when they can: when they sell the pig."

Although his oratorical ambition may have been confined to performing his peculiar functions with credit, these were of a nature to elicit his views on leading principles of policy, foreign and domestic; and his defence of a standing army of respectable proportions was based upon the self-same doctrine which he afterwards maintained as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, that the prosperity and well-being of the British empire depended upon its influential, nay, proud, position amongst the first-rate nations and communities of the globe. This is a pet doctrine of Sir H. Bulwer's, and he is well entitled to be heard upon it:—

"No doubt a great gentleman, let him be the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fortescue, Sir Robert Peel, or any other distinguished peer or commoner, is the same individual, whether he opens his house and keeps up a large establishment, or whether he lodges in a cottage and never offers a glass of wine to a friend; but his influence is different. A certain degree of show and hospitality gives influence,—quietly, insensibly, but irresistibly. Lord Palmerston himself, in later years, gained much by a conspicuous mansion and constant dinners and assemblies. It is all very well to sneer at these things; they affect us in spite of our philosophy.

"As three or four servants in livery and a large house place a man in this world of ours higher than he would be placed, inhabiting a small lodging with a dirty maid to open the door, so a nation has its servants in livery, its

large house, its large establishments—things not absolutely necessary to its existence, but the accompaniments of its position, and without which its position would not be duly represented and sustained. I may be mistaken, but I believe every Englishman has a certain pride and interest in the figure made by the English nation. He likes that it should be 'the great nation,' and appear 'the great nation.' All that seven-eighths of us ask is, that the proper effect should be obtained without needless or improper cost."

Speaking of Lord Palmerston's position so late down as 1822, Sir H. Bulwer calls attention to the circumstance that though good, it was still an isolated one:—

"His private friends were never such as could be called political friends. Mr. Sullivan, his brother-in-law, and Sir George Shée, whom he made afterwards Under Secretary of State, were the only men with whom he could be said to be intimate. Neither did he belong to any of the particular sections which divided the House of Commons and the Tory party. He was not then an adherent of Canning, never having followed that statesman out of office: nor was he an adherent of Lord Eldon, nor even Lord Liverpool, for he had voted, since 1812, in favour of concessions to the Catholics. He certainly was not a Whig, and yet he lived chiefly with Whig society, which, since the time of Mr. Fox, was the society most in fashion. George IV. always disliked him. No one, therefore, had a very lively interest in him, or felt a strong desire to make his parliamentary position more important."

If not an adherent, in the sense of personal follower, of Canning, Lord Palmerston agreed with Canning on almost every great public question; and long before the open and irreparable breach between the old or Eldonite and new or Canningite Tories in 1827, he had begun to draw away from the reactionary section of his colleagues. Speaking (in the Autobiography) of the Cambridge University election of 1825, he says:—

"The Church, the Treasury, and the Army were in anti-Catholic hands; and though the Duke of Wellington and Peel condemned the cabal, Eldon, the Duke of York, the Secretaries to the Treasury, and many others did all they could against me.

"I had complained to Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington, and Canning of being attacked, in violation of the understanding upon which the Government was formed, and by which the Catholic question was to be an open one; and I told Lord Liverpool that if I was beaten I should quit the Government. *This was the first decided step towards a breach between me and the Tories, and they were the aggressors.*"

On the results of the general election he writes to his brother, July 17th, 1826:—

“As to the commonplace balance between Opposition and Government, the election will have little effect upon it. The Government are as strong as any Government can wish to be, as far as regards those who sit facing them; but in truth the real Opposition of the present Jay sit behind the Treasury Bench; and it is by the stupid old Tory party, who bawl out the memory and praises of Pitt, while they are opposing all the measures and principles which he held most important; it is by these that the progress of the Government in every improvement which they are attempting is thwarted and impeded. On the Catholic question; on the principles of commerce; on the corn laws; on the settlement of the currency; on the laws regulating the trade in money; on colonial slavery; on the game laws, which are intimately connected with the moral habits of the people: on all these questions, and everything like them, the Government find support from the Whigs, and resistance from their self-denominated friends. However, the young squires are more liberal than the old ones, and we must hope that Heaven will protect us from our friends, as it has done from our enemies. The next session will be interesting. All these questions will come under a new Parliament, in which there are about 150 new members.”

It will be observed that two great questions are omitted in this recapitulation—parliamentary reform and the removal of Protestant disabilities. On May 4th, 1827, Canning thus alluded to them:—

“I am asked what I mean to do on the subject of parliamentary reform? Why I say—to oppose it—to oppose it to the end of my life in this House, as hitherto I have done. I am asked what I intend to do respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts? My answer is—to oppose it too.”

Lord Palmerston afterwards gave way to the irresistible call for parliamentary reform, but he then agreed with Canning, and he voted with Huskisson in 1828 against Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. He had a confirmed prejudice against Dissenters, and he upheld church rates till their abandonment became a *sine qua non* of his second Premiership.

In a letter to his brother of October 21, 1826:—

“I can forgive old women like the Chancellor (Eldon), spoonies like Liverpool, ignoramuses like Westmoreland, and stumped-up Tories like Bathurst; but how such a man as Peel, liberal, enlightened, and fresh minded, should find himself running in such a pack is hardly intelligible. I think he must in his heart regret those early pledges and youthful prejudices,

which have committed him to opinions so different from the comprehensive and statesmanlike views which he takes of public affairs. *But the day is fast approaching, as it seems to me, when this matter will be settled as it must be;* and in spite of the orgies in this town and Armagh, the eloquence of Sir George Hill and Lord G. Beresford, and the bumpers pledged to the ‘Prentice Boys’ motto of ‘*No surrender*,’ the days of Protestant ascendancy I think are numbered. It is strange that in this enlightened age and enlightened country people should be still debating whether it is wise to convert four or five millions of men from enemies to friends, and whether it is *safe* to give peace to Ireland.”

The much desiderated settlement was accelerated, though not actually brought about, by the death of Lord Liverpool and the formation of the Canning Ministry in 1827. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with a seat in the Cabinet, was again offered to Lord Palmerston and accepted by him, and it was arranged that he should remain Secretary of War till the end of the session, and then go to the Exchequer: “In the meanwhile intrigues were set on foot. George IV., who personally hated me, did not fancy me as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He wanted to have Herries in that office. There were questions coming on about palaces and crown lands which the King was very anxious about, and he wished either to have a creature of his own at the Exchequer, or to have the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer held by the First Lord, whose numerous occupations would compel him to leave details very much to George Harrison, the Secretary, and to Herries, Auditor of the Civil List.”

These intrigues proved successful. Rather than embarrass the new Premier, who was particularly anxious to please the King, Lord Palmerston readily consented to retain his old place, with a seat in the Cabinet: “Some weeks after this, Canning sent for me again to say he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not himself have thought of, but that the King had said he knew and was sure that it was just the very thing I should like, and that was to go as Governor to Jamaica. I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again.” This offer was speedily followed by another, the Governor-Generalship of India, which, splendid and tempting as it was, he immediately refused. “I had already, I said, declined the office when offered by Lord Liverpool, at a time when

I was not in the Cabinet, and the same motives which influenced me then still operated now." This obvious eagerness to expatriate him justifies a suspicion that his Majesty was actuated by some personal jealousy, such as that which Canning gratified by appointing Lord Ponsonby, an early admirer of Lady Coningham, to a foreign mission. But the scandalous chronicles record nothing of the sort, and no plausible explanation has been given or suggested of this royal prejudice or dislike.

The private letters and the entries in the journals relating to this and the two following Cabinets are in the highest degree valuable and interesting. They admit us behind the scenes of the political drama, and show how one public performance after another was marred by the private differences of the actors and the want of an efficient manager to restore harmony. Referring to the Cabinet in process of formation after Canning's death, he writes August 24, 1827:—

"The King wants Herries to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Whigs object to him pointedly, and Goderich wishes to have me. Neither party will make way; and there is a great possibility of a dissolution of the Government. Herries himself is not particularly desirous; but he is a great friend of Knighton, who, it is said, urges the appointment. The Whigs certainly have some cause to complain. The King refuses, for the moment at least, to take in Lord Holland, whom they pressed, and presses Herries, whom they reject. Herries is anti-Catholic and anti-Liberal, and I believe has held some indiscreet language about the Whigs. . . . One of two things must follow: either a mixed Government would be made by Goderich of some of his present colleagues and the Tories, or the whole Cabinet would march, and the Tories come in bodily."

We all know that a mixed Government was the result, that the King had his way, and what came of it. "Huskisson (writes Lord Palmerston) blamed me for not having stood out: he said if I had insisted upon the fulfilment of Goderich's promise, that promise would not have been retracted, and Herries would not have been thrown like a live shell into the Cabinet to explode and blow us all up. At the appointed time he did explode." He picked a quarrel with Huskisson, and the Premier, instead of compelling them to make it up or deciding which of them to keep, hurried to lay the dilemma before the King, offered no solution, twaddled, wrung his hands, and shed tears. The King bade him go home, take care of himself,

and keep quiet; and immediately sent for the Duke of Wellington, who also (according to the *Autobiography*) had been thrown amongst them like a live shell:—

"One of the first acts of Goderich's administration had been to ask the Duke of Wellington to be Commander-in-Chief—Lord Anglesey had been sent to make the offer. He travelled without stopping, arrived at some country-house in the West, where the Duke was staying, about three in the morning; found the Duke in full uniform just come home from a fancy ball; obtained his immediate acceptance, and arrived with it at Windsor. While we were sitting in council on the memorable day in August, at which Lord William Bentinck also was present, to be sworn in Governor-General of India, Lord Anglesey said to us, 'Well, gentlemen, I have done what you sent me to do. I have brought you the Duke of Wellington's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and, mark my words, as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all your heels before six months are over your heads.'

"Before the six months were well over the Duke was in, and our heels were up; but what share he had in that I cannot say. The King was the great plotter, and Holmes and Planta worked upon Goderich, and persuaded him he could never overcome the difficulties he would have to encounter."

Sir Henry Bulwer adds, on the authority of "a gentleman yet alive," that Lord Wellesley expected the Premiership, and had been encouraged by his brother in this expectation; that, according to the express or implied understanding between them, the Duke was to recommend the Marquis as best fitted to take the lead in civil affairs; that the Marquis waited the Duke's return from the royal closet with much anxiety, and that the ensuing disappointment occasioned a lasting coolness between the pair.* This story derives plausibility from the circumstance that the Duke, a short time previously, had publicly and most emphatically declared his utter unfitness for the post, declaring in the House of Lords that he must be mad to think of it. But, however mistaken his self-estimate, he was the soul of loyalty and truth.

That the hero of a hundred fights committed a grave error in undertaking the government, will now be admitted by his warmest admirers, amongst whom we humbly take leave to rank ourselves; and

* Count D'Orsay's well known portrait of the Duke was in progress when the Marquis died. The day after his death, the illustrious sitter, much to D'Orsay's surprise, came at the usual hour and took his seat as if nothing had occurred. His sole reference to the event, after a short pause, was—"You have heard of the death of the Marquis of Wellesley, a very agreeable man when he had his own way."

any lurking doubts in any quarters on that subject will be removed by the revelations of Lord Palmerston, which prove that all the Duke's sympathies and predilections were with the reactionary party, and that, although he gave way on the Catholic question from considerations of expediency, the true character of his administration must be collected from his foreign policy as well as from his mode of dealing with the Corn Laws and Reform. But his capital defect as chief of a mixed Cabinet was the cast of mind contracted from long habits of command: he had too much of the quality altogether wanting in his immediate predecessor; his volition was too strong; he decided too rapidly; he went too straight to the point; his directness of view was too often owing to its narrowness; and he chafed at differences of opinion in the Cabinet as he would have chafed at them in a council of war.

The circumstances under which Lord Palmerston and his political friends joined the Duke, are succinctly stated in the Autobiography:—

"Dudley, Lamb, Binning, Grant, and myself met at Huskisson's house in Somerset Place, which he still occupied—being very unwell—in order to take these proposals into consideration. We discussed the matter fully, with reference both to the personal question between Herries and Huskisson, and to the public interests and political questions involved; and our determination was that the offer ought to be accepted.

"We did accept it, therefore, not as individuals, but as a party representing the principles and consisting of the friends of Mr. Canning.

"We joined the new Government in January. We left it in May. We joined as a party: as a party we retired. The only one who hesitated was Dudley; and he would willingly have given six thousand a year out of his own pocket, instead of receiving that sum from the public, for the pleasure of continuing to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

In a letter to his brother, commenting on the exclusion of the Whigs, who had hoped by their support of Canning to regain a permanent official footing, he adds:—

"The Whigs, of course, will be furious and violent, and lay about them to the right and left. *I very sincerely regret their loss, as I like them much better than the Tories, and agree with them much more; but still we, the Canningites, if we may be so termed, did not join the Government, but they came and joined ours; and whatever regard we may feel for them, we have not enlisted with them, so as to be bound to follow their fate and fortunes, or to*

make their retention a condition of our remaining; and, indeed, if we had all gone out, I should certainly not have sat with them in the House of Commons, but should have taken an independent and separate position."

"We see from this letter," remarks Sir H. Bulwer, "that the Canningite of the day was not a Whig—was not a Tory. What was a Canningite?" He goes on to answer this question by an ingenious disquisition, highly flattering to the Canningites, which will be best brought home to the comprehension of the present generation by saying that they filled in 1827-1830 an analogous position to that filled by the Peelites after 1846.

No inspired prophet was needed to foretell that the Duke would not get on amicably or long with the Canningites. The first serious hitch occurred in March. The Corn Bill introduced by Canning in the preceding year had been defeated in the Lords by the Duke, who moved and carried an amendment "That no foreign corn in bond should be taken out of bond until the average price of corn should have reached sixty-six shillings." The Duke was naturally unwilling to concede as Premier what he had successfully maintained as an opposition leader; and several entries in the Journal refer to the resulting differences:—

"Tuesday, March 11th.

"Cabinet on the proposed Corn Bill. The Duke strongly pressed his duty on warehoused corn, according to his amendment of last year, or a higher scale of duty. Huskisson could not agree to either. Peel took much the same view as Huskisson, and so did Melville. After a great deal of discussion, the Cabinet separated without any formal decision, but with an apparent understanding that the bill of last year should be again brought in, only with the addition suggested yesterday by Huskisson. The Duke was evidently ill pleased to find so large a majority of his Cabinet against him on a point on which individually he committed himself last year, and he left the room without saying whether he agreed or not to Huskisson's proposal."

The Duke partially gave way; but Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg), President of the Board of Trade, who was to move the preliminary resolutions, judged the proposed scale too high, and threatened resignation, which would have entailed the resignation of the rest of the Canningites:—

"Lamb did not say what he should do. Huskisson went at three to the King, to tender his resignation, and explained to the King the course of the transaction, and his reasons for retiring. The King urged him to stay by all

the arguments he might have been expected to use, complaining that he was abandoning his King; and Huskisson said that the King was a man of the world, and would therefore understand his feelings by an illustration. It might often happen to a man in society to be obliged to fight a duel, when he knew he was in the wrong, but could not avoid being shot to prove that he was not a coward. He was obliged to go out without wishing to so, and without any public reason, merely that he might not be accused of corruptly clinging to office. *The King admitted the force of the illustration*, but asked if he could not go out provisionally, and return again. This Huskisson said would only be a juggle, which would at once be detected, and only be worse than staying in."

The Journal (March 26th) goes on to state that, whilst they (the King and Huskisson) were talking, Huskisson received a box from Peel, with a note to say that Grant had yielded the point. "The King was delighted, told Huskisson to kiss his hand, as a token that he was to remain in, and they parted." Another fertile source of discord was Greece.

"April 2.

"Cabinet this evening after dinner at Apsley House, to settle draft of a despatch to France, stating our proposals for defining more clearly the objects of the treaty of London. *As usual, much discussion and entire difference of opinion*, the Duke, Ellenborough, and Aberdeen being for cutting down the Greeks as much as possible; Huskisson, Dudley, and myself for executing the treaty in the fair spirit of those who made it. The Duke, while he professes to maintain it, would execute it in the spirit of one who condemns it. The limits were proposed to be the Morea and islands. I again urged the Livadia, or at least Attica, should be added; but nobody else supported this opinion.

"Peel again repeated his opinion, that it would have been best to make Greece wholly independent of Turkey. The Duke, on the contrary, wishes to make her as dependent as possible."

"Good Friday, April 4.

"Cabinet at three, to settle draft of Dudley's letter to Lord Granville about Greek affairs, containing our project for defining those points which were left vague in the treaty of London; renewed discussion whether Greece should follow the Porte in peace and war, in consequence of the suzerainty of the Porte. The Duke strongly for this; Huskisson, Peel, Dudley, myself against it.

"He (the Duke) is evidently anxious to break with Russia. He has a strong personal feeling of dislike to Russia. He has had violent quarrels with the Lievens, and thought himself not civilly received at Petersburg. A great many little things have contributed to set him against the Lievens. Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady

Jersey, who have both influence over him, both hate Madame de Lieven. Madame de Lieven was foolish last year when Canning came in, and too openly expressed her joy at the Duke's retirement, and was to a certain degree personally uncivil to him."

The most tale-telling entry is the brief one of May 22:—

"The Cabinet has gone on for some time past as it had done before, differing upon almost every question of any importance that has been brought under consideration:—meeting to debate and dispute, and separating without deciding."

Commenting on this passage, Sir H. Bulwer states that the second Lord Holland, who had lived all his life in intimacy with Cabinet Ministers, once said to him that he (Lord H.) had never known a Cabinet in which its members did not dispute more among themselves during their councils than they disputed with their antagonists in the House of Commons. It is probable that Mr. Pitt's Cabinet and Lord Derby's were exceptions to this rule; but I fancy that a peep behind the scenes would pretty generally demonstrate that a Cabinet is more often held together by the same interests than by the same opinions." The most marked exception was Lord Palmerston's first Cabinet, after the secession of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Sir James Graham in 1855. We have heard a deceased member of that Cabinet avow his belief that Lord Canning was made Governor-General of India, because, after the secession of his Peelite friends, he was the sole remaining member who maintained an independent opinion; the entire business of the Cabinet being thenceforth arranged and managed by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Palmerston. But it was a weak Cabinet, as regarded either debating or administrative talent; and the general break-up of parties has rendered a strong and perfectly harmonious Cabinet an impossibility. "At all events" (continues Sir H. Bulwer) "the squabbles which, in Lord Palmerston's language, I have been relating, are a natural prelude to the great quarrel which finally took place: a quarrel of which history may well desire to learn the particulars from biography—inasmuch as it is the starting-point of modern events. I speak of the quarrel between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson, which led to Mr. Grant being succeeded by Mr. Fitzgerald at the Board of Trade,—which led to the election for Clare,—which led to Catholic Emancipation,—which led, by a new defection in the Tory party, to

the Reform Bill,—which led to a complete social and political revolution in our country.”

The broad features of this quarrel are familiar to most readers. It really involved a great principle although it turned on a comparatively small matter: namely, how to deal with the two disfranchised boroughs of Penrhyn and Retford:—

“March 12th.

“The Cabinet dined at Ellenborough’s. After dinner we discussed what should be done about the proposed disfranchisement of Penrhyn — to be transferred to Manchester, and Retford to Birmingham.

“Peel proposed to transfer Penrhyn, and throw Retford into the Hundreds; Huskisson the reverse. Both wished to prevent establishing the rule that in all such cases the right should be transferred. *Dudley was strongly for seizing the golden opportunity of giving members to great towns, and thus getting rid of the great scandal of the present state of our representation.* I was clearly of opinion that we should be beat if we proposed to throw Penrhyn into the Hundreds; the Government upon a similar proposal as to Cornish boroughs, Grampound and Penrhyn; would it be wise to risk a third defeat as to Retford?”

It is an opinion held by political writers of weight, that if this golden opportunity had been seized, a’l sweeping measures of parliamentary reform would have been indefinitely postponed. At all events, we should not have seen Birmingham preparing to march upon the capital to enforce its claim to representation. The case of Retford came before the House of Commons on the 19th of May. Huskisson, having taken a different line from Peel, went home and wrote a letter which he meant (though he did not specify it) merely as a conditional tender of his resignation, i.e. if the Duke thought his continuance in office would be inconvenient to the public service. The Duke treated it as an unconditional resignation, laid it as such before the King, and refused to listen to the attempted explanation in phrases which have become historical: “It is no mistake; it can be no mistake, and it shall be no mistake.” Although the Duke was too unbending and was influenced by an obvious wish to get rid of Huskisson without regard to consequences, it must be admitted that Huskisson cut a sorry figure in the correspondence, and Lord Palmerston, with whom it was a point of honour to stand or fall with him, makes a better case for the Canningites as a body than for their chief. Their hesitation is amusingly described in the Journal:—

“I was going across the Parade towards Downing Street, at about two, when Dudley and Lamb called to me from the balcony of Melbourne House. I went up, and Dudley said he imagined the matter at an end.

“Lamb also said that he thought we had no choice as to what we were to do. The whole thing evinced such a thorough determination to get rid of Huskisson, that it was quite time for all of us to retire also.

“Dudley stroked his chin, counted the squares of the carpet three times up and three times down, and then went off in an agony of doubt and hesitation.”

Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lamb (Lord Melbourne), agreed to meet at Huskisson’s, who was then occupying an official residence in Downing Street:—

“On arriving, I found Dudley and Lamb. Huskisson said he had sent his letter back again to the Duke, with a note to say that it had no reference to the appointment of his successor, and that he begged the Duke to open it, therefore, and lay it before the King. We all left Huskisson together, and Dudley proposed we should walk up a little way, our cabriolets following. He was in the middle, and said, ‘Well, now we are by ourselves in the street, and nobody but the sentry to hear us, let me know, right and left, what is meant to be done — “In” or “Out”?’ I said ‘Out,’ and Lamb echoed ‘Out.’ ‘Well,’ said Dudley, ‘I am under some embarrassment as to what I shall do. The King has been pleased to take a great fancy to me, and will, I am sure, be much offended if I go out. He and the Duke have both taken for granted that I mean to stay, at all events, and told me so, and I have neither affirmed nor denied their assumption, and they certainly are under an impression that I mean to stay. On the other hand, if you, Palmerston, who have all your life been in office with the Tories, feel it impossible to stay, how much more difficult must it be for me who never belonged to that party, and who came in as the personal friend of Canning?’ He asked our opinion, and I said that I thought he would do best for his own credit and comfort by going out.

“He said the Colonial Office would be filled by a moderate Tory, a man of promise, a member of a noble Tory family. *Lamb then said that for his part he did not know any young member of a Tory family, who was a man of promise; but that upon Dudley’s own showing the character and complexion of the Government was to be altered first by withdrawing Huskisson, and then by putting in his place a decided Tory.* That this would decide him, at all events; that not being in the Cabinet, and having no deliberate voice, his confidence in the Government must depend upon those who composed the Cabinet, and so great a

change as was about to take place must make him withdraw from his office.

"Dudley said that there was something in attaching oneself to so great a man as the Duke. '*For my part,*' said Lamb, '*I do not happen to think that he is so great a man; but that's a matter of opinion.*' I left them, and on my return home wrote to the Duke a letter of resignation, which was to be sent to him early the next morning."

The public, who liked straightforwardness, sided with the Duke, and the Whigs, who had thought themselves ungenerously thrown over by the Canningites, shouted in unison, "Served them right." The King was sorely embarrassed:—

"The King had a large party at the Lodge during Ascot Races last week, and was much puzzled to know upon what footing to place the recent changes. He did not like to admit that the Duke had ill-used Huskisson, because all had, of course, been done in his name and by his authority. He therefore tried to maintain that Huskisson had determined to go, and the Duke tried all he could to keep him. Some persons, however, who had his ear, and ventured to speak out to him, denied this to him in a manner which left him nothing to say, except 'Well, I hate politics, and do not wish to quarrel with you about them, so let us leave this topic.' The Duke of Cumberland abused me for a democrat, saying it was all my fault, and that I had urged Huskisson to go out. To be well abused by H. R. H. is no mean praise. It is quite clear that the King is very much dissatisfied with the turn affairs have taken. He says he wanted the Duke to have recourse to Lord Lansdowne, but he would not. Cumberland says also that the Duke must have lost his head not to have taken in Eldon. Grey, they say, is angry that he had no proposition made to him. Our party, though small, is very respectable."

The party, according to a subjoined list, then (June, 1828) consisted of eleven peers and twenty members of the House of Commons. Lord Goderich proposed their meeting at his house, with a view to re-organization; but Lord Palmerston objected that this would have the appearance of putting themselves under his lead, "which, considering what an unfortunate display he made last December as head of a party, it would be by no means expedient for us to do." One unexpected effect of the secession was to make the Government more liberal, which Lord Palmerston accounts for by suggesting that "they may be disposed to do things when they have the credit of doing them spontaneously, which they refused to do when it would have been supposed that we were urging them to do them." On June 8th he sets

down: "Aberdeen (who succeeded Lord Dudley) called to-day on Madame de Lieven. She said, 'I am always glad to see you, but I am very sorry to see you Minister for Foreign Affairs, because I consider you Austrian, and an enemy to Russia.' On his assuring her that she was mistaken, she goes on to say that she knew well the Duke's sentiments about Russia, and she could tell him (Lord Aberdeen) what she had heard about himself only two days ago. A countryman of his had met Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador, in the streets, and Esterhazy, clapping him on the back, exclaimed: 'Eh bien, mon cher, chacun à son tour, vous avez eu votre ministre; à présent j'ai le mien.'"

During the *de facto* occupation of the throne of Portugal by Don Miguel in 1828, some thousands of the Portuguese liberals, part of a defeated army, took refuge in England. Palmella, the ambassador of Donna Maria da Gloria, received an application from a thousand of them to act in Terceira against the Miguelites, and notified his intended compliance with it to the Duke, who vowed he would prevent them by force, and wrote him a violent letter of three sheets of paper, in which he said: "Monsieur le Marquis, I have conveyed to you the commands of his Majesty, and I expect you will obey them." "Somewhat imperative language (adds Lord Palmerston) when used towards the ambassador of an independent and allied sovereign, which would have sounded better had it been used towards a stronger power." . . . "How well satisfied I am, and have been every day since I went out of office, that I have escaped from the embarrassment of choosing the precise points of difference with the Duke, at which it would have become absolutely necessary for me to quit his government."

"In the mean time the King, towards the end of December, received the little Donna Maria da Gloria at Windsor Castle with all the honours of sovereignty, the Duke, Aberdeen, and the other ministers being present. He was charmed with her, thought her like Princess Charlotte, well-mannered, and, above all, beautifully dressed in lace and diamonds. When he handed her to her carriage, he stopped to make her a farewell speech, in which he expressed his hearty wish to see her restored to her throne. The child was so overcome with his kindness and her own difficulty of expressing herself in French, that, as the readiest reply, she instinctively threw her arms round his neck and kissed him, to thank him. This completely captivated him. He is particularly fond of children, and he said that everything else might

have been taught her, but this *must* have been her own. We shall see how this reception is to be reconciled with the line about Terceira and the general moral support given to Miguel."

We learn from these journals how long the seeds of the existing complications in Europe have been germinating. In January, 1829, Lord Palmerston goes to Paris, and, after seeing the leading public men, sets down:—

"The present administration is very Russian; but there is growing up among public men a *French* feeling, and this is directed for its first object to the recovery of the provinces between the northern frontier and the Rhine—Belgium, in short, and part of the Prussian territory. The *ultra-Liberals* say they would support any minister who would recover this territory for France; and I am told that Pozzo di Borgo secretly assures France that, if in event of a general war in Europe they will side with Russia, Russia will assist them in obtaining this object.

"The happiest thing for France would be a Government that would act upon the system of the late Duc de Richelieu (that is, I presume, which would lean on Russian connection); but the difficulties are great, from the dearth of eminent public men. Buonaparte crushed everybody else, both in politics and war; he allowed no one to think and act but himself, and has left, therefore, nothing but generals of division and heads of departments, but no man fit to command an army or govern a country. France, however is prospering, and wants only peace to become powerful. The interest of her debt is only seven millions sterling, and her sinking fund for redemption of debt is three millions sterling; her taxes are light and her people happy."

Both Hausmann and Benedetti appear to have been anticipated by General Sebastiani in 1829:—

"I dined at Flahault's yesterday, and met Sebastiani and Talleyrand; the latter seems sunk and broken, and said but little; the former is a self-sufficient, consequential coxcomb. He maintained, in a loud voice and a declamatory style, that it is of great importance to a country to have a large capital town, as it tends to create a public opinion, and to advance the political freedom of the State; that Paris is not large enough, and ought to be forced; that the best mode of doing this would be to exempt from taxation for fifteen or twenty years all houses that should be built from this time for a certain period to come;—he not perceiving that a large capital town may be a good political establishment when it results from the activity of commerce, and arises spontaneously, but that an aggregation of stone and mortar is different from an aggregation of thinking beings.

"After dinner he did me the honour to tell

me, *avec franchise*, that it is a thousand pities that all parties and Government in England take so mistaken a view of the principle on which we ought to deal with France. It is essential and indispensable to France to get back to the Rhine as a frontier; Landau and Sarre Louis are particularly necessary to her. So long as the policy of England is opposed to these resummptions, so long will it be impossible for cordial alliance to exist between England and France; and France, whose real interests lie in a connection with England, will be led rather to seek to unite herself with Russia and Prussia, or any power that will aid her to accomplish these objects. Prussia—though at first sight interested to prevent these resummptions by France—might be bribed to acquiescence by slices from Austria or Saxony, or by Hanover. I expressed great doubts whether any party would be found in England sufficiently enlightened to see this matter in this point of view, and thought it would be very difficult to persuade the people to such an arrangement."

In a letter from Paris, dated December 4th, 1839, Lord Palmerston foretells with intuitive sagacity what must and did happen if the King, Charles X., were to carry his obstinacy up to the very hour of trial, and if he were backed by a courageous and desperate ministry: "Then and in that case the result would probably be a change of name in the inhabitant of the Tuileries, and the Duke of Orleans might be invited to step over the way from the Palais Royal; but as to any other change, it is out of the question. There are too many millions of proprietors of land and funds in France to let it be possible that anything should happen endangering the safety of either one property or the other."

Two successive proposals were made to Lord Palmerston to rejoin the Duke; the first of which was declined after an interview, in which Lord Palmerston explained that it would not suit him to come back without a complete reconstruction of the ministry; meaning the admission of Lords Grey and Lansdowne, as well as the Canningites:—

"Croker called on me a few days afterwards to try to persuade me to reconsider the matter. After talking some time he said, 'Well, I will bring the matter to a point. Are you resolved, or are you not, to vote for Parliamentary Reform?' I said, 'I am.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'there is no use in talking to you any more on this subject. You and I, I am grieved to see, shall never sit on the same bench together.'

"Melbourne, the two Grants, Binning, Littleton, Graham, Warrender, Denison, and one or two others, had met at my house a few days before, to consider what we should do on the

motion which Brougham, was to make in favour of Parliamentary Reform and I and the Grants and Littleton had quite determined to vote for it.

"As soon as Lord Grey was commissioned by the King to form an administration he sent for me."

Lord Palmerston had taken a prominent part in opposing the Duke's foreign policy in 1830, and two speeches of his on the affairs of Portugal had attracted much attention by their liberality and comprehensiveness of view. He was already marked out by public opinion for the seals of the Foreign Office when they were confided to him. And here begins the most distinctive portion of his career, that in which he took his own way, and that, consequently, by which he must principally be judged. Foreign affairs are so little understood in England, and commonly excite so little interest, that there is hardly any limit to the influence which a courageous self-willed Foreign Secretary may exert for evil or for good. It is only when the country is fairly committed, or a crisis is at hand, or a war is actually raging, that the House of Commons begins to ask for papers, or the responsible minister is required to enter into explanations with his colleagues. Such, at all events, was the position of Lord Palmerston, until the Queen, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, signed a formal memorandum to the effect that her pleasure should be taken on all proceedings and despatches of the Foreign Office. The continental notion is that Lord Palmerston acted throughout on a fixed system or set of principles, favourable to representative governments and unfavourable to kings, which he rigidly applied as circumstances and events called for or seemed to call for them: and that this system was in marked opposition to Lord Aberdeen's. This, we agree with the able author of "Thirty Years of Foreign Policy," is altogether a mistake.* Lord Palmerston had no fixed system, and we should be at a loss to name any broad principle on which he differed from Lord Aberdeen. At the end of an ingenious attempt to reconcile Lord Palmerston's Philhellenism in 1830 with his subsequent support of Turkey, Sir H. Bulwer remarks:—"I may, indeed, observe here that Lord Palmerston—though generally desirous to keep England on the side of liberal opinions—had

not any system of policy relative to foreign states. His notion was that every question should be treated on its own merits, without regard to the actual alliances it might dissolve, or the future dangers it might provoke. 'England,' he said to me once, 'is strong enough to brave consequences;' a theory which has its inconveniences as well as its advantages."

When Lord Palmerston first entered the Foreign Office (November, 1830) the whole aspect of continental affairs had been changed by the Revolution of July. The French monarchy under the citizen king was regarded as a republic in disguise. Genuine monarchy was at a discount. The late Duke of Devonshire, more than half in earnest, offered a wager that not a crowned head would be left in Europe within seven years. As Sir Henry Bulwer describes the state of things, "On all sides crowns were falling into the gutter." The construction of a new kingdom out of the ruins of another was the first duty which devolved upon Lord Palmerston; and in performing it he fearlessly carried out his theory that England is strong enough to brave consequences. The real and substantial grievances which led the Belgians to demand a separation from Holland are lucidly exposed by Sir Henry Bulwer, and he has printed at length the principal letters and despatches of Lord Palmerston detailing the steps by which their independent existence under Leopold was recognized and guaranteed. "The first stone of the structure built up by the allies of 1815 was then displaced. From that time it has been year by year falling to pieces. Thus the event which commenced the work of demolition, whatever its merits, was so serious in its consequences, that it is worth while to inquire whether wisdom or necessity justified it."

Our limits prevent us from engaging in this inquiry, and we shall simply quote a few passages from the correspondence, to show the difficulties which Lord Palmerston encountered and overcome. It will incidentally appear from them that the grasping spirit of French diplomacy, as applied to Belgium and other frontier territories, is no invention of revived Imperialism.

On Talleyrand's objecting to a proposal to unite Luxembourg to Belgium, that the French frontier in that direction was weak,—

"I replied, that a nation of thirty-two millions, of whom every man is born a soldier, need not be particular about frontiers, and that

* "Thirty Years of Foreign Policy. A History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston." By the author (Mr Macknight) of "The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.," a Literary and Political Biography." London, 1856.

the defence of their frontier must consist in men, and not in bricks. He then said, Would there be no means of making an arrangement by which Luxembourg might be given to France?"

Finding this inadmissible, he said that France would be satisfied with the cession of Philippeville and Marienburg:—

"To this we of course positively objected. First, we had no power to give what belongs to Belgium and not to us, and we could not, under the pretence of settling the quarrel between Holland and Belgium, proceed to plunder one of the parties, and that too for the benefit of one of the mediators. Besides, if France began, the rest might have a right to follow the example. At last we brought him to terms by the same means by which juries become unanimous — by starving. Between nine and ten at night he agreed to what we proposed, being, I have no doubt, secretly delighted to have got the neutrality of Belgium established. If Talleyrand complains that our confidence in him seems abated, you may say that this was the natural consequence of our finding that he was aiming at obtaining for France territorial acquisitions, at the same time that France was crying out for non-intervention and peace."

On February 1st, 1831, Lord Palmerston again writes to Lord Grenville, English Ambassador at Paris:—

"Talleyrand sounded me as to my agreeing to naming the Duc de Nemours King of the Belgians. I told him we should look upon it as union with France, and nothing else, and it was for France to consider *all* the consequences which such a departure from all her engagements must necessarily expose her to; that I do not believe the bulk of the French nation wish for Belgium at the price of a general war, and that I do not believe the bulk of the Belgians wish union with France or a French prince. The other three Powers are quite unanimous on the subject, and I must say that if the choice falls on Nemours, and the King of the French accepts, it will be a proof that the policy of France is like an infection clinging to the walls of the dwelling, and breaking out in every successive occupant who comes within their influence."

On the 15th of the same month, after stating that he had caused a Cabinet to be summoned, to take into consideration a formal communication to the French Government, he writes:—

"I confess that I like the aspect of their proceedings less and less every day. Their assurances of friendship and peace are indeed incessant and uniform, but they continue actively preparing for war when nobody threatens them, and while every day disclose more and more their designs upon Belgium, and the underhand proceedings which they are carrying on with

reference to that country. They every day betray an unceasing disposition to pick a quarrel, and to treat us in a manner to which we can never submit. Pray take care, in all your conversation with Sebastiani, to make him understand that our desire for peace will never lead us to submit to affront either in language or in act."

Very strong language was required to compel the French to abide by the convention under which their troops entered Belgium.

"Aug. 13, 1831.

"Will the French Government withdraw their troops into France as soon as the Dutch have evacuated Belgium? Pray make them comprehend *all* that hangs upon that decision.

"Grey writes to you. He is peremptory on this point; and even if the Cabinet had the slightest wish to give way upon it—which they have not—public opinion in England would prevent them. It is, then, a question of war or peace.

"We have had no Cabinet to-day upon your letter and your despatches, because we want to learn the result of my letter and Grey's of Saturday last. Sebastiani and Soulé apparently want to pick a quarrel with all their neighbours, or to compel everybody to submit to their insolence and aggressions—witness the language about Spain."

These passages should be carefully weighed at the present moment, when Europe is asked to rely on the peaceful dispositions and future good behavior of the French. They are receiving a rude lesson, and may be inclined to turn over a new leaf; but it is absurd to make Napoleon III. their scapegoat. Under every form of government—under the Restoration, the monarchy of July, the Republic, the Second Empire—they have been the same, and might have assumed the same motto:—

"Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

Effectively aided by the energy, sagacity, and diplomatic tact of M. Van de Weyer, Lord Palmerston brought the entire work in hand to a satisfactory conclusion. The kingdom of Belgium stands, and we trust will long remain, a firm and conspicuous monument of his statesmanship. Whilst the negotiations were in progress he was bitterly attacked by his former friend, Mr. Croker, for keeping back papers which (Mr. Croker contended) it was his duty to communicate to the Conference and the House. An interchange of personalities ensued, in the course of which the secret history of the "New Whig Guide" was un-

folded. According to Mr. Croker, the authors were Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and himself. "We three were the only culprits. I was editor. 'The Trial (of Henry Brougham)' was Peel's. We each gave touches to the others' contributions, but so slight as not to impair the authorship of any individual article. I do not think Peel wrote any of the verses; Palmerston wrote very little of the prose. Peel's natural turn was humour, but he was extremely shy of indulging it."

When Lord Palmerston was asked, in 1859, with reference to a meditated commentary on the "New Whig Guide," what share he had in it, he replied:—"I certainly did join in quizzing the Whigs at that time, but we have been very good friends since, and I would rather have nothing said about my share in it." Disagreeable as the allusion to it must have been in 1831 for the same reason, the provocation given by him was almost irresistible. After suggesting that there was no especial reason for Mr. Croker's taking the lead on such a subject, he said:—

"But it seems that, in the absence of the principal performers, he has been to-night allowed a whole benefit to himself. He has given us a display, part tragedy, part comedy, and part tragi-comedy; and I wish I could encourage him by stating that he sustained each portion with equal success. Everybody knows that he is an exceedingly happy joker—happy sometimes in his self-satisfaction; and while he confines himself to the light and comic strain he makes himself agreeable to everybody; but he must not attempt too much versatility. He may be a good statesman-of-all-work, but I assure him that he is not a good actor-of-all-work; and in his attempts at the heroic he is apt to confound pathos with bathos, and to overleap the narrow bounds between the sublime and the ridiculous. I recommend him, therefore, in future, if he wishes to preserve his reputation, to observe the rules laid down in some of his earlier and fugitive productions in the dramatic art—to cease to vex the grander passions of the soul—

'To leave high tragedy, and stick to farce!'

He will thus yet afford much amusement; if it be not very natural, it will at least be very entertaining."

After expressing his surprise at an assertion of Lord Palmerston's that he did not write for newspapers, and the manner in which it was cheered by his friends, Mr. Croker proceeded:—

"Now, what he was about to say, he would assure his noble friend he would say in perfect good humour. He would say that if that cheer

meant to insinuate that those who wrote for newspapers pursued a degrading occupation (Lord Palmerston nodded dissent,—his noble friend signified that he did not share that opinion; and he should not therefore say what he was about to utter. He might be allowed, however, to observe, in reference to this topic, that if any person should hereafter collect those fugitive pieces which had been attributed to him (Mr. Croker)—with what justice the House would be presently able to judge—he repeated, that if such a collection should be made, and that the merits of those pieces should continue to be attributed to him, he should feel it his duty to do justice to his noble friend by declaring that some of the best and most remarkable were his (Lord Palmerston's) own. He remembered well the days which he spent with his noble friend, not certainly in business of the grave importance which now occupied his noble friend's time;—he recalled with pleasure those earlier days, in which they pursued and enjoyed, not indeed the 'search of deep philosophy,' that the poet delighted to remember, but—

'Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'"

Sir Henry Bulwer calls this encounter "a graceful and historical one;" apparently unconscious that it was fought with borrowed weapons. Lord Palmerston's attack is a palpable imitation of Pitt's sarcastic reference to Sheridan's dramatic authorship, and the concluding sentences (the happiest) of Mr. Croker's retort are a paraphrase of Curran's touching allusion to Lord Avonmore.*

Sir Henry Bulwer made Lord Palmerston's acquaintance in 1831, and thus describes the impression, personal and intellectual:—

"I then for the first time made Lord Palmerston's acquaintance at a party at Lady Cowper's, and still remember his appearance as that of a man in the full vigour of middle age, very well-dressed, very good-looking, with the large thick whiskers worn at that time. His air was more that of a man of the drawing-room than of the senate; but he had a clear, short, decisive way of speaking on business, which struck me at once. All the questions he put to me went straight to the point; and one could see that he was gathering in information for the purpose of fortifying opinions."

* "Yes, my Lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
Arts, which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

—Phillips's *Specimens of Irish Eloquence*, p. 133; and see Earl Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, p. 97.

It is a great advantage to a biographer, giving colour and distinctness to his work, to have been mixed up with the events he describes, and to have associated on intimate terms with the leading personages engaged in them. Besides placing Lord Palmerston bodily and vividly before us at different phases of his career, Sir Henry Bulwer's pages are frequently enlivened by incidental reminiscences or sketches of his contemporaries, *e. g.* :—

"In 1835 M. de Torreno had become Prime Minister in Spain, succeeding M. Martinez de la Rosa, the first constitutional minister who ruled in Spain. M. Torreno had been one of the first deputation that had originally applied to Mr. Canning for assistance against Napoleon; a man of great ability, both as a statesman and as a debater, bold, not over scrupulous, gallant, as fond of pleasure as of business, and accustomed to take the lead in one and the other. Mr. George Villiers, the late Lord Clarendon, was English minister. To great charm of manners and an acute intellect he joined that self-confidence which high birth and high fashion usually confer.

"Two clever men brought together in public affairs either like one another very much or not at all; and M. de Torreno and Mr. George Villiers liked one another not at all. In the land of the serenade and the guitar it is always pretended that love and politics go hand-in-hand, and the old question of *qui est elle* was raised on this occasion*—I am far from saying with reason, for there were public motives sufficiently evident for inducing Mr. Villiers to see things with different eyes than those of M. Torreno."

Constantinople, to which Sir H. Bulwer was sent as Secretary of Embassy by Lord Palmerston, in 1838, supplies some appropriate subjects for his pen :—

"The Grand Vizier Kiosreu was a shrewd, bold, illiterate barbarian, who was rather proud of being shorter and stouter than any other man in office; he had, however, great influence over the Sultan, and great authority over the Musulman population, who respected him from the knowledge that he was ready to have every man in the empire drowned, shot, poisoned, or decapitated, if it was necessary to carry out the views of himself or his master.

"The French and English ambassadorial residences were then fixed, within a stone's throw of each other, at Therapia—a small village fronting the entrance into the Black Sea; and the two ambassadors, Admiral Rousin and Lord Ponsonby, each went to his window on getting out of bed, the one at six in the

morning, and the other at six in the afternoon, prepared to see, without surprise, the Russian fleet anchored under their eyes. It was perhaps the only point on which these representatives of the two countries agreed. Both men eccentric, with great energy and ability, the one a philosopher, the other a fine gentleman—self-willed, and assuming rather to direct their governments than to be directed by them, were united by a common apprehension, in which each encouraged the other. This apprehension was, no doubt, an exaggerated one, but it could not be considered as altogether absurd."

The requirements of a commercial treaty, which Sir H. Bulwer was especially anxious to procure, brought him into frequent contact with the French Secretary of Embassy :—

"M. Bilcoq was a charming man; he sang beautifully; he excelled in *calembourgs*; he was naturally very clever; he had an excellent education, and an unhesitating good opinion of himself.

"He received my proposals characteristically. 'Pardon, my friend,' said he, 'when you have studied these commercial questions a year, here at Constantinople, when you have been endeavouring to draw up something like a treaty on that knowledge, you will be yet a year in your negotiations with this stupid Government before you get into the position which our embassy occupies in this matter. Thus, if you please, we will act singly, or each take his own way, for I have no wish to gain you credit by the aid of my experience.'

"I thus saw that I should not only obtain no aid, but that probably I should have to count with the opposition of my agreeable colleague; and a little more knowledge of the locality made me discover that every embassy considered itself, if not the enemy, the rival of the other."

Not at all discouraged, the English secretary persevered, with the concurrence of his chief, till the affair was sufficiently advanced to be submitted to the Sultan :—

"The general spirit of our proposals was laid before Mahmoud; in the destruction of monopolies the astute and determined old man saw the means of bringing Europe and his rebellious vassal (the Pacha of Egypt) into differences, and the order was given to sign without an hour's delay. I was summoned to the country-house of the Reis Effendi, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, near whom I was encamped; our head dragoman, Mr. Alexander Pissani, came quietly to meet us. We passed the whole day copying and translating. At ten Lord Ponsonby dropped down in his caïque, and we woke the next morning with the treaty concluded.

"The next morning also the fact was known, to the utter horror and surprise of my friend Bilcoq—

* The first thought of the celebrated Lecoq, when called in to investigate a crime, was invariably, *Trouvez-moi la femme*.

"'Est il possible, mon cher, que vous nous avez joué ce tour là ?'

"'Quel tour ? Seulement nous avons trouvé possible, ce que vous avez cru impossible.'

"'Mais que faire ?'

"'Nothing more easy, my dear fellow; here is a copy of our treaty. Do you have another copy made, and sign it to-day, and then let the Journal at Smyrna (a journal in the French pay) say that this happy result was entirely brought about by Admiral Roussin's influence, and your great knowledge of commercial affairs.'

"M. Bilcoq laughed heartily, shook me by the hand, and followed my advice.

"I have gone with some detail into this affair, not only because it was an interesting epoch in my own life, and that narration is improved by these personal episodes, but because it brings out Lord Palmerston's character. The whole of this affair had been managed without instructions from him, and with little communication with him. Another minister might have been sore at anything done in this way, or sought to give himself the credit of doing it. But Lord Palmerston was above all petty feelings of this kind. He got Lord Ponsonby raised in the peerage, named me to the post I most wished for,—Secretary of Embassy at Paris—and mentioned in a very flattering manner my services in Parliament.

"It is in this way that a chief attaches those who serve under him and makes them zealous in serving him well."

Lord Palmerston attached great importance to commercial treaties, and prided himself on the number (fourteen, we believe) he had conducted or initiated. But what he deemed his masterpiece in negotiation and diplomacy was the "Quadruple Alliance Treaty," signed in London, April 22nd, 1831. "This treaty," he writes to his brother, May 12, 1834, "was a capital hit, and all my own doing." The contracting parties were England, France, Spain, and Portugal; the powers against which it was directed, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It was the unfurling of the flag of constitutional government against des-

potism. Sir H. Bulwer says of it: "Audacity and safety went hand-in-hand. To select noble ends, to pursue them boldly, and achieve them peaceably, is statesmanship; and after the signature of the Quadruple Alliance Lord Palmerston held the rank of a statesman on the continent of Europe." This treaty, his own cherished work, did not prevent him, when the Syrian complications arose in January, 1840, from co-operating with Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in opposition to France; a decisive proof that he was not to be diverted from what he thought the public good by any superficial notion of consistency.

The present publication stops at the resignation of the Whig Ministry in 1841, and we must postpone any comprehensive review of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy till it has been fully unfolded by the biography. Some questionable episodes are to come; but so far as we have seen yet, he is shown to have been uniformly actuated by an elevated sense of national dignity and a just appreciation of national interests. Be the final judgment of his statesmanship what it may, we feel confident that the estimate of the personal qualities of the man will be all that admiring friends could anticipate or faithful adherents can desire. His generosity, loyalty, straightforwardness, excellent sense, fine temper, and affectionate disposition, shine out in these pages without a speck; and an unerring proof of his conscious honesty of purpose and good faith is the frankness, verging on indiscretion, with which he unbosoms himself in his journals and correspondence, laying bare every motive that actuated him in the most trying circumstances and emergencies. It is this frankness, judiciously turned to account by the biographer, that will make this *Life* (with a single exception, Earl Stanhope's "*Life of Pitt*") the most valuable contribution to the annals of English statesmanship that English literature can boast.

LITTELL'S *LIVING AGE* contains a poem entitled "Autumn Woods," which is credited to the English periodical entitled *Public Opinion*. An American author, W. C. Bryant, has behaved towards this periodical with great injustice. Some forty years before *Public Opinion*

was started, he wrote and published the poem in question, an act which may be called plagiarism by anticipation, and which has the effect of depriving the English weekly of whatever credit, great or little, might be gained by a first publication.

N. Y. Evening Post.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

DINNER had been served and Mr. Egerton was half through his soup before Captain Verschoyle made his appearance.

"You must pardon me for being late, sir," he said, with a look on his countenance which checked the banter in which his old friend had been about to indulge.

Captain Verschoyle several times during dinner broached topics of conversation, but with such an effort that they invariably broke down. At length, when they had drawn up to the fire, and there was no chance of being disturbed, the old man laid his hand kindly on his companion's shoulder, saying, "What's the matter, Charlie? has anything gone wrong?"

Captain Verschoyle gazed gloomily into the fire, as he answered—

"No, nothing has gone wrong, only Mr. Crewdson has just shown me that I am a cowardly scoundrel."

"Ah! I've had the same idea myself," growled Mr. Egerton; then, raising his voice, he added, "but, confound his impudence, he needn't come here to tell you that."

"I have been sneering at that man since ever I saw him," continued Captain Verschoyle, speaking to himself, and giving no heed to Mr. Egerton's remarks. "I thought him one of the biggest fools in the world. I scarcely thought him worthy of common civility, and turned up my eyes at the bare idea of any woman bestowing a thought on him. Now, if any one asked me to name a man of honour and a gentleman, I'd say Josiah Crewdson."

"Why, what for?" said Mr. Egerton, in considerable amazement.

Captain Verschoyle suddenly jumped up, pushed his chair aside, and exclaimed, "I've been a coward, a villain, a scoundrel. You know, sir, it's all about Miss Fox. Almost from the first time I saw her I cared for her more than I had ever done for any other girl. I tried all I could to make her think about me, and I wasn't at peace until I was sure she loved me; and then I thought I had done a foolish thing, and must get out of it. I came to you, but I persuaded her to go to York. And because she didn't arrive there the very day I expected her, I, regardless of consequences to her, went off to Leeds to see her. Mr. Crewdson's sisters, thinking she was going to marry their brother, did not approve of this, and said a great deal. I

can't quite explain it, but it seems that if a young lady of their persuasion receives a visit from a soldier, it in some way compromises her. And, though she had the day before refused young Crewdson, by Jove, sir! he was plucky enough to defend her when she was attacked by his sisters, saying that I had her father's consent, and was going to marry her."

"Well, but wasn't it true?"

"True? no, I was playing a game of fast and loose with her. I pretended that I wanted to marry her, and that she was treating me very hardly because she dared not disobey her father, whose consent she was sure would never be given; and all the time I wanted to get out of it. I never intended to marry her. I knew I loved her better than all the world, but my pride wouldn't allow me to make her my wife."

"Of course not, as you said yourself, the very idea is absurd. Why, you told me her father kept a shop," said Mr. Egerton.

"Absurd or not, I intend doing it."

"You do?" roared the old man in his gruffest voice. "You'll surely never make such a fool of yourself. Why should you? Who'll be the wiser, except a few out-of-the-way people, who, if they made their appearance among your set, would be laughed at. Nonsense, Charlie, you'll think better of it."

"I hope not," said Captain Verschoyle firmly. "One reason is, that I never rested until I had destroyed the peace of her innocent life, and caused her to reject a man who is a hundred times more worthy of her than I am. Another is, that I love her with all my abominably selfish heart. And don't think, sir, all this is caused by young Crewdson's visit; before he came I felt I couldn't part with her, and intended seeing her to-morrow."

"You'll be cut," said Mr. Egerton, nodding his head sententiously; "nobody will receive her, and all your relations will turn their backs upon you."

"Let them, it's very little good they ever did me, except patronize me and make me discontented."

"You'll require to leave your regiment. You can't stay there, you know; and then good-bye to all your visions of military glory."

"Yes, I know all that, but ——"

"But you are determined to be an ass," said the old man with a sneer; "and for whom? The baby-faced daughter of a country shop-keeper. Pahaw!"

Captain Verschoyle turned scarlet, and

then grew pale as he said, with his face to Mr. Egerton —

"Perhaps I may as well tell you, sir, that you have now reached the limit of my forbearance. If Miss Fox will honour me with her hand, I shall be as proud of being her husband as if she were the daughter of a duke. And when she is my wife, I will take care that no one treats her with less respect than they would if the bluest blood in England flowed in her veins."

Mr. Egerton jumped up, and slapped his godson on the back.

"Give me your hand, Charlie, for I'm proud of you," he cried. "The world hasn't spoiled you yet, my boy, and you're worthy of your father's name. As for young Crewdson, here's three cheers for him, and good luck to him next time. He's a Briton, that fellow, though he is a Quaker."

There was some further giving way to their mutual good feelings, and then Mr. Egerton said —

"Come now, let us have up some more wine, and then we'll settle to business, for we have forgotten one very important point;" and making an inexpressibly droll face he said, "How about your mother?"

"Yes, I have thought about her, and I see no way of managing her. Of course the Hanburys will consider I have acted unfairly to them as well as to Dorothy, and will feel keenly any slight my mother might put upon her."

"Humph! I don't often take a scheme in hand, and it's many a year since I tackled her ladyship; but we have had tilts before now, and I have not always come off second best. What do you say, will you trust your cause to me?"

"Most thankfully."

"Well, I shan't explain my tactics, but I'll do my best to show my talent as a diplomatist."

Captain Verschoyle laughed heartily at the idea of the encounter. "I shall go and see Dorothy to-morrow morning," he said, "and after that I shall decide my movements. I hope, after all, her father will be brought to give his consent."

"Of course he will," replied Mr. Egerton; "and after you have seen the young lady I shall call upon her and Miss Fletcher. I'll forgive your getting married, Charlie, since she is not one of those town madams whose hollow shams would have been more than your old godfather could have swallowed. She has a sweet innocent face, and if it is in the power of

a woman to make a man happy, *she* ought to do it."

Before twelve o'clock the following day Captain Verschoyle arrived at Miss Fletcher's house, where he inquired for Miss Fox.

"Please, sir, they're gone," said the little maid.

"Gone!" said Captain Verschoyle. "Gone where?"

"I don't know, please, sir; but mistress and Miss Dorothy went away an hour ago to the train. Perhaps you'd like to see Jane."

So Jane came, but all the information she could give was, that a letter had come which had caused them to leave unexpectedly, and she rather thought Miss Dorothy had returned home. She could not say for certain, however, as mistress did not say; she only told her she would write when they reached their journey's end.

Captain Verschoyle did not wait to hear more, he rushed away hardly stopping to draw breath until he reached the station; but the London train had gone. He asked one or two of the porters if two ladies — whom he described — had been passengers by it, and one man said "Yes," but whether they were going to London or not he could not say.

Captain Verschoyle returned to Darington, consulted with Mr. Egerton, wrote a letter to Nathaniel Fox, and by the next morning's train started with his old friend for London.

Mr. Egerton was dropped at his club, but Captain Verschoyle went on to Egmont Street. Her ladyship was in her own room, and thither her son, by her desire, proceeded to see her. "Why, mother, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as soon as their first greetings were over, and they were alone. "I expected to find you tearing your hair, and Audrey in a strait waistcoat. Where is she?"

"Oh, don't speak of her, Charles! and lay aside all jesting, for I assure you our trouble is a very serious one."

Captain Verschoyle looked very grave as he drew a chair to the fire, and sat down prepared to listen to the domestic tragedy. "What has she been doing?" he asked.

"I need not tell *you*, Charles, all I have sacrificed for that ungrateful girl."

"No, mother," quickly interposed her son, dreading a repetition of the oft-told tale. "I know you have been very good to us both."

"Yes; but you can never understand

how entirely I have forgotten myself for her sake. You remember the new dresses I gave her so recently to go to Dyne Court with, and the trouble I had to get an invitation. I nearly asked Mr. Ford for it, entirely on her account; for certainly I should not have sought to be the guest of a man who had probably been one of your grandfather's tradespeople. But as I thought it was to secure her a good establishment, I was content. The man paid her the greatest attention, and she seemed delighted with her prospects, and quite secure of the match. Suddenly, and apparently without any reason, she informed me that she could not marry Mr. Ford, and asked me to take her away. Well, off we went, and I so managed that the old man never suspected the cause, but set it down to my nervous fears about her health. Of course I tried to discover her reason for this extraordinary conduct, and I was led to believe it was owing to a whim of which she began to feel rather ashamed. You know how all this would try my nerves, my dear boy, I assure you they felt shattered. When your Aunt Spencer asked me to go to Beauwood for a few days, I felt it was a duty to accept, and went, though very reluctantly. And would you believe it, Charles, while I was absent Mr. Ford came here, and that miserable girl refused him. He's a millionaire!—a Cræsus! His wealth is fabulous! He could give her *anything* she wished for, and make any settlement we chose to name; and she absolutely refused to marry him!"

"Well, you have amazed me!" exclaimed Captain Verschoyle—"she seemed to have made up her mind to have the old fellow. But really, mother—"

"Wait. You have not heard the worst," interrupted Lady Laura, "Let me give you her reason."

"Oh! there is a reason?"

"Yes. The reason is"—and here her ladyship bowed her head in mock obedience to her daughter's decision—"that she has accepted, and intends to become the wife of that poverty-stricken, quixotic fellow Dynecourt."

"By Jove! You don't mean *that*? Audrey marry Dynecourt. Impossible!"

"It shall be, if I can make it so. The idea of the man having the impertinence to propose to a girl like Audrey, my daughter, on an income of six hundred a year. He came too, with as much assurance as if it had been sixty thousand. I think I rather surprised him. I did not

spare them, I assure you, and he could not say a word, but sat looking at Audrey, who, with great want of delicacy, came into the room ten minutes after he arrived, and said she desired to be present."

"Well, mother, you have electrified me! Wonders will never cease! Fancy Audrey marrying for love!"

"Good gracious, Charles! is that the way you take it?" exclaimed Lady Laura.

"Have you so little affection for your sister that you can calmly allow her to disgrace herself by marrying a man who can only give her a poky house in a bye street, and a new bonnet once a year?"

"Don't be absurd, mother. You know Dynecourt comes of as good a family as any man in England, and as far as the name goes, there's not a woman living but might be proud to bear it."

"May I ask you if people can live on their long pedigree and ancient name?"

"Certainly not; but Audrey and Dynecourt are not wholly dependent on these. I know you must be disappointed, mother, because you have always hoped so much for her. And I would rather she had chosen a man who was able to give her what, at least, she has been accustomed to; but as to the two men, although Ford is a very decent fellow, I congratulate myself on my exchange of brothers-in-law."

"Thank you, Charles," said his mother, in her most severe tone; "I might have known if there was any way by which you could add to my annoyance you would choose it. Why I should trouble myself about you and Audrey I cannot tell, for never was a mother so utterly disregarded and scoffed at."

"Don't say that, for you know it is not true, mother. But if you and I were to talk for ever, we cannot alter the fact that Audrey loves this man, and knowing that, I do not see that we have any right to prevent her marrying him because he does not happen to have as much money as we wish. She has to accept the wants, and do without the luxuries, and if she is content, let us try and make the best of it, and not damp all the poor girl's happiness."

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Lady Laura, passionately. "I see through it all. Your sister and you may be very clever, but you cannot blind me. You have been laying your plans together to wheedle me out of a trousseau and a wedding such as she wants. You may both save yourselves the trouble, for I assure you, if she and her fine lover choose to

marry, they can do so when and how they please, but not one farthing do they get from me."

"Come, come, mother, you don't mean that."

"Indeed, Charles, I do mean it."

"What! you will allow your only daughter to leave her home as if she had no one in the world to care for her but the man who is taking her from it?"

"My only daughter has shown no more consideration for me than my only son."

"Oh! very well, then you compel me to take my father's place," replied Captain Verschoyle. "I cannot give her much, but she shall have as good an outfit as I can provide, and I shall take apartments, from which she can be properly and decently married. However, long before it comes to this, mother, I trust your good sense and right feeling will return; just now you are allowing disappointment to get the better of you."

"Charles, how dare you speak to me in this manner!" cried Lady Laura. "Oh! nobody else *can* have two such ungrateful, unfeeling children!" and she took refuge in her handkerchief.

"I had better leave you, or we may lose our tempers," said her son, "which would be injurious to you and very unbecoming in me;" and he walked out of the room.

"Poor old lady!" he thought, "she little dreams of the bitter draught which will follow this pill. We must let her get breath before anything of mine is mentioned. It is really hard lines for her, after all her hopes, to find us making such marriages as we two seem bent upon."

"I shall go down to Fryston to-morrow," he continued; "I wonder if they have taken her there or to Devonshire. I expect it has turned out as Crewdson feared, and the old man has got scent of the thing. Serves me right for not doing it at once. But he must give in, for have her I will. Come in," he said aloud, in answer to a knock at the door. "Well! you most inconsistent of all your inconsistent sex, come here and let me look at you, that I may see if you are some changeling, or still my very sister Audrey."

"Oh, Charley, I am so glad to see you!"

"Ah! you're longing to have my scolding about this Dynecourt affair over. Now look at me, and answer the following questions. Have you well considered all you are going to give up? For, accord-

ing to mamma's account, you will have to do without a great many things very dear to you."

Audrey nodded her head.

"And you care sufficiently for this man to share his life?"

"Yes, I feel like dear old Elia. I wish I could throw the remainder of our joint existences into a heap, that we might share them equally. It is of no use disguising it, Charley; I have taken the disease in its most aggravated form, and it's going very hard with me." Then, looking into his face, she said, "You will try to like him, Charley? and say you hope we may be happy."

"I do from the very bottom of my heart," he answered, kissing her. "And as for Dynecourt, he's a capital fellow, and I shall be proud to call him brother. Why, Audrey, *you* crying! I have not seen you cry since you were a child. Nonsense, you stupid thing. The old lady is a little on stilts just now, but she will come all right, only give her time. You must not mind her being disappointed; that is only natural, you know. When do you want to run away from us?"

"Oh, Geoffrey says as soon as we can get a house. I tell him he is afraid that I shall change my mind; but there is no fear of that now."

"Well," said her brother, "you know I will do all I can to smooth matters for you; and if mamma is cross, we must not seem to notice it."

So, acting on this principle, they tried to make themselves pleasant and agreeable during dinner, but Lady Laura would have none of their amenities. She wore her most injured air, and seldom spoke, unless to beg her daughter not to laugh, as it jarred upon her nerves; or to ask her son not to speak *quite* so loud, as her head would not stand it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

"AUDREY," said Captain Verschoyle, as they sat chatting together next morning after breakfast, "I've something to tell you. Do you know I am more in love than I ever was before?"

"You in love! Nonsense, Charley — not seriously?"

"Yes, seriously," he replied, stretching himself, so as to appear quite at his ease; "so much so that I have asked the girl to marry me."

"Who is she?" exclaimed Audrey, in

amazement. "Any one I know? Not Miss Bingham?"

"No," laughed her brother, "I think she had better marry old Ford, as a sort of squaring up of matters properly. But it's somebody you have seen."

"Some one I have seen. Oh! I should never guess, Charlie, unless it be Edith Stapleton; but then she has only been a widow three weeks."

"Don't be absurd," said Captain Verschoyle; "what should put her into your head?"

"Why, because you were so desperately in love with her once. I remember when you heard she was going to marry Colonel Stapleton you were frantic, and walked in front of her window almost a whole night."

"Yes, I recollect that too," laughed Captain Verschoyle; "that night cured me. I got a horrid cold, and sneezed all the love out of my head I suppose, for certainly it had never got beyond that weak part of my body."

"And this is, you think, a different phase of the tender passion? You have had much experience, you know, Charlie, within my memory."

"Yes, but all differing from this. I know that naturally I am a very selfish fellow, but somehow I feel I could give up everything for the sake of this girl."

"Do tell me who she is, Charles; then I shall know whether I am to put faith in you."

"Well," said Captain Verschoyle, feeling rather nervous, "you remember that pretty Quaker child we saw at Plymouth?"

"Yes."

"Then, regardless of grammar, that's her."

"Now I *know* you are laughing," said Audrey, puzzled to understand what he meant.

"Indeed I am not. I am quite serious. I will tell you all about it. When in London, after leaving Dyne Court, I went to the Paddington station to inquire about my boxes: there, to my surprise, I met Mrs. Fox and her daughter. They had come up to visit another daughter, a Mrs. Hanbury, who lives at Fryston. And seeing they were in a dilemma because of not meeting her as they had expected, I, in return for their kindness to me, volunteered to conduct them safely to Shoreditch. Mrs. Hanbury took me for a friend of her mother's, and invited me to dinner. As I was alone, and did not know very well how to pass my time, I accepted, and went

down the next day. I found they lived in a charming house, knew very nice people — Dynecourt, by the way, visited there — and altogether were a most refined and agreeable family. Miss Fox was going to remain there, and perhaps that induced me to make another visit to them, and so it went on until I found myself over head and ears in love. At first I thought it would share the fate of my other amours, and the flame would die out before it was well kindled. But instead of that it has gone on increasing, until I am worried with fears that her bigoted old father, who has a horror of soldiers, won't give his consent, and the child, I believe, would be frightened to death at the idea of marrying without it."

"You don't mean to say you have asked her father?" said Audrey, in amazement.

"Of course I have. What else would you have me to do?" replied her brother sharply.

"Well, I suppose, nothing," said Audrey; "only I wonder if you remember —" and she stopped, not knowing how to finish her sentence.

"I know what you mean," said Captain Verschoyle, in a defiant voice; "you wonder because he keeps a shop; and suppose he does, what difference does that make to her, or to my love for her? She is as much a lady in education, thought, and feeling as any one I know."

"Oh! I am sure of that, Charlie. You remember how much I admired her, and how astonished I was to find that you had not been more impressed with her beauty. Still I must say I am surprised at your having overcome all the notions you have hitherto held. It will be very awkward for you; everybody will naturally ask 'who was she?'"

"Well! and let them ask. I do not care. If they have no more feeling for me than that, I am well rid of such friends. Am I to break the heart of a dear, sweet, loving girl, who, I know, would make my whole life good and happy, because her father does not happen to have a position in the great world? Suppose Dynecourt's father, or Dynecourt himself, kept a shop, what would you do?"

"Help him in the business now, my dear; but had such been the case I am not quite certain that I should have so readily fallen in love with him."

"Had I seen Dorothy surrounded by anything but refinement, neither should I. Remember when I first saw her and mistook the servant for her mother, I never gave her a thought. But when I met her

and her relations, perfect in manner and breeding, and with all the luxuries and elegancies of wealth about them, the whole thing was changed. In the same way you thanked Mr. Ford for the honour he had conferred on you by proposing that you should become the mistress of Dyne Court. But had he kept the establishment of his early days and walked from behind the counter to entreat you to be Mrs. Richard Ford, you would have told him he was ready for a lunatic asylum, or he could never have forgotten the difference between your station and his own."

"Quite true, Charlie dear," said Audrey, giving him a kiss. "Still you must forgive me for expressing some astonishment, and also for asking you whether you have considered all you are giving up. If you married without money, I suppose you would be obliged to sell out?"

"Yes. But really, Audrey, I am thoroughly sick of soldiering. Harry Egerton and I went into things the other night, and I should have about six hundred a year. I would much rather live in the country than in the town. You know I hate balls and dinners. I am getting too old for such things. A snug little place and a sweet little wife are a great deal more to my fancy now."

"Oh, you dear old thing!" laughed his sister, giving him another hug. "I believe it is true. Why you are getting absolutely romantic. Of course she is dreadfully in love with you?"

"Well, I believe she is," said Captain Verschoyle, "but the last time I saw her I gave way to my abominable temper and went off in a huff." He then proceeded to relate that the next morning, being repentant, he had called, but found that Dorothy and her aunt had left. "But I fancy they have only gone to Fryston, and I shall run down there in an hour's time to see. I do hope the old man will write to me. I quite expected to have had an answer to my letter this morning. I do not see that he can say anything but 'Yes,' for to satisfy his scruples of conscience, I offered to give up my profession."

The sister and brother had a little more conversation about their future hopes and plans, and then Captain Verschoyle started for Fryston. He would have felt very uneasy about his reception, had his thoughts not been engrossed with Dorothy. He had no doubt that she would forgive him, especially when he told her he had written to her father offering for her sake to become a man of peace.

Fryston Grange, even in winter, when

the trees were no longer clothed with their leafy coverings, was a pretty place. As Captain Verschoyle walked towards the house he felt he had very little to offer Dorothy in comparison with the comforts her sister enjoyed. Love was beginning to work a complete change in the man's nature. It was making him uncertain of his own merits and doubtful as to his success. He had seldom felt more thoroughly ill at ease than he did during the few minutes he sat in Mrs. Hanbury's drawing-room, waiting for her to make her appearance.

The door opened, and instead of Grace, Dorothy came to meet him. How was it that Charles Verschoyle, feeling more love for her than he had ever done before, seemed all at once utterly incapable of giving expression to it? Josiah Crewdson himself could not have been more embarrassed. He stood holding both her hands in his until Dorothy looked into his face for the cause of his changed manner. But the gaze she met must have satisfied her, for the blood came rushing to her cheeks as she stammered —

"I am so glad to see thee again. Grace is not at home; she has taken Aunt Abigail for a drive."

"I do not deserve this happiness, Dorothy," Captain Verschoyle at last got power to say; "but I have been wretched since our last meeting."

And the next half-hour was taken up in listening to all the self-inflicted woes and torments only pleasing to the ears of those for whom they are endured. After this, their hopes and fears regarding her father's consent being obtained had to be discussed, and then Captain Verschoyle looked very grave as he said —

"Dorothy, I have done much that needs to be forgiven by you."

Dorothy looked up surprised.

"Yes," he added; "I fear had you possessed more worldly knowledge, and read me truly, you would never have given me your love. I had no right to ask it from you when I did, but I was so anxious to hear that the treasure which I coveted was mine that I did not care what you suffered. I had no right to go to York, or to induce you to go there, without first speaking to your family; it was taking advantage of the trusting innocence of a child — for such you are compared with me, Dorothy. And it was selfishness that took me to Leeds, causing me to be utterly unmindful of how much you might suffer for it. Oh, my darling! I cannot forgive myself."

"But I can forgive thee," she said, putting

her hand into his. "I too acted wrongly in going to see the Crewdsons, because I knew father would not approve of thee; but, Charles, thou hast told him thou wilt give up being a soldier?"

"Yes, dear. Dorothy, I have but little to offer you. I am but a poor man, as well as a very indifferent and selfish one."

She put her hand across his mouth, saying—

"Thou shalt not say so to me."

"Ah! but it is true," he laughed, delighted at her sweet contradiction; "but if my Dolly will but try, I think she will make me, if not a Quaker, at least a better and a happier man."

An hour passed before Captain Verschoyle rose to go. "I shall now see Mr. Hanbury," he said, "and you will tell your sister I came purposely to talk to her, and that if she will permit me I shall come again on Wednesday or Thursday, or whenever I hear from your father." He held her from him, and looking into her face, said earnestly, "He cannot, I think, say No; but, Dorothy, if he should, would you give me up?"

"No, Charles, I cannot take back my love. Whatever comes now, it is thine for ever."

"Then mine is yours; and, child, if we are but true to each other, surely God will help us."

CHAPTER XL.

SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMACY.

WHEN Captain Verschoyle next met Mr. Egerton, he told his old friend that he had seen Dorothy at Fryston, and had made all straight with John Hanbury. "He does not give me much hope of obtaining Mr. Fox's consent," he said. "It seems he had set his heart upon his daughter marrying young Crewdson, who is uncommonly rich, so I daresay, besides his horror at having a soldier for a son-in-law, he will think I have not money enough."

"Horror!" repeated the old gentleman. "Why should a parcel of Quakers turn up their noses at honest men because they're soldiers? Confound their ingratitude, if I come across old Fox I'll give him a bit of my mind. *His principles*, forsooth! What would have been the good of his principles in Siberia or some such outlandish place, where we might all have been in a prison now hadn't it been for such as you? though I daresay," he added, fearing he was scattering his praise too freely, "you did not manage to find yourself in front when the fighting began."

Captain Verschoyle laughed at this imputation on his gallantry, and the old man continued—

"James Allan, of York, is a connection of the Foxes, and I was asking about them; he says they are very wealthy people. Of course you know that?"

"No. I do not believe they are wealthy; but I have not given money a thought. I have no doubt they are tolerably well off—nothing more."

"Positively, your attachment is quite Arcadian in its simplicity," said Mr. Egerton with one of his old sneers. "Have you spoken to your mother yet?"

"No; I am leaving that to you. I was thinking if we could only get her to take up the cudgels we might gain an easy victory."

"A very sensible idea, by Jove! I should like to see your mother tackle the broad brimmers."

"If we could only manage an interview between her and Mr. Fox," said Captain Verschoyle, laughing at the absurdity of the thought, but without any idea of carrying it into practice.

"We'll do it, Charlie," exclaimed Mr. Egerton, delighted at the prospect of such an encounter, "and I'll back her ladyship. So to-morrow I shall call at Egmont Street about twelve o'clock; and be sure that you and Audrey are out of the way."

The scheme which Mr. Egerton had formed for obtaining Lady Laura's consent to her son's *mésalliance* was founded on the information he had obtained in York respecting Nathaniel Fox and his family. There was no doubt that Nathaniel was a rich man, for to his own money had been added his wife's fortune. Besides this, Dorothy would be certain to inherit the portion which her grandfather had left to her Aunt Abigail. Therefore, quite unconsciously, Charles had wooed an heiress, and Mr. Egerton knew that wealth was the open sesame to Lady Laura's heart.

Arrived at Egmont Street, Mr. Egerton put Lady Laura in good humour at once, by saying, apparently to himself, in his gruffest voice, "Hum! younger than ever. Some people don't know how to get old;" whereupon Lady Laura was most cordial in her greeting, and became quite interested in an attack of gout he had lately suffered from.

At length he said, "Oh! by the way, I suppose I ought to congratulate you on getting rid of that shop-chandler son-in-law whom Audrey had set her mind upon giving you when I last heard from you."

Lady Laura winced.

"Abominable old bear," she thought; "he wants to annoy me, but he shall not be gratified by seeing it," so without appearing at all vexed she said, "Thanks — although I do not know that I care much for the exchange she has made."

"Well, but Dynecourt comes of an excellent family," continued Mr. Egerton.

"Granted; only when people are not worth a penny, their family is of little importance."

"Still, you would rather have a man of your own class for a son-in-law, I suppose."

"I should not have objected to Mr. Ford," said Lady Laura, smiling blandly; "and I wonder at your asking me about it. I thought you were so fond of the *bourgeoisie*, that you considered *they* conferred honour upon us in the alliances which we formed with them."

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Egerton. "I think they generally get the worst of the bargain."

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders. "I look upon the matter as a fair exchange," she said. "If they did not want blood, they would not marry us; and if we did not want money, assuredly we should never marry them. Had I a fortune to give Audrey and Charles, I should expect they would make their choice from their own set. But as wealth has been denied us, I do not consider that my son or my daughter will lose caste if they marry persons connected with business, provided their fortunes are sufficiently ample to silence people's remarks, or give a *souçon* of envy to those they make."

"Very sensibly put," exclaimed Mr. Egerton. "I wish I had only known that your sentiments were so liberal, Lady Laura. I always imagined you had a horror of everybody connected with trade."

"Well, trade is an odious word, certainly; but no one regards a wealthy man, like Mr. Ford for instance, as a common shopkeeper."

"Still, I have heard that he kept a shop, or his father did before him."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Lady Laura, raising her hand with a deprecatory movement. "In these days of parvenus, fathers are ignored, and it is the worst possible taste to talk of any family but your own; if that happens to be good, speak of it by all means, for these people worship rank and breeding."

"Two things their money can't buy, eh!"

"Of course not. They must gain them by reflection, so they marry into good families — a very laudable thing too; they are

then received into society on account of the wife's or husband's standing."

"Ah! I wish I had known your opinions before," said Mr. Egerton mysteriously.

"Why? For what reason?"

"Well," replied the old man with a charming air of candour, "perhaps I ought not to speak of it; but I hate secrets, and as you're his mother, it cannot much matter."

Lady Laura threw off her nonchalant air at once, and gave undivided attention to Mr. Egerton's conversation.

"It appears that some time ago Charley's fancy was taken by a very pretty girl he saw. He found that her father was a woolen manufacturer, or something of that sort, in the West of England, so he tried to forget her. At York, however, they met by accident again, and then he told me about it, saying, as he knew you would never receive her, he should try to overcome his affection."

"Most certainly not," said Lady Laura firmly.

"Oh! well then, that's all right; for since you have been talking I have been wondering if I had been to blame in the matter."

"You to blame! How?"

"Well, of course, I made inquiries about the family, for her aunt happens to be a neighbour of mine. And, by Jove! I discovered they are very wealthy people. The girl will have a large fortune from her father, besides her mother's money and this maiden aunt's."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Lady Laura. "What did Charles say?"

"Oh! I have never told him. I thought, if I did, perhaps he wouldn't agree to give her up."

"And why on earth should he, if she has all this money?"

"Why, as I told you, her father is a tradesman: may keep a draper's shop, for anything I know."

"My dear Mr. Egerton, now you are too absurd. You know what Charles's income is, and how extravagant his habits are. Unless he marries a girl with money, what is he to do? He is tired of being a soldier, and wants a home; and how is he to get one? If the girl is at all decent, and has a fortune, and such prospects as you describe, he could not do better than marry her. And he ought to know that I have his happiness too much at heart to put any obstacle in his way."

Mr. Egerton's brown eyes grew quite bright, and twinkled at the success of his scheme.

"You really surprise me; I thought you would have been distracted about it," he said. "And you have not heard all yet,—they are Quakers!"

"Quakers!" echoed Lady Laura. "What, those people who wear the horrid bonnets and grey gowns? Oh! Charles must have known she had money. No man could fall in love with a woman disguised in that manner. Impossible!"

"Is it? I can tell you, my dear lady, I have not seen anything so sweet for a very long time; she's as fresh as a blush rose. If all the women are like her, I ought to thank my stars I was not brought up a broad-brimmed."

"Then you have seen her?" she asked.

"Yes, she was staying at Leeds with some people I know, and I offered to escort her to York, knowing nothing about Charlie, you see."

"And Charlie likes the girl, and you know she has lots of money, and is charming, and yet you are allowing her to slip through his fingers. What absurd notions men take into their heads, to be sure! This, I suppose, then, was the cause of his giving up Miss Bingham and her £50,000?"

"Well, if he can get this girl, he need never repent that sacrifice."

"You don't mean it?" replied Lady Laura delighted. "But have you made every inquiry? Is your authority reliable?"

"Oh! her mother's family have lived about York for years; they are very quiet people, spending little, and this girl's father married twice, each time a lady with money. The Quakers are generally moneyed folk, you know. The girl's mother was the second wife."

"And Charles really admires her, and is trying to overcome it on my account?" said Lady Laura. "Dear boy!"

"Well, perhaps I must not give him too much credit for self-denial!" laughed the old gentleman. "To tell you the truth, he *has* proposed for her, and her father refuses his consent."

"And why? For what?" exclaimed her ladyship indignantly.

"The reason he gives is, that Charles is a soldier, and not a Quaker."

"Oh! those reasons can be easily overcome," replied Lady Laura confidentially. "Charles already intends to give up his profession, which the old man need not know, and therefore will take as a concession to his wishes. Then he can go to the chapel with them for a little time; that is often done. Sir Francis Charlton always went to early prayers with that rich Miss

Jones until they were married, and I am sure those Dalrymple girls went for months to some little conventicle because they wanted to catch Lord Kilmarsh. I took Audrey there once, and I thought I should have died. However, we never went again, for before the end of the next week we heard that he had married his old tutor's daughter. Oh! that can easily be managed. I must have a talk with Charles. I shall tell him I feel much hurt at his want of confidence in his mother. My children never seem to comprehend that the one object of my life has been to make them happy."

"It was rather rash of him, though," said Mr. Egerton, "to propose without knowing whether the girl had a penny."

"But don't you think he must have known something of it?" replied Lady Laura.

"No; for he does not believe it now. The real motive which the father has for refusing Charles is, that he wants his daughter to marry a man to whom she was half engaged when she met Charles—a man of enormous wealth."

"Now, is not that exactly like those rich people?" asked her ladyship in an injured tone. "They are so fearfully avaricious; all they think about is money. Odious old man! And he would sacrifice his daughter?"

"Oh yes! without a scruple," replied Mr. Egerton. "Her father thinks he ought to choose her husband for her."

"Absurd!" exclaimed her ladyship. "But what is their name?"

"Fox. The other members of the family favour Charles; only the old man seems to be against him."

"Well, I call it, very, very unkind of Charles," said Lady Laura, "to allow all this to go on without mentioning it to his mother."

"Well, I daresay he would have done so, but he thought you had been worried enough lately. But now I shall tell him I have spoken to you, and that he had better act upon your advice, which we know is generally correct."

Mr. Egerton and Lady Laura parted mutually pleased with each other—he at the success of his undertaking, she at the prospect of her son securing a rich wife. For her ill-fortune with Audrey had shaken her confidence and made her fear that Charles would also disappoint her hopes. She saw now that these fears were not groundless. According to Harry Egerton's account he was partially ignorant of the girl's expectations (not that she quite be-

lieved that) — still it savoured of imprudence to propose without consulting her, and the sooner he married the better.

So Lady Laura was impatient until she saw Captain Verschoyle. She then acted with much caution, speaking of little else than her great love for him, her desire to see him settled, and her readiness to promote his happiness in every way. She readily acceded to his request that she would call upon the Hanburys when Mr. Fox's consent was obtained, and fixed the following Thursday for her visit. "You can write and say that we are coming, Charles, and that will remove the awkwardness of a first meeting."

This prospect, and a letter from Miss Brocklehurst, somewhat softened her towards Audrey, who, she now knew, had already met Miss Fox. Audrey praised the young lady's beauty, described the house and grounds, and did all in her power to strengthen her mother's favourable opinion of the match.

"When I call I shall take you with me," said Lady Laura, "and remember that we go very quietly dressed. You can put on your brown silk, and I shall wear black, and Marshall must take the feather out of my bonnet."

"Really, mamma," said Audrey, "I do not see any necessity for that."

"I daresay you do not; but however little *you* may have appreciated it, I have made it my rule through life never to consider myself when the happiness or interest of my children was at stake. When I visit these people I shall adapt myself as much as possible to their habits and manners, and I trust, for your brother's sake, Audrey, that you will endeavour to do the same."

CHAPTER XLII.

WHICH IS IT TO BE?

AUDREY did not require to don her most sober-looking dress, and Lady Laura's bonnet continued to be adorned by the feather, for the visit to Fryston had to be postponed. Next morning's post brought a most decided refusal of Captain Verschoyle's suit, to which Nathaniel Fox said his conscience and his principles alike forbade him to listen.

Captain Verschoyle went at once to Mr. Hanbury's office, but was told that John had not been there that morning. This decided him to take the train to Fryston, and on reaching the Grange he learnt from Grace that on the previous evening her father had arrived from Leeds, and had

that morning started for King's-heart, taking Dorothy with him. "She left this note for you," said Grace, "and I need not tell you in what distress the poor child was. I fear this is a hopeless case, Captain Verschoyle."

Captain Verschoyle read Dorothy's note, and then he set his face firmly, as one who makes a strong resolve.

"No, Mrs. Hanbury," he answered, "it is not hopeless, and never shall be as long as your sister is true to what she says here. She bids me hope on, and I will hope ever, and I believe we shall yet conquer."

So it was agreed that Charles Verschoyle should continue his visits to Fryston. There he would get all the tidings they could give him of Dorothy, and of the success of her plan to soften her father and get their wish granted.

Nathaniel Fox had gone to Leeds to see Josiah Crewdson, and learn from him the reason for his assertion that Dorothy, with her father's consent, was engaged to marry Charles Verschoyle. So taxed, Josiah had told Nathaniel the whole story, and his motive for thus silencing his sisters' indignant wrath. The old man had thanked him for dealing so kindly with them, and after a time, seeing that either he must bear the blame of inconsistency, or his daughter the shame of indecorum and levity, he decided to take refuge in that stronghold of Friends' principles — silence. He would be silent to the rebukes; listen — without defending himself — to the condemnation; and bear whatever blame the members of the society chose to accord to him; all this his conscience allowed. But to permit his daughter to marry a man of whom he knew nothing, and who belonged to a profession which he considered ungodly and profane, was not to be thought of; therefore he decidedly said "No." Josiah tried every argument to move him, but in vain; he only made him say angrily, that he had no reason to plead the cause of a woman who had treated him so unfairly.

"No," said Josiah, "not so. She told me and thee she would strive to do as we wished. I believe she did strive and failed. I feel that I could have no chance with such a man as Charles Verschoyle, who, though a soldier, is no mere worldling. Never think I feel angry with Dorothy. Though she could not give me her love, she stirred up something within me which has given me a hope that some day I may again try my fate, and by this teaching, hard as it seems, succeed better."

So winter fairly set in, Christmas went

past, and the new year was born. Audrey's wedding was to take place within a week, and in the bustle of preparation Lady Laura ceased to scheme for obtaining the consent of that "pig-headed, avacious, wicked old man," as she persisted in calling Nathaniel Fox.

Her ladyship had been several times to see Mrs. Hanbury. Between Grace and Audrey a mutual liking had sprung up, which was likely to be increased as Geoffrey Dynecourt had decided upon taking a house at Fryston.

All Lady Laura saw and learnt from Grace confirmed her belief that Dorothy was worth the exertions which she considered she was urging her son to make. So she decided that whenever Audrey was fairly off her hands, she would strain every nerve to bring matters to a favourable conclusion.

Captain Verschoyle, on his part, was willing to listen to any scheme likely to give him what was now the one desire and wish of his life; but as week after week rolled on he grew more despondent. He had written to Mr. Egerton saying, that this suspense was so unendurable that he should come down to Darington to consult him. A letter which he received at this time from Lord Morpeth offering him, if he still thought of selling out, a colonial appointment, caused him to resolve upon at once deciding his fate; and he started the next day for King's-heart.

Dorothy did not know that she was to see her lover that day, or she would have fancied that January had suddenly changed to June. As it was, the wintry sun striving to shine gave her no gladness; it could not make the day bright for her. Poor Dorothy! she had spent two weary months. Sometimes hope seemed so bright that nothing could extinguish it, at other times so dim that nothing could rekindle it. Her mother's face had a troubled anxious look, as if she knew that her child had a sorrow which she could not bear for her. And Dorothy's languid movements and forced smiles seemed to add a sharper pang to Nathaniel's heart.

The unusually loud ring of the bell did not, as it used to do, make Dorothy run to the window, nor stand on the footstool or on tiptoe, to see who their visitor might be. Patience wondered who it was, but Dorothy did not care. When Lydia opened the door, it was Charles Verschoyle who stood on the threshold.

It was several minutes before either Dorothy or he remembered more than that they had met again. After some

little time had elapsed, Captain Verschoyle told his errand, and then he turned to Patience and said—

"Mrs. Fox, you are aware that my greatest wish is to have Dorothy for my wife. I asked her father for his consent, and he refused it because I was a soldier.

In deference to his scruples, I offered to give up my profession—still he refused. I have waited for two months hoping he would alter his decision, but he remains obstinate. Yesterday morning my uncle offered me a desirable appointment, and I have come here to know whether I shall accept or refuse it. I have no wish to influence Dorothy to disobey her father, but if she loves me as I love her, she will now consent to be my wife, and I shall accept Lord Morpeth's offer. But if she feels that she cannot disregard her father's wish, and that her love for me is not strong enough to overcome all obstacles, I shall remain in my profession. And as these rumours of disaffection in India will cause many regiments to be sent there, I shall at once apply for foreign service. This suspense has become to me unendurable. I feel it would either kill me or kill my love. Besides, after a certain point I consider that even parental obedience has a limit. We are all agreed that human love is not the growth of human will. Surely hearts, not hands, are meant when it is said, 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' Dorothy," he continued, looking beseechingly towards her, "you have heard what I have said, your heart will decide; tell me, which it is to be?"

"I will be thine," she said, putting her hand in his. "Oh mother!" she cried, "remember what thou once told me I ought to feel. I do feel all that, and much more towards him. It is not want of love to thee and father which makes me choose as I do. Thou must forgive me!"

"I do, my child," said Patience. "I shall never blame thee, and I will do my best to soften thy father; but before I can say more on this subject he must be consulted. Charles Verschoyle had better go to Plymouth and speak to thy father, and tell him what thou hast said in my presence. And when he comes home thou must be frank, and give him thy decision, with thy reasons for making it."

Captain Verschoyle carried out this arrangement, and the result was that after a lengthened and stormy interview Nathaniel demanded three days for consideration, during which time Charles Verschoyle should hold no communication

with Dorothy; then he would give his answer.

To this Captain Verschoyle was obliged to consent, although it was just then rather hard upon him, as it was impossible for him to stay in Plymouth and hear it. The day on which Nathaniel's decision was to be given Audrey had fixed for her wedding; a wedding that, notwithstanding all Lady Laura's arguments against it, was to be a very quiet one.

All her ladyship's anger had vanished. She was well up in the Dynecourt pedigree, and after giving some parvenu friend or money-seeking mother a history of their long descent from almost royal ancestors, she would end by saying, — "Of course I can say nothing to Audrey, for I made a love match myself, and refused the most eligible 'parties' of that season for her dear father. Girls can very seldom secure everything. One must generally give up family or money, and I am quite content with the choice Audrey has made; for, after all, money only buys *toleration*."

Happiness gave to Audrey's face a softness which had been often wanting before, and when the wedding party returned from church Miss Brocklehurst declared that Audrey Dynecourt was better looking than ever Audrey Verschoyle had been. Mr. Ford, by his own desire, was present, and he and Miss Brocklehurst paid each other so many compliments, and were so determined to meet again, that Audrey whispered she thought she should call him "God-papa."

Captain Verschoyle was in the highest spirits, for Nathaniel's answer had come. He gave way at last, though under great protest. Only on condition that Charles Verschoyle would wait a year for her, and promise not to take her out of England, should Dorothy be his wife.

Lady Laura announced the fact herself to the assembled guests, and asked them to give her their congratulations. "You are my true friends," she said, "and know that my one object in life has been my children's welfare. In the choice each has made, they have followed the dictates of their own hearts. And though, they may not have secured all those worldly advantages which many consider necessary to enjoyment, I, from experience, can tell them that in marriage love alone insures happiness, and having gained that, come what may, they are possessed of life's true elixir."

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY LAURA ACCEPTS THE SITUATION.

SINCE Audrey's marriage-day more than a year has elapsed, spring has come round, and Lady Laura, writing to Lady Spencer, who is spending the winter in Rome, says —

"MY DEAR ISABEL, — I delayed writing to you until Charles's wedding had taken place, knowing the kind interest you take in all that concerns me and mine. And now I have another piece of news to tell you, nothing less than that I am a grandmother; and, do you know? I do not mind it in the least, but am rather proud of it.

"Yes, dear Audrey has a son — such a lovely boy; nurse says he's exactly like me. He was born at Dyne Court. Mr. Ford asked it as a particular favour to him, and I think Geoffrey was rather glad, as for more than two hundred years the eldest child has always been born at the family place. I hope great things from this circumstance, but Geoffrey and Audrey will not hear it mentioned, and say she went there on the understanding that it was only to further cement their friendship. I think I told you the *on dit*, that Maria Brocklehurst was to marry Mr. Ford. At first I laughed at the idea of a woman of her age, and with such a good fortune, dreaming of such a thing. However, I now begin to have some faith in the story. I wrote to her about it, and she replied in her brusque way, 'That it would be wiser for people to attend to their own affairs, and leave time to show whether there is any truth in reports.'

"And now for Charles. They were married on the 10th of last month. I did not go to the wedding as the weather was cold, and Charles was afraid the journey might be too much for me. Mrs. Hanbury, the bride's sister, tells me everything went off extremely well, and Dorothy looked lovely. Tell Spencer I made her adopt the loose Grecian knot at the back of the head, and, as he said, it made her perfect. They have taken a pretty place in Essex for a year, wishing to be near Fryston, where Audrey and the Hanburys live. After all, Dorothy had a fortune. Her father gave her ten thousand pounds on her wedding morning, so that will make a nice addition to their rather limited income. My own plans are not quite decided. I think I shall give up this house and take apartments. Now that my children are settled, I intend confining my visiting circle to my relations and especial friends, among whom, my dear Isabel, you and your family stand pre-eminent. I long for your return, that you may see Audrey. She is wonderfully improved — looks so handsome, and is younger than ever. I never saw such devotion as there is between her and Geoffrey, and I am quite certain that Charles and Dorothy will be just such another pair. I need not tell you what comfort I derive from the contemplation of their happiness, nor how thankful I am that I

was enabled to cast aside all my more ambitious projects for them. After all, my dear Isabel, the pleasures of the world—rank, wealth, fame—all fail to give us complete happiness unless we have some one to love and to love us. The older we grow, the more we value a blessing which can sweeten joy and alleviate grief. Now I daresay you are laughing at me, and thinking that I am growing romantic in my old days.

Well, perhaps it is from seeing so much love-making, or the result of finding myself a grandmother. But I certainly feel twenty years younger than I did this time last year, and if you and dear Spencer would only make haste and return to England, and tell me that I am looking so, you would make perfectly happy,

"Your most affectionate,
"LAURA VESCHOTLA."

THERE is a common belief, which perhaps is just, that there is not so much friendship in the world as there used to be. Various causes have been assigned for this—that men are less heroic, more querulous, more selfish, more domestic. In my opinion the real cause is want of time. And it must be remarked that to keep up friendships it is not sufficient to have spare time now and then; but you require an amount of certain and continuous leisure.

Observe under what conditions of life friendship has had the greatest sway, and has been most prominently developed. There are still great friendships among boys at school and young men at college. There have been great friendships in comparatively barbaric times, for barbarism almost ensures a certain continuity of leisure. David and Jonathan had the time to be loving friends. The fabled Nisus and Euryalus did not belong to the nineteenth century. Again, in the Middle Ages, when men had a large amount of steady leisure, there were instances of signal friendship.

What we call civilization has, up to the present time, made increasing demands upon each man's time. Should this civilization ever be a prosperous and successful thing, it will give an assured continuity of leisure; and then you will see that friendship will revive amongst men.

As an illustration of what I mean, I have no doubt that benevolent persons must in general have a large capacity for friendship; but the evils of the world are so great that their attention is absorbed in the endeavour to mitigate those evils. Great writers of fiction of the present day have described satirically persons whose whole minds are so devoted to benevolent projects that they even neglect family duties. The whole of that class of persons would afford excellent material for friendship if their affections were once freed from the predominant desire to benefit the world in general, whereas now the lamentable aspect of the world compels them to devote all their energies to the removal of that particular evil which happens to have most attracted their benevolent imaginations.

Then, again, the monstrous size of great cities in our age tends to diminish the possibility of maintaining close friendship.

All I would contend is, that men and women have the same capacity for friendship, the same

delight in it, the same craving for it, as heretofore; but that an imperfect civilization has rendered the manifestation and even the reality of friendship more difficult, principally as regards the want of certain and continuous leisure.

Arthur Helps.

It was curious enough that the breach in the walls of Rome was made through the Villa Buonaparte, so that the name of the Buonapartes was grotesquely connected with the fall, just as it had been with the propping up, of the Temporal Power. No doubt the Pope would say that the hesitating support of Louis Napoleon was the breach through which Italy passed to the destruction of the Temporal Power, but none the less he should recollect that it might have disappeared twenty-one years earlier but for the Prince-President's expedition. The Italian fire began near the Porta Pia at 5 A.M. on the morning of September 20, and the breach was made by 9. A white flag was hoisted, after which the firing was resumed, greatly to the indignation of the Italian troops; but the breach was soon entered, and the surrender almost immediately followed. The enthusiasm which ensued when General Cadorna, standing in the Piazza Colonna, waved his hat, and said, "Long live Rome, the capital of Italy!" is described as being of the most thoroughly Italian type. The Papal troops appear to have behaved very badly, not only in relation to their fighting, but to their demeanour as gentlemen,—many of them being quite drunk when they defiled past General Cadorna who gave them the honour of arms, and dashing the smoke of their cigars, says the *Daily News* correspondent, at the General. The greatest compliment paid to the Italian troops, whom Cardinal Antonelli pronounced truly religious, was the written request of the Pope that they would garrison the Leonine City, as his own troops excited the wrath of the populace. After all, the Holy Father might do worse than throw himself into the arms of organized Italy with as much enthusiasm of affection as he showed some twenty-three years ago towards Italy still in germ and chaos.

Spectator.

From the Cornhill Magazine.
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER.

II.

THERE are few educated people, who cannot call very vividly to mind some peculiar circumstances of their past life, which have caused the first perusal of some book or other to be an event ever to be remembered in after years, and perhaps to have some enduring effect on the character or career of the reader. The biographies of almost all eminent men contain some incident illustrative of this; and men not eminent have their own stories to tell scarcely less impressive in their way. Of the first part of the assertion, namely, that the peculiar circumstances, under which a book is read, make all the difference in the world with respect both to the strength and the pleasantness of the impression produced, my own recollections furnish an instance. I shall never forget the delight with which I first read the dramatic writings of Shakspeare's contemporaries. Very many years have passed since, at the commencement of the Indian rainy season, I found myself, convalescent from a severe fever, in a pleasant garden-house on the river-side, lent to me by one of my earliest friends. I had been very ill. Some said that I had been studying over-much, reading and writing more than was good for me; but I believe that the brigadier's claret was more at fault than my poor books. But whatever the cause, the effect was unquestionable. I was reduced to a skeleton, and had got a fortnight's leave to pick up flesh and recover strength on the margin of the river.

I was never more full of joyous expectation. I intended to spend my time between riding and reading. I felt the new-born health tingling in my veins; a keen appetite had taken the place of the eternal nausea which had sat upon me whilst I was under the influence of calomel and tartar-emetic. The place was charming; the weather was delightful; cool showers were refreshing the baked earth; the rich foliage was glistening with the rain; and I was my own master for a fortnight, with a promise of another week's leave in reversion, if my health should require it.

But a sad disappointment was in store for me. I had scarcely arrived, when a severe kick from my horse stretched me helpless on my back. My debility and reduced weight, which forbade all resistance, saved me from severe injury, but for more than a week I could not ride; I could not walk; I could scarcely move without help. But I could read to any, and I could write

to some, extent. I was, therefore, left to my books and papers; and it was fortunate for me that I could accept the situation with a philosophy rare at my years. I had already forecast my studies. I had determined to take a course of the *Old Dramatists*, and I had taken with me four bulky volumes containing the works of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. I had made familiar acquaintance with Shakspeare at a very early age; but of his contemporaries I knew little or nothing. And I was as much surprised as I was delighted to discern the wealth of pathos and humour to be found in the dramas before me.

I began, as do most readers of Beaumont and Fletcher, with the *Maid's Tragedy*; and the first effect of such a beginning was one of boundless astonishment at the thought that the verdict of two centuries should have placed Fletcher as a dramatist so immeasurably behind Shakspeare. The national love of Shakspeare is a tradition—a religion. It comes to us as an hereditary faith with which personal judgment has commonly little or nothing to do. We become familiar with his greatest works, almost in our childhood—for have we not seen *Othello* and *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* upon the stage, and realized, by the help of machinery and ballet-girls, the fairy-land of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*? But we commonly find ourselves face to face with Fletcher in the maturity of our critical powers. We are not nurtured to believe in him—there is nothing which we are bound to accept as a national creed. We have not been familiarized with his genius in early youth. Its bloom has not been brushed off on the boards of the Theatre Royal. It comes upon us suddenly as a surprise—a later revelation. Desdemona has been vulgarized by the bolsters, but *Aspasia* comes to us, with undimmed radiance, in all the first fresh light of the Ideal. The judgment, which we then form, is quite right and it is quite wrong. There is no deeper pathos, no finer poetry, in all Shakspeare's writings than in the story of *Aspasia* in the *Maid's Tragedy*. And, if Fletcher had written many such stories—many such dramas—it would not have been a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." But the surprise of which I have spoken is followed in time by disappointment. It does not come upon us all at once; for *Philaster*, which is but little inferior, follows, in the older editions, the *Maid's Tragedy*.^{*} But there is no other piece

* This is the order of the Folio of 1679, but it is

which, as a whole, can be compared with these two noble dramas, and as we read on we soon fall back again on our old belief in the Titanic isolation of Shakspeare. There are snatches of pathos here and there—gleams of marvellous tenderness, bursts of the raciest humour, bits of harmonious verse not to be surpassed—and no words can express the delight with which I came suddenly on all this wealth of imagination and humour, as a gold-finder in Australia or a diamond-hunter in South Africa. I was quite alone; and as I sat by the open window, enjoying the cool air sweeping through the moist leaves, I could cry or laugh at pleasure. If the *Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster* moved me to tears, on one side, *King and no King* and *Duke and no Duke* had the same effect upon the other. How I laughed over Bessus and his swordsmen, and the ennobling of Mount-Marine! But in the line of pure comedy Ben Jonson gave me still richer enjoyment. The first perusal of *Every Man in his Humour* marks an epoch in a man's life. Brainworm and Bobadil and Master Stephen are realities, which, with other Jonsonian creations, score themselves ineffaceably into the memory. The costume and the manners are, of course, in some respects out of date. But human nature is human nature at all times, and the truth of these pictures is as patent to us now, and the humour is as fresh, after a lapse of more than two centuries. I was not surprised, many years afterwards, to learn that one of the greatest humourists of the Victorian æra had chosen the part of Bobadil, in which to demonstrate that he could act nearly as well as he could write; and that other pregnant wits of the day had taken part with him in the performance of rare Ben's great satire-in-action.

From Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson there is a natural transition to Massinger and Ford, whose writings have been, deservedly, thought worthy of separate collection and annotation. I am inclined to think that Ford's *Broken Heart* is one of the finest tragedies ever written in any language, at any time. I shall never forget the delight with which I read it for the first time, and, I may say, for the second and the third times. The closing scenes are distinguished by such rare tragic power and consummate pathos, that one

can scarcely regard the well-known eulogium of Charles Lamb as anything extravagant and overstrained. Next, I think, I read Marston, of whose plays I had a little old duodecimo edition, which I interleaved; and then I made acquaintance with Marlowe, Chapman, Heywood, Rowley, Middleton, and others, chiefly through Dodsley's collection, and the continuation in six volumes, afterwards published, in 1816, by Rodwell and Newton—books through which most readers have made their acquaintance with the works of the minor dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James. I remember that, five-and-thirty or forty years ago, almost every one, on first starting a library, made himself master of a copy of *Ellis's Specimens and Dodsley's Old Plays*. It is doubtful whether either the one collection or the other is as well known to the general reader of the present day. It needs no particular sagacity satisfactorily to account for this. But, perhaps, we read something less worth reading than the works of these old poets and playwrights. I have now, however, only to do with the latter.

In many of these dramas—tragedies or tragi-comedies, we find the finest, the most ennobling sentiments, the purest, the most poetical language, jostled by the grossest immorality and the filthiest double-entendres. The minor dramatists seem to be afraid of committing themselves for a page or two together to propriety of sentiment and decency of language. They take delight in disappointing us. No sooner do we find ourselves apparently in respectable company, than the playwright, with evident remorse, is hurried into a recantation, and proceeds at once to befoul and deface the fair image he has created. A good woman is a rarity in these plays, and the happiness of domestic life is subjected to so many chances that it is a wonder if it survives the third act. In this respect, more, perhaps, than in all others, Shakspeare stands apart from his contemporaries. His women are mostly all good women. The few exceptions are not of a revolting kind; but in the works of the minor dramatists the women are for the most part as bad as in the sensation novels of the present day; and Shakspeare is to these dramatists very much what Walter Scott is to the sensation writers of this generation.

Take as an illustration, and a mild one, of what I have said above, Middleton's *Tragedy of Women beware Women*, which contains all the excellencies and all the vices of the second-class dramas of the

not, therefore, to be assumed that these dramas were the first written. Mr. Dyce, in his edition, places *The Woman Hater* first, then *Thierry and Theodoret*—after these *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

Elizabethan æra; it has narrowly, indeed, escaped belonging to the first class. It opens most auspiciously with a delightful picture of wedded life. A young husband brings home his bride to his mother's house. He is a young Florentine factor, who has secretly married a Venetian lady of somewhat higher social status than his own. His mother receives them courteously and affectionately; but cannot — for she is a woman of some shrewdness — refrain from reminding the young man that he has not done a very sensible thing —

You're to blame

To wrong such a perfection — such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have proved rich and noble;

You know not what you have done; my life can give you

But little help, and my death lesser hopes;
And hitherto your means have but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too:
What ableness have you to do her right, then,
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues,
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And moest to go above it — not confined
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, and births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours?

This is what Sixty says of Sixteen (the ages of the two are clearly marked in the play), and it would be impossible to exceed the good sense displayed in the maternal commentary on the rash marriage of the young man, Leantio, who thinks, however, that in the presence of his bride the lecture is misplaced, as it will probably teach her to rebel. In this, the sequel shows, he was perfectly justified. But, at first, the injurious suspicion meets with a flat denial from the bride, Bianca, who, in a speech of very great tenderness and beauty, which prepares the reader for better things, assures her "kind mother that" —

There is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her desires;

and then, in a burst of affectionate enthusiasm, exclaims,—

Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor . . .
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too; for here my love was born,
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys.

She then turns to her husband, and playfully reproaches him,—

You have not bid me welcome since I came.

Leantio That I did, questionless.

Bianca.

No sure; how was it?

I have quite forgot it.

Lean.

Thus! (*Kisses her.*)

Bian.

Oh, sir! 'tis true;
Now I remember well, I have done thee wrong;
Pray take't again, sir. (*Kisses him.*)

Lean.

How many of these wrongs
Could I put up with in an hour, and turn the
glass

For twice as many more?

I do not think that there is a prettier or pleasanter little scene of wedded courtship in the whole range of our English drama; and what expectations does it hold out to the reader, sickened with all the crime and suffering through which he has been wading in other tragedies and comedies and tragi-comedies of these old dramatists! But it seems to have been written wilfully, for the sake of heightening the pain and terror of the contrast that is to follow. Leantio's business takes him away for a few days from his mother's house. Bianca, like most young wives, tries to persuade him to remain a little longer, and he very nearly consents; but taking, after a little reflection, a more sensible view of his position, he says that he will best prove his love by working for the maintenance of his beloved. So he departs, and, after four or five days, returns full of love and longing to his bride. As he hears his mother's house, he bursts out into rapturous exclamations:—

How near am I now to a happiness

That earth exceeds not! not another like it!

The treasures of the deep are not so precious

As are the conceal'd comforts of a man

Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air

Of blessings when I come but near the house.

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!

The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock

Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,

On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight

To cast their modest odours; when base lust,

With all her powders, paintings, and pert pride,*

Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

But he has scarcely been at home an hour before all this is fearfully changed; and we find the happy, hopeful husband, with all his sweet expectations of quiet bliss, boiling and bubbling over with bitterness, and exclaiming that wedlock is "the ripe time of man's misery."

What a peace

Has he that never marries! If he knew

The benefit he enjoy'd or had the fortune

To come and speak with me, he should know

then

The infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly

The greatness of his treasure by my loss;

* The Continuation of Dodsley's *Old Plays* says "best pride," but the word that I have substituted sustains the alliteration and improves the sense, and was, I have no doubt, the one originally written by the dramatist.

—this treasure being the state of single blessedness which he has lost. And then follows a rhapsody, very strongly worded, on the superior advantages of illicit love. And what is the cause of all this? His young wife has gone all wrong during his five days' absence. The Duke has seen her in the balcony of her mother-in-law's house and (those dukes are always terrible fellows in the plays of the minor dramatists) has become enamoured of her beauty. A Florentine lady—a wealthy widow of five-and-thirty, who displays great proficiency all through the piece as an amateur pimp—brings the bride of sixteen and the Duke of fifty-five together; and the meeting results in the young lady's ruin. Bianca * very rapidly arrives at the conclusion that it is better to be a rich man's mistress than a poor man's wife, and before her husband's return she has become thoroughly discontented with the scanty surroundings of her new home. The shrewd anticipations of the mother-in-law are verified. Bianca, who, a day or two before, had declared that love beautified everything and atoned for all defects, now exclaims:—

This is the strangest house
For all defects, that ever gentlewoman
Made shift withal to pass away her love in.
Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
Or some fair out-work pinn'd up in my chamber?

A silver and gilt casting bottle hung by 't?
Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,
To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
Which one of my fashion looks for as of duty,
She's never offered under where she sleeps.

Mother. She talks of things here my whole
state's not worth!

Bianca. Never a green silk quilt is there in
the house, mother,
To cast upon my bed.

Bianca having given a not very delicate turn to the conversation, the old lady speaks up pertinently in defence of her belongings; whereupon Bianca replies with petulant scorn:—

Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old
house here—

'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank
you,

Or stoop when you go to bed like a good child,
To ask your blessing.

Much more of this fine irony follows, to the perfect bewilderment of the old lady,

* I have called her "Bianca," but the name is printed "Brancha" throughout in the edition before me, though the metre obviously requires that it should be a trisyllable.

who declares that it is the strangest change that "wit at three-score" was puzzled to find out:—

When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she would find all things—she was
pleased;

None better; I laid open all defects to her—

She was contented still—but the devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now.

This dialogue has just taken place, when Leantio returns home from his short week's work and finds all so fearfully changed. And here I may pause to express an opinion that the scenes from which these passages are taken are in the very truest vein of high comedy. The sentiments are as natural as the language in which they are expressed. We need not go back to Venice or Florence in the sixteenth or seventeenth century for proof of the exceeding truth of what might have been written yesterday, if we had anybody capable of writing it. That a young gentlewoman of good condition, tenderly reared, and habituated to all the comforts and luxuries of life should soon begin to regret, and thence to resent the loss of what has become a second nature to her, is only what occurs amongst us in the present day, and would more frequently occur if the young gentlewomen of the period had not learnt very accurately to calculate and to compare resources, and, in most instances, to abstain from wedlock, if the marital establishment is likely to be inferior to the parental. In fact, "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure" has become almost a tradition from a past generation. Of Bianca, in Middleton's play, it cannot be said that she repented at leisure. She seems to have repented as hastily as she married. This, perhaps, is a necessity of the olden Drama. Modern dramatists, who cannot observe unity of time and place, take care to tell us, at least in the play-bills, the intervals which have elapsed between one act and another, so as to soften down transitions which would otherwise be violent and abrupt. But, in Middleton's time, incident followed incident with such extraordinary rapidity, that the reader is quite out of breath. That a loving young wife, who has made grand sacrifices for the man of her choice, should go hopelessly bad during his five days' absence from home, unpleasantly exceeds the bounds of probability. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. But Middleton's Bianca is an unfortunate exception to this rule; for on the return of Leantio she not only scolds him and in-

sults him, but soon afterwards, in the most brazen manner, takes up her abode in apartments furnished for her by the Duke, and openly appears at his banquets. The wretched husband, who is compelled to accept his position, is provided with a small place by the Duke, who speedily forgets him. One day, however, he forces himself into the presence of his wife, when he rebukes her, and she turns him out of her lodgings. The Duke enters, and then we are treated to the following racy scrap of dialogue:—

Duke. Who's that?

Bian. Cry you mercy, sir!

Duke. Prithee, who's that?

Bian. The former thing, my lord, to whom you gave

The captainship. He eats his meat with grudging.

Duke. Still!

I do not think that brazen-faced insolence and contempt were ever expressed so magnificently as in the little words in italics. Bianca must have been not only a very impudent, but a very clever woman, thus to have condensed her scorn. The Duke's exclamation of "Still!" is admirable. A few days, he thought, ought to have been quite enough to reconcile the sometime factor to the appropriation of his wife by a duke; but the "former thing" is the gem of the piece. Many readers will remember how, in Robert Browning's *Pippa Passes*, Ottima insists upon speaking of her husband's murdered body as "the thing," until Sebald reproaches her—"The thing! there again the thing!" And to this pranked-up Bianca, with her ducal surroundings, poor Leantio was as much a thing dead and gone, as though he had lain in the churchyard. The insolent scorn of Cleopatra, who asks Mark Antony, "How does the married woman?" has often been commended for its dramatic force; but it appears to me that this "former thing" is something still more racy.

Whatever these old dramas lacked, they did not lack incident; and this tragedy of *Women beware Women* is even more eventful than its companions. There are, indeed, materials in it for two or three plays. What I have written and what I have quoted have been in illustration of the high comedy of the piece. There is a good deal of what may not unjustly be described as low farce—indecently abounding in it. But the tragic element predominates. "The eternal law, that where sin is, sorrow shall answer it," is amply vindicated—for nearly all the persons of the drama

are bad, and they nearly all meet with violent deaths. There is, however, one personage, of whom we cannot think too highly. This is a Cardinal—brother of the Duke—who lectures him severely on his crimes, in language as noble in diction as in sentiment, rarely surpassed, or, indeed, equalled, in the whole range of our dramatic literature. For a little while, we live in the hope that the Duke is converted; but it is a very, very little while; for scarcely has the good Cardinal departed, proclaiming a conversion "sung for a hymn in heaven," than the Duke announces his intention to cease from the infraction of the seventh commandment, by deliberately breaking the sixth—

Her husband dies to-night, or at the most
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow;
Then will I make her lawfully my own,
Without this sin and horror.

This is accomplished in the most characteristic manner. The Lady Livia, by whose machinations Bianca had been betrayed to the Duke, before her ladyship had seen Leantio, subsequently becomes enamoured of him, and treats him as the Duke is treating the poor fellow's wife. This immaculate lady has a brother (Hippolito), who has been assisted by her to form an incestuous connection with his own niece and whose delicate sense of family honour is such that, when he hears from the Duke that his sister has gone astray with Bianca's husband, he is easily excited to slay the wretched cuckold. The morality of this man is about as logical as the Duke's. He kills Leantio, and the Duke proceeds to marry the widow. The marriage greatly scandalizes the Cardinal, who seems, however, not to have known his brother's share in the death of Leantio, and he rebukes the Duke in the presence of his intended wife, and endeavours to interrupt the ceremony. Here, however, Bianca's tongue proves itself to be as well skilled in argument as in irony. After condemning the Cardinal for his want of charity, and telling him that "heaven and angels take great delight in a converted sinner," she asks—

Pray whether is religion better served,
When lives that are licentious are made honest,
Than when they still run through a sinful blood?

Bianca and the Duke are married and the Lady Livia gives them a grand entertainment, including a masque, in which she herself plays the part of Juno. What follows I cannot attempt to describe otherwise than by saying that every one tries to

kill some one, and gets killed by the very means contrived for the murder of the enemy. Bianca, in whom we are particularly interested, tries to poison the Cardinal, but poisons her own husband and herself. Trap-doors, arrows, swords, censors — all kinds of appliances are used to cover the stage with dead bodies; the Cardinal delivers himself of a brief homily — and then the curtain falls upon this strange scene of murderous confusion. I do not know any drama that better exemplifies both the strength and the weakness of our early dramatists, than that of which I have, for this reason, given an account. It is very certain that Middleton must have been a man of extraordinary genius, equally conversant with the springs and wells of tragedy and of comedy. Ever beneath his huge crusts of exaggeration there is clearly observable an acute insight into human nature. Even the extraordinary inconsistency of some of his characters is natural, though preposterous. Hippolito, for example, excuses himself on the score of his vehement indignation against the partner of his sister's sin, whilst he was committing a far greater sin himself, by saying that he had offended in secrecy, whilst his sister had been found out.

It has been said that, if any one would see the extremes of intellectual strength and weakness, he should study Shakspeare and his commentators; but the commentaries upon the text of Shakspeare are wisdom in comparison with those which have emanated from the annotators upon the minor dramatists of the Elizabethan era. I speak of the earlier commentators; not of such critics as Mr. Payne Collier and Mr. Dyce, but of annotators of the stamp of Mr. Monk Mason. The attempts to correct the text — the marrings, now of the sense, now of the sound, the plain passages that are explained, the obscure passages that are left unexplained, the confessions of inability to unravel trifling difficulties, would be ludicrous in the extreme, if they were not irritating and vexatious.* Of all these

* The attempts at criticism on the dramatic or poetical merit or demerits of the several pieces, their whole or their parts, are often not more successful. The extreme praise is often as misplaced as the extreme censure. Take the following as an example. In Massinger's *Guardian* one of the personages of the drama is said to have been

"Fashioned
In an inimitable mould, which Nature broke,
The great work perfected."

On this Mr. Gifford observes — "We have had this thought in several of the preceding plays; indeed, I know no idea so common; scarce a sonneteer or playwright from Surrey to Shadwell being without it. It must have had considerable charms in the eyes of our forefathers, since neither its triteness

nor its folly could prevent the eternal repetition." There are many things in Massinger's plays infinitely more trite and more foolish than this. It is remarkable that Byron considered the idea neither too trite nor too foolish for his adoption. The reader need scarcely be reminded of the passage in the "Monody on the Death of Sheridan:" —
"Long shall we seek his likeness — long in vain —
And turn to all of him which may remain —
Sighing that Nature made but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."
The same editor, in a later note on a passage in the first scene of the *Spanish Gypsy*, by Middleton and Rowley, says, truly enough, that "a borachio is a vessel made of skins, in which wine is kept in Spain." "Borachio," says Minshien, "is a bottle, commonly of pigge's-skin with the hair inward, dressed inwardly with rozen, to keep wine or liquor sweet. Wines preserved in these bottles contain a peculiar flavour, and are then said to taste of the borachio." Thence a hard drinker came to be called a borachio. The word is of frequent occurrence in these old dramas, and Shakspeare (*Much Ado about Nothing*) calls one of his characters by that name. But the word has no more to do with borage than with cinnamon or nutmeg.

gropings I do not remember any one that has amused me more than the ingenious attempts of the annotators to get over the difficulties of *burrage* or *borage*. For example, in Marston's *What You Will*, "Quadratus" says, "Come, leave his lips and command some liquor; if you have no bottle-ale, command some claret-wine and burrage; for that's my predominate humour." One would not have thought that such a passage required a word of explanation. But the editor of the Continuation of Dodsley's *Old Plays* informs us that "in *Colgrave's French Dictionary*, *bou-rachon* is explained a 'tippler, quaffer, toss-pot, whip-can, &c.' *Burrage* may therefore, I conceive, mean *beverage*."

Think of this, O ye artificers of claret-cup and Badminton! In what region of town or country this dry-as-dust editor can have lived, that the name of that blue-flowered, rough-leaved herb, which has been known to Englishmen for two centuries and a half (and I know not how much longer) in connection with claret, was wholly unknown to him, it is impossible to conjecture. And how little he must have known of the writings of the Elizabethan dramatists, which he has professed to illustrate! The combination of claret and borage is celebrated by contemporary dramatists and by other non-dramatic writers of the period. And scarcely less ludicrous is the bewilderment into which some of these learned commentators seem to have been thrown by that very abstruse word "aerie," the nest of an eagle or other bird of prey. One suggests that the right reading is "aviary," whilst another would substitute the adjective "airy." And yet for neither word need the critic have referred to any more recondite authority

than *Johnson's Dictionary*, in which he will find both "borage" and aerie" defined in the sense intended by the dramatist.

When I first read these old dramatists, I did not trouble myself greatly about the annotators. I "skipped the notes," as I had done when I first made acquaintance with Shakspeare. There are many, doubtless, who, like myself, have read Shakspeare and some of his chief contemporaries at three different stages of their student-life,—firstly, for the story; secondly, for the poetry; and, thirdly, for the illustrations of the manners and customs of the period which they contain. I am disposed to think that, at this third stage, the interest of the student is more absorbing than at the two former; but, except in rare instances, when it becomes the passion of a life, it is less abiding than at the second stage. I think that the fever lasted with me for some three years. Those years were mostly spent in England, where alone, indeed, I could have gratified my taste for the collection of old editions. Why I should have liked a book better for being badly printed, I cannot now quite understand; but so it was. The worse the thing in itself, the higher the price I was content to pay for it. It was a very expensive taste, and I should be greatly alarmed if it were ever to break out in me again. Sometimes, it is true, I stumbled by accident on a rare bargain—not in London, for the London booksellers were far too skilled in their trade to allow anything to slip through their fingers without realizing its full price; but in remote country places, where books were valued according to the spruceness of their bindings and the purity of their pages. I confess that I sometimes had my qualms of conscience. A favourite book of mine at this time was Jonathan Dymond's *Essays on the Principles of Morality*; and I could not reconcile myself to the idea of taking an unfair advantage of the ignorance of the sellers. I remember coming once by chance upon a room-full of old books, which the owner, a country bookseller, had almost forgotten. He spoke slightly of them as old rubbish, and said he would be glad to get rid of them. I might overhaul them, he said, if I was not afraid of the dust. I spent the greater part of a day in the lumber-room, and amidst much that was quite valueless I discovered a number of volumes, which a London bookseller would have labelled in his catalogue as "very scarce" or "rare." I selected some thirty of these, and asked their price. Would I think a shilling a volume too

much for them? I was asked in reply. I said that I thought it right to tell him that they were worth a great deal more. "Perhaps they are, sir," he said; "I don't know. I have charged you a great deal more than I gave for them, so I am content." I could say nothing to this. Some one had got less than the proper amount of money in return for their money's worth; but even Jonathan Dymond did not teach me that I was to go quixotically in search of the original loser, who was probably long ago dead and buried, and his heirs scattered over the earth. I remember that among the books I thus carried off were a very fine copy of Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, the original edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Prynne's *Histriomastix*, with a number of old plays, primitive quartos, by Massinger and others, complete editions of Marston, Randolph, and other Elizabethan dramatists, including a folio of Ben Jonson, a copy of Decker's *Gull's Hornbook* (the facsimile reprint), and a heap of historical tracts concerning the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. I have read a great deal of history since that time, but I can remember no annals in which I have taken so keen an interest as in those of the reign, and most of all of the court, of the first James. I am not very proud now of the taste which I thus displayed. The contemporary chronicles, which I read with such deep attention, were, for the most part, either very poor stuff or very prurient gossip; but there was a sort of fascination in the quaintness of the language, and every now and then they threw up something or other which made me better understand certain allusions in the dramatic writings in those times. I remember that at this period I took a great deal of pains to illustrate with passages from these dramas my copy of Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, the broad margin of which was covered with notes, in feeble imitation of the handwriting of the time. Indeed, I spoilt a great number of books with pedantries of this kind; and I have often since wondered (for I parted with them on going abroad) what has become of the volumes on which I wasted so much good time.

And yet it is somewhat ungrateful to write thus reproachfully of a mania which was really very pleasant whilst it lasted, and, unlike some other manias, is by no means painful in the retrospect. It was just passing away, when in the *New Monthly Magazine*, I read an article with some such heading as "Evidences of a New

Dramatic Poet." I remember now the exact spot where I read it: It was on the road that leads from Clapham Common to Wandsworth Common—a pleasant and, in those days, quite a countrified, quiet road, with the delightful designation of Nightingale Lane, which was then by no means a misnomer, though now there are stately villas where once were overhanging trees. I read the article as I sauntered along. It was a review of Browning's *Paracelsus*, and I was told afterwards that it was written by Mr. John Forster. Some people said at the time that the writer had discovered a mare's-nest. It appeared to me that the extracts more than supported the high commendations of the critic. I read the passages quoted, again and again, and next morning I went to London and bought the little grey-boarded volume. I carried it about with me in my pocket, and for some time I read nothing else. I almost lived, indeed, with *Paracelsus* and Festus and Michael. I was very grateful to the critic for having guided me to such a well-spring of delight. For the ordinary critical journals of the day dismissed the first efforts of Robert Browning's muse with a few words of contemptuous reprobation; and it was a long time before the Public came to believe in the new poet. *Paracelsus* was said to be obscure, unintelligible nonsense; and many even of those who recognized, after a fashion, the wealth of intellect that is apparent in the poem, confessed that they did not much like it. Some such judgment as this was pronounced by a very dear friend and relative, to whom, wishing that he should share my joys, I sent a copy of *Paracelsus* more than ten thousand miles by sea. Accident—the one universal accident—brought the little book again into my hands, and I was sorry to see that it had been but little read. Afterwards I endeavoured, in a distant settlement, to make my fellow-exiles familiar with this marvellous poem, but I was not very successful. I wrote a series of papers *On some favorite Books*, and the first was on *Paracelsus*. I remember that

the second was on Landor's *Pentameron*, the most charming, I think, of all that great writer's works. In this latter instance, my literary friends accepted my judgment, and tried to buy or to borrow the book. What tenderness, what humour is there in it! And what truthfulness! How it brings us face to face with Petrarca and Boccaccio! And what a reality is the simple little handmaid Assunta! It is certainly easier reading than *Paracelsus*. But previous training had taught me rather to delight in "curst hard reading." I had not read the works of so many philosophers and metaphysicians, and gloried in the genius of Shelley, to be staggered by this first great work of Robert Browning. If I did not understand a passage, at the first reading, I read it a second time, and a third, until I did. And there is this to be said of it—that the more you read it the better you like it. At least, I would not give much for the critical intelligence of the man who is not so affected.

Years have passed; and I have had other editions of *Paracelsus*—and collections of "Robert Browning's works"—but none that I have treasured so much as the first little grey volume of the obscure young poet. I have, indeed, somewhat resented the changes which I have found in the later editions both of *Paracelsus* and of *Bells and Pomegranates*. My critical judgment may be at fault in deciding that these alterations are for the most part not improvements of the original text; but anyhow I do not like them, and I am sorely tempted to exclaim with Mr. Browning's hero—

No change, no change! Not but this added
 grace
 May blend and harmonise with its compeers . .
 But, 'tis a change; and I detest all change,
 And most a change in aught I loved long since!

Besides, it is rather hard upon us grey-beards to be told by a younger generation fed upon new editions, that we are misquoting our favourite poet.

THE war in Europe, it is said, extends its influence to the remotest corner of the Punjab. The shawl-workers, whose manufacturers find their readiest market in France, are almost all thrown out of employ. In Umritsur, where

there are thousands of Cashmerees employed by the great native or French shawl merchants, the looms are almost all stopped, and it is feared that much distress is inevitable.

Examiner.

From The Spectator.

MILITARY GENIUS.

MR. HELPS seems inclined, in one of his recent chapters of *Friends in Council*, to indorse the well-known opinion of Macaulay, that there is no such thing as military genius, that any person of ability who would devote himself to the subject might make himself a very good General. All business, he says, should be conducted much on the same principles, and the only special faculty he will allow to Generals as distinguished from statesmen, or barristers, or other men of capacity, is "apprehensiveness,"—the faculty, as we understand him, of seizing the points of a situation, as strategists are supposed to seize them. It is an exceedingly comfortable doctrine that, if it is only true, for in that case no country need fear that it will ever be without a General. It has only to train a certain number of able men in the science of war, and then, perhaps by competitive examination, discover the ablest, and it is sure either of victory or of honourable defeat. The idea is especially pleasant to a country like England, which can produce any amount of "capacity," but believes that she has throughout her history had exceptional difficulty in finding a General, and has frequently been reduced to discover one by a process of exhaustion, appointing man after man until some one is found who generally wins the game; but we fear the idea is much too pleasant to be true. If history teaches any lesson, it is that great Generals, and even good Generals, are very exceptional persons, and that Generals of the highest class, those who can make armies, and then with those armies accomplish historic enterprises, are excessively rare, as rare as the founders of creeds or poets of the highest order. We question if England can be certainly affirmed to have produced more than three,—Cromwell, Marlborough, and Clive,—and the Generals of that order of French origin are even fewer, only one of Napoleon's Marshals, Massena, being entitled to a place in the list. No system makes them and no school. Some of the greatest Generals in history have been Kings, never regularly trained to war; and two, at least, Condé and Clive, won victories before they had seen even imitation "service" in time of peace. Napoleon's Marshals, indeed, seem to us to supply an almost final answer to Macaulay's paradox. They were all in their way able men, they were all trained in a marvellous school for the work they had to do, and,

nevertheless, the distance between them and Napoleon himself was almost immeasurable. Something was in him, which was not in them, and that something was, we should imagine, what we are accustomed to describe as military genius. An even better example may perhaps be found in the career of William III. Nobody now-a-days denies that the great Dutchman was a man of very high ability, quite as high as that of any statesman not heaven-born, higher probably than that of Cromwell, whose intellect had very narrow and hard limitations. William had a severe training in war, and desired acutely to benefit by it; he had very excellent troops, German, Dutch, and English, and he was as well obeyed as any General ever has been. But he lacked that something, the existence of which Mr. Helps doubts, or for the moment appears to doubt, and for want of it his policy was repeatedly scattered to the winds; he was always beaten, and his name lives without any reputation for military skill. Almost all men who are completely exempt from national prejudice are aware that Wellington, though probably a greater commander for the troops he had to lead than any other General would have been, lacked something which has belonged to leaders of the very first order,—would, for example, have accomplished as little with Frenchmen as Von Moltke probably would,—required a previously existing condition of society to give his power its fullest play. He however possessed in its highest degree the power which in war seems nearest to military genius,—though it is not precisely that genius itself—that of devising the movements which of all others his troops were most competent to execute, so that the national temperament and the work to be accomplished always appeared to be in harmony. Much of the real thought shown in generalship must consist in that, as we English may one day learn in a very unpleasant fashion. If ever an Indian leader heads another mutiny, and has power enough over his followers to make them use the spade effectively, all the white soldiers in India may be expended in the effort to reduce men who, though lacking confidence in the field, will fight like heroes behind any sort of shelter. There is indeed a probability that some mode of warfare would so exactly suit any race not incapable of warfare by nature, that its adoption would make of that race good soldiers—*vide* the whole military history of the Maories—and the instinct which seizes on that mode is, if not military genius, an immense addition

to it. It is military statesmanship of the very highest kind.

We should be inclined to question Macaulay's dictum, even if applied only to ordinarily good commanders. They must have, at all events, some incommunicable qualities. Very able men may, and do exist, who are entirely devoid of the topographical faculty, who could no more form a decent opinion as to the best position for a certain description of troops to occupy on a battle-field, than Maories could form an opinion as to the best light for a great picture, and without that faculty no man can be a General. Doubtless it is possessed by men of low intellectual power,—for example, by nearly all professional huntsmen,—but still it is a faculty, and not a knowledge, and absolutely indispensable to success. Napoleon is said to have had it in so transcendent a degree that he could hurry an army across a continent, and keep it throughout its march in a strategic position previously designed; but that power clearly depends upon the other power of so clearly impressing his will upon subordinates as to make doubt or discussion impossible. Many even among great men have not possessed that intensity of volition. Then there have been men, and men of great force, who entirely lack the capacity of rousing capacity in other men; men even whose ability *diminishes* that of those with whom they are brought in contact, and no such man will ever make a considerable General. We have a notion, which we only put forward as a notion, and not a conviction, that Napoleon III. had this strange negative capacity, that contact with him distinctly diminished the natural ability of his agents, and that this was one reason of his marked failure as a leader of armies. Statesmen in his closet became fools, and Generals imbecile, till, as Pelissier said, even a telegraph to his private cabinet was a cause of defeat. Almost everybody knows of such men, whom he reckons perhaps, nevertheless, among his ablest acquaintances, and one such man exists probably in the British Cabinet. No amount of force or ability for business would make such a man a General. Nor is it possible to make a leader in the field out of a man, however competent otherwise, whose mind works very slowly, or who fears responsibility, or, we should be inclined to add, whose mind is so deficient in sympathy that he can never reckon up what his enemy is likely to do. After much reading of his history, we should be inclined to point to that as the secret of

most, if not all, the defeats of William III. And above all, no man is a General whose mind is without a certain loneliness, a capacity of being stronger for the absence of advice, or guidance or control. The better committee-man a man is, the worse General he will probably make, simply because he will have habituated his mind to rely on aid which in war can hardly be forthcoming, a campaign being, like any other work of art, properly a whole, not to be evolved out of any amount of conjoint deliberation. The General must be a man in whom self-dependence acts as a heating, not as a depressing quality,—the latter being, we may remark, *en passant*, the special difficulty of all really democratic leaders. We suppose we must not speak of the faculty of command,—for although able men are often found who are apparently without it, it is probable that there is no able man in whom it might not be developed; but clearly leadership is a gift often so independent of all other qualities as to seem an unfair accident, and this gift is indispensable to the General.

The truth we take to be, that a General at all above the average "good-officer" kind, must be possessed of a combination of capacities which is extremely unusual, while in the great General there must exist something which fuses that combination into a harmonious whole. What that something is it would be as difficult to define as it is to define genius itself, but we believe that mental *coup d'œil* comes very near to a description of it; that a sort of divination as to the relation of means and ends in war, a divination wholly apart from, yet dependent on, a variety of special faculties is the secret of military genius. This is not "apprehensiveness," but something indefinitely larger. Napoleon could tell, as it were, without calculation, by what we have called divination, that the battle depended on possession of that slope, that this corps could take possession, and that from the qualities of the men and the character of his agent in command the probabilities that they would take it were such and such, and this divination was so keen as almost of itself to constitute the will to give it effect. The notion that every chess-player is a political general is either an absurdity or a bit of excusable brag in the worshippers of the game, but the fancy that there is a relation between chess and war has, we imagine, this much of basis. The fusing quality must be there. A man may be a good chess-player and a goose, lacking almost every quality of a good General; but

he must have that one, the faculty of divining amidst exceedingly complicated data the course which will reconcile means and ends. That is not, of itself, generalship, but that, we suspect, is the power by which the General utilizes all other and equally indispensable capacities.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
GERMAN MILITARY PURITANISM.

THE world has probably not yet heard the last of Mr. Gladstone's sarcasm on the "piety" of the King of Prussia, if the world is right in ascribing to the Premier the now famous article in the current *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Gladstone is most likely very sorry by this time that he allowed his pen to run so far away with him on that occasion, especially as the sarcasm in question contrasts so strongly with the exalted style of the *Te Deum* in which the writer indulges respecting the policy and advantages of Great Britain. The Devil's advocate might probably have a word or two of special pleading to put in as regards both cases. Whether, however, his Prussian Majesty's piety be genuine or no is matter of comparatively small importance to the world. What is of real consequence is the tone of religious earnestness and determination which he has contrived to impress on, or more probably has derived from, that vast and imposing onset of the German population which has subdued and pulverized the pride of France, and which may or may not stop short of complete conquest and occupation, as other causes — not the resistance of demoralized France herself — may determine.

Prayer and preaching, religious services and religious exhortations, these have been the accompaniments of the Teutonic march, especially, though by no means exclusively, in the Protestant portion of the army. Now it is so easy — so fatally easy and tempting — for men of the world, and for free thinkers, and for men in general who hang loose on society without any definite creed or negation of creed, and for the press, which too faithfully reflects what are called the opinions of these classes, to sneer at outward demonstrations of religious emotion. It is so easy to signalize the inconsistencies and exaggerations into which enthusiasm is apt to run. It is so tempting to point the smart epigram, and polish the ready joke, at the expense of believers, so as to secure the applause both of other believers who belong to a different persua-

sion and of people who do without any belief. And yet when this very superficial success has been obtained, we are inclined to suspect that the after-thought of the victorious wit — if he is capable of serious thought at all — is one of disappointment, not to say remorse. The sentiment will recur: These men of one idea, whom it is so easy to turn into ridicule, are nevertheless better and stronger men than those are who mock at them. We do not mean as regards the interests of another world — that is not a subject fit for us to enter upon; but better and stronger as regards the practical work to be done in this. Whenever that work calls for special resolution, and zeal, and submission to discipline, and forgetfulness of self, it is the so-called religious class of men to whom we must turn to have it executed; and, moreover, first and foremost to that class of men and that description of communities whose religion has adopted that special cast which we are apt to call Puritanical and to favour with our most elaborate attempts at sarcasm. Modern history at all events is at hand to prove this.

It is curious to trace the manner in which this peculiar spirit — that of the devout, or, as our ancestors would have termed him, the God-fearing soldier — has been transmitted from one generation and one country in Western Europe to another, and what an enormous share it has had, relatively to numbers and to external resources, in determining the fate of battle-fields and of political causes. It was this which animated that race of heroes, the French Huguenots of the sixteenth century, men of whom, as Niebuhr expressed it, France has unhappily lost the seed. They never amounted in number to one-tenth of the Catholic enemies whom they had to combat. They had against them all the prestige of Royal authority, all the ordinary resources of government, all the power of the priesthood, all the auxiliary wealth of Spain. They never were strong enough to hold for any time the open field; they were beaten in one battle after another; and yet, by sheer valour and zeal, and that stern discipline which their enemies grudgingly admired, they maintained their post for a generation of civil war, and conquered a peace at last. It was in the main a similar spirit — though more modified by other elements and less military in its character — which won for the Dutch Calvinists their independence of Spain. It was the same which shone forth again, with still more powerful though short-lived integrity, in the ranks of Gustavus Adolphus, the

prince and model of soldier-saints. It was the same which assumed its most marked character in the armies of Cromwell; and, all picturesque exaggeration apart, where has history to show the equals of the men who, having made themselves masters of England, laid down their weapons and resumed their ordinary humble occupations in the same orderly fashion in which they had marched to the charge or the breach? It was the same, again — the assertion will seem paradoxical only to those who are imperfectly acquainted with the subject — which gave additional force to the Spartan training of Frederick the Great; for though that Sovereign himself cared for none of these things, very many of his officers were strongly imbued with the strict and semi-mystical Lutheran sentiment. It was the same which reconquered India for us from the mutineers only a few years ago; for the souls of the chiefs who accomplished that exploit — England's best and bravest, scarcely any of them surviving now — were tinged to a very remarkable extent with the inspiration of what we popularly call Low Church or Puritanical doctrine. And now we meet with it again in the camp of the conquerors of France. A little time ago it was the fashion here, both among those who can see no Christian faith apart from belief in Apostolical succession, and among those who cannot see it apart from the special notion of what is called the Evangelical party in England, to impute incredulity to the North German community *en masse*, because their devotion does not exactly follow the pattern of our churches or meeting-houses. Many a touching memorial among the narratives with which the events of this war have furnished us is at hand to prove the contrary. The very genius of Luther is there, although purified, we may reasonably believe, from much of the arrogance and bitterness which it had derived from the evil days in which the great Reformer's lot was cast.

And it is surely matter of deep satisfaction to those who have at heart the progress of our European community, so far as that progress depends on religious freedom and steady morality, and on stout hearts to maintain them, to be thus made certain that this rich vein is not yet exhausted among us; that the "little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump" shows as yet no sign of waste. We Britons, without indulging in vainglorious self-satisfaction, may fairly trust that if any great national danger were to assail our country our people would be animated in its defence by many an exciting motive — patriotism, love

of freedom, loyalty, chivalry, sound British pugnacity. But probably we should all of us look, unless our hearts were absolutely preoccupied by partisanship or by the spirit of sneering, to men of that peculiar earnest religious type of which we have been speaking, however sectarian they might be deemed, as those in whom we should feel special reliance; those who would exercise the strongest influence on others, and breathe, perhaps, the most of Milton's "deliberate valour" in themselves.

From The Spectator.

GERMAN CONSTANCY.

THERE is one quality in this German Army, this marvellous weapon which the Hohenzollerns have forged and reformed for a hundred years till it is to other armies what a Damascus scimitar is to a regulation sword, which has scarcely yet received the admiration it deserves, and that is its constancy. It is a quality other than courage, a quality which supplements and intensifies courage, upon which German leaders rely when, as at Speichen, they order charges by comparatively small forces, because the constant renewal of attack bewilders and daunts the most determined foe. Such tactics in a French army would be ruinous, and with any army except the German they would be full of risk. It would be dangerous with other troops to order, as has been done before Paris, that the men first attacked shall retreat on the main body, or, as before Metz, that a regiment shall hold its position, whatever happens, until supports arrive. Nothing but absolute confidence in the constancy of the men thus devoted, certainty that they will not yield until they are dead, could make it safe, or wise, or even possible to invest Metz or Paris as Von Moltke has had the daring to do — to surround ten men in a clump, as it were, by ten men in a line. Even with such men as the Germans the arrangement shows a trace of contempt for the enemy, and with soldiers less constant it would be ruinous. We venture to say, in no spirit of boastfulness, that if the men inside Metz or Paris were Englishmen or Americans — men, that is, of the Teutonic merits and demerits; or Irishmen — that is, men who once in action rise out of themselves into higher beings, Von Moltke's daring would yet be condemned by the event. As it was, when at Grandes Tappes the French for once exhibited the old *furia Francorum*

—the terrible passion for victory which has built up French reputation—the Kummer Brigade had to place their backs to the wall, accept the situation, and die there, to save the besiegers from a great disaster. They did it; and we question if any other troops would, unless clearly aware, and indeed clearly told, that they were fighting as a forlorn hope,—were to die for a great end. The Hohenzollerns seem to have brigades in which each man shows the forlorn-hope spirit, which is in its essence not courage, for the man may be despairing, but constancy in its highest military development. The quality has been still more effectively though less strikingly shown in the entire conduct of the siege of Metz. Rarely in history has there been such a scene as the letters from the besiegers' lines reveal. Whatever intrigues may have been going on in the cloudy regions of diplomacy, the army encamped round Metz only knew that it was enclosing by a circle of encampments each comparatively weak an army nearly as strong as itself, which at Vionville had fought with determined daring, and which occupied an absolutely impregnable position. It knew that at any hour of any night it might be forced to fight for existence as the Kummer Brigade had done, it had no clear theory as to the duration of the siege, and it was, and knew it was, enduring heavier privations than the enemy. The German plan of camping in the open, without tents, tells heavily on the comfort of the troops. Great numbers were no doubt housed in the villages about, but for the majority the only protection was a hut of straw, pervious, after a time, to the rain, which for a large part of the siege fell in torrents. The food, though it never failed, was never plentiful, and never "luxurious" enough, wine and beer, whether bad or good in themselves, being, next to minute doses of morphia or great doses of quinine, the best preservatives against malaria. The ground was a sea of mud, covered with ordure and rotting carcases. The Germans either do not understand or despise sanitary arrangements, and at one moment there was fear of an outbreak of cholera. Typhus did break out, but the grand foe of the Army was dysentery, perhaps of all non-infectious diseases the one which most rapidly tends to destroy spirit. So terrific were the ravages of this disease in places where the men were compelled to drink Moselle water, that a single company, 250 men, invalided 80, and the rate of invaliding rose for weeks to 500 a day, and during one week to 800,—a fact we

give on the authority of a surgeon and an English Member of Parliament present on the spot. The Germans dread death by disease even more than most men, their intense domesticity increasing the natural depression which every surrounding circumstance tended to deepen. "I must admit," writes to us a correspondent who knows Germans and Germany as few men know them, "my decided impression, on first arrival before Metz, was that I had got into an army in course of destruction by disease; I heard of nothing but dysentery and typhus amongst men,—but rinderpest amongst the countless herds of cattle driven together from the uttermost corners of Europe to give food to this great German host. A more utterly plague-stricken spectacle it is not within human imagination to conceive than that presented at first sight, with rain pouring down in torrents, by Remilly; its streets one slough of thick chocolate-coloured slush reaching over the ankle, one ambulance after the other with sick and wounded being dragged slowly by exhausted horses through the ruts of impassable roads, a dead cow fetid with the exhalations of distemper before the doorstep of your quarters, and the atmosphere redolent with a combined stench of putrid miasma and carbolic acid. The place seemed one cess-pool and one pest-house. However, the cow was removed, a fresh expenditure of carbolic acid was made in the den allotted by the Etape Commandant, and I have spent several nights with impunity—I can't say comfort—where at first I shuddered to put a foot; and from here, at my leisure, I have been able to look round myself." At leisure he found that the German surgeons were carefully forwarding every man struck by dysentery to hospitals within the border; but this plan, though it saved the nation from severe loss, tended to reduce the besieging army. Nevertheless, through seventy days of these horrors, discipline, wariness, and even cheerfulness never failed; the officers were always ready, the men snatched what little distraction they could from trifles, from letters, from searching boxes of home gifts, and when the hour of action came turned out, with unwetted rifles, as firm as on parade, ready, if need be, to die rather than move without superior order. The Red Prince, a hard man, but a sound soldier, was everywhere; the officers did their best for their men, venturing even to forbid useless exposure: and it is a moral certainty that had duty required that army to lie there, wasting slowly

away, the last battalion would have met the enemy as coolly as the first. It was a very triumph of morale, a far more conclusive proof than any victory of the strength of the weapon Germany now wields. Sedan was a triumph of tactics. In the next war, Von Moltke may be replaced by a Von Wrangel; but if the men are there, of that temper, and in that discipline, to defeat them will overtask the best troops in the world. Beside such constancy, the story told this week of the Bavarian Artillerymen who, when their ammunition was exhausted, formed in line in front of their guns and sang the "Wacht am Rhein" at the stretch of their lungs, under a hail of shot, reads to us like a piece of puerile bravado. Doubtless daring is the necessity of armies but men may be daring without possessing that cool Northern endurance against which mere valour shatters itself in vain. Such men to be defeated must be killed.

Precisely the same scene, in a milder form, is being witnessed before Paris. The besieging army strikes all observers as being stretched out in a line dangerously weak. It is acknowledged that if any one corps were attacked in great force, it would be "hours" before the corps to right and left of it could lend it efficient aid; yet Von Moltke is not afraid, he knows to a certainty that the corps attacked will die there before it will yield, and the investment being a necessity, he runs the needful risk. The winter is coming, the communications are long, the Germans are beginning to suffer heavily from sickness, tedium, and homesickness—all German letters refer to this latter evil—but there are no complaints, no shrinking, none of those "murmurs" which in a camp of Southern soldiers would compel their leaders to a rash attack to "keep up the spirits of their men." They have to endure, and they endure, with a cool patient constancy, to which the only drawback seems to be that it solidifies sometimes into a callousness which is as near cruelty as the Northern temperament will admit, and though it has not the vileness of cruelty, has many of its effects. There is something almost Scotch in the way in which the German officers seem to regret the waste of gunpowder and shells from the forts, as if it were a "sinful wasting of the maircies" rather than a source of danger to themselves. An army wholly of Lowland Scotchmen would be amazingly like them in everything except the recklessness with which they seem to order executions. No Southern army

would ever show this peculiar temper, this quiet endurance of the inevitable, as if, for example, Von Moltke had ordered a supply of hail in furtherance of his plans; and no army of any kind, unless discipline had become at once a conviction and a habit. Whatever the result of this war, one thing, at least, is certain, that the most efficient army which ever yet appeared in the world has been formed by a State in which no officer or soldier under fifty ever saw a shot fired in anger. It is an army of English navvies educated and disciplined into utter self-control.

From The Economist.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE.

THE axiom of Prince Gortschakoff's note is most serious. He assumes that if a nation finds it convenient not to fulfil a Treaty, it has only to give notice to the other parties to the Treaty that it no longer considers itself bound, and that then it is no longer bound; but this is very false, and very mischievous. A Treaty is not an instrument of one-sided duration by which one nation out of "natural love and affection" gives something to other nations without return. A Treaty is a reciprocal contract in which each party binds itself to do something, or to refrain from doing something for the sake of the other. It is much like a complex deed in family life, where, for the sake of peace and harmony, the members of the family concede something they might otherwise claim, and obtain something they could not else claim. The essence of such contracts is their mutuality. No party to them can be allowed to say—"I wish to be rid of this agreement. I have had all of it which is good for me, and now I will not do that which is beneficial to the rest;" yet this is precisely what Prince Gortschakoff does. He says that the Treaty of 1856 is no longer beneficial to Russia, and, therefore, she gives notice that she shall terminate the Treaty. We once knew a foreign refugee to whom a kind friend lent some money, and who was asked to pay it back, but who said—"My parents were noble, and I do not understand business;" and Prince Gortschakoff is rather like him. There can be no alliance or any stability in public life or in private, if contracts may be dissolved only because one of the parties finds that he does not like that which he has engaged to do.

Prince Gortschakoff assigns two reasons

for his notice. The first comes only to this — that the neutralization of the Black Sea, which is the fundamental principle of the Treaty of 1856, was a mistake, and that experience has proved it. But all parties to the Treaty must be judges of that, and not any single one. Of course, Russia always thought that it was a mistake not to allow her to keep a fleet in the Euxine; but then the Allies of 1856 thought it essential that she should not. She is hardly a fair judge on such a point of what experience proves or does not prove. And the second of Prince Gortschakoff's reasons is even less convincing. He says that the two principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia, have united, and become more independent of Turkey than the treaty of 1856 intended. But every one knows how Russia encouraged the Principalities in this, that they could not have done it without that encouragement, and that it is for Turkey, who lost by the union, not for Russia, which fostered it and gained by it, to object to it, if it is to be objected to.

It is to be regretted on Russia's behalf that Prince Gortschakoff used such bad reasons for breaking loose from the Treaty, since there are several excellent reasons why England and France, the main parties to the Treaty of 1856, should have consented to set Russia free from it, or from the parts of it which she likes least, and to agree to a new arrangement.

First. It is plain on the face of it that this treaty is not one likely to last — scarcely one meant to last for all time. It says that Russia — an independent country — a great country — one of the half-dozen first Powers in the world — shall not keep as many ships of war as it chooses in its own ports. If it were proposed to France not to keep more than a small number of fixed ships in the Bay of Biscay, or to England not to keep more than a certain number in the English Channel, we should think even the proposal almost a *casus belli*. It is true that we have some similar covenants with the Americans as to our shipping on Lake Superior. Neither England nor the United States are to keep more than a certain number of war ships on the freshwater lakes. But we do not think of the freshwater lakes as if they were in Europe. They are not a part of the world of which we think much, or for which we feel ambition. But the Black Sea is to Russia what the English Channel is to us. It is the part of the sea nearest to what she most prizes and most covets. The restraint of the Treaty of 1856 is a restraint imposed by force on the natural

tendency of a great nation, and no such extrinsic restraints are very lasting. The external, the foreign force is sure to be distracted or to grow weak. The natural bent of the nation is sure to continue and to predominate. Such agreements are sometimes good temporary prisons, but are not fit for permanent habitations.

Secondly. The main object for which these fetters were imposed is now achieved more easily without them. The best reason for the Crimean war was that Russia, under Nicholas, certainly exercised over Europe a sway and control bad for progress and inimical to freedom. Speculative writers argued that Russia would ultimately prove to Europe a conquering enemy such as Macedon was anciently to Greece, and, of late, Austria to Italy. And in the meantime Russia arrested free thought and free discussion where she could. But now the sway of Russia is at an end. Between her and the rest of Europe has arisen a united Germany, which is already stronger than Russia, and has more sway and influence. To guard now against the old danger from Russia is to deal with a difficulty of yesterday, not of to-day, and to ward off a blow aimed no longer.

Thirdly. In so far as the Crimean war was undertaken for the protection of Turkey — and this was its avowed aim, though not its best pretence — few people can care as much for Turkey even as they cared for her in 1856. Fourteen years ago many of us were anxious that Turkey should have a fair trial. We saw that her difficulties were great; that her enemies were many; that she had inherited a very fair part of the world, which a stronger race now coveted; that for a time she ought to be helped, so that she might show if she had powers equal to her responsibilities, if she really *were* able to make the best of and to *deserve* the territories which were hers, or if she were not. But fourteen years of peace have gone far to settle that question. Now we say what we could not in 1856. We can say that in all these years Turkey has not materially or essentially improved; that her Government is in all essentials as bad as ever it was; that experience seems to show that her defects are incurable and radical; that her fixed Mahomedan regulations seem inconsistent with progressive civilization; that the Ottoman race, by virtues and vices, is tied to the old world in which it gained power; that it is composed of unalterable fibre, unfit for the new world in which it has to rule and live. In fourteen years it has borrowed 70,000,000 of European money;

largely of English money. What is there to show for all that great expenditure? Is it not certain that notwithstanding all this external aid the insolvency of Turkey is still palpable; that she only pays the interest by new loans; that as soon as Europe stops lending, Turkey will stop paying? Have we not found that it was an anomaly to maintain long the rule of an unchanging un-Christian race over more intelligent and Christian populations? The barbaric and coarse force which gained them their sway is ebbing away; is intrinsically much less than it was; and is comparatively infinitely less, for everything else has grown fast in Europe whilst Turkey has stood stagnant. We can now hope little from Turkey, while in 1856 we, not irrationally though sanguinely perhaps, hoped much.

These considerations Russia might have urged if she had asked for the revision of the Treaty of 1856. But while it stands we must remember what it is. It is very far from being an ordinary political engagement; it is expressed with an unusual distinctness, and accompanied with details of peculiar formality. Not only is there the usual Treaty of peace between all the Powers of the Congress of Paris, in which a general "guarantee is given to the Ottoman Empire, and all matters relating to it are declared to be matters of general interest." This is a sort of common form and phrase, of course, which might be evaded. But besides this, and to protect themselves from all ambiguity, the belligerent Powers—France and England—which compelled Russia to sign this Treaty, and Austria, which, though not at war, much helped them by occupying the Principalities, made a Treaty which said exactly what they were to do, and what they were not to do. And its words are these—

"Art. I. The high contracting parties guarantee jointly and severally the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire recorded in the Treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th of March, 1856.

"Art. II. Any infraction of the stipulations of the said Treaty will be considered by the parties signing the present Treaty as a *casus belli*. They will come to an understanding with the Sublime Porte as to the measures which have become necessary, and will, without delay, determine among themselves as to the employment of their military and naval forces."

Now, unless Treaties are waste paper, these words must be construed according to their plain meaning, and we must be prepared to act upon that meaning.

No one can be more pacific than we are. Very few people care less for Turkey or hope less from her. One of the first merchants in the City of London—a member of one of its very greatest houses—said at Bristol that he thought "the Crimean war a gigantic mistake." And for this purpose we are quite ready to concede that it was so. But here is the Treaty that ended the Crimean war; here is a recent, clear, direct, explicit contract which we made then. If any words are to mean anything, we must make these mean something, if any nation is ever to rely on any other nation again. We must not, however we may dislike it, show that we are unworthy of reliance now.

There is a notion that England cannot, if it would, do anything. And it is quite true that we are not a military Power, like France or Germany. We have not a vast system of compulsory service, and it would be very difficult for us to have any. But in the present case, England can do all that is wanted. Russia wants to make a new arsenal in the Black Sea, and to keep ships of war there; but a very few ironclads can prevent this arsenal from being made, and can destroy any ships of war that may appear.

No peace can be permanently promoted, nor any real good gained, by shrinking from promises such as these. The plain policy of England is, that she is ready to revise the Treaty of 1856; that she is ready to consider the change of circumstances since it was made; but that while it is in force it must be kept, and that though we, or some of us, may regret our promises, yet, especially when they are explicit and recent, we will to a certainty fulfil them, and abide by them.

From The Economist.

THE CULMINATION OF PRUSSIA.

PRUSSIA owes her present great position in Europe to a curious combination of political causes, which have rarely combined at the same moment for the benefit of any other nation. We often hear her great success attributed to the wonderful organization of her army, and no doubt with great truth; but then nobody takes any pains to consider, first, to what the excellent organization of her army is due, and next, to what it is due that an army which drains the whole North German population of its manhood can be lavished as this army is now being lavished on the exigencies of

this great war without producing any outcry of popular ill-will, or any paralyzing distrust in the ranks of the soldiers themselves. We believe the truth to be that Prussia is reaping in this war, at one and the same time, the whole advantage which other nations have at quite different periods of their history derived from a strong monarchy, strong aristocracy, and a strong popular party. If we only consider the matter, we shall soon see that Prussia could not have done what she is now doing, had not the throne retained a full hold upon the nation, and been occupied by a Prince fully aware of the hereditary strength of his position, — had not the army been led by a nobility who, as Mr. Grant Duff says, are still barbarians enough to think the profession of arms the only one suitable to nobles, and yet civilized enough to know that the profession of arms, if followed at all, must be scientifically mastered, — and had not the people of Prussia, and for that matter, indeed, of the whole of North Germany, thrown into the cause of German unity and combination against a hostile race, all the ardour of popular enthusiasm, and an almost religious zeal. It is the happy concurrence of these three quite distinct elements, — elements which have hardly ever before worked *together* in the history of any people, — which has given to the great German crusade, led by Prussia, its marvellous and unexampled combination of equal discipline and zeal.

In the first place, to the influence of the throne the German army avowedly owes the complete military drill of the nation. For two years previous to the Danish war of 1864, and then again for the interval between that and the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, the popular party in Prussia had, as is well known, waged a most tenacious but unsuccessful campaign against the throne on the subject of the organization of the army. — the object of which was to reduce the term of ordinary military service from three years to two, and to break up the monopoly of the nobility in the military commissions. On neither of these points — in spite of the rejected Budgets — did the popular party succeed, and after the great defeat of Austria in 1866, there seemed to be a good deal less popular zeal for success. The truth is that the throne, filled as it was by a genuine soldier, had understood that in both cases a good deal of real military power would be yielded by concession; and the throne was strong enough in the affections of the people not to fear disaster, even though it blocked the way to the object of popular desire.

The King understood what an additional year of military drill would mean if ever his army had to take the field in its full force. He knew how much of the order and efficiency of a great host depends on thoroughly ingrained habits of obedience and discipline, and on a thoroughly ingrained pride of military feeling. He stood as firm, therefore, as only a soldier-king — esteemed as a soldier by his soldiers, and as a King by a nation who well knew how completely national his spirit was — could stand. And by standing firm, he secured an army as large as many a nation and yet thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the military caste. And not only did he stand firm on the question of military organization, but by his own bearing, as head at once of the nation and the army, he put the finishing touch to the massive structure he had formed, and engaged all the force of genuine loyalty, no less than of the *esprit de corps* and fidelity of the ranks, in the service of whatever cause he might choose to adopt as the Prussian King and commander. No Plantagenet, probably, ever had more of the prestige and influence of a great hereditary leader among ourselves than King William has had among the Prussians. They are as proud of the Hohenzollerns as ever we were of the Plantagenets, and assuredly no Plantagenet ever conceived in his imagination such a military organization of the English nation as the Hohenzollerns both conceived and efficiently carried out in relation to the Prussian nation.

Moreover, in English and French, and indeed most other histories, the era of predominant royal influence has usually been the era of a strong aristocratic counterpoise, — when the nobility has been the check on the royal power, and the chief obstacle to its ascendancy. But this is not so in Prussia. There the civil and political influence of the aristocracy is not very considerable. The nobility is poor, and in political ideas so narrowly Conservative that it is decidedly less popular, more reactionary, than the throne itself. Count Bismarck has found the Herrenhaus as unmanageable in its way as he has found the Chamber of Deputies in the opposite direction, and far less shrewd and instructed. The nobility, therefore, is much more dependent on the throne than any great aristocracy has ever been, and for all the purposes of military organization, nay for all the purposes of war, it has heartily supported the throne, and has contributed to it an unlimited supply of commissioned officers at once poor enough

and dependent enough to submit to thorough training, and yet full enough of the pride of caste and of descent to make firm and dignified leaders. The Prussian nobility, instead of weakening the throne by its jealousy, has lent it the most efficient aid in the one great institution to the perfecting of which the Kings of Prussia have directed their best energies.

But the Prussian throne and the aristocracy united would really have been quite powerless for the great work of the last three or four years of political achievement, if they had not been acting under the advice of a Minister who fully understood and enthusiastically shared the leading popular idea of modern Germany, and was anxious, above all things, to embody it as the great end of his statesmanship. Count Bismarck has never been a hearty believer in the parliamentary system, but he has always aimed at realizing by other than parliamentary means, and with as little offence to parliamentary aspirations as he could manage, the great dream of the popular party, a Germany not only united but powerful — nay, even predominant — in the counsels of Europe. And it was the force of this universal popular feeling which gave such strength to Count Bismarck from the moment when it was first perceived that he was working powerfully for the great popular end, though by means of which a great section of the popular party had disapproved. It has been the singular good fortune of Prussia, since the war with Austria, that her King, her nobility, her army, and her statesmen have all been working towards an end ardently desired by the whole German democracy. When America worked out her national unity, endangered by the principle of slavery, she had nothing but the predominance of the national feeling on which to rely, and consequently for years she had to grope her way amidst great difficulties towards the fitting military organization for her purpose. But in Germany the

same popular idea found statesmen, and soldiers, and organization, ready prepared, through long years of preliminary training, for the great national work, and hence all the elements of strength were combined — a strong hereditary monarchy, a military aristocracy more amenable than most aristocracies to scientific teaching, and a people surging with enthusiasm for a new era of national unity and national power.

It is rarely, indeed, that such elements can be united in any national history, and probably it will not be for long that they can work together even in the history of Prussia. Let the German unity once be fairly consummated, and the German Parliament meet, and the common end which now unites King, nobles, and people, will, too, probably disappear. No doubt for the mere purpose of resisting foreign aggression, Prussia would still be united as closely as ever, for all nations unite against the foreign conqueror; but though all union is strength, all union is not strength of the unique kind we now see. English union is strength, and American union is strength, but it is only the union of the people in either country which is the source of that strength. Our monarch would not have the power to lead us as the Prussian monarch now has the power to lead Prussia. The aristocracy would not be the cement of our armies, as the Prussian aristocracy is the cement of the Prussian armies. And even in Prussia, when once the unity is gained, and the conflict between the throne and popular privilege has been fought and won, as it must be won, by the people, these sources of special strength will be more or less dried up. National leaders are often very difficult to find in a great democracy. In Prussia the national leaders are furnished by the present organization of society, and yet, as so rarely happens, they are national leaders who happen to care quite as much as the people for the great popular cause of the hour.

